

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—PART 5.

MAY, 1856.

18 $\frac{1}{2}$ CENTS.

DE LACY LOUVANE:

OR,
THE STAR IN THE DARK.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly; and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commended that command!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE first scene of our drama of real life takes place in the stately dining-room of one of those great mansions in the most anciently aristocratic of the metropolitan squares, where the prime nobility of the land were wont to congregate, ere the more youthful charms of Belgravia lured many elsewhere.

It was about nine o' the clock of a foggy November evening, when two persons, whose conversation we propose to record, sat together in this apartment over a dessert sufficient for as many dozen convivialists.

But even of these, one had risen to take an early departure, a good deal, as it appeared, against the wish of his entertainer.

"No, don't go, don't go, Jack! I hate to be left alone, as I shall be, if you bolt before the old fogies come pouring in to their summons! And, upon my life, I can't see how it can offend any of the proprieties if you stay until the affair is off—which I suppose it will be in an hour or so? Don't go, there's a good fellow!" said the young lord seconding his remonstrance by seizing the party addressed on the shoulders, and fairly pressing him down into his seat again.

It was no great feat, for Lord Louvane was of much superior strength and stature to his guest, little Jack Tandem, the ex-Newmarket jockey, who had ridden the lightest weight there for years, before he acquired a fortune and set up for a sporting character on his own account.

"I didn't want to go, my lud, for my own sake; your wine's precious good!" he replied, with a hearty smack of the lips, and a frank simplicity in assigning the reasons of his amiability that justified his almost universal *soubriquet* of Honest Jack.

"I thought you weren't the man to leave a friend in trouble! Try another glass of the Clos-de-Vougeot!" said the viscount, cheerfully. "Come, we'll drink to her ladyship's good success, and an heir to the houses of De Lacy and Falconborough!"

"With all my 'art!" replied honest Jack, filling up his bumper of Burgundy with a will. "I was



THE NEW-BORN HEIR OF THE HOUSES DE LACY AND FALCONBOROUGH.

only afraid I should have been rather in the way—as the cat said to the dairy door!" he continued. "Still, if you think not—I'm no great judge of manners myself, my lud; but as you're the son of a peer of the realm, you ought to know 'em better than your alphabet.—And I'll stay a bit longer—not later than ten. I can't, you know, because I must go and see the match off in Milling Lane."

"Ah! so you must! What o'clock is it now, Jack? Perhaps I might still be able to go with you!" said his lordship, with evidently excited interest.

"My ticker declined business this morning, in consequence of my kicking it from the top of the house to the bottom, for losing me a wager—which could keep the worst time in the twenty-four hours, mine or Tom Mustifer's," replied the sporting character. "But won't that thing on the shelf tell you?"

Honest Jack spoke thus irreverently of a magnificent pile of goldsmith's work over the mantelpiece, representing a procession of the hours into the cavern of an old man with a scythe in his hand. Some internal clockwork enabled each of these figures to strike its own knell as it vanished into the cave of the old man's silver hourglass, after a respectful *congé* to the venerable sire of them all himself.

"No, Jack; the earl always winds up that invaluable piece of family trumpery himself—and even then it hasn't gone right the last half century. But when my father has the gout—which he has at present—and it confines him longer than a week to his apartment, time is allowed to go to a standstill among us. Nobody, you know, can wind up a clock properly but the Earl of Falconborough!"

"I didn't know that! I knew he was a great parliament man and statesman, and—and all that!" said Mr. Tandem thoughtfully, sipping his wine.

"We do everything by precedent in our family, Jack, and the head of it has always wound up that timepiece from the very day when it was presented to one of my ancestors by Louis XIV, as a thank-offering for assisting him to some little matters he wanted, in the course of a treaty of peace the Lord Louvane of that day was sent out to negotiate. You know we have only been Falconboroughs the last seventy or eighty years. But we value that clock very much, and I daresay it cost the people of England something handsome!"

"What a shame!" exclaimed Honest Jack.

"Not at all. It is quite in the usual order of things," replied the viscount, philosophically.

"You will be just as great a Tory, every bit of it, as ever your father was, some day, Louvane!—And he's a real out and outer that way!" said the guest, with a quick, sharp laugh, that sounded like three cracks of a whip.

"I dare say I shall be, at heart—but I hate politics, and will never have anything to do with them!" responded the young lord, with a yawn at the bare idea.

"And I should think, their ladyships, both your wife and your mother, are as aristocratic as anybody!" pursued the ex-jockey. "And now I don't suppose I was particular welcome company with either of them, though you did make a baronet and a country squire of me, to give them a better opinion of the article. Somehow or other I didn't seem to go down—they didn't seem to swallow me quite in that capacity!"

"You split on yourself, Jack, when you came out with that confounded commentary of yours on my mother's anecdote of the alderman's wife's behavior at the drawing room the other day! How she went down on her knees with a bump, you know, instead of gracefully bending to her snub nose over his Majesty's hand! What business had you to say that it was 'werry vulgar'? What did you know about it, whether it was so or not, Mr. John Tandem?"

"No more I did! But her ladyship made such a fuss about the thing, and laughed and sneered so at city people, that I thought I couldn't be far wrong in venturing an opinion to that effect," said Mr. Tandem, drooping. "Howsomever, I will never pretend to know anything about anything in grand people's company again! But, any way, they would soon have found me out, and I wonder you took such a fancy into your head as to introduce me as a gentleman, when you know I ain't and never can be!"

"I wanted you to stay to dinner to break the horror of a quiet family party, Jack; and my mother wouldn't have sat down with you for the whole world if she had known who you were! And didn't she behave civilly to you, and treat you as a first rate country gentleman, until you made that dreadful mistake?"

"Well, I thought the old lady twigged me from

the very first, for I never saw anybody stare at me as she did—especially when I began to get chatty and comfortable after the champagne! I was wretched, I own, before, and could hardly pick my bones while she was watching me!"

The viscount laughed outright.

"Indeed, I thought I should have died, Jack, when you began at it—for all the world like a wolf in a cave over a sheep's trotters!" he said, still laughing. "But *mon Dieu!* I mustn't enjoy myself, I suppose, at this particular juncture! My mother prides herself on being a first rate judge of breeding—and she is wonderfully well bred herself, you know, on all sides—so no wonder she stared a little, although I introduced you as a country gentleman, on purpose, to see you picking the back of a goose like a hungry jackal!"

"She must have been disgusted with me from the very first, I should say, then; for I ain't at all accustomed to good company, and know no more than Adam how to behave in it!" said Honest Jack, as it seemed, with supreme indifference in the avowal, so far as regarded himself personally.

"Well, you are all the better for it, Jack, in my opinion; for, he hanged to it, if the best company in the land isn't also the dullest, I'm no judge! We see lots of it here, and I could almost pistol myself at times with weariness to be in it!"

"Rather strong that!" observed Mr. Tandem.

"Not a bit too strong for the occasion. Well, now, Jack," his lordship continued, "I see you are no great admirer of my mother; but be so good as to tell me what you thought of my wife? Didn't you think she was a regular beauty, eh?"

And the questioner gave a doubtful shrug of the shoulders.

"Why, she may be one in the higher circles—I don't dispute that!—but she isn't one, to my taste, in an inferior rank," replied Honest Jack, with quaint bluntness. "I don't like women to be so thin and pale, and to have such watery, whimpering, ferret eyes, as if they were always crying about something. And I like them to be jolly and stout, and to laugh, and look as if they were alive, instead of sitting like marble statues! And I don't like what you call *aristocratic* features, when they're all so fined away and smoothlike they seem to mean nothing! I'd far rather see a face what you aristocrats call *fleabian* a thousand times! I like a good wide mouth and high cheek bones; and I'm not at all particular about the shape of the nose, provided, when its all put together, there's some expression in it, and you can say the party's alive, to the conviction of your own mind!"

"You are right, Jack!—And Lady Louvane's countenance is most faultlessly insipid—as you justly observe, in your way! But luckily I did not marry her ladyship for her beauty altogether, you know!"

"She had sixty thousand pounds of her own, hadn't she, ready money?"

"Yes; and she is heiress to a barony and twenty thousand pounds a year!"

"My! what a catch! But you've gone through all the ready, haven't you? Weren't you and she sold up in Hill street, before you had been married three years?"

"No; she had cut me at that time, you know, about that unfortunate business of Mrs. Golightly's! But she was forced to be reconciled when she found she was likely to become a mother; and I was very glad, I can tell you, of a pretence to get rid of the superfluous lady in the case! So old De Lacy and my mother patched up a reconciliation between us; and if the affair now should turn out a boy, I suppose it will be all right again, and we shall be set up in a house of our own once more, and I shall turn regular family man, and give up my horses and my bad company, and evil courses of all kinds—including your intimacy, Jack, most undoubtedly!"

"Oh, yes, of course; no respectable person would like to be an acquaintance of mine," replied Honest Jack, quite calmly. "But if I was you, my lud," he added, on further reflection, "and had twenty thousand pounds a year at stake, I should send up and inquire how it was getting on!"

"Quite right, Jack," said his lordship, putting his hand on the bell.

A footman in brown plush turned up with amber, and a fine powdered wig like a cauliflower, made his appearance.

"Where's Mrs. Mangold?"

"With her ladyship, my lord!—With Lady Louvane, my lord!"

"Oh, ay, of course! Where is my mother's woman, Masters? But I suppose she will be busy, too. The housekeeper's niece is most likely to be disengaged. Tell Nora I want her."

"Yes, my lord."

"Now if that girl comes, Jack," continued the viscount, turning to his friend with visible animation, "I'll let you see a really beautiful face, as finely fashioned as any duchess in the land need desire, and as full of play, and feeling, and vivacity as an oyster wench's. What say you to that?"

"I say—that if I was her mother, I wouldn't let her stay another hour under the same roof with your lordship!"

"Pho, nonsense; I have no design on the girl! She's a particular favorite of my mother's—and a very modest, well behaved creature herself, as far as I know! Rather tempting, though, I own!"

And his lordship fell into a fit of mediation, whence resulted a short pause, which we may as well fill up with some particulars that will bring the reader into a clearer perception of our time, place, and persons, than it is probable he at this moment enjoys.

We do not doubt, however, his superior sagacity has already enabled him to discern that the tone of the two persons introduced in company, in the above conversation, is not exactly that of the present day. Nay, that it is pretty evident they belong to a former phase of society.

We have nothing to do with politics, unless our hero should come into contact with them in the course of his diversified career. And that is not at all unlikely, for we are writing the story of a man of genius, in whom the master influences of his time were set powerfully at work and developed, and in whom it is possible that a popular idea of our own, which is fast becoming a passion, may find no unapt representative.

Therefore we merely fix a date when we say that the First Gentleman in Europe was only beginning a little to moul from the full feather of his *gentlemanliness*—and that in most other social aspects it was the poet's darkest hour of the night, with no very vivid signs in any direction of the break of the dawn—when the birth of a son and heir to the united noble houses of De Lacy and Falconborough was looked to as an event immediately impending in the town mansion of the latter distinguished ministerial family.

Ministerial! for the Earl of Falconborough, chief of his noble race, in his quality of director of the conscience to five votes in the Lower House, and actual possessor of his own and three proxies in the Upper, had established irresistible claims to high office. Such, at least, as no Ministry formed by his party thought it advisable to overlook.

In other respects his lordship was a personage of very mediocre talents, even in the judgment of his colleagues. But it was an admitted fact that "they could not get on without Falconborough." And now, as his lordship was very profound in constitutional questions, and could make a good, solemn, plausible, sensible sounding speech enough to his peers, when need was, and was quite safe never to use an indiscreet phrase, though he dealt in little else but phrases, or even an indiscreet word—as he wrote heavy statistical pamphlets—or got them written—full of convincing arguments in figures, which no one ever ventured to read, much less to confute, and as he had the gout regularly during the parliamentary session, "like the late Mr. Pitt," he considered himself, and was considered by the public in general, an Eminent Statesman.

And likewise the Earl of Falconborough possessed several other of the most requisite qualifications of the character at that period.

He had a fine unencumbered property, for one thing; and was able to give great entertainments to the members of his party, on proper occasions. For another, he had a reputation almost equal to that of George the Third himself for all the moral and domestic virtues.

The Earl of Falconborough was, in fact, a pattern of propriety in every relation, and performed all the functions of a pillar of the State, and peer of Great Britain, with the rigid and undeviating punctilio of a machine devised for the purpose.

He was of a very ancient family, and allied to nearly all the high nobility of the land in the course of his long pedigree. The Falconborough family, indeed, only dated their earldom from the commencement of the century. But they had been Viscounts Louvane a century before that, and country gentlemen of great fortune and distinction from the earliest period of their county history.

The house of Hanover and the house of Falconborough might be said to have begun to flourish together. With the advent of the former the theory of the constitutional government began to be put into real, earnest action, and the influence of the kind of family merit we have hinted at above came into full play. Sir Robert Walpole was only too

glad to promise a marquise to the Viscount Louvane of his time, as a reward for much substantial service. Unluckily, that worthy nobleman, in the course of his embassy to Paris, which was to have been the colourable pretext for his elevation, became implicated in some of the Jacobite plots perpetually hatching at that Court. Still more unluckily, he was detected in his intrigues, and the marquise vanished from his grasp.

It continued, however, to be the constant aim and object of the family for succeeding generations. But it was not until Tory principles attained the supremacy under George the Third, that they made much progress in the attainment of this dazzling aim of the Falconborough ambition. Then they advanced one great step, and they were now earls.

Meanwhile, the family had not neglected other and more substantial rewards of their continued services to the State, and they occupied very honorable lucrative positions in almost every department for a long series of years. They had, consequently, a liberal allowance of generals, admirals, ambassadors, and other personages of high dignity and importance, to show for it, as proofs of their devotion to their country. Nothing, indeed, that they thought worth having, and that they could possibly lay hands upon, escaped the Falconboroughs during the several generations of mortal men. They were a prolific race, and had always some young Hannibal or other ready to devote to the public good.

The uninitiated might well wonder how one family could produce so many talented individuals, all able and willing to fill every berth and office which their capacious grasp could in any manner secure!

And none but they needed to wonder at last, we think, when the head of the illustrious family conceived the notion he had abilities for a minister of State, and made up his mind to become one, that he was not destined to be disappointed.

After a decent probation of offices, those who had the power to gratify the Earl of Falconborough's ambition, perceived that it was reasonably founded, and elevated him as high in the governmental hierarchy as it was possible, without discovering too much of the real facts of the case.

Besides the public good, this successful statesman had principally in view, in the labors to which he dedicated himself, the achievement of the long-coveted marquise, and its transmission to a remote posterity worthy of such accumulated honors.

A sad event, however, at one time menaced his lordship and the nation, in connexion with the Falconborough family. No less than the extinction of a race that had so long and faithfully, and disinterestedly served it!

The earl was married to a lady descended from the most noble Anglo-Norman blood possible, which was, however, from its extreme purity, and the great care taken to preserve it from any infusion of inferior qualities—like a once generous port, kept too long—worn pretty nigh to exhaustion.

Lady Falconborough's brother was certainly likely to prove the last male of the illustrious line from which he traced his descent. He had been married three times, was finally a widower, and his only surviving issue was a daughter. The countess herself only succeeded in presenting her lord with a single boy, in whom all the hopes of the family were obliged to centre.

Yet, unwarned by these admonitions of nature, Lord De Lacy and his sister had early conspired the union of their children, and, in spite of some untoward influences, accomplished it.

Among these, we may just mention—not as attaching more importance to the circumstances than the fashionable world in general, at the time it came under their cognizance—an attachment to another, on the part of the young heiress; and the extreme indifference, not to use a stronger term, the young bridegroom elect had always felt and exhibited for his betrothed.

Moreover, the noble husband had at no period of his life given any tokens of possessing the appropriate virtues of the state into which he entered. And to do him justice, he struggled a good long time against entering it at all. But at the age of five and twenty he found himself deeply involved in debt—and his mother constantly reminded him that Miss De Lacy had sixty thousand pounds of her own in hand, and the prospect of a barony and twenty thousand a year! His creditors grew irksome—and the viscount felt at last obliged to commence a courtship of his wealthy cousin.

The discovery that he had a rival, and a preferred one, only served to whet the perseverance of the young heir of the house of Falconborough. His robust ancestry, on his father's side, and his mother's

purity of aristocracy, combined to give him great personal advantages. His manners were graceful and winning when he chose: he was not destitute of wit, and was full of high spirits and impetuosity. These are qualities which a weak woman is sure to appreciate, and Miss De Lacy, who had hitherto resented her handsome cousin's indifference by a similar display, was cajoled into jilting a really attached lover, and wedding a rival.

And now, shortly before the period of which we speak, after five years of neglect, riot, and disruption, the heiress of the De Lacy found herself turned out of the home her large fortune had originally established for herself and her husband, and glad to take refuge in her paternal mansion, from the consequences of his extravagance and debaucheries. Circumstances compelled her, subsequently, to consent to a reconciliation, and the birth of the unexpected heir of the two right honorable families in question was arranged to take place under the roof of Falconborough House.

It is into the dining room of that stately mansion that we have ushered our reader; where the table, still covered with dessert, and several chairs hustled back in disorder, denoted that a sudden movement had separated a more numerous party than the twain who had remained to enjoy the good cheer before them.

Let us now sketch this pair. My Lord Louvane, as he stands moodily with his back to the fire, expecting the arrival of the person he had summoned; and Mr. Jack Tandem, as he sits whistling in an under key, practising how to show himself perfectly at his ease in the company of a lord.

The former was remarkably good looking certainly, and possessed in perfection what the latter made so light of, under the designation of aristocratic features. He was tall and gracefully formed in all his limbs. His nose was straight, his lips finely and haughtily curved, and his brow was high, though not remarkably expansive. His eyes had a good deal of vivacity and expression in them, and his air in general was soldierly and commanding. For Viscount Louvane was a soldier—at least he was a lieutenant colonel in the Guards, and at an age when other men of his standing in the line were gaping for captaincies—Heaven and the Earl of Falconborough only knowing his claims to so rapid a promotion!

Honest Jack Tandem was something of a contrast to this handsome aristocratic personage. He was a little wiry fellow, with a sharp, eager set of features, that looked as if they were always straining for the winning post, and a profusion of upright red hair that resolutely refused ever to be smoothened down. He was dressed in what was considered the buckish style of the period—in top boots, yellow buckskin breeches, a blue coat, and bright brass buttons. And he was right in not aspiring to be thought a gentleman—though he looked quite as much like one as some who pride themselves greatly on being such, or still do.

CHAPTER II.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances:
And one man in his turn plays many parts.
* * * And first the infant—

As You Like It.

"I wonder why that girl don't come—and whether they've sent for Butterworth all right?" said the viscount, after his pause of reflection.

"Who's Butterworth?"

"Sir Muspratt Butherworth, who is the only doctor nowadays for ladies in the situation of my consort."

"Well, I saw a gentleman who looked as if he was dressed to go to Court come up in your big family rumble, with a great potlid coat of arms on it!"

"Oh, you did?—That's all right, then," said his lordship, with an appearance of satisfaction, probably not so much prompted by regard for the safety of his wife as the unsophisticated reader may imagine. "I should be in a bad way," he continued, pensively, "if anything went wrong with Elizabeth just at present—souse over ears in debt as I still am—and people only waiting because they know she is such a stunning heiress! And I say, Jack," he went on, with a slight change of countenance, "do you know that I think you are, in a sort of way, the cause of her ladyship's sudden indisposition! And now I tell you what—if I lose my promised boy, I'll cut your ears off for being the innocent cause of my ruin!"

"You may—if I'll let you—especially if it's a girl! Though, in any case, I can't see what your lordship wants with my ears! I should imagine

there are few in the peerage that are not quite long enough!" said Honest Jack, with a hoarse laugh. "But what the deuce had I to do with the affair! I did nothing to excite her ladyship that I'm aware of!"

"Why did you begin bothering about my old duel with Captain Saville? That was the fellow she was so fond of once—and perhaps still is! Didn't you see how her color went and came, and how at last she gave in, and burst out sobbing and crying, and left the room almost in a fit!"

"But I hadn't the last idea what was the matter with her! I'd have bitten my tongue off first, for I hate hurting a woman's feelings—they make such rows when one does! I suppose she has thought since that she went farther and fared worse!"

"I am a good deal the better looking fellow, however," said the viscount, carelessly. "But hark! there's a tap at the door. And here she is! Mind you look at her! Come in."

The door opened—slowly, and with something of almost visible reluctance in the very manner of its turn on the hinges. It opened—and a female figure advanced timidly a few steps into the room, and, dropping a deep curtsy, stood with a blush mantling rapidly over the very beautiful countenance appertaining, in an attitude of mute inquiry before Lord Louvane.

The young woman wore a garb but little superior to the usual style adopted by the upper servants in great households. But there was an air of refinement and even of elegance in her general adjustment which was not to be accounted for by the quality of the stuffs, or even their neat and tasteful adaptation to her person. She was of a fine figure, tall, and as gracefully and slenderly formed as a lily; so perhaps she reversed the usual process, and adorned her garb! Her face was of particular loveliness. The features were perhaps not all perfect, but the complexion, contrasted with a profusion of jet black hair, was dazzling fair, and colored with the richest hues of beauty and health.

It could scarcely be a drawback, even to the most fastidious English taste, that there was a slight cast of Irish nationality spread over all these charms; and this revealed itself also in the tones of her rich, full voice, and still more intelligibly in the glance of a bright and joyous eye, which seemed yet instinct with feeling and tenderness. And Nora doubtless had Milesian blood in her veins, though born in England and of an English mother.

Lord Louvane looked at this alluring apparition for some moments fixedly, and evidently with admiration kindling in his eyes. Honest Jack also turned and took a deliberate stare at it, and then began humming a tune to a knuckle and table accompaniment.

The blush deepened on the young girl's countenance, and there was even something of anger and of a pretty petulance in the glance which she at last raised to the young lord.

"Mr. Laidlaw told me, my lord, that you wished me to take a message up stairs to my lady," she said at last, in tones which, though extremely respectful, had nothing in them of menial subservience.

"Yes, Nora!" replied Lord Louvane, in his turn with a degree of pettishness. "I wanted you to take my compliments—my love, I suppose I should say—to Lady Louvane—and add, that I should be glad to know how she feels herself at present."

The young woman curtsied again, and withdrew with evident alacrity.

"Well?" inquired his lordship, turning to his friend.

"Haven't you been up to some game with the young woman already?—I should say so, from her look, and the color she turned when you spoke to her!" said Mr. Tandem, with his usual directness.

"Oh, some little trifling nonsense not worth mentioning! You can't tell what a saucy little puss it is! A kiss or some such trash as that," replied the viscount.

"Then I conclude she's on her way to Waterloo Bridge!" said Honest Jack.

"I wish I thought so!—I mean, I wish I could bring her to listen to me a little!—Only for a little innocent amusement, you know; for it's horrid dull work living in this house, under the paternal eye!" said Lord Louvane.

"Then she is as good as gone! I almost think I see her leaping the parapet!" said Jack, bursting into a hearty laugh, in which his lordship joined.

But the latter stopped himself abruptly. "What are those voices we hear murmuring in the hall?" he exclaimed. "I'll bet any money now it's that amanuensis of my father's stopped her again, and is favoring her with his prose-run-mad nonsense, which he calls poetry! But I'll put a stopper on that at once and for all!"

The viscount stepped with angry vivacity and yet carefully on tiptoes to the door, and suddenly opening it—there, sure enough, stood the amanuensis, in conversation with Honora!

The amanuensis was a young man of good stature, and in general very well made, while his visage was even remarkably like the portraits of King Charles the First. It had the same marked-for-misfortune aspect, the same character of pride, weakness and melancholy, lighted up by a wilder and more anxious expression of the eye. The long features of the same unhappy monarch, the very complexion, only a little more sallow and student-like, were there. But the possessor, being strongly inclined to believe himself a poet, had taken it into his head that he resembled Lord Byron—then in the zenith of his fame. Accordingly he wore a broad white collar, turned down, and had checked the natural tendency of his long chestnut hair to stream on his shoulders by twisting it into artificial curls!

But the amanuensis was in love—and what folly will not even sensible men commit in that situation, from putting their hair in papers, upwards? And now the amanuensis had a good deal of the poetic temperament, if he did not possess the power—and certainly most thoroughly fancied himself a poet.

The amanuensis was in love!—And not as he had always hitherto romantically proposed to himself that he would be—with some Stella, far above himself in rank; or some Laura, divided from his hopes by holy and impassable barriers! Yes; he had always proposed to himself to despair in love, and to grow immortal on the expression of his hopelessness. Nevertheless the poor fellow had fallen in love with a lady's maid; and not content with writing sonnets to her charms, had descended to the matter of fact course of inditing a commonplace proposal of marriage to her!

It was this document which now, with a trembling hand, the amanuensis had just delivered to Honora, and which he had detained her on the stairs, where they accidentally met, to deliver.

These young persons generally contrived to meet accidentally at least once a day in a similar public locality. And not unfrequently Honora would anticipate the porter, and open the hall door herself, rather than allow his lordship's amanuensis—who was such a respectable young man he seemed almost like a gentleman! (one falls so naturally into the tone of one's superiors)—to wait at it. Whereas the porter put himself in no hurry, knowing that at that hour, and with that ring, no gentleman, in his sense of the word, ever arrived at Falconborough House.

And Honora had received the note in a similar panic to her lover's, and with her face glowing all over with a blush which most duchesses would have considered very vulgar, and have envied, in their hearts, to excess. And the amanuensis was just stammering out—"And please, Nor—Miss Honora—I don't know your other name!—be so good as to direct your answer to me at Myrtle cottage—no, at No. 6, Somers Street, Somers Town—the postman don't know it by the other name! I call it Myrtle Cottage—But the landlady will be sure to take it in, if you direct it to Mr. Noah Johnes there. Not J, O, N, E, S, as the name is usually spelt; but," he added, with an evident feeling that he was thereby elevating himself in the opinion of the aristocratic lady's maid, and yet with a conscious wavering of shame at the paltry imposition, in his tones, "J, O, H, N, E, S. We spell it that way—our family does—the same as Colonel Johnes's, that translated Froissart!"

Alas, poor Jones, *alias* Johnes! But the romantic poet was speaking in St. James's Square, and to a Falconborough waiting woman.

"Thank you, sir, thank you!—I'll be sure—My name's Lacy! I'm no relation of the De Lacy's, my lady's name, of course—and I'm never called Lacy in this house! And I was so obliged to you for your dear, beautiful, sweet, lovely, verses—the acrostic, don't you call it? on your name and mine, put together so cleverly that it was a good bit before I could make out how it had to be read to make sense!" the poor girl was bubbling confusedly from her musical lips—and Mr. J, O, H, N, E, S, had seized her hand on the words with poetic ardour, and was pressing it vehemently to his heart—when my Lord Louvane flung open the dining room door.

Of course the lovers flew assunder, and both looked guilty of some grave offence—and especially the poet's visage grew almost as pale as his royal prototype's, when the republican axe had done its worst.

"What's this?" exclaimed his Lordship, in a tone of the most supercilious superiority and haughtiness. "What's this? I thought I sent

you, Nora, on a message up stairs? Good heavens! and on such an occasion too—what incredible insolence! Who are you, fellow?—and what on earth do you mean by—?"

"I—I beg your lordship's pardon!" stammered the amanuensis, all the blood in his body seeming to return in one vigorous rush to his face. "I am the—amanuensis to the Earl of Falconborough; and his lordship told me—I happened to meet Miss Nora—accidentally—to inquire how her ladyship did!"

"It's a lie, sir!" returned the viscount, uncompromisingly. "Miss Nora, indeed!—I saw you making disgraceful advances to my mother's woman and at such a time as this!—stopping her on her way when I sent her up to my wife—to Lady Louvane, sir—to inquire into the state of her health at this momentous interval. And you!—Get out of the house directly, sir, if you don't want to be kicked out!"

The amanuensis looked at the viscount, and there was something of the glare of a wild wolf in his gaze!

But Lord Louvane on his part looked perfectly able and extremely willing to fulfil his menace.

The amanuensis therefore did not follow up his glance with anything very terrible! He merely replied, stammeringly, "I shall complain to the Earl of Falconborough, my—my lord! Such treatment! But the slave who enters one of your hateful doors—I mean your lordship must perceive that such treatment of a person of education and respectability!—I humbly venture to take my leave!"

And so saying, the amanuensis flung open the hall door, and made his exit so rapidly that the viscount had only time to vent his feelings on the address in the form of a peal of scornful laughter. Then he turned gaily to speak to Nora—but she had vanished.

The amanuensis rushed on his way meanwhile at a really mad rate. People stared after him as he bounced through them along Pall Mall.

"Kick me, my highdown lord, would you? Well, I should like to thrash a lord, and I would have thrashed him as sure as ever his boot—And what a glistening, polished boot it was! They have everything worth having, boots and all! And must I go home to my miserable little dirty hole, and waste the talents God has given me on endeavouring to make common sense of the trumpery stuff this peer of the realm, forsooth, wants to foist on the public as his own rubbish, while this insolent lording—? But Nora will have me, and then I'll laugh at him! I'll laugh at him, and see him gnash his teeth with rage, while I make a fortune for her and myself with my 'Cypress Leaves,' in spite of all the landlady's squalling brats can do to hinder me!"

"Wouldn't it be a deuced shame, Jack," Lord Louvane was simultaneously observing, as he returned to his old position before the fire—"if a vulgar, common fellow like that—a fellow who most likely lives in a garret, and has no more notion of a fine woman's points than of a horse's—a miserable, cockney, scribbling fellow, in short—if a splendid girl like Nora, now, should fall into such a snob's possession?"

"There's no great fear of that, I should say, unless he is not very particular to firsthand goods, my lord!" replied the ex-jockey with a grin.

"Well! he would make a capital husband for her, perhaps, by and by," said the viscount, reflectively. "By Jove, I wonder whether the little devil will have the impudence not to do what I ordered her—in this instance, at all events? One would almost think she was a De Lacy, Jack, instead of a plain Lacy—and I believe that's her name!"

"Lor!—I should have thought, now, such a grand lady as your mother would never have suffered a servant of the same name in the house!" said Honest Jack.

"Why, man, there's the De between them—a distinction as broad as any between two universes! And it was the very circumstance of her bearing that name made my mother first take notice of her. She is niece to Mrs. Jellybut, the housekeeper, and daughter of some old reckless devil about the theatres—a musician, I believe—and her mother was a very decent singer once. You remember hearing of a Lacy, a singing woman, years ago, I should think, Jack! But she is dead and gone, and it was a real mercy of my mother, wasn't it, to take compassion on the poor little thing, and try and bring it up to earn a decent livelihood at a distance from such a family?"

"It was a great kindness to you, I should think, my lud! But your Mother was always monstrous indulgent, I've heard!" said Jack.

"She spoilt me, Jack, she spoilt me! She made me the selfish, spendthrift dog I am!" exclaimed Lord Louvane, with a momentary lapse of better and regretful feeling.

"You had talents, I should say, to shine in any spear!" said Honest Jack, speaking his convictions; "but you've given them all up to horseracing and such like!"

"And the ladies, Jack!—and here she comes again, I am sure!"

In fact, Honora opened the door, and presenting herself with a face all beblotched with tears, murmured in scarcely intelligible words, "My lady's love, sir—Lady Falconborough's love, my lord—and her ladyship's very ill indeed—and doing as well as can be expected!"

"That's my capital little Irishwoman, to say so! Come in, Nora, I want to—to ask you a question or two about that strange madman you were talking to on the stairs!"

"My lady ordered me to return to her dressing-room directly, my lord, as she might want me, if you please!" now fairly sobbed Honora.

"Pho, nonsense, she don't want you! What can she want with you? You are not one of Lucina's matrons, you know, as your poet would say, and —"

A loud rap at the hall door interrupted his lordship.

"That's old De Lacy, I'll be sworn!" he exclaimed. "Jack, you must be on your P's and Q's, or rather be particular to your vowel and H's—or rather hold your confounded jabber altogether, for he is one of the cunningest old rogues in creation, and ten times more knowing even than mother in finding out a fellow's a humbug, if he only pretends to be a gentleman!"

"I don't pretend! I never did!" exclaimed Jack, seriously alarmed.

"Then you are half way towards being one! But keep your own counsel and you are safe enough, my boy!—It is the Right Honourable Baron De Lacy!"

And this flourish, murmured with ludicrous pomposity, though in an undertone, exactly preceded the *entrée* of the noble personage in question.

The great Anglo-Norman baron who, in the twelfth century, founded the house of De Lacy, and wore the gigantic armor still to be wondered at by the curiosity-mongers at Lacy Castle, would have been very much astonished if he could have seen what slight dimensions the bone and thew of his race could shrink in its last descendant! Lord De Lacy was little more than a dwarf in stature, and so thinly and sparingly limbed that it seemed as if a good puff of wind would have blown him away. And there was still less of the heroic Norman baron to be discerned in his physiognomy. A little, withered, shrunken face, withered as a dried crab apple, overspread with an expression of bitter causticity of temper, mingled with craft and sarcasm—we do not suppose would have looked very natural under the helmets and streaming plumes of Lord De Lacy's chivalrous ancestry!

His lordship was very old, and stooped, which contributed to diminish his stature. He leaned on a twisted stick, nearly as stout as himself. His hair was as white as the swan's down ladies formerly used for winter ruffs. He adhered a good deal in his costume to the fashion of a period that had passed away, but in which he had seen his *beau jours*—if ever he had any! Black velvet knee breeches, white silk stockings, and diamond buckles; a claret colored coat with gold buttons; and a shirt, ruffled at the breast and sleeves with the finest cambric. Such was his lordship's outer man.

It would have required very little penetration to perceive that there was no great cordiality of feeling existing between the baron and his son-in-law. Rather, that there was aversion on both sides, and on that of the elder nobleman a very fair seasoning of contempt and splenetic dislike for his relative. But Jack Tandem was too much absorbed in alarm of a personal nature to scrutinize what passed before his eyes, or draw any other inference than that he found himself with infinite preference almost anywhere else!

"How is my daughter? Has your lordship inquired—very lately?" said the arrival, taking out a fine gold snuff-box, and sniffing a delicate pinch into his fine little nostrils.

The pause had its significance, for Lord Louvane colored as he replied, "I have the bulletin down to the last moment!—All is going as well as can be expected!"

The old lord nodded, and replaced his box in his waistcoat pocket with his fairy little fingers, that glittered all over with jewelled rings.

"I was, fortunately, just going out when I re-

ceived the message! It saved time, you know, and I might have been at a greater distance when the person came," resumed Lord De Lacy, sentimentally. "This happens rather unexpectedly after all, it appears! Lady Falconborough thought we should do very well till next week. But I hope it will turn out well! I hope we shall have a boy, Lord Louvane!"

"So do I, most sincerely, my lord! for I am quite tired of being the hope of the family!" said the viscount, with sudden vivacity.

"But the family—are not at all tired of having you for their hope, I presume, Lord Louvane?" said his lordship, with a bitter twirl of his little upper lip. "I mean, of course, your own family—the Falconborough family? I shall, of course, be very glad to see a direct descendant of my own—though by the female line, unhappily!—in whom I may hope for the revival of the ancient lustre and renown of the great De Lacy name!"

"Certainly!—I believe it is arranged, between my mother and your lordship, that the child is to be a boy, and to take the name of De Lacy, in conjunction with his own. But your lordship will be pleased to remember that, after all, I shall be the young fellow's father, and ought to have some say in the matter."

Lord Louvane spoke with some warmth. "De Lacy is a very ancient Norman name," replied the noble father-in-law, crossing his neat little legs, and drawing out his snuff-box again, without further comment.

"And Louvane is also Norman—and a very genteel name, no gentleman need be ashamed to own!" persisted the younger man.

"The De Lacys were peers of England in the twelfth century," said the little baron; and that settled the matter, for there was a good long pause and silence.

And now for some time poor Jack had been uneasily conscious that he was undergoing a keen scrutiny on the part of those peering, magnetic eyes of the ancient noble's, when he gave an actual start at seeing his lordship rise and approach him with the snuff-box. "One of the fraternity?" said the baron, with a smile as sharp as the point of a needle.

"No, sir; no, my lord! I'm nothing particular!" said Honest Jack, in great alarm, but extending his fingers to the offered box, and taking a huge pinch. "Oh, indeed!" And Lord De Lacy's eye wandered with an expression of indignant inquiry towards his son-in-law.

"Mr Tandem is a gentleman of our county, sir. A most influential gentleman there. I beg pardon for not having introduced him previously!" said the viscount, hastily, when Lord De Lacy interrupted him.

"It is quite unnecessary," he said, emphatically. "I am quite satisfied of Mr. Tandem's high respectability, being in your lordship's society. But I should wish Lady Falconborough to know I am here, and—"

The old lord was about to lay his hand on a bell—perhaps to desire a separate apartment, where he might await results without intruding on his son-in-law's company—when the door flew open and a courtly looking gentleman, of middle age, stepped into the room, or rather tripped.

"Lord Louvane, I presume? Allow me to congratulate your lordship, in the warmest manner, on the birth of—"

"A son and heir, Sir Muspratt!" exclaimed Lord De Lacy, his withered old frame suddenly seized all over with a tremor of anxiety and excitement.

"Exactly so, my lord!—both your lordships!—and one of the finest boys it has ever been my good fortune to introduce upon this mortal stage!" Sir Muspratt said. But that was a stereotyped phrase with him.

"I hope the little beggar will thrive!" said the viscount, struck rather uneasily with his father-in-law's emphasis on the word *heir*.

"Could we see him—it?" said Lord De Lacy, still all of a tremble with joyful surprise. The event had "come off," in Lord Louvane's language, rather suddenly.

"In a minute or two, sir! I left our young Master Louvane squalling so lustily as to show he has good lungs, at all events, and nurse busy at him!"

"Thank God!" ejaculated the new grandfather—who very seldom thanked God for anything, considering most things his due. But the child's name is *De Lacy Louvane*, Sir Muspratt! Pray remember that!"

"Well how's the mother? Hang it! some of us ought to have asked that before now!" bolted out Honest Jack.

"And pray, sir, who are you, that you take upon

you to make the question?" said Lord De Lacy, turning all the terrors of his wizened countenance and piercing eyes on the speaker.

"I'm only—Jack Tandem, sir! Honest Jack Tandem, my lord, some people call me!" said the poor fellow, rising in great alarm. "But if I'm not wanted, I don't want to stay! No offence, I hope."

"Her ladyship is doing as well as can be expected!" replied the medical oracle to his lordship's look of inquiry, as he turned in disdain from the contemplation of his son-in-law's companion.

"And here comes Master De Lacy-Louvane in person, with his proper procession after him, and his pap-boat borne in state, of course, before him!" said Lord Louvane—and all attention instantly passed from Jack Tandem to the door.

And a procession it might well be called that ushered in the newborn son and heir of the houses of De Lacy and Falconborough.

First came the nurse—a portly, handsome woman, tall, and stout enough to have carried half a dozen such trifles—bearing the infant. The trifle itself was all but lost in a vast profusion of white satin robe and lace cap. Then came the delighted grandmother, old Lady Falconborough, bearing a portion of the robe in affectionate homage. Then came a crowd of minor attendants, and nearly all the servants, including even the French cook of the establishment, and his less snowily arrayed satellites. And finally, a hobbling on the stairs announced the approach of the eminent statesman himself, whom the general excitement had reached, and compelled to descend to join in the universal ebullition.

"My dear, dear, dear son! here is your firstborn! And God bless you and him, for ever and ever! Amen, amen!" exclaimed the ecstatic old countess—who, in that capacity, was of course a most regular church-goer, and knew the proper responses.

"I am much obliged to you, mother, for the present, I am sure!" said the young lord, gazing with no very vivid signs of paternal transport at the infant in its nurse's arms. And turning with a humorous smile—"What do you think of it, St. John?"

"I—I think it looks uncommon *harrystocratic*!" said Honest Jack, quivering to see the universal gaze turned upon him.

"Wouldn't you like to—to kiss him, George, and—and give him your blessing? It's usual!" said the Earl of Falconborough, with solemn intonation on the last words. "I did it to you! It's *always* done!"

"Is it, sir? Oh, then, of course I must do it!—God bless you, Master De Lacy-Louvane!"

And so the son and heir was duly installed into his place among the highborn of the powerful of the England of 1822.

CHAPTER III.

I can but think there is some secret dread
That prompts you, rather than the cause you speak,
To put these shackles and restraints upon me,
That have never done you harm, and purpose none!
THE BIRTHRIGHT.

A FEW weeks after the great event recorded in the previous chapter, Lady Louvane, officially declared convalescent, was restored to the interrupted habits of her life, and resumed all the languor and ennui of her customary existence, in what might be called a solemn act of resumption. She caused her sofa to be once more wheeled to the drawing-room fire, and herself to be cushioned and pillowed up on it at a convenient altitude for lounging at ease. Her ladyship's infinitesimally small lap-dog, Moth, was installed on his accustomed cushion at her feet. The window curtains were drawn so as to exclude all but a softened and shadowed light; and then Lady Louvane, with a circulating library novel half open beside her, as a pretext for absolute inertia, gave herself up, body and mind, to hours and hours, and days and days of supreme do-nothing and think-nothing lassitude and listlessness.

It was no great wonder, considering what this unfortunate viscountess had gone through since her marriage with the dissipated heir of the house of Falconborough, that she was rather worn out and tired now. Indeed, her ladyship was noted in the family for anything but its characteristic qualities. She was of a quiet and subdued spirit, and cultivated retirement and repose a good deal more than is usual with persons of her age and rank.

But Lady Louvane was from her childhood upward considered of a weakly and delicate constitution. And under that notion—having the further disadvantage of being an only child—had been so pampered, watched, and attended, that she had almost lost the power of voluntary action of any sort. She depended upon others for everything—

even necessary exertions of will on the slightest matters of daily existence.

The disappointments and mortifications of her married life doubtless contributed to unhinge what little spring or activity an education so ill-adapted to strengthen a character naturally feeble, might have left in Lady Louvane's. The poor lady had, in reality, suffered a good deal. Neither her high birth nor family wealth had availed to shield her against the consequences of her husband's debauchery and extravagance. And so—without any specific ailment to allege—the viscountess had constituted herself for years, and had been so accepted—or, rather, excepted—by society, an invalid of very considerable pretensions to the honors of the position.

Moral causes, of a deeper and more envenomed pierce than these external ones, might also have been at work in secret in debilitating the mind and heart of the poor viscountess. A worm might have been busy at the core, almost without the consciousness of the victim herself. It is true, the languid heiress of the De Lacys had never possessed the depth and power of sentiment which would have rendered the occasion itself of her embittered retrospect impossible. But there were times, certainly, when she thought she must once have loved Arthur Saville very dearly, and when her treason to a first and honest love occurred to her as a crime which had brought its own sufficient punishment!

Lord Louvane was, however, right—as far as anything unfeeling and indecorous ever can be right—in pronouncing his wife's countenance "faultlessly insipid."

"It was so. A Greek statue, wherein the Grecian female ideal had been carried even to excess—especially in the small development of the upper head—might have been the model of her ladyship's executed in colorless or rather sallow tinted wax. But the mind of Grecian sculpture was not there. All was languor, indecision, collapse, in Lady Louvane's manner and countenance, as it had been in her conduct and career.

This was the half animate mother to whom, at the moment each day when it was announced that her ladyship had lunched, the lately born heir was duly conveyed for a listless inspection, or, at best, some faint signs of maternal recognition in a languid caress, or quickly wearied dandling in the arms.

Then Lady Louvane would sink powerlessly back on her couch, and tell the nurse to take it away!—that it annoyed her—that her nerves were too weak to bear the disturbance—that she had no doubt nurse took the greatest possible care of it: which she begged of her to continue to do, and to mind it had everything that was necessary and proper for it—always!

A mother's tender presence and living association were not held necessary or proper in the rearing of the infant hope of the two illustrious lines combined in the tiny person of Master De Lacy Louvane!

And, indeed, we do not pretend that, in this instance, they would have been of much practical benefit.

Physically, the young nobleman had a mother, to all useful intents and purposes: a stout young countrywoman, carefully selected as his wetnurse by his grandmother, from a host of candidates, amply fulfilled the office of one. And this good woman, at the price of deserting her own child, and seeing it grow up to a life of hardship and labor, with an enfeebled constitution, in consequence, enjoyed an excellent place in a great household, and loved and cherished the infant almost as well as if it had been her own.

In other respects, old Lady Falconborough's unremitting attentions to the baby heir supplied the place of half a dozen mothers, of whatever grade in society.

Everything relating to Master De Lacy Louvane—the minutest details of his nursery—were to her subjects of an importance impossible to be exaggerated. Well contented that she had no interference to dread, the countess thankfully excused her daughter-in-law from every kind of superintendence and responsibility, and devoted herself to the office she had assumed with all the zeal of a passion. Before the infant could grasp his coral firmly, he was aware that he was one of the most important personages in existence.

In addition to all this, the Eminent Statesman himself, and Lord De Lacy, with his little lynx eyes, might be said to sit in a perpetual committee of safety over the long desired heir.

After his daily visit to the lady who had given him birth, the child was carried regularly for inspection to his grandfather's, the earls, gouty couch—beside which the descendant of the Anglo-Norman

chivalry, his grandfather, the baron, usually took a position, at half past two o'clock, for the express purpose of receiving him. Nothing surely could have been wanting to the proper care and management of the noble child! Lord Louvane indeed took very little notice of it; but what fashionable father troubles himself much about his sons until they are ready to go to college or parliament?

The priceless affections which, taking root in a mother's heart, fibre and flower and bear fruit, after many seasons, perchance, in the heart of manhood!—what manner of strange tongue would he have talked who had prated of these in the noble mansion whose roof we have lifted for the reader's inspection?

Well, it was about the hour of the day when Lady Louvane performed, to the best of her ability, as she believed, the functions of the office nature had conferred upon her.

She was lying on her sofa of damasked silk, half wrapped in an Indian shawl of great value, just presented to her by her father—one of her slender fingers in the leaves of a book, closed, for form's sake, over it, where she had left off *seeming to read*—languidly watching the operations of the nurse, who was endeavoring, in great tribulation and alarm, to quiet a fit of screams and wailing into which the infant heir had thought proper to burst, at the improper season of his daily audience with his lady mother.

"What a dreadful noise! It is completely destroying me, Mrs. Mangold! What can it possibly mean by making an outcry just at this moment? On purpose to torment me, I suppose?"

"No, my lady, but—" hesitated and blushed the nurse,—"but his little lordship were asleep until just the minute her ladyship's bell rung, and he had not had his little lordship's—his little lordship's dinner—he hadn't."

And the vice-mother blushed a deeper cabbage rose tint than ever, and began tossing and lulling the heir more violently than before, with sundry assurances, conveyed in a mystical and unknown tongue, to the infant, that he should have his lordship's dinner as soon as ever he was up stairs in his nursery again.

"Take it up stairs, then, at once, nurse! I am quite satisfied for to-day. He looks very well—I should think! And you say, Sir Muspratt and Lady Falconborough's medical man have seen him as usual? But my son is not a lord, Mangold, as yet! He is only an earl's grandson, you understand, at present! He is George Augustus De Lacy Louvane, Esquire, only—I believe. So, in future, don't say his lordship, nurse; but, simply, Master De Lacy Louvane!"

"Yes, my lady, I beg your ladyship's pardon! I won't call his little lordship so any more, since your ladyship don't wish it! I'll take his little lordship away directly, my lady! But wouldn't your ladyship like to give the poor little fellow a kiss first, my lady?"

"Not while it is making this dreadful uproar, Mrs. Mangold! I am positively shaken all to pieces to hear it. And really I think, Moth looks as if he would snap at it, if it is brought any nearer! Pray, take it away!"

The woman hugged the squalling son and heir to her stout maternal bosom, and made her exit with the profound reverence due to her employer's rank, which, however, did not prevent her from remarking afterwards to one of the housemaids, her particular friend, that she did think grand people had no natural affections in them at all, and that her ladyship, she really thought, had more regard for her lapdog than her child.

Nurse was leaving the room with this idea in her head just as old Lady Falconborough entered, and with an unusually disturbed and flustered aspect. Very evidently agitated indeed, for she passed the nurse and her cherished burden with no other notice than a gesture of dismissal, in response to the good woman's lingering in the way to ascertain her pleasure—knowing how constantly it lay in attentions to the son and heir.

"Go, Mangold, go! I want to speak to Lady Louvane."

The old countess uttered the words with even more than her customary stately imperiousness of manner. And she had a cold pride and *hauteur* in most things she either said or did that were a good deal more imposing than all her lord, the earl and minister's, fussy pomposity.

The Countess of Falconborough did not greatly resemble her brother, Lord De Lacy. She was much younger and—I believe, not having time at this moment to examine a peerage—had another mother.

She was of rather high stature for a woman, and,

though spare and shrunken in the outlines of her person, still possessed in perfection what our neighbors used to call the *grand air* in days of yore! The style and carriage of one born to distinction and command! And the countess also possessed the remains of what had been a remarkably fine countenance—and still was, in a degree. But the pride, which had perhaps only given a becoming loftiness to the more youthful countenance, cast a very unengaging expression of austerity and harshness over the sharpened and oldened features. And Lady Falconborough, with her eagle beak and eyes, and swooping gestures of control, looked like a personification of the family title and attributes.

This highborn lady was endowed with a strength of character and will that doubtlessly inspired her with no very profound respect for the faint and colorless tone of those qualities in her daughter-in-law and niece. But like her lord, she was a great stickler for the proprieties, and always addressed Lady Louvane as if she considered her a person of judgment and capacity.

"I am annoyed beyond expression, Lady Louvane! And I have come to tell you all about it. What do you think has happened?" was the old countess's exclamation, as she approached the invalid's couch. Convalescent, we believe, her ladyship would not have liked to have been called or considered.

"I am sure I do not know, madam—and cannot conjecture!—Another of Lord Louvane's creditors turned outrageous? Or (in a fainter tone) does Mr. Golightly intend to bring his action, after all, in spite of all papa has paid him?"

Lady Louvane's idea of an outrageous creditor was that of a man who waits five or six years for his money, and at last makes up his mind to forfeit the custom and be paid within the Statute of Limitations.

"No, my dear, no! Lord De Lacy has satisfactorily settled the Golightly affair, since the birth of our darling. Nothing of that sort! And the earl has paid off that insolent wretch who sold Louvane the horses. No, my son has nothing to do in the present matter!" replied the countess. And yet, in the angry flush that passed over her countenance as she spoke, we are not sure there was not a shade or two of color in it due to a consciousness that she—the Countess of Falconborough—was not speaking exactly the truth.

"Well, then, your ladyship knows I know nothing about politics, and—"

"Yes, yes, my love! I am not thinking of politics! They are going on badly enough, in all conscience, that way, too! The Whigs are behaving themselves deplorably, and in my opinion, and in Lord Falconborough's, too, would prefer to get up a revolution rather than be kept out of office any longer. But that is not the thing! You would never imagine, but it is true, that girl—that Honora Lacy!—yes, that is undeniably her name!—(Some Irish Lacy's or other, you know, Elizabeth!)—There are plenty of them in Ireland, I am given to understand—has taken into her foolish head that she wants to be married, and has got her aunt, Mrs. Jellybub, to speak to me on the subject, and get my leave!"

"I'm rather—I am very glad to hear it!" said lady Louvane—rather unexpectedly, certainly; and she herself colored and looked retractingly at the countess immediately she had uttered the words.

"Very glad to hear it, Lady Louvane!—when it displeases me, excessively?" the latter exclaimed. "Glad, indeed!—Pray, my dear," she continued, with some degree of uneasy scrutiny and inquiry, "what possible concern can it be to you?"

"I—I don't like the idea of there being a servant in the house of a name so like my father's and your own family one, before you were married, aunt! Especially now it will be used more frequently among us, as the little boy is to take our name as well as his fathers!" faltered Lady Louvane. But the faint blush slightly deepened.

"Nonsense, my love! The girl's name is Lacy—not De Lacy! Though I took her under my protection on that very account, I must confess, that she might not disgrace it by bringing it out in any public way—in the capacity her worthless old father would probably have brought her up to! And her ingratitude annoys me very much, I must say! I never intended her to marry! I have had her brought up in rather a superior manner, purposely, to be of use to me in several ways! And I was just about to derive some possible recompense in the girl's services, I imagined, for all my care and charity, when she takes upon her to have a proposal of marriage made to her, and all but to accept it almost without asking my permission, I may say!"

"It is very strange, certainly, madam! But that kind of low people, papa says, are almost always sure to prove ungrateful!" said Lady Louvane. And yet with a degree of languid satisfaction in her tones she had not the skill or energy to attempt to conceal.

"But I am determined it shall not be! I will not have all the pains and expense I have been at in my patronage of this young woman thrown away! I may be said, in fact, to have regularly bought her of her raffish old father. And now to set herself up to marry a foolish scribbler of a fellow whom the earl employs in his literary business more out of charity than anything else! A fellow who has not threepence in the world, and who imagines himself to be a genius! which alone is sufficient to be the ruin of anybody! The son of a bankrupt tradesman, I understand, who makes a miserable living by copying manuscripts for the press, and absurd things of that sort!"

"Well, madam, you are of course the best judge. But I should let her marry, if she liked anybody well enough!" said Lady Louvane, relapsing into her wonted apathy. "She would certainly never marry," she added, after a pause, with some degree of life-like asperity, "if she took my advice!"

"Well, that is precisely what I want you to give her," replied the countess.

"Want me!" exclaimed her daughter-in-law, with unfeigned surprise.

The countess was not certainly much in the habit of calling upon her relative for any species of advice or aid.

"Yes, you, Lady Louvane! It is impossible to deny but that you have had some experience in matrimonial discomforts! And as young people are more apt to take one another's advice than that of persons of discretion and mature age—and as it might seem selfish, or perhaps a little domineering, on my part—and as Nora is a girl of very wild and obstinate spirit at times—you will do me a particular favor, Elizabeth, my love, if you can induce her to withdraw the annoying application she has caused to be made to me!"

"I will do what I can!" said Lady Louvane, after a slight pause, and in rather cold and unwilling accents. But she knew what was expected of her, and was too nerveless to get up any more emphatic signs of dissent.

"I will send her to you, then, directly!" said the old countess, rising; "and I will go at once and prevail upon the earl to take an early opportunity to give this fine pretender of ours his dismissal, from this house, at all events!"

Her ladyship left the room on this benevolent errand at something much quicker than her usual slow and imposing pace. And the daughter-in-law raised her book, and, striving to think that nothing had occurred of any consequence, attempted to renew the perusal.

But either her former attention had been very remiss, or her ideas wandered on another subject, for Lady Louvane looked several minutes at the page without discovering the point at which she had dropped it.

"What a strange thing! What can his mother want by keeping her about the house? She must see that Nora is a very pretty girl; and she knows what sort of a fellow he still is, in spite of everything done to reclaim him."

And Lady Louvane was vaguely pursuing a reverie on this text when the door opened, and Honora Lacy entered the apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood;
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
And works of the same pottery, bad or good!

BYRON.

THE uneasy feeling, whatever it was, deepened in the viscountess's secret heart when she perceived what a fine, tall, blooming creature it was now—with an extraordinary glow upon the usually peach-like cheek, and with the bright hazel eyes looking all the brighter for a plainly recent shower bath of tears—entered with a movement at once so winning to the eye and modest, that Lady Louvane felt the slight emotion of dislike she had managed to conjure up against her involuntarily fade away in her bosom.

Nora stopped and curtsied when she had made a few steps in the room. But decidedly, of the two women, Nature had stamped her the superior, and fortune could only undo her work in such mechanical respects.

"My lady's woman told me your ladyship wished to see me," said Nora, with submission, but with an

anxious query in her glance. "If it is about your laces, my lady, I have not yet been able to attend to them as you desired, properly, as *her ladyship* keeps me so constantly employed on her own work! But I hope soon to be able."

"Ah, how can that be, Nora? I have just been told," said Lady Louvane, without taking her eyes from her book, "that you want to get married!—that some young man has made you an offer; and that, if Lady Falconbridge approves of it—"

"No, my lady!" interrupted Nora, hastily, but still very respectfully. "I have made up my mind to accept Mr. Johnes's offer whether her ladyship—or anybody else in the world, my lady!—thinks it an advantageous one or not! For I have promised it, and—and we ought to keep our words, my lady!"

Her ladyship's pale visage slightly colored in its turn. But the allusion was clearly unintentional. And if it had been otherwise, Lady Louvane was not the kind of person to resent even an impertinence of the sort her conscience perhaps suggested as possible.

Her disapproval seemed to be concentrated on another point.

"Jones!—What an ugly, common name Nora!"

"That's his parents' fault, my lady, if anybody's, and not Mr. Johnes's!" she replied, with rather sharp vivacity. "But, indeed I like a name, myself, my lady, that seems to be one belonging to the country it comes from! National, the quality call it, I believe! And there's no name more national everywhere than Jones! It beats even Robinson and Jackson, and all the other 'sons! And I like it on that very account far better than any other! And, besides," (it occurred to her as a happy diversion) "Mr. Johnes's name is not spelt *Jones*, but *J, o, h, n, e, s*—Johnes, my lady!"

"It don't matter—it sounds all the same. Still it is more genteel, spelt that way!" doubtfully decided her ladyship. "However, Nora, your own is a much better one! It is like ours, even!—Lacy, I am given to understand?"

Oh, it's nothing to be *Lacy*, my lady, unless there's the De before it!" said Nora. "We are only poor Irish Lacy's in our own country—though my father, too, would always have it we were somehow related to a great castle in one of the counties there, that's lying in ruins now, like himself, poor old gentleman! And so, what is the use of my lady reminding me how she believes we were gentlefolks once, when we've gone away to what we have now!"

"Why, what is his trade? How does he earn his living?"

"Trade, my lady!" repeated Honora, drawing herself up with all the dignity to be expected from her aristocratic rearing. "He is of no trade, your ladyship may depend upon it, or I should never have looked at him."

"What is he, then?" said her ladyship, who had a dim idea that all persons who were not lords, or members of parliament, were people in trade.

"He is a poet, madam!" said Nora, with a flush of honest, though (poor girl!) at that time, happily, ignorant pride.

"A poet!—He can't be a poet, Nora. I have never seen his name in the *Quarterly Review*!"

"No, my lady, because they are *envious* of him, he says! Because they never call anybody a poet in that unless he is a lord, or at least has a great deal of money. And poor Johnes is nobody, of course, my lady—because he has next to nothing!"

"Has he relations, then, who will help him—who will keep him until—he writes something people will like to buy?"

"He has a mother—that lives with him. But she is poorer even than he is! I don't think he has any other relations in the world."

"Then I should say, you had better not marry him, Nora!" said Lady Louvane, with an air of prudent consideration.

"Why not, my lady?" returned Nora, as if the advice must have been founded on some very remote principles of calculation indeed.

"Why? Because I should think you would not have enough to live upon, if he has nothing, and you have nothing! I don't know how poor people live, that's true; and they say poets have always been badly off, and can do with very little. But then you have been brought up in a good house, Nora, and have always been accustomed to eat and drink; and now, I should say, you could never make certain, week by week, whether Mr. Johnes could earn enough—with such chance work as the earl gives him, for example—to get enough to eat and to drink!"

"But he would take a shop, perhaps, if we had

any money!" said Nora, brought down a little from her altitude. "His father was a printer, and I have heard him say, once or twice, that he should not object to being a fashionable publisher at the West End himself, especially as he has books of his own that want publishing!"

"But where will you get any money, if you offend your kind patroness?" said the viscountess. "And I know Lady Falconborough strongly disapproves of the match, and wishes it not to proceed!"

"She has told me so herself, my lady!" replied Nora, with tears standing brimful in her bright brown eyes; "and in a way I never thought to hear from a lady's lips! She says she is ashamed of me, to be after the men at my age—as if I am after him, and not he after me! And, besides, I am twenty-two—and did she not marry your ladyship to her son before you were eighteen?"

"Ah, Nora!—never bring my example as a reason for marrying!" sighed Lady Louvane.

"But I have reasons of my own, my lady!—I have, indeed!—and not what my lady pretends, either!" continued the young woman, with a vivid increase of color. "Not but what I am very much attached to the poor young man! And if he isn't to be my husband, I will never have any as long as I live! Never, never!"

"I don't advise you should, Nora," said Lady Louvane, rather mournfully; "but you haven't given me any reason yet—except that you like Mr. Johnes."

"I have a reason though, madam, and a very bad one—I mean a good one, my lady!" said the poor girl, turning white and red by turns, and the tears fairly beginning to bubble over her lucid eyes.

"You have a—reason?" said Lady Louvane, evidently startled by the girl's look, or some suspicion of her own.

"And my lady always promised my father, when he let her take me, that she would do something for me; and—Why, only this very morning," said Nora, hurriedly evading the question, "her ladyship told me, if I would stay with her, without wanting to get married, until she died, she would leave me plenty to live upon all the rest of my days!"

"But if you marry against her express desire, Nora?"

"Why, what has her ladyship to do to hinder me? I am not quite altogether a slave yet!" exclaimed Nora, pettishly. "This is a free country still, God be praised! And I don't see why one's superiors should try and make a nun of one, even! For her ladyship has even told me, as I was brought up a Catholic, and am come of a good family, and am so badly off, it would be best for me to be one!"

"Did she, indeed?" said Lady Louvane, rather puzzled. "Dear me! what a singular woman Lady Falconborough is!" she mused on to herself. "And what a deal she must think about people's ranks to trouble herself so much about the gentility of a servant girl!—Well, Nora!" she continued, sinking again into languor, "if I cannot prevail upon you, you must follow your own way! But you will be sure to repent of it, and I am quite certain Lady Falconborough will not do the least thing for you, if you disobey her. She likes to be obeyed in everything, and by every one. You can go now, and tell some one to come up and stir the fire!"

"But—but—I am sure—I hope your ladyship will stand my friend!" said Nora, with visible agitation. "I am sure,—I am sure, my lady!" she continued, with increasing emotion, "you ought rather to help me than anything else—if—if your ladyship knew all!"

And Nora burst into a notable paroxysm of sobs and tears, kept under so far with considerable difficulty.

"I!—ought?" said Lady Louvane, with sudden warmth. "What do you mean, girl? Is it possible—" And there she broke off, while Nora sobbed and wept on with great vigour, and for some moments, uninterruptedly.

"Tell me, Nora!" said her ladyship at last, in much less apathetic tones than she had hitherto used.

"I can't—I can't bear to make mischief—between man and wife!" sobbed Nora.

"Well, tell me only!" pursued the unhappy lady. "Tell me only!—I was right in a kind of delirious fancy, I thought I had some little time ago—that I saw—in the console mirror opposite where I lay—Lord Louvane catch you round the waist as you were leaving the room, and attempt to kiss you?"

Still Nora answered only by her tears and sobs.

"Is that all? Or has he ventured on a more explicit declaration of his villainess to you, my poor girl?"

"He—he—His lordship has offered me a house to live in—and—and—two hundred a year for life—secured on—on—"

"His creditors?—or my property, when I come to it? He will have little enough of his own!" said Lady Louvane, with more bitterness than one would have expected from her, even after this explanation. "Well, this is a little too bad, certainly! At the very moment when nearly at the price of my own life—Well, well! I will take care that my father knows this. And whatever it cost me—Ah, and it was for a wretch—for a villain like this—I sacrificed poor Saville—poor, poor Saville!—who loved me truly for myself, since he offered—if my father turned me out of doors for his sake—to make me his wife the same hour!"

And the unhappy heiress of the noble and wealthy De Lacy's wiped a succession of tears more bitter—though they were fewer—than those Nora continued mopping up with her own less ornamental cambric.

"Well, Nora, this entirely alters the case!" resumed the lady, after an interval of this levelling lamentation. "I will tell it all to Lady Falconborough, and then I am sure I shall be able to obtain her consent—and something more for you—though this wicked man's extravagance swallows everything! So don't cry any more; you shall be happy, if a husband can make you so!"

"But—I have already told her ladyship!—and then it was she said it would be best for me to make myself a nun instead! To go to Ireland, and be a nun in one of the convents there! For my lord is such a high spirited, headstrong, handsome gentleman, she said—her son is, you know, my lady!—that he would be sure else to be the ruin of me, do what I could or might!"

"And don't you think you better had?" said Lady Louvane, with a sinking-in of look and manner that was even startlingly in contrast with the tone of Nora's reply.

"No, my lady! No; I won't, I won't I won't be a nun! I hate to be a nun, and I have given my word to Mr. Johnes—and I will keep it, come what may!"

"Then, Nora, I should say—the best thing for you to do, would be to do it at once!" said Lady Louvane, somewhat roused also by this display of energy. "You will repent it, I know. But look here, my poor girl—if you have really made up your mind—if you like to go out of the house at once—(don't you say the young man has a mother?)—and get married to him at once—I will take care that—that your clothes shall be sent after you! And I'll get Lady Falconborough to do something for you, when it's all over. Or I'll do something myself! And if you will reach me my purse from the table yonder—I think I brought it down? Oh, Moth has been playing with it, and it has fallen on the carpet!"

Nora lifted the purse, with some struggle in her mind whether she should accept the lady's intended liberality or not. But her "I daresay Mr. Johnes has plenty for present wants!" died away rather feebly—and she remained in silent expectation.

"Papa gave me a fifty pound note the first day I came down, to buy myself any trifle I might take a fancy to, and I think I can't do better than buy a little peace of mind for a while, Nora," said the poor viscountess. "I'll give it to you, and it will do for the first expenses, you know—and I will always stand your friend—at least, whenever I am able; only don't come much in Lord Louvane's way! And—and, go at once, Nora, for if Lady Falconborough asks me, I know I cannot hide anything from her!"

Honora joyfully—and yet with evident trepidation—accepted the gift, and kissing the chilly hand the lady extended with the warmth of her paternal nationality declared that she was ready to obey her ladyship's instructions in everything.

And from this interview, counsel, aiding and abetting, springs what should have been perhaps the proper commencement of our story—namely, the advent of its hero on this bustling, Shaksperian stage of the world.

The amanuensis took care that mankind in general should know what happened in consequence of Nora's disappearance from Falconborough House. And, in less than a week, Lord Louvane read, with a bitter smile, an announcement, on which he stumbled quite unexpectedly in the list of marriages.

"At St. Peter's, Holloway, on the 23d inst., Noll Johnes, Esq., of Myrtle Cottage, Somers Town, to Miss Honora Lacy, only daughter of Cremorne Lacy, Esq., of the Theatre Royal."

(To be continued.)

Unknown Tongues.

THE young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God; and He hears their voice and fills their appetite." But few of the mammalia, only, can be said to have articulate speech or true vocal utterance. Far above insects and reptiles in point of language, they cannot yet compare with the happier birds of heaven. Most quadrupeds utter sounds of pain; the timid rabbit cries when seized, and in peril the humble mole has a voice. That of Brazil, even, produces a short nasal grunt from under the ground, which it repeats four times in quick succession. Coming, as it were, from unknown regions, this sound baffles the acutest ear, and puzzles the stranger not a little, until the experienced Indian discovers for him the curious little "Tucutuco." But all these animals have only faint and indistinct sounds, and there is a long scale to ascend from the grunt of the pig to the joyous bark of the dog or the plaintive cry of the camel. The pig's language has no consonants, hence it cannot be expressed in words or notes. All utterance of the elements consist of vowels simply—so does the infant's first cry; for in nature, as in man, consonants presuppose higher development, and vowels are the signs of unconscious action. Strange it is that pigs should know how to keep time to music; and yet we hear of such skill in several cases. When the great Medici was a victim to sad melancholies, some fawning courtier once surprised him by ushering, of a sudden, six well-dressed pigs into his chamber. They danced so well, and moved so grotesquely, that even Cosmo could not resist, and broke out into hearty, wholesome laughter.

The simple voice of lambs has a charm of its own for the Christian. He can never forget Him who has said in beautiful allegory, "The sheep follow him, for they know his voice, but they know not the voice of strangers." Their ear is acute as their tones are simple. A lamb will, by the bleating alone, find its mother out of a thousand. What abounding wealth does not nature exhibit even in her voices: what a countless variety of modulations she must have given to the single note of the ewe to produce such effects.

The horse has sounds only for passion and pain; what interests us most is, the manner in which the tones he utters are developed and refined in precise proportion to his general improvement.

The neighing of the wild horse of the steppes is shrill and fierce; but how low and gentle is the affectionate voice of the thorough-bred, as he replies to his master's caresses! "Among the trumpets he says ha! ha! and the grandeur of his neighing is terror." He utters fierce cries when, with bristling mane and maddened eye, he rushes to attack a rival on the wide prairie; and the expiring voice of a dying horse is never forgotten by those who have once heard it, in the raving floods of a torrent, or amidst the agonies of a deserted battle-field.

Cats, also, have their amusing but by no means melodious concerts. Gravely and majestically sits the most valiant beaux in the midst of an admiring circle of belles. He utters a deep, solemn note; they answer in all kinds of voices, but not exactly in pure or clear accents. Louder and wilder rises the chorus, fiercer grow their passions: blows are dealt with little forbearance, and at last a row ensues, ludicrous in the extreme to the eye, but to the ear torture. Stranger still, and as yet unexplained, is their conduct when, like true toppers, they get drunk from eating the root of valerian. On moonlight nights of early spring they have often been seen under the intoxicating influence of this well-known poison.

They caper and shriek, they scamper and scream, they leap and kick, and tumble about like regularly madmen. Hence the significative yet barbarous word of the German, "Katzenjammer," so expressive of the dread feelings that follow a night of debauch. Unmelodious as their voices are, they differ not only with sex or age, but in every individual cat. This led some rascally courtier or other to the outrageous idea of a cat-organ. He confined a large number of cats, with different voices, in a large box, arranging them carefully according to musical annotation. In front was a key board, and as the hand touched a key, a pin entered the tail of the corresponding victim. The cats mewed, and—for a shame—the world laughed.

Simpler in form but much higher in its character is the language of animals who live in regularly organized society. Both monkeys and elephants place sentinels upon eminences to guard them against surprise, whilst they are feeding or robbing. These outposts give a shrill cry of warning, which refers not to their own feelings of pain or fear, but is clearly intended to benefit others. This is a manner of communication by voices entirely different

from a mere involuntary utterance of sound, and belonging in fact, to the class of reasoning speech, the highest of which is human language. Monkeys, especially, obey the voice of their leader with military precision. He calls and they leap upon trees; his voice is heard again and they arm themselves with clubs and sticks, they advance or retreat, flee or attack as he commands them. Prisoners cry piteously, and others, moved by sympathy, come to the rescue.

Even the less cunning chamois, when grazing in herds upon lofty mountains, have a keen-sighted sentinel posted on a high rock or jutting promontory. Whilst the others feed or play and gambol in simple delight, she stands alone on her lofty eminence, watchfully glancing around and scenting the air. At the least sign of danger, the distant echo of a footfall, or the sight of an unknown object, she whistles shrill and clear through her front teeth, and taking the lead, she vanishes with her companions with almost magical swiftness.

Even these sounds, however, full of meaning and intelligence as they are, cannot compare with the eloquence of the dog. His sensibilities are highly developed; he can shed tears, and, of all animals probably the only one, he can even laugh. His ear is sharp and fastidious. Some, we know, cannot bear music of any kind; others detest only wind-instruments; if they cannot escape what is torture to their nerves, they draw themselves up, raise their spines in ample curves, hide their tails, and howl piteously. The violin, it is said, is their special torment, and this idiosyncrasy strengthens the theory of their relation to wolves. No animal, however, is so quick and so perfect in comprehending the human voice: the dog receives, as it were, man's thoughts into his own mind; he obeys his commands, he recollects, he reasons, in fine, on his duty. What more striking proof of this can be given than the well-known story of a dog's encounter with a raven? He was pursuing the bird over a meadow, and on the point of seizing his wing. Of a sudden, the raven turns round, assumes that air of sublime impudence which his race alone possesses, and bawls into the dog's face a furious—"Thief! Thief!"—The dog stood aghast: he was frightened to death, and ran off in vile, cowardly fear. He had pursued a bird and had met with a human voice. It was magic to him, it was witchcraft. He must have reasoned to be thus amazed.

As the dog's ear is acute and well developed, so his language is rich in tone and modulation. This is the result of civilisation only, and of his familiar intercourse with man. The wild dog does not bark; the tame dog suffered to become wild, loses the curious gift in the second or third generation. The dog of Mexico, which the early inhabitants ate after Chinese fashion, and which even the Spaniards learned to appreciate before cattle could be brought across the Atlantic, is utterly voiceless. That of the Esquimaux, on the contrary, give regular concerts. Leaving the warm nest they have dug in the firm snow, one seats himself gravely in the centre, whilst the others crouch around him in a circle; he leads and they follow in a dismal howl, like that of wolves.

Subject, as the dog is, to almost all the diseases of men, even to madness, he has, like them, also his fancies and idiosyncrasies. Some are slaves of their masters from overflowing affection; others are fickle and faithless. But why do they bark at the moon in heaven? Dr. Galt claims for them, from his own experience, the knowledge, not of one language only, but of several idioms. The crowning wonder, however, is their actual power of articulate speech. It is no small authority that compels us to grant to dogs such marvellous talent. The philosopher Leibnitz—than whom all Germany knows no greater scholar—took a warm interest in this matter, and furnished an ample and well-authenticated report to the French Academy at Paris. A peasant's boy, in Saxony, it appears, fancied he perceived, in the bark of a common watch-dog, a strange resemblance to words uttered by the human voice. Though the animal was three years old, the youth undertook to teach him to speak, and spared neither time nor labor. At the end of a few months his able pupil could articulate thirty words most clearly and distinctly. He loved his native tongue best, however, and even the illustrious Leibnitz could not induce him to speak of his own free will. He only repeated what was first pronounced before him, but then in a voice so marvellously human, that it deceived listeners in an adjoining apartment.

The best known of animal tongues are, of course, the most perfect among them—those of birds. It would be a long list, were we to mention but half of the curious literature, that, of old and of late, has

been written on this subject. Pallas Athene herself gave the knowledge of the language of birds to Tiresias, to console him for the loss of his eyes. Helenus, of Troy, Thales, and Melampus, claimed to possess it. Solomon, who had wisdom exceeding much, and spake of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes, is reported to have understood the meaning of every bird's song. Pliny even gives, in his natural history, an unerring recipe for the obtaining of such wonderful knowledge; and King Dag, who was a master of the science, kept sparrows which brought him the news of the world from every country on earth. Gerbert, of Seville, the great Christian master of the Black Art, learned to explain the flight and notes of birds; and Benedict IX., who rose to the Holy See at the early age of twelve years, knew their voice, and could tell from it what had happened to-day, yesterday, and the day before, anywhere through the wide range of Christendom. It is not long since a German scholar studied the language of geese, and issued proposals for a dictionary of their idiom. Two adventurous Frenchmen, Dupont de Nemours, and Pierquin de Gembloux, carried out the unfinished plan, and actually published works on the language of birds and other animals. It has been a favorite task of many authors to set the songs of birds to music, and to give their meaning—a scheme which Thomas Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," has more fully developed.

Birds certainly have, of all animals known, the most perfect organs of speech, and the greatest variety of sounds and notes. They are better endowed than others, for they have a second larynx, which forms, as it were, an additional organ. Thus, if the head of a duck or a goose be cut off, the lower throat in the neck will, as many a boy knows from actual trial, still freely produce the accustomed broad accents of its owner. The nightingale, of all singers the richest, has also, of all birds the largest larynx. Besides, they can shorten and lengthen at will, the tube of their windpipe, so as to modify the sounds it emits—a power possessed by birds only. To this they add a remarkable innate sense for music; their song is neither mechanical only, nor merely instinctive. On the contrary, they connect each note with a special, definite feeling, and are actually aware of a connection between them, which rests exclusively upon the musical arrangement, or the idea by which they are suggested. Hence, also, their almost infinite variety of notes known to all, and yet combined with a striking individuality found nowhere else. The blue-tit and the wren sing each a different song; but as soon as the one or the other utters a chirp of fear or terror, all birds, even the stupid turkeys, know its meaning, and anxiously hide under turf or twig. The whole forest, in a moment, is still and silent; the hawk sails in vain on high in the clouds, and peers into thicket and copse—they have all been forewarned and are safe and secure. So it is with their notes of joy and happiness. Not one sings exactly like the other; but the first note of exuberent gladness rouses them all, and one tiny creature sets a whole host of them singing and chirping; as long as breath lasts their joy is undisturbed.

And truly, their voices are, for the most part, but voices of happiness and thanksgiving. Their table is always set, a pendant twig offers a cosy seat, and neighbors are ever ready to sport, to gambol, or to join in joyous concerts. Theirs is the wide realm of the air, they dwell and play, without care or trouble, in the eternal halls of their great Father—"Before whom not one of them is forgotten." There is ample room; they are bound to no path and no highway; freely they move, large or small, in the great house under the heavens.

MAN has the power neither to eat, to walk, nor to speak, until he is taught. Being the most helpless of animals, the utmost of his earliest power is to suck, to move his limbs, and to weep. Nor is he the only animal that has the divine faculty of contemplation. Though the most intimate acquaintance with vegetable anatomy discovers no organ that bears any analogy with the seat of animal sensation, it would, nevertheless, betray a species of ignorance to deny sensation to plants. It would betray still greater to deny reason to animals, since the faculty of imagination is proved by their capacity of dreaming.

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AUGUSTUS POPPLY BEGGING FOR MERCY FROM FREDERICK.

MASKS AND FACES.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 248.)

CHAPTER LI.

I do not call on the avenging bolts,
Nor bid the thunder-wielder take the part
Of them ye have offended! Your own deeds
Work out your chastisement; these few rolling stones
Announce the falling of the rocks ye have loosened
For your own heads! *Time, the Avenger.*

WHILE these well matched friends flew along the quiet streets in Captain Dalrymple's handsome conveyance, we must notice some circumstances that concluded the evening at Albano Villa.

Sir Richard Graham insisted on seeing the last and most honored of his guests, Lord Clodcurry, to the gates in prison. Blackader was scarcely considered as one—who pertinaciously remained.

But Sir Richard stumbled down the grand flight of steps before the house, and an alarm was raised which induced Blackader to relinquish his fixed position in a corner of the drawing room. He ran out, and assisted Orlando in supporting the baronet into the house, and up to his own apartment. Lord Clodcurry, either not noticing or not caring for the accident, sped on his way meanwhile, at a zigzag, to his carriage—a hired one.

"What is the matter?" said Lady Graham, quite composedly, to Fanilda Wildgoose, who had glided into the drawing room as soon as she thought the company was gone.

"Sir Richard has fallen with his face on the gravel, and rather hurt and cut it!" was the equally indifferent reply.

"If he lay there till morning it would be no great matter! I never saw an old man, who ought to know better, so thoroughly disgrace and expose himself before company in my life!"

"Nor I, Maria!"

"Really, Mrs. Wildgoose! it is quite absurd of you to continue to address me with such familiarity! How do we know who may be listening?" said Lady Graham, with particular hauteur.

"Well, I'm not so much to blame, Maria, considering all I've done for you; and what a while we have been acquaintances! But I've made up my mind I am almost tired of the whole affair, and if I can't see my way more clearly soon, I have half a notion to take an offer Mr. Orlando has made me—since the news came of my poor dear husband's death, in Australia—and take up in the public line with him, in some of the principal hotels of London."

"You will need a great deal of money for that, Fanilda," said Lady Graham, with alarm.

"And haven't I deserved some trifle at your hands, madam?" was the resolute reply.

"You have! you have! my dear woman—don't speak so loud—but I never thought, Fanilda, you would want to desert me, after all—and for a fellow like that!"

"What's the matter with the fellow, please your ladyship?" retorted Mrs. Wildgoose, still in her raised tone. Perhaps she, too, had partaken rather more copiously than discreetly of the cup of joy that day.

"Be quiet, you idiotic woman! Here's Blackader again!"

Mrs. Wildgoose was quiet, and the managing clerk re-entered the room.

"Sir Richard seems curiously obfuscated tonight!—And he talks very strangely!" said the managing clerk, as he entered in a much more natural and easy manner than he had ventured on throughout the day.

"In plain English, Mr. Blackader, Sir Richard's drunk!" said Fanilda.

"But I do not think you are far removed from that state of beatitude yourself, to talk so, Mrs. Wildgoose!" replied Blackader.

"Nay, there is no occasion to flatter Sir Richard like a dog, in his absence!" said Lady Graham, with asperity.

"He has not forgotten that he is Sir Richard—for he has just called me an impudent menial, and all but kicked me out of his apartment!" returned Blackader. "Still, drunken men and children, Lady Graham, speak the truth!—And Sir Richard has said some very remarkable things concerning yourself, which I should be happy to communicate to you in private!"

"I have no secrets from Mrs. Wildgoose!" said Lady Graham.

"But I have!" returned the managing clerk.

"Not many, I should think, Mr. Blackader!" said Fanilda, with an air of defiance. "You know I have known you a pretty long sight of time!—and I must say I never saw you behave like a respectable man to a woman!" and Mrs. Wildgoose made her exit.

"Detestable creature! I wonder you have encouraged her as you have, Maria, knowing how familiar she is with our past circumstances!" exclaimed Blackader.

"Therein is the secret of her power—of her reception—of her maintenance in this house!" said Lady Graham, bitterly.

"Of course—I suppose so; though I imagine she has added much more recent claims on your gratitude and submission to her infernal impudence,"

said Blackader. "Are you not playing a superfluous as well as a very dangerous game, Maria," he continued, in a lower tone, "by the introduction of this child into Sir Richard's house?"

"Are you drunk, too, Mr. Blackader, contrary to your usual custom, among your victims!"

"I repeat, I consider this child will prove a source of the greatest peril to you, instead of strength!" said Blackader.

"And I don't repeat, except in the way of emphasis, that the birth of my son has established me in the firmest manner, in the heart of and away over Sir Richard Graham!"

"A supposititious child," said Blackader.

"You say so! What proof have you!—you or anybody else on earth?"

"Your own repeated denunciations upon me for what you were pleased to style the consequences of my inhuman desertion of you—which your bad conduct forced upon me!"

"Villainous man! do you impute to me the debasement to which I was obliged to submit, to avoid the horrors of starvation and utter ruin for myself and my child?"

"There! don't go off into one of your stage-struck ecstasies! I have come to speak to you like one rational being to another," said Blackader, rather alarmed at Lady Graham's excited manner. "Maria, I don't blame you for obliging the old fool in any way that you think well, since you have taken such a wonderful devotion to him personally, all of a sudden."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Blackader. My feelings for Sir Richard are not of sudden growth. They are the result of my conviction of his affection for me, and of the real goodness of his heart!" said Lady Graham, bridling in her indignant exasperation. "His kindness and his confidence have, in reality, won mine! And as I predicted to you long ago, I shall be faithful and true to the man who has made me his wife, in all the duties that title demands, until death!"

"You have completely forgotten your first love, then?" said Blackader; and there really was a pang of disappointment and mortified feeling in his tone.

"In favor of my last! Yes."

"I doubt it! I mean, I doubt if Sir Richard will prove the last!" said Blackader, trembling with a strange emotion. "That was a very handsome young Hussar you spent the day talking with, was he not?"

"Jealous, Blackader?"

"Certainly not, Lady Graham!"

"You speculate then—as you formerly announced"

—on my becoming a wealthy widow—worthy of your renewed regards.”

“Still less! But I as certainly have a desire, a resolution, to become a partner in the firm of Graham and Holtwhistle!” said Blackader, with bitter coldness, removing his chair, by an injudicious but involuntary gesture, still farther from Lady Graham. “You must remember how long ago it was stipulated between us I was to become so! You have now reached your full ascendancy of power, and I insist you shall set about fulfilling our compact on your side, by introducing me to a share in the business!”

“I have already made some overtures to that effect,” replied Lady Graham, sedately. “But I find Sir Richard set unalterably against the very idea! And, I own, I should not like to give him any occasion to suspect more than a common degree of interest on my part in the fortunes of a man who has been of use to me, on your account! You must therefore make up your mind that, while Sir Richard lives, you will never attain to any partnership in his firm!”

“I understand you, Lady Graham! This explains your treatment of me! This is your own private determination!”

“What if it be?” said Lady Graham, still quite calmly.

“A result will follow you do not anticipate? Sir Richard is fast becoming a drunkard, and see if I do not manage a drunkard’s affairs to utter ruin!”

“You will ruin your own—perhaps run your own neck into a noose!” said Lady Graham, coolly.

“And rather than miss my revenge, I will!” replied the managing clerk.

“That’s a matter for your own consideration,” said Lady Graham, rather struck certainly with the vengeful tone of the observation. “I have importuned him, as I have told you, in vain! until I have feared to excite his suspicions!”

“Try him once again, and I promise you, you will not fail!” returned Blackader. “I am in possession of a secret which Sir Richard will dread offending me so far as to divulge! And which ought also to convince you, you are not so firmly seated in the saddle as you imagine! You think you have Sir Richard as safe as a lobster in a pot—but you are mistaken, madam! A word from me will topple down your whole fine structure—and I will show you how!”

And he detailed circumstantially the formidable tidings of the appearance and revelations of the real Mrs. Snodgrass.

However, he was disappointed to find he signally failed in eliciting any signs of the terror he calculated on producing.

“Well, but that word you will never dare to utter!” she answered, in a tone of tranquil defiance. “It would pronounce yourself the falsest and most contriving villain on the face of the earth!”

“But it would destroy you, Maria!”

“Not at all! Since Sir Richard’s tenderness has survived so rough a strain, I—with my infant son in my arms—dare hazard the worst that you, or anybody else, can do!”

Blackader felt that all his sails were flatted against the mast by this species of defiance.

“Do you mean to say, Maria, that you have not the least affection for your other child—your Malvina?” he said, in a changed manner. “They write me word she is becoming one of the strangest, most unmanageable beings in creation! She will be sure to go entirely wrong, where she is, unless you accede to my plan! Make me Sir Richard’s partner, and I will have her up to town—as my niece—adopted as a daughter, and bring her up to every wealth and happiness!”

“And are you a father, and do you need incentives so vulgar as your own welfare, to interest you on behalf, of your child?” replied Lady Graham. “Believe me, Mr. Blackader, this plea has not the least power over me! Who is this Malvina of whom you speak?—I have almost forgotten how she looks!—I have a husband—a son, who are dearer to me than all the world!—You know—for you told Sir Richard himself so—that I am dotingly attached to him! Is it likely I should introduce so dangerous a man as I know you to be into so close a connexion with him?”

“Is this your resolve?” said Blackader, turning quite white with rage. “If so, I perceive plainly who it is that has set Sir Richard against entertaining an idea which, before you appeared on the horizon, I had introduced in the most favorable manner to his notice!”

“To speak as I think, then, Mr. Blackader—to lay aside this irksome mask for a few minutes!” said Lady Graham, yielding altogether to the torrent of her passions,—“While I have power by insinua-

tion—entreaty—or open resistance—you *never shall* be a partner in the firm of Graham and Holtwhistle! This is my revenge upon you for your countless perfidies and insults. Make the best or the worst of it you can!”

“Maria!—”

“You have stolen like a rat along a drain, to undermine a palace, and you find your hole morticed with poison, and broken glass! Take my word for it!” said Lady Graham, rising.

“You will live to repent of these sayings—of this hour!” said Blackader, almost inarticulate with rage.

“Nothing that can happen to me in consequence can outweigh the satisfaction I feel in giving utterance to my feelings at this juncture!” said Lady Graham. “Depart with that certainty!”

“This is the most shocking case of ingratitude that ever—”

“Make the best of it my good friend: but be satisfied that I will keep my word!”

“Very well! I shall keep a good look out on you and your young Hussar!” said Mr. Blackader, also rising. “And, remember, when I have thoroughly discovered you going on the tack I see you have taken—you shall find no mercy from me!”

“I will ask none! and look forward to this—the first robbery you commit on your masters property, capable of proof, shall be visited with the most severe punishment the law allows!”

“He has a pretty face; but he is a devil at heart,” muttered Blackader.

“You have not the pretty face—you are his equal in every other respect!”

“Very well, madam, very well!”

At this moment Mrs. Wildgoose presented herself in the apartment.

“Baby’s quite restless, madam! The wet nurse can’t quiet him, and master’s going on with such queer antics with it, I am afraid he will let it drop, and hurt its poor little head worse than ever!”

“I’ll come directly!—Good night, Mr. Blackader!”

“Good night, Lady Graham!”

Lady Graham rang the bell without the least apparent excitement.

“George, show out Mr. Blackader! and mind the steps my dear sir, as they seem rather slippery!”

Orlando complied—himself at a very unequal pace—and returned into the house.

“Mr. Orlando! what are you maundering by yourself here?” said a well-known and dreaded voice in the footman’s ear. “Come in among your fellow servants? Why are you raving here? When I said you should marry a lady of fortune, man, I mean one that had risen from the ranks—like myself!”

“You are a gipsy, Mrs. Wildgoose, very decidedly!”

“Well, come! we are going to finish with a little egg flip among us—and since I have lost my poor husband, I have felt such a void in my heart. Orlando, like yourself—woid, you call it!—that—Come and have some egg flip, old lad!”

CHAPTER LII.

The hero spoke, and the obedient crew,
Dipped all their oars, and o’er the water flew.
The Columbiad.

We gladly find ourselves once more upon the deck of the Osprey, amidst true hearts and gallant spirits, though the shadows of evil brooded also over them.

We left the boatswain’s whistle piping all hands to the deck. In a few instants it was crowded with the old and new men, hastening towards the mainmast, where Avery had stationed himself. The Quaker, though rather alarmed at the effect of his news, kept his assiduous company.

Alick Neil briefly reported to the captain, that the articles were signed, and that all those called upon to do so seemed highly delighted with the terms of their agreement. They were indeed of the most advantageous nature for the common seamen.

Unforeseen circumstances occurring, as they do at the most unexpected moments, often give a future coloring to our lives, which nothing in the past may have ever indicated. One of these had come to Avery. He felt strangely interested in the being who had been thrown upon his protection, and he determined to see and know more of her.

He was early the next morning at her door, was readily admitted, and looked with pleasure upon the beautiful creature before him. Our readers will recollect that he had ever been an impulsive being, and they will not wonder at the strange termination of the interview.

“You told me you were an orphan,” said he, as they were seated side by side in her little apartment; “have you no relatives in this great city?”

“None!” was the mournful reply. “My parents died in the dreadful epidemic which raged here some two years ago, leaving me with just enough to keep myself free from want.”

“Have you no friends?”

“None that can sympathise with me, or feel for my situation.”

Avery then told her of his position and prospects, and offered to share them with her. He was truly in love with the beautiful Creole.

“Say that you will be mine; that you will go with me to my future home, and no care shall ever weigh upon your heart; no distress mar the happiness of your life.”

It was a sudden thing; yet Oriana, as she had called herself, believed that his offer was sincere. So she bid him *hope*. But we will not dwell upon this part of our story. Suffice it, in a few days after the Osprey cleared for her final destination, with her increased crew, her old mate Leppard, and better than all, with Oriana, the wife of Avery. One of the crew, of course, was Laverock Trewavas, who was at once promoted by the captain, as he discovered rare traits in the young adventurer.

Three years have sped their storied flight since the “light o’ heel” Osprey departed from the port of Portsmouth, when we again behold her riding quietly at anchor in the deep shelter of a bay, into which the Indian ocean runs, between two high projecting headlands, some seventy or eighty miles east of Cape Ambro, the northern extremity of the island of Madagascar.

Upon this remote coast, almost unknown to the European navigator, Avery’s expedition had now been anchored for about two-thirds of the period mentioned above.

It must be confessed that, in spite of his former experience, and the records and charts of Sultan Avery, the leader proved somewhat at a loss to fix upon the exact locality for operations.

The two remarkable headlands still remained on the coast; but it was ascertained that about a year previous to this second visit an earthquake had first heaved and then sunk the treasure reef, with its remarkable cavern, below the waves.

There were great difficulties accordingly—a tedious course of soundings to be made—before the locality of the reef could be ascertained.

It was then discovered that the ruins of the cavern strewn the bottom of the sea, at the depth of upwards of thirty fathoms; but that the coral reef, in which the treasure was supposed to be deposited, was cast in a conical form towards the surface, and appeared to have moved in so solid a form as to give the best hopes that its precious deposit continued undisturbed.

Operations against this mass of coral were commenced, with a view to complete the work of the earthquake, and rend it to pieces, in order to extricate the treasure.

Submarine operations are always, of course, attended with great difficulties and obstacles. But these were now conducted in a much more scientific and promising manner by the chiefs of the expedition, than on Avery’s first rash enterprise.

The workmen were now provided with abundance of the best machinery.

The mild and docile tribe of negroes inhabiting this coast, seduced by a few presents, and the wonderful sway enlightenment and kindness enabled Mrs. Avery to exercise over them, lent every needful assistance.

Under these fortunate circumstances, the discontent and incredulity of some of the persons composing the expedition, were of little consequence.

But when the numerous disappointments and delays likely to retard the success of so unprecedented a task, began to exercise their usual effect over men of impatient spirits, the efforts of malicious and envious intriguers began to have more scope.

There were some other occasions of discontent which were eagerly improved by the class of factious persons alluded to.

Warned by his old experience, Avery determined to allow the bands he had collected as little opportunity as possible to break the bonds of discipline, or rouse the animosity of the savage tribes, displayed with such fatal effect on his first expedition.

He established his own quarters, and those of all the persons employed in the expedition, on board the ship. This was moored at the entrance of the Bay of Zulima, as Sultan Avery had called it—as much inward as was requisite for shelter, and as near to the treasure reef, for the purposes of the voyage, as that object permitted.

The presence of Mrs. Avery on board, her spirit of order and even of stateliness, naturally imposed restraints on the coarse habits and wishes of the majority of the crew.

For long after the announcement of the object on which they were assembled in this remote part of the world, the desire of gain, hope, and curiosity, kept every disgust under. But the insidious suggestions, mockery, and disbelief of some to whom these wild adventurers lent ear, began finally to tell with increasing power as the prospects of success grew fainter in their unimaginative minds.

Unhappily, an accidental circumstance removed for some time the most ardent and trusted leader of the three, and the one whom the men most liked and respected. Frederick Graham fell ill of the dangerous fever of the climate, aggravated by fatigue and exposure.

The long illness he suffered, and his absence from the scene of operations, gave opportunities to the malcontents, which they were not slow to improve.

In all of these mutterings, Leppard, the villain, was the foremost. He urged the men to rebellion. Ridiculed the idea of ever realizing the insane dreams of Avery. Declared that they had been deceived, and used every means to turn the men from their faith in their leader. Success seemed likely to crown his efforts. He found a kindred spirit in one Paul Partout, a Frenchman, who previous to joining the Osprey, had escaped from a penal colony. To him he opened his plans. In one of the conversations, he used the following arguments:

"Paul, I say, we should be quite justified in seizing and securing him, as a robber and marauder on the high seas!

"Vel, dat is fine speech! But how are we to do it?" returned the Frenchman.

"The patience and hope of the men are all but worn out by this truly frantic attempt to blow up the craters of a reef under the sea. Now, I have arranged with Alick Neil's brother—to cut all the ropes of the machinery contrived by Avery to let the powder down, while the men are taking their meals. There'll be next to none left in store, which will finish up what expectations may yet be entertained of success!"

"Certainly—dat is probable not a leetle! But, Meester Frederick—he will never desert his chef."

"You are right Paul; but suppose I have really hit on a way to bring him over to our party, too?"

"Oh, den, I all am ready for any blow!" returned the Frenchman, eagerly.

"I thought so!" said Leppard, rather testily.

"Well, no matter. I have my own motives for wishing to keep him with us, or else—! But as I said—no matter! We will try what we can do to get him! And the way I think of managing it, is—I say, Paul, what do you think of old Avery's wife, as a woman?"

"Ah! dat she is an angel!" said the Frenchman, enrapturedly.

"I knew you thought her so! And though she has not behaved much like one to me ever, and is as bitterly set against me still, I own I think her the finest piece of natur ever I clapped eyes on!" said Leppard, with an expression on his leathern visage which seemed transferred to it from that of a satyr. "Perhaps, indeed, I have let out rather too much of my feelings on that subject to Mr. Frederick—jest to sound himself, you know, St. Paul! But now do tell me, do you think it in natur—young natur like his'n, now—to have been so long, as one may say, shut up by this Malagasy fever, with such a flower of a beauty of a creature as that for a nurse, and him not to have formed some notion of her in another light?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Monsieur Partout, with as Leppard understood, no slight degree of jealous warmth.

"Very well! By working on that tack, I have a notion I shall bring him over! And then, as he is so eager after the treasure, I should think any good chance for money would catch him! Besides, I know I have him anyhow—he is a desperate man! But if all don't do to win him to our side, I have a settler for him to make him harmless on the other!"

"I shall much prefer! How will you dat?" said the Frenchman. "We are chiefs enough ourselves, Mister Leppard! And you flink I will permit him to make Madame Avery prize money of him?"

"Well, only that I have a reward on the keeping him, I should prefer crushing him too, to atoms!" said Leppard, with unusual passion.

Even at this distance, and in that perilous position, Caroline's love and Augustus's crimes, watched over our hero's safety.

"I will try him, however, continued Leppard; but if he won't be with us, I'll blow such a cloud between him and Avery, he shan't stand for very much against us! Mr. Avery's rather an elder, you know, friend Paul, and he has a young wife! Mr.

Graham is monstrously handsome, you know, of course! He hasn't a very good character among the women, in England, or elsewhere, or may be made to seem but an indifferent one! Mrs. Avery is of Creole blood, and of warm, southern manners. Then she has all along taken immense notice of the young gentleman. Since he has been ill of his fever, she has attended upon him as if his life were the dearest possession she had on earth! Don't you take me a little now, friend?"

"Ah, yes! a leetle! said Partout, with a smiling grimace.

"And, after all, Paul I don't know that I am reporting no scandal if I rouse the old sea king's suspicions!" resumed Leppard. A Creole is not at all unlikely to shift her likings from a grim old sailor to a handsome young landsman! He was always a favorite with her! I know she stood out against all his own entreaties that he should have the full half of the profits of the expedition, as at first arranged. You know how I keep my feelers moving everywhere: so I heard another thing, too, the day before the wedding, that will make the plan easier, if need is."

"Ah! what can make it so? Dey love one his other better than father and son."

"Avery and Graham had a crying match together in the cabin, the day before the wedding," continued Leppard; "and Avery gave Graham the woman's portrait, that used to hang in it, and I listened, and from what they said, I found out the young man's father had already served the captain some rare game about a woman!"

"Dat is good foundation for a new suspicion. Ah, yes!"

"He's naturally of a jealous turn, and I've already done a little to light the coals!" continued Leppard—"ever since the marriage, in fact! Graham is bettering of his fever now, under her care, and I expect to have matters soon on a good track, if you are ready to support me, Paul!"

"But we are not trusted with any arms!" hesitated the Frenchman.

"No, and that is our prime difficulty! They don't trust me at all, Partout, it is plain. And it is all fudge that the reason is, the peaceful behaviour of the inhabitants, and fear lest we should be tempted to abuse our superiority!" said Leppard.

"It is a dishonour to us!—Without arms!—But here come the savages with their provisions. We must to our marketings, Monsieur Leppard."

"Oh, these droves of fine, tall, glossy niggers! What they would sell for in Orleans or Charleston, Paul!"

A few days after this conversation, Frederick, who was now convalescent, but still too weak for any active employment, was taking the fresh sea air, as usual, lying on a pile of cushions on deck.

Oriana, watching over him with the affectionate interest of a beloved sister, came according to custom, and took a place at the head of his couch with her work.

As was natural with a woman of her tender heart and genial manners, Oriana devoted herself to amuse the tedium of illness with her young deliverer. Little dreaming that malice could give an evil interpretation to the feelings of either party, in actions so devoid of all evil intention.

The deep, unalterable affection and gratitude Oriana cherished for her noble husband put her above all apprehension that he could for an instant misapprehend her feelings. Frederick's devotion to another, which he had confided to her, and with which she knew Avery was well acquainted, completed her security.

Still for the last few days Oriana had noticed something remarkable come over her husband's demeanor. He was restless and dissatisfied in a manner she had never yet experienced in him, and he did not seem to apply himself so assiduously as heretofore, to the great object of raising the treasure. The doubt and discontent gaining ground among the crew appeared to have infected their leader. He deserted the scene of labor often at unexpected times, and returned without much apparent cause, to pass his hours on board the vessel.

On this occasion the Creole lady expressed some degree of uneasiness to Frederick upon the change. In the hope to be reassured, she even playfully hinted her fears that Avery was ceasing fast to be a bridegroom, and that she should not be able to maintain the place she had hitherto enjoyed in his almost idolatrous love.

The mere suggestion made Frederick uneasy. To dispel the idea, he reverted to the particulars of their early acquaintance, and the surpassing passion which Avery had conceived for her from the first moment he beheld her.

They were talking of all this, and Frederick was

stirred to more emotion than his still weak state rendered desirable. It was also stiflingly hot, even under the awnings spread on deck for the accommodation of the captain's lady and the patient. The breeze from the sea was as glowing as if it blew over the deserts of Zahara. Frederick, in fact, at last grew as pale as if actually dying, and might have swooned away but for Oriana's efforts.

She dispatched Zilpha for some fresh water, and meanwhile assiduously used a fan of macaw's wings to revive the youth. She was earnestly engaged in this task, putting back his long black hair, and bending over his half inanimate figure with the kindest interest, when a startling exclamation reached her ear.

She looked up in amazement, and perceived Captain Avery hanging in the chains of the foremast, over her head, with a telescope in his hand! He had evidently descended from one of the tops, for she had no notion but that he had left the ship as usual for the reef, hours before.

The strange expression of his glance, and his sudden appearance, produced an unfortunate effect in discomposing Oriana. She blushed as if she had been detected in some improper act, and stammered an explanation in a manner that might have roused suspicion in a husband less carefully primed for the purpose.

"Bring him at your leisure! Pray, don't let me interrupt such amiability! I was only keeping a look-out on the men from the foretop—but I did not intend to be troublesome elsewhere," said Avery, and he passed the pair with a hurried and disordered step.

"Don't be afraid, ma'm!" said the creaking voice of Lazarus Leppard, who at this moment approached. "He isn't fainted! It's only a dying away frolic of Mr. Frederick's!"

He spoke sufficiently loud to be overheard by the retreating captain, who passed him.

Mrs. Avery struck with utmost surprise and dismay, and detesting the very sound of this man's voice, scarcely knew what to think or do.

To complete her perplexity, Frederick at this instant revived from his brief trance, and in the warmth of his gratitude for the services he was obscurely conscious all the while she had rendered him, he took her hand, and pressed it gratefully to his lips.

Captain Avery was going down the ship's side into his boat, and observed the gesture. Oriana perceived but too plainly that he did so, and, seized with confusion and terror, she made some vague and hurried apology to the young man, and retired to her own state-room, to endeavor to compose the agitation of her mind, and form a notion of what she was to apprehend in the strange occurrence just past.

"Dear me! I thought I heard Captain Avery's voice, Mr. Leppard!" said Frederick.

He was conscious, from a shuddering detestation he felt, that this man's shadow was upon him, from behind his couch.

"And so you did, sir! He was up in the foretop—taking an observation! And one that didn't seem to please him much!" replied Leppard.

"What do you mean, sir? I hate your snaky, winding way of speaking!" said Frederick, rousing himself in mingled surprise and indignation.

"Wal, I dare say, now, he thought that Madam Oriana was giving you a kiss, as she thought, on the sly! He is mad enough for that, as well as half a hundred other things!" returned Leppard, calmly.

"But now, raly, sir," he continued, with earnestness "what can a young gentleman like you want with being under the thumb and mastery of an old madman like that—who besides killed your father?"

"Killed my father!" repeated Frederick, with a ghastly stare.

"Bless me, yes! Didn't you always know he killed him, in a duel, in France?—Captain Graham, you know, for running away with your mother, with whom he was seas-over in love himself?"

"No!" said Frederick, sinking back on his couch as if a bullet had plugged into his breast.

"Wal, all I can say, I heard so when I was in Brook village, and the row was going on about the little robbery and murder you yourself committed there, just before, in conjunction with Patrick Rourke!"

"Robbery and murder!—Patrick Rourke!—committed by me!"

"You needn't put so strange a face on to me, sir," replied Leppard, calmly. "I happen to know all the particulars!—And you know very well, you never dare set foot again in England, for your accomplice, Patrick Rourke, has already been hanged for the deed, and if ever you venture you will pay the same penalty for your share in the frolic!"

"Powers divine! what is it I hear?" exclaimed

Frederick. And ideas laden with horrible convictions, flashed, like bolts of fire, in rapid succession through his brain.

"I speak only the truth! All the mystery about your birth, and Mr. Avery's having killed your father—I believe they said he took some unfair advantage in the duel, too—had come to light, while I was in Brook!"

"Why did you never mention these horrible circumstances to me before?" said Frederick, perfectly bewildered.

"Because I was afraid! I thought you knew it all, besides, and was won by the love of money, and dread of the punishment of your deeds in England, to follow your father's murderer on this mad adventure!" replied Leppard.

"O my God! what then must Caroline think me?"

"She was something about the point of death when I left England—so I don't suppose you need trouble yourself much about her notions!" said Leppard; adding, with his ugly leer, "and I am sure a handsome blue and crimson lory in the hand is well worth any sparrow in the bush?"

"Wretch! monster!" shouted Graham, almost with a yell of fury and defiance. "Whatever becomes of me, rest assured you shall be dangling at the yard-arm before this sun sets beneath the waves!"

"If that's your determination, mark what I say, Mr. Graham! The moment you speak out, I'll begin to act out! and perhaps Captain Avery and my lady, his wife, may find themselves in worse hands even than Mr. Rourke's accomplices, before the hour you name!"

So saying, he walked away, with an expression of baffled rage and evil passions which made his ill-favored countenance look positively demoniac.

A short time afterwards, Frederick saw him—after some conference with Paul Partout, who had the care of the watch on board, for the day, under him—take a boat and row out towards the reef.

Frederick was left alone—to what emotions, fears, and changeable determinations, it is impossible to say.

CHAPTER LIII.

With as slight a web as this, will I ensnare
As great a fly as Cassio.—*OTHELLO.*

For some hours the mind of Frederick Graham was a raging furnace of the most tormenting ideas! All that had hitherto been inexplicable in his career rushed around to offer the most terrible solutions possible.

The mystery of his birth had been concealed by kind and indulgent friends, because it was only capable of being explained in dishonor and misery! Avery's boundless beneficence to him, and the precautions he had adopted to restrain him from searching into the real secrets of his story, were only intended to veil the part he had himself taken in his father's destruction!—at best, to express the remorse of a better nature, conscious of an inexpiable offence! No effort could enable Frederick to behold in Avery an assassin. Yet had he not himself represented his father's death as unfairly inflicted? His obstinate refusal to reveal who that father had been, clearly pointed to the same conclusion! At best, he had wished to disarm a vengeance provoked so fearfully—perhaps by a mere figment of the imagination—in the pretended treasures of Sultan Avery.

Then came thronging all the million ideas connected with Leppard's accusations of him, in connection with Patrick Rourke.

The maddening conviction that he was supposed to be an accomplice in a robbery, in a murder, with a wretch who had expiated his crimes on the gallows! That Caroline—his answer—might have died in that notion, in that belief!—and yet, with all this unspeakable sacrifice, that he should have lived to find himself suspected as the paramour of the woman he had helped to rescue to confer upon his father's murderer!

It is little wonder that Graham, scarcely yet convalescent from a tropical fever, relapsed into its most burning ecstasy.

Yet his reason was not altogether lost. What saved him was the thought that, on the contrary, it was Avery that was mad! He was a madman!—maddened by the recollections of a great crime, working on a nature predisposed to good, and conscious of all the horrors of the offence with which it had outraged heaven and earth!

Was it not plain, since he suspected him with his wife!—him who had been the chief means of bringing about their union?

Or was this a contrived suspicion to justify a repetition of the maltreatment of the father on the son?

To rid him of an avenger, dreaded in that light—or of a sharer in the immense spoil which Avery perhaps imagined himself on the point of attaining?

Tossed in the agony of these thoughts, writhing in them, under a burning sun, without friend or advice to aid him—Trewavas keeping almost constantly, by his desire, at the works, and Oriana had not reappeared—it is little wonder Frederick suffered a relapse into his fever.

It returned, and with delirium in its train.

Frederick arose from his couch, and went raging about the decks, declaring he would have vengeance for the murder of his father—for the murder of his Caroline—vengeance on all his enemies.

Paul Partout, who with Alick Neil's brother, were the only persons left on board, approached him.

"Do you consent to be our leader, sir? and you shall have enough of the vengeance!" murmured the Frenchman, not aware of his true condition.

In a moment the young man had smote him to the deck. Alick Neil's brother shared the same fate, who endeavored to pacify him; and then Frederick tottered, with a yell of "To arms, to arms!" towards the gunner's room.

Oriana had retired to her private cabin, in a mood of alarm, indignation and astonishment at her husband's behavior, which for a while deprived her of her reasoning faculties. But reflection pointed out to her what seemed to be a more proper and dignified procedure.

Avery had not accused her of any fault. She was unconscious of the shadow of blame in her conduct. And she determined—with too much spirit, perhaps—to betray no consciousness that might, in itself, become the most formidable accusation! She would provoke explanations rather than seem to avoid them, satisfied that a few words from her lips and heart would remove every groundless idea, of the nature apprehended, from her husband's generous spirit.

She did not hesitate for a moment, therefore, when word of Frederick's condition reached her, but hastened on deck: and her presence, and the soothing entreaties she uttered, almost immediately prevailed upon him to return to his couch.

The delirium seemed to subside under the magic calming of a wife and tender woman's voice. Frederick sank back on his pillows, and clasping Oriana's hands in his own, wept long and passionately, like an infant under its mother's loving cheek.

When at last he was enabled to speak, it was not altogether incoherently. But it is true, that when he sobbed forth what he had learned from Leppard, the lady imagined him still to be raving in his delirium of fever.

She endeavored to calm him—and she succeeded in an extraordinary degree—by reminding him of the unspeakable baseness and falseness of the man's character, on whose information he appeared to place such stress.

The pair remained seated quietly, as they had been, side by side, while the deck suddenly swarmed with an unusual concourse of the crew.

At least a third usually remained on the hollow square of rafts, contrived for the machinery over the treasure reef, by night. But now nearly the whole ship's company appeared huddling back, in anxious and evidently excited groups, to the Osprey.

In the midst of the flotilla of canoes, bearing the men to the ship, Avery arrived in her pinnace, as usual. But he had an unusual companion with him—Lazarus Leppard!

The villain, finding he had compromised himself, in vain, with Frederick Graham, so dangerously, perceived he had only one resource. He set off at once to the scene of operations, where he knew he should find Avery.

The intended victim had been previously prepared by Paul Partout for the contingency now to follow in the dark designs of the contriving villain.

Under pretext of an honorable motive of fidelity to his master, the Frenchman had affected to confide to his commander fears, amounting almost to certainty, that Frederick was devoting the hours of his recovery and of Avery's absence, to entangle the regards of his beautiful wife!—fears which the Frenchman supported by cunningly contrived falsehoods and reports of real observations, which induced Avery—for the first time in his life—to play the part of an espial and eaves-dropper.

Half maddened by the degree of confirmation he imagined he discerned, from the lofty point in which he had stationed himself, Avery's suspicions were almost heightened to certainty by his wife's subsequent demeanor.

And now when Leppard arrived to tell his tale, seemingly without knowledge or preconcert with the Frenchman, he found Avery in a fit condition to believe the worst.

It had just been discovered that the pulleys were

all severed, by which, with infinite toil and difficulty, the greater portion of their stores of gunpowder had been lowered to a position where its explosion would have blasted the coral reef, and laid open the long-concealed treasures of Sultan Avery.

Leppard thrust himself upon his commander at this trying moment with pretended expressions of duty and assistance: gained his ear under pretence of private information of a momentous character: and confided to him, as if in perilous secrecy, a lie of no ordinary magnitude.

According to Leppard, there was most pressing and momentary danger of the outbreak of a mutiny, headed by the popular lieutenant against Captain Avery! The cutting of the ropes, and an expected attempt to force the crew to return to their useless labors, was to be the signal of a general revolt.

The traitor averred that Frederick, believing him to be sufficiently irritated at the neglect and disregard with which he had been so long treated, invited him to a share in the enterprise. The captain was to be seized upon as a madman, and placed in strict confinement until he could be got quietly rid of, under cover of a suicide, which his condition and impatient temper might be supposed to drive him on committing!

Leppard's reward was to be the restoration of a real command on board the Osprey, and a third share in a great slave-seizing adventure which they were immediately to commence. The young gentleman proposed to himself an emancipation from all control, and the undisturbed possession of the beautiful Creole wife of Avery! According to this wicked man, she had agreed, on condition of being rid of all fear of her old husband's chastisement and surveillance, to become Frederick's mistress!

The rest of the crew were to be allowed to divide the specie on board, and a portion of the proceeds of the slave adventure. Laverock Trewavas was associated in the plot, on condition of being admitted as a third partner in its successful results!

Leppard declared, with airs of injured virtue, that though he felt he had not been well used by the captain, yet he was so thoroughly convinced it was chiefly at Mr. Graham's suggestion, that the proposal had only increased his dislike to him. And though he had pretended, from dread of the formidable organization he detected in the conspiracy to accede to the plan, he had only done so to furnish Avery with the means of baffling its execution.

Still, with all his suspicions and exasperation against his young relative, Leppard found he could not bring Avery to lend credit all at once to statements so horrible. But he had yet a resource to enforce belief, and he assured the captain if he would return on board with him, he would set before him such proofs of the villainess of Frederick Graham's previous disposition and deeds, as should compel him to credit that he was quite capable of all that was still to be apprehended, in the way of ingratitude, lust, and rapacity, at his hands!

With this understanding—maddening in silence over his imaginary wrongs—the deluded victim of treachery returned on board the Osprey.

To complete his arrangements, Leppard craftily advised the captain to give no opening for the threatened mutiny by endeavoring to get the dispirited men to work again at any renewed effort. He advised him, on the contrary, to let them all return to the ship, and to promise that he would make for the Cape in a few days, to refit, whence all who wished it might return to Europe.

Laverock Trewavas, with some of the English sailors who usually assisted him in diving, refused to return to the ship until he had at least ascertained whether there was any chance of retrieving the sunken casks of gunpowder.

Avery was too much absorbed in his own agitated thoughts to trouble himself on the subject. And Leppard was only too glad to be rid of the danger of the young man's interference in his nefarious plot.

Mighty as were the passions raging for vent in Avery's heart, he preserved a wonderful degree of composure and calm in his outward manner.

But his firmness was almost vanquished when he discerned at a distance the gesture with which Oriana—perceiving him also—detained Frederick at her side.

"Do they intend to defy me openly?" he muttered between his teeth.

But he had regained a fearful, because an unnatural calm before he set foot on the deck of the Osprey.

And Frederick, also, soothed by Oriana's assurances, suppressed the external signs of the dreadful feelings under which he labored, in a truly wonderful manner.

Even these two honest faces at last put on the universal mask against each other's scrutiny!

"How are you, Frederick, to-night?" said the captain, almost in his usual tones.

A single glance, flaming with terrific expression, on his wife, alone betrayed some glimpse into his real sentiments.

"I am much better, Mr. Avery!" replied Frederick, and in spite of every effort, his voice shook. "I shall soon be well enough, I trust, to go home! Whither the most imperative of all duties—the care of my honor and reputation—summons me without delay!"

"Oh, then, you have heard of the final failure of all our hopes? How some malicious devil has cut the stays of our machinery, and destroyed every expectation of success in raising the treasure?" returned Avery, with a smile whose mocking bitterness roused corresponding indignation in the breast of one who imagined himself so shamefully injured by facts and suspicions.

"I care nothing for the treasure, Captain Avery!" he replied, with wild vehemence. "Do you think, if you had it all strewn on deck before us, that you could buy my soul—buy my father's blood—with it?"

"Ho! sets the wind that way?" returned Avery, in a hoarse tone. "Well, as well now as at any other time! Do you mean to say, sir, that if I refuse you permission to return to Europe, you will take the command of the ship from me, and sail thither whether I will you shall or not?"

Frederick immediately perceived—in the malicious eye of Leppard more even than in the silent and portentous gathering of the men round the scene of discussion—the danger of further altercation, before auditors so ripe to seize a pretext for mischief.

And Oriana, startled by the threatening aspects of the two men, threw herself between them, entreating them to explain the cause of their visible irritation, and to permit her to mediate.

"I have no intention of the sort you hint at, Captain Avery!—God forbid!—Nay, I will kill, with my own hand, the first man who shall attempt, even by a gesture, on your authority!" Frederick replied, in a quiet and submissive tone. "I certainly intend to return to Europe—it may be necessary even to save a life dearer to me than my own! but if you set me ashore on yonder desolate coast, alone—or with the faithful friend I may still call my own—I shall be content! I will find my way back into the midst of my enemies, if I have to traverse all Africa as solitary a wretch as I was born!"

"What do you mean, my good sir?"—What enemies?—But you will not have to tramp it alone!—Never fear that!" returned Avery, his eyes glaring up with the fury of the thought that occurred to him.

"Not before all these listeners, Captain Avery!—It might be dangerous!—I will not explain myself!" replied Frederick, still recalled to self-possession by the demon laughter in Leppard's eyes. "If you will accompany me to my berth, I will explain all!"

"Go, sir!—I will follow you!"

"Lend him your arm, madam!—You are younger than I am, to support the tottering steps of an invalid!" said Avery, with a dreadful glance.

Oriana paused.

"My dearest husband," she then said, and her manner united an almost irresistible persuasion, mingled with the highest dignity of a woman and a wife—"My dearest husband!—I see that explanations are necessary among us all! and I invite Mr. Graham to attend me—I will attend him as you wish to our state-room—if you will promise to accompany us, and enter into the *éclaircissement* which will restore us all to happiness!"

"Well, go—go!—I will follow!" said Avery, hurriedly, adding with a strange, writhing smile, "You are not ashamed—or afraid!—to be alone with Mr. Graham for a few minutes, are you, wife?"

"No!" replied Oriana, with a firmness which she meant to produce far other results than it did. "Accept my arm, Mr. Graham, and Zilpha will lend you her shoulder for a prop on the other side."

In this order they moved off.

Avery looked after their departing forms with an expression in which a terrible doubt struggled visibly with the naturally trustful and magnanimous sentiments of the man.

Leppard startled him from his reverie.

"There is not a moment to be lost, sir!" he exclaimed. "Partout has just informed me he has been endeavoring to secure the arms! His confederate, Trewavas, has only staid behind to arrange for decisive action with his most chosen adherents! Let us take time by the forelock, or we are all lost!"

"Devilish man! it is impossible! I cannot believe in his villainess!" burst from Avery's agonized

spirit, and he flung the betrayer from the grasp he had taken of his arm.

"Let us place a watch on them, and, as we have yet a few moments before Trewavas can arrive, come with me, and I will convince you there is no perfidy—no crime—of which this man, young as he is, is not capable!" said Leppard.

Avery gave a gasping gesture of assent. He could not speak.

Paul Partout and another seaman were summoned by a glance from Leppard. Instructions were given the former not to suffer any one to leave the captain's state cabin without permission—to the latter, to keep a lookout towards the reef, and announce when Trewavas' party should be returning. And Avery almost passively accompanied his villainous chief officer into the miscreant's cabin.

It is hardly necessary to state that it was Leppard's intention to place before Captain Avery the series of false proofs in his possession which might well be accepted to prove Frederick an almost incredible monster of precocious villany!

He produced first a newspaper, giving a full detail of the inquest for the murder of James Brice.

"This is the reason why he fled to you, sir, neither love nor liking, but in the hope that you would shelter him from the consequences of his cruel and ungrateful crime!" pursued the malignant annotator. "And do you deem him, then, incapable of mutiny, and worse? His depravity with regard to women needs no other proof than his behavior to Mary Rourke, and to a lady of fortune and character like Miss Sidney! Read the letter which that unfortunate lady sent to him on the subject, and which I accidentally found some weeks ago on deck. Perhaps he had been exulting in his conquests, to your lady, and exhibiting a rival's weakness to her!"

"Ay, ay!" groaned Avery: and he snatched the letter which Caroline Sidney had written, but Leppard had of course never delivered, entreating Frederick to do justice to the unhappy girl he was supposed to have betrayed.

Avery happened to know Miss Sidney's handwriting. He recognized and devoured the accusing document in an agony of eagerness.

"This is something! is it not? But you have never heard the rights of our quarrel in Portsmouth! It was about no child, but a paltry grown up bar girl. You have seen yourself how he abused every law of hospitality with the young Quakeress, and discarded them with insult and violence, when he was weary of them, or had turned his roving fancy elsewhere! and do you think that even the wife of his benefactor would be safe from such a wretch?"

Avery made no reply for some minutes, and then covering his face, wrenched with more than mortal agony, he exclaimed: "It is so!—it is so! Oh! Leppard! what can I do to save her from his villainy?"

CHAPTER LIV.

The eye-distorting madness, jealousy,
Works in his brain; none other. But, alas!
What kind of wild delirium doth not flame
In his blood, touched by that all-venomed fang?"
LOVE'S REVENGE.

TERRIBLE as were the feelings roused in Frederick Graham's heart by the supposed discovery of the destroyer of his father in his hitherto so well beloved chief and relative, his sole object at present was to save him from the snare into which he perceived he was falling.

Until now Frederick had concealed the fact of the impending mutiny from Oriana, unwilling to add so heavily to her anxieties and alarm. He perceived her high-spirited but too hazardous motive in proffering her attendance on him at such a juncture, but he also saw in it an opportunity to inform her of the danger, and through her, Avery, without giving Leppard the occasion he evidently sought for an outbreak.

For himself, he determined to leave the vessel, as he had declared he would, the moment its safety from the mutineers was ascertained.

With Trewavas by his side, he felt he could not yet have answered for it. But Trewavas continued absent, resolved, doubtless, to spend the last ray of daylight in ascertaining if the loss of the powder was irreparable.

Unluckily, the paroxysm of excitement undergone by Frederick was too much for him in his weak state. He had no sooner left the air, and got into Avery's state cabin, which was fitted up as a kind of saloon for the use of his lady, than he swooned away.

It was some time before he rallied, under Oriana and her attendant's indefatigable attentions, sufficiently to make himself intelligible on the point that most weighed on his mind to her. And then for a

longer lapse of precious minutes she could not bring herself to believe what she heard was aught but the ravings of delirium. Still he revealed Leppard's infamous plots and proposals to himself with such reiteration and coherency, and she was herself so much alarmed at Avery's delay in following them, that she finally consented to his request that she would hasten to him, wherever he was, and communicate what he had told her. To endeavor to open communications with Trewavas, their most powerful resource, was too hazardous. The mutineers would certainly not suffer it; or, if they did, Avery would suspect a design to bring matters to a crisis in a far different sense to that intended.

But when, in consequence of this arrangement, Oriana made her way to the companion ladder of the state cabin, she found all dark, the hatches covered in and battened down!

And the only reply deigned to her repeated calls and summons to have the hatches raised, was in the voice of Paul Partout.

"Madame's orders cannot be obeyed, even by de most obedient of her *serviteurs*! Ici on ne passe pas! Par ordre of Monsieur le Capitaine!"

Threats, entreaties, commands were all alike in vain. Yet nothing could exceed the suavity and submission of the Frenchman's answers, but the inflexibility with which he adhered to what he announced to be his orders.

"Great Heaven! perhaps they are at this moment engaged in the perpetration of their crime! Partout is one of the conspirators. Let us go to Avery's help!" exclaimed Frederick, when this fact was communicated to him by the agitated lady.

But there was no weapon at hand to assist him in an effort at liberation. He himself was almost powerless with the effects of his wasting malady. All that he could do was to stagger up the steps, beat with his bare fists against the hatches, and shout, "Mutiny!—Rescue!" until he was completely hoarse and breathless.

Oriana joined him in the outcry. It was all she could do. But it was in vain. No response was made from without, until Leppard had matured the preparations for his designs.

The hatches were then raised, and staggering out on the deck, Frederick found himself seized by half a dozen strong seamen, well armed, who speedily overpowered the little resistance his exhaustion allowed him to make. He was flung breathlessly on the deck, and immediately secured with ropes at the feet and hands.

Oriana attempted to lend that poor assistance a woman's arm could render in such a scene. But she found herself suddenly pinioned by the arms behind, and Lazarus Leppard—imprinting a detestable kiss on the back of her neck.

Oriana shrunk from his hateful look in horror.

"Let me go—I will make no resistance! Let me go to my husband, sir!"

"Well, go," returned Leppard, releasing her with a shake of unmanly violence, enraged at the unspeakable detestation in her gaze. "Go! My friend, Monsieur Partout, will conduct you to him. He has ordered himself, like a wise man, as he is—ha, ha, ha!—to be locked up in my strong room till I am ready for him!"

"I do not fear my husband's justice! and I will not fear his injustice!" returned Oriana. "Let your prisoner remain but a few moments here until—"

"Until you and the English sailors have time to stir up mutiny, and cut our throats!" returned Leppard, with a shark-like smile, that showed all his large teeth. "No, madam! take my word for it. The captain is put up now to your blandishing Creole ways, and he is aware of your capabilities in deception, believe me, Mr. Graham! I've no doubt on air a quiet stay ashore for a year or two will do your health good! You'll get the better of your fever, when you have no further chance of such a nurse. Over the side with him, Tom Neil, and into the boat with him; but do him no harm, for he is worth a powerful sight of dollars to me more alive than dead!"

The command was obeyed, without further delay, by the sullen young seaman, Alick Neil's brother, who imagined he had a severe punishment, incurred by his own brutality, to avenge upon Frederick.

And the villainous fellow purposely neglected to execute a part of the orders he received, for he left our hero on the rocks before the ruins of Sultan Avery's fortress, still bound hand and foot.

He left him in a deep cleft, too, which he knew filled in the flood tide, so as to render it impossible, as he thought, for Frederick to escape a slow and dreadful death. And he rowed back to the ship, leaving him to his fate, with a false report of the obedience he had rendered to his orders.

In this deplorable situation Frederick remained;

but, astonishing as it may appear, not altogether without hope of relief. This was founded in his confidence in the friendship and fidelity of Laverock Trewavas, who, he knew, would return to the ship at nightfall, and would inquire for him in the very first moment of his arrival.

It was true the mutiny might break out in the meantime. But still, whatever happened in any other respect, Frederick felt that Laverock Trewavas would not desert his friend.

He managed to turn himself over on his side on the rock, and leaning on his elbow, in a very awkward position, but the only one he could wriggle into for the purpose, he continued to gaze at the now rapidly sinking orb of day with intense expectation and watchfulness.

The whole bay and its lofty headlands, the sea beyond, and the distant treasure reef, and the tall ship herself, lay all in the line of his gaze, all bathed in one immense flush of crimson light.

But after some time thus spent, Frederick discerned that the long disused canvas of the Osprey began to be stretched along her tall yards and bending masts. Most fortunately it stimulated him to a mad outburst of yells and execrations of vengeance on the traitor, which attracted friendly aid.

A voice from amidst the advancing waves—the voice of Laverock Trewavas, buffeting his way through the swelling tide—responded to his cries.

"Are you there, Frederick! I am coming! Laverock Trewavas is coming!"

And striking through the intervening waters with nigh the last efforts of his own force, the young man gained the side of his friend.

"Good heavens! bound with cords—on such a spot as this—the tide making—my own strength all but exhausted!"

"Loosen these shackles, Trewavas! We will swim back to the vessel! We will die with Avery and Oriana, if we cannot rescue them!"

"It is impossible, Frederick! We should but sacrifice ourselves! All is over by this time! And do you not perceive that the mutineers have made sail, and that the vessel is almost out of sight?"

It had become indeed but a white speck in the still bright line of the distant horizon.

But Frederick, excited at once by his disease and the maddening circumstances in which he was placed, deliriously persisted in his determination.

Trewavas found now he had cause to be glad his friend was so secured in his fastenings that he could not execute his frantic purposes. And as he had now regained his own strength, he exerted it to carry the shackled patient from his perilous position higher up on the shore. Nor would he release him from this species of straight jacket until he perceived he was too exhausted to persist in the frenzied attempt. In fact, from that hour, and for several weeks after, Frederick suffered under a relapse of his fearful fever, which deprived him of all power of volition or action—even, indeed, a good part of the time, of the consciousness of his calamitous position, and the recollection of that of his friends.

In the course of the night the Osprey entirely vanished from the horizon.

CHAPTER LV.

Of Africa and golden joys!—SHAKSPEARE.

We have no intention of dwelling with much minuteness of detail on the adventures of the two devoted friends during their long abode in Madagascar.

Without doubt, but for the unwearied care and attention of Laverock Trewavas, Frederick's bones would have remained to whiten on that remote African shore. Laverock struggled with death, as it were, in person, for the possession of his unfortunate friend, not only during the period when the fever held him in its fiery embrace, but during the long ensuing time when the exhaustion consequent on so dreadful an attack, left him altogether helpless, but for that brotherly aid.

Trewavas built a hut over his friend, who was too weak to be removed from the bed of rushes he contrived for him on the first night of their abode on shore. He surrounded it with a kind of fortress composed of shattered remains of Sultan Avery's palace. And thither he brought, with indefatigable devotion, all that he thought could conduce to his friend's restoration, procurable in such a situation. He was Frederick's doctor, nurse, cook, guard, purveyor—all in one.

It may be imagined under what difficulties this noble friend persevered in his efforts.

Even when Frederick's physical strength returned, the jealous friend had to contend against a dejection of spirits in him, almost amounting to despair.

Finally, when long disappointment dispelled the influence of hope and consolation, Frederick himself proposed that they should fashion something that would float of their own, and attempt the passage from Madagascar to Zanzibar.

There they were sure to find European consuls, whom they might stir to set the forces of their respective nations in motion against the mutineers of the Osprey. Thence Frederick could return to Europe, to face the atrocious calumnies of his enemies, and perhaps to rescue his Caroline from the withering effects of her grief in his exile, and its supposed criminal necessity!

At least two hundred miles of water must be traversed before they could hope to make land at all. As to arriving at any civilized locality on that part of the African seas—any of the European settlements—it was altogether problematical, and a subject only of future hope.

Nevertheless, the first part of their voyage was performed with unexpected ease and safety. On the fifth morning of their departure, it was even believed by Trewavas that he espied land in a direction where only that of the continent of Africa could possibly lie. But, on a sudden, a prodigious storm of wind arose, directly in their teeth. They had no means of resisting the fury of the hurricane, and barely contrived to float on their unmanageable raft, at the mercy of the winds and waves, for several succeeding days.

And now a new danger began to assail the luckless voyagers—their provisions—but above all, that of water—began to run low.

They found themselves out in the midst of an unknown sea, on a bare raft, under a blazing sun—probably hundreds of miles distant from any succor!—From land—from fresh water—driving on at the mercy of a relentless wind, which, continuing to blow incessantly in one direction, yet never waited them to any kind of coast or resting-place!

Why should we conceal even the terrible facts that followed, and which establish for these two young Englishmen a right to be considered as the Orestes and Pylades of modern times?

Becalmed, at length, in the midst of an almost motionless sea, Frederick and Trewavas found themselves finally reduced to the most direful extremities for lack of all the means of sustaining existence.

A fearful thirst, aggravated by the shadowless fervor of an African sun, and the briny exhalations of the sea, tormented both for several days and nights before either of them spoke a word on the subject.

Meanwhile, not even dew fell by night from the parched heavens, to refresh their thirst-consumed frames.

At length Frederick Graham spoke: "I have brought you into this dreadful strait, Laverock, by my rash impudence and ignorance!" he then observed, "I am burning inwardly with a slow fire! I am weary of a life which I know can be no longer useful to those whom I love! The only satisfaction I have remaining is to die to preserve you! I will pierce my veins, and while you drain at them, perish rejoicingly!"

"Drink at mine, my brother! and I will do the like at yours! and who knows?—perhaps we may both of us yet be preserved to be happier in each other's fearfully-trying friendship, than we could have been with all the treasures of Sultan Avery!" returned Laverock.

And the two generous youths strove to deceive one another in this last act of friendship, for the preservation each of the other! But in vain! Both shrunk with horror from the effort, when the moment of the trial came. Finally, they determined to abide the extremities of their destiny without offering any further resistance to its decree.

Shortly after, Trewavas, who had in turn become the weaker of the two, fell into a state of insensibility. The last thing he remembered was the rising of a soft breeze that played and fanned round his cheeks, and feeling Frederick's arm passed under his neck, as if preparing, in that attitude, to await death with his beloved and faithful friend.

How long a time elapsed until they revived, neither of the adventurers ever knew. But Frederick was the first to return to consciousness. He raised his head, and found himself lying on the raft, with Trewavas still stretched powerless beside him, floating apparently on the bosom of a broad river, shadowed by the dense foliage of a tropical forest.

The raft had driven on the flow of the sea into a broad and navigable river—wandering through what region of the earth Frederick could not even conjecture. All that was certain was, that it was still African in the character of the vegetation.

As we have said, we do not intend to enter

minutely into this part of our hero's wild experiences. It is sufficient to relate that, after Trewavas was recovered, and the two had enjoyed some days of repose and refreshment, they set forth upon an exploration, pursuing the course of the river into which they had found themselves so miraculously drifted.

They had journeyed but a little distance when upon arriving at an opening in the forest they came suddenly upon a human habitation. At the door, seated upon a rude chair sat a man. He turned at their approach, and with unutterable joy the lone wanderers found themselves in the presence of a venerable European.

After they had partaken of refreshments, he listened to their story and told his own. He was a missionary named Williams who had for some time resided among the wild tribes of Madagascar, endeavoring with a fervent zeal to dispel the clouds of Paganism by the light of Christianity. He informed them that they were in the power of a great king, named Radama, and that they would be compelled to go to the town in which the king resided, to give an account of themselves. He promised to accompany them.

"I have no fears for your safety, so long as the Princess Oriana, holds sway over the mind of His Majesty," he said.

"Oriana! Is she a native?" asked Frederick, surprised at hearing the name.

"I believe she is a native of America, but you shall see her. I trust to her intercession for your relief."

Both of the young men seemed to regard the circumstance as wonderful. They almost believed it was Mrs. Avery.

With this conviction weighing heavily on their heart, Frederick and Trewavas hastened, under the guidance of the missionary, to Oriana's abode.

They were led into an open saloon, in the midst of a very splendid garden, where they found Oriana reclining on a divan.

For Oriana it was!—Oriana, changed only by a deep shadowing of melancholy, that rested ever on her high and noble countenance, and the dark mourning garb which, in compliance with European customs, she had assumed for her departed lord.

Such, it soon appeared, there could be no doubt, Captain Avery was to be considered.

After wringing one another's hands for several minutes, and weeping, without being able to utter a word, for a longer time, Oriana, at length, was the first to find a voice.

"Providence, then, has interfered to save you, my dearest friends, without my aid. The native ship and seamen I was at length enabled to despatch to Cape Ambro in search of you, have not yet returned.—And you are here!—Oh, why, why? But this good man has taught me the heavenliness of resignation! And He who took away has left me yet much, since I behold you again well, and with the hope of being the means to restore you to your native land, and those who love you!"

"Your noble husband—and my beloved relative, for surely he never slew my father!—is too surely, then, no more!" ejaculated Frederick.

"You shall hear and judge!" said Oriana, rallying her firmness with an effort. "But you are right in acquitting that gallant spirit of any shadow of suspicion or blame!—Trewavas must have told you," she continued, in a broken voice, "the particulars of the outbreak of the mutiny, but, he could not tell you how all my arguments, and entreaties, and explanations seemed only to confirm my husband in his maddening belief of my infidelity! I dare not—I will not—strive to retrace all the horrors of that dreadful scene! My life was, perhaps, in danger several times—but I still clung about his knees, and implored him to believe—to save himself, to save us all! Such was the madness of his situation—the frenzy born of too much love, that possessed his whole great heart—that when Laverock came on board—when the sound of his dispute with Leppard reached our ears—he concluded only that our faithful friend was heading a revolt on behalf of Frederick, and he rushed raging forth from me—without arms—with no accompaniment but mine—to suppress it!"

"He was always even too rashly brave!" sighed Frederick.

"Leppard immediately proclaimed him a madman broken loose, and called upon his fellow-mutineers to seize upon him, and rescue themselves and the ship from his frenzied mismanagement! He declared the treasure existed nowhere but in Avery's delirious fancies—and that they were fully justified in all they should do to rescue themselves from the control of a madman! My husband was immediately seized—overwhelmed by numbers—and

hurled down the stairs to his principal cabin, where he was bound in fetters, and constituted a close prisoner!"

"And you, Oriana?"

"In my efforts to save him—in my resolution to share his fate, at all events—I was thrown down the companion with such violence that I became insensible. When I recovered, I found myself in my own state-room, and the doors barred. I continued thus, also, a close prisoner for several days, imploring only to be allowed to share my husband's fate, whatever it was! But no kind of reply was deigned to me, and as I was conscious that the vessel was now far out at sea, all hopes of rescue faded from my heart. Leppard probably waited until I should arrive at some such conclusion—and he then presented himself in my floating dungeon? And with what proposals—what promises—what threats—on his detestable lips—it even now makes me burn with indignation to remember!"

"Villain, villain! Shall I never come to a reckoning with this atrocious disgrace to all manhood?" muttered Frederick.

The lady grew pale and crimson by turns with grief and resentment as she proceeded.

"The traitor had the audacity to tell me that my noble-minded husband was a complete and confirmed lunatic!—That the whole crew, including even the English sailors, misled by his report concerning your treatment, had put their hands to a legal document to that effect! The wretch always, in his most violent wickedness, mingled a spice of attorney's craft! He had then the unutterable audacity to bid me nevertheless to be of good cheer! He was master of the ship and of all on board, and he—he—he!—adored me! He added that all resistance was hopeless, but that if I would willingly consent to be his, we should be enabled to acquire and enjoy a splendid fortune together! You must imagine my reply! I cannot hope to do justice in repetition to all the frenzies of contempt and execration I heaped upon the vile rascal! Fortunately, I thereby irritated the monster into a further declaration which furnished me with a means of baffling his infamous audacity! He told me, unless I consented to be his only, I should become the common property of the ship! That he stood pledged to Paul Partout, his fellow-conspirator, to cast lots for me—and that for the sake only of my individual favor would he hazard the disruption of interests and alliance certain to ensure, if he attempted to save me from that ignominious fate."

"Oh, that I had been at hand when he uttered those words!" said Frederick, pallid with excitement.

"Ah, what would you have thought, then—what have done—when he attempted to add violence to his menaces? 'A little gentle persuasion, as an apology on yielding,' the gibing fiend called it! But I shrieked for aid—I called on Paul Partout by name, to rescue me—and he came—he interfered on my behalf! I threw myself at his feet—claimed his protection as a man and a gentleman—and the Frenchman, villain as he too was, had so much response of chivalry, or of rivalry, in his bosom, that he would not suffer me to be thus vilely misused! He saved me from Lazarus Leppard, not without a violent contest between them, on that dreadful occasion!"

"So may Heaven be merciful to him—when his neck is in the noose!" ejaculated Trewavas.

"After that, as I understood, there were incessant—hourly—disputes between the leaders of the mutineers. But the crew also took my part. In spite of all their treachery and insubordination to my husband, they still cherished a kindly feeling towards me. They declared that if their commanders could prevail upon me to favor either of them, it was well and good—if not, they would allow of no violence."

"You may imagine if either of the wretches had any hope of prevailing in that manner! But the atrocious villain, Leppard—for I believe it was chiefly, if not wholly, his deed—imagining it was regard for my husband that kept me obstinate, brought me word that he had thrown himself overboard in the night, in a fit of frenzy!—Doubtless, he was murdered by them!—And my despair took then such a force, that the wretches themselves thought it best to get rid of me. The mutineers, in general began to pity me too much—and the leaders could not agree on the possession of their miserable spoil! Moreover, I was armed!—with the deadly poisons I had intended to use on myself, if I had become the property of any—and they knew it!"

"And thus they determined finally—as a proper mean revenge, befitting the base nature of my principal persecutor, to sell me as a slave."

"I was exposed for public sale in the marketplace of Tamatave, the principal seaport of this island. I had not learned the Malagasy tongue in vain. I complained to all the natives who approached me, and represented these circumstances. My words were carried to the ears of King Radama, who proves to be a former slave of my poor mother, now raised to sovereign power and the supreme rule of this land. He caused a purchase to be made of me, for his object was too much, at that time, to conciliate European traders, to run the risk of rescuing me by an exercise of authority. We met—compared our stories—and from that moment I have enjoyed an influence which I trust I have used to the lasting advantage of his subjects."

Such were the outlines of the unhappy lady's story, and it may be thought what a powerful effect it had on Frederick Graham, when we record a fact attending it. Absorbed in the discussion of all the minutiae of this tale, he forgot to inquire what had become of the letter from Caroline to himself, placed in her hands by Leppard at the moment of the breaking out of the mutiny. It was Oriana at last who reminded him of it, with a smile of gentle reproach. And it certainly furnished him with additional light on the nefarious plots of his enemies, and with new fears for their effect on the mind and heart of Caroline.

His desire to return to Europe, and vindicate his character, became now paramount to every other consideration.

And Oriana not only appreciated but entirely approved the motives that actuated him. "Tarry only," she said, "the return of the vessel I procured to go in search of you to Cape Ambro, and it will convey you to Bengal, or some other East Indian port, whence you can easily return to Europe."

To Frederick's entreaties that she would leave this savage country, and return to Europe under his care, to a civilized society, of which she was formed to be the ornament, she replied, without hesitation, in the negative.

"No, dear brother Frederick!" she said—she loved to call him by that endearing title of relationship. "I no longer take any interest in scenes from which my noble and ever lamented husband has departed! I imagine that God has brought me hither—has severed me from every other duty and claim—that I may devote myself to the civilization of this barbaric people. And to return to Europe with you, dear brother! after—though but the breath of—a wrongful suspicion has associated our names, would seem to me as if to defy him in his grave!"

And then she wept—long and bitterly.

A considerable period elapsed before the unskilled Malagasy captain returned from his exploration. But although in that time Frederick perceived much to render Oriana's abode unpleasant, and perhaps even dangerous, at the Court of the King of Madagascar, he did not venture to risk offending her by a repetition of his request.

A wicked woman, wife of King Radama, who has since achieved, in the west, the reputation of an African Catherine II., was an envious and persevering enemy both of the lady and her excellent innovations.

She was of so vilely licentious a character that Oriana saw reason to apprehend, shortly after the arrival of the young strangers, that she had taken some particular fancy to Frederick Graham.

When, therefore, the Malagasy captain arrived at court from his cruise, Oriana made him very welcome for her friend's sake. But the news he brought ought to have rendered him additionally so.

The aspect of the coast, Ankovo declared, differed very materially from the description with which her highness had favored him. Instead of a sunken reef between the projecting headlands, an earthquake, which happened just before his arrival, had again moved in that volcanic coast, and cast it up in a lofty, conical form, far above the level of the sea.

Perceiving that it was broken into fissures, the African seaman imagined the fugitives, of whom he was in search, might have established themselves a place of refuge in the caves thus formed. He visited the reef, and found it was hollowed by the action of the earthquake into one large cavern. Entering this, he observed, as rather a remarkable fact, that the coral rock was set, at almost the regular intervals of a honeycomb, with large masses of leaden ore, shaped so as to resemble sarcophagi.

The Malagasy, imagining these were the sepulchres of sea gods, reverently retired. But Oriana communicated to the young men her own strong persuasion, that the earthquake had effected what all their toils had failed in, and heaved to the surface the TREASURES OF SULTAN AVERY!

The thought of returning to Caroline and among

his powerful enemies, even poorer than he had departed, was exceedingly distasteful to Frederick. But Oriana, in addition, entreated him so earnestly to endeavor to remove the imputation of madness from her noble husband's memory, by proving the existence of the treasures, that he consented without difficulty to take Cape Ambro on his way to an Asiatic port. If the treasures were in reality discernible there, she conferred all her own and dead husband's share upon him. And remaining fixed in the resolution, Frederick was obliged at last to acquiesce.

Oriana's influence procured the young adventurers all that was necessary for the renewed enterprise, including an excellent native vessel of considerable tonnage, manned by a negro crew. Oriana earnestly recommended Frederick to have nothing to do with the European traders, whom he would find in the port of Tamatave. They were mostly slave-dealers, the most depraved of mankind, who, far from aiding him to retrieve the wealth of Sultan Avery, would perhaps murder him to share it among themselves.

The Madagascar people, themselves, were almost ignorant of the use of the precious metals, and could be easily made to believe any account he chose to give of his purposes.

Finally, after a most affecting parting with Oriana and the good missionary—as they all deemed, for the last time in this world—the two friends set out, loaded with presents, and with an ample retinue to embark at Tamatave.

The native junk in which our heroes—as we may well style them, from their brave endurance of so many reverses—embarked once more for the treasure reef, was a heavy lumbering craft enough, it may be thought. The Malagasies have scarcely improved on the models left them by the first Portuguese discoverers of their island centuries ago.

The native seamen who manned it where accustomed only to coasting voyages, and extremely timorous and inexperienced even in that kind of navigation. But under two such active and intelligent commanders as Frederick and his friend, they made what might be considered a wonderfully rapid run along the eastern coast from Tamatave, and doubled Cape Ambro with a favorable wind.

All was going well. The lofty headlands of the Bay of Zulima even were visible with the aid of the glass—when, suddenly, a new and apparently irretrievable misfortune befel the young adventurers.

But how true it is that our greatest blessings often arrive in the form of the worst disasters!

A strange-looking vessel, beating against the wind, which was contrary to it in the direction whence it came, making towards the same point as our friends, appeared upon the horizon.

The color was what rendered this vessel remarkable. It was painted all over of a bright cane yellow, and a large yellow flag floated at the mainmast.

This would not have been so surprising had the vessel been of Asiatic build, especially if Chinese. But it was clearly of European, and possessed of the brilliant sailing qualities of the most modern western improvements in the art. Moreover, unsuspectingly nearing her, the young commanders could make out her name under the figurehead, in huge gilded letters. And in truly national defiance of orthography, it appeared that she was styled "The Yaller Sailor!"

"American, evidently!" said Trewavas, handing the glass to his friend, after a survey. "But what on earth ails our honest Christianized Malagasy captain? He has relapsed to his idol, and is on his knees chattering at his prayers like a frantic parrot!" Frederick, surprised at the Malay's manners, respited satisfying his remoter curiosity to inquire, in the native language, the reason of his agitation.

But it was not unshared when the poor black replied, that this yellow vessel was disastrously known on the Madagascar coast as belonging to a great slave trader, who came from the lands of the setting sun for the purpose of procuring victims to the rapacity of his countrymen!

Frederick was much alarmed. Their vessel was of greatly inferior size to that of the suspected stranger, which seemed also armed with several large guns. And it was natural to conclude she was equally well furnished in smaller metal. Whereas they were almost destitute of weapons, either of offence or defence.

The prodigious panic that seized upon the whole native crew on discovering their enemy—the expressions of despair, of abject cowering to their fate,

heard on all sides—left not even that shadowy hope of resistance at such hands!

Flight was equally impossible. The European trader was evidently of extraordinary sailing powers, by the way she bore up against the wind, and was as evidently handled by a skilful European crew.

The only hope that occurred to Frederick was, that they might deceive the slaver into a notion that there were only whites on board.

He ordered the whole negro crew to go below, and he and Trewavas, endeavoring to multiply themselves by activity, undertook the sole management of the vessel above.

Not to call observation by seeming to elude it, and besides unable to tack without more assistance than they could command under the circumstances, the friends were obliged to let their junk run pretty near the stranger's course. And all their apprehensions were confirmed as they approached by perceiving that her deck was crowded with armed men. And suddenly she tacked right about dead in their track, and a cannon shot rattled over their bows—a signal to bring to, which could not easily be misunderstood by a vessel of force so inferior.

The friends, however, perceiving flight hopeless, complied with the signal in the expectation that, after speaking with them, as ascertaining that they were whites, the stranger would leave them in peace. But they were vexed to find she ran her yardarms closely into theirs, and prepared to board them in force without further ceremony.

Still, as they had no means of resistance, they attempted none, and in a few moments the deck of the junk was covered with men from the oddly bedizened clipper, all armed with muskets, cutlasses, and boarding axes.

A light active figure dropped foremost of all from the intermingled rigging, who, politely flourishing a cutlass, as if in graceful salute, rather than menace towards them, said in the most insinuating tones, "Pardonnez, Messieurs, to have deranged you on your way! But you are unlawful to smuggle slaves! What do you do with all the blackies hanging in the rigging half an hour is past?"

"Paul Partout!" exclaimed Frederick, astonished out of all presence of mind.

"Eh! de diable Monsieur Grahame! I have ze honeur sare! How you come here eh?" answered the Frenchman in surprise.

"May I ask what trade you are engaged in sir," enquired Frederick.

"Come on board the Osprey and we will inform you" cried Leppard from the rigging of his vessel,

"We will take your niggers too. We can join 'em with those we now have, and run 'em to the West Indies, a profitable job Monsieur Partout."

Frederick Trewavas deemed it useless to disobey the orders of this arch villain. The change from the Junk to Osprey was soon completed—and as the hatches were removed to admit the new comers into captivity, a horrid stench was emitted from the hold.

It occurred to our hero that it might be possible to stir up the crew to rebellion. He saw that Partout was not only jealous of Leppard, but that the whole number wore their servitude unkindly. He accordingly advised with his friend Laverock—For some days they were engaged in carefully instilling the poison of revolt into the minds of the crew, and in about a week after their arrival on the Osprey, Leppard was a prisoner, and Partout had voluntarily resigned his questionable authority into the hands of Frederick.

Ho, then for the treasure!—His promise to Oriana should be redeemed!

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Dry Docks of Sebastopol.

WITH the name of Sebastopol we have so long been accustomed to associate the idea of strength and impregnability, that it is difficult to reconcile its present position with what it was but a year ago. How is the mighty fallen! The proud city that stood on the emplacement of the ancient Akhtair, is no longer a mountain of Russian greatness. The same species of ingenuity which constructs, out of the simplest materials of the earth, the strongest works, also finds the means to overwhelm them with destruction; and Sebastopol, at present, may be viewed in the light of a strong man whose very strength has been the cause of his physical ruin.

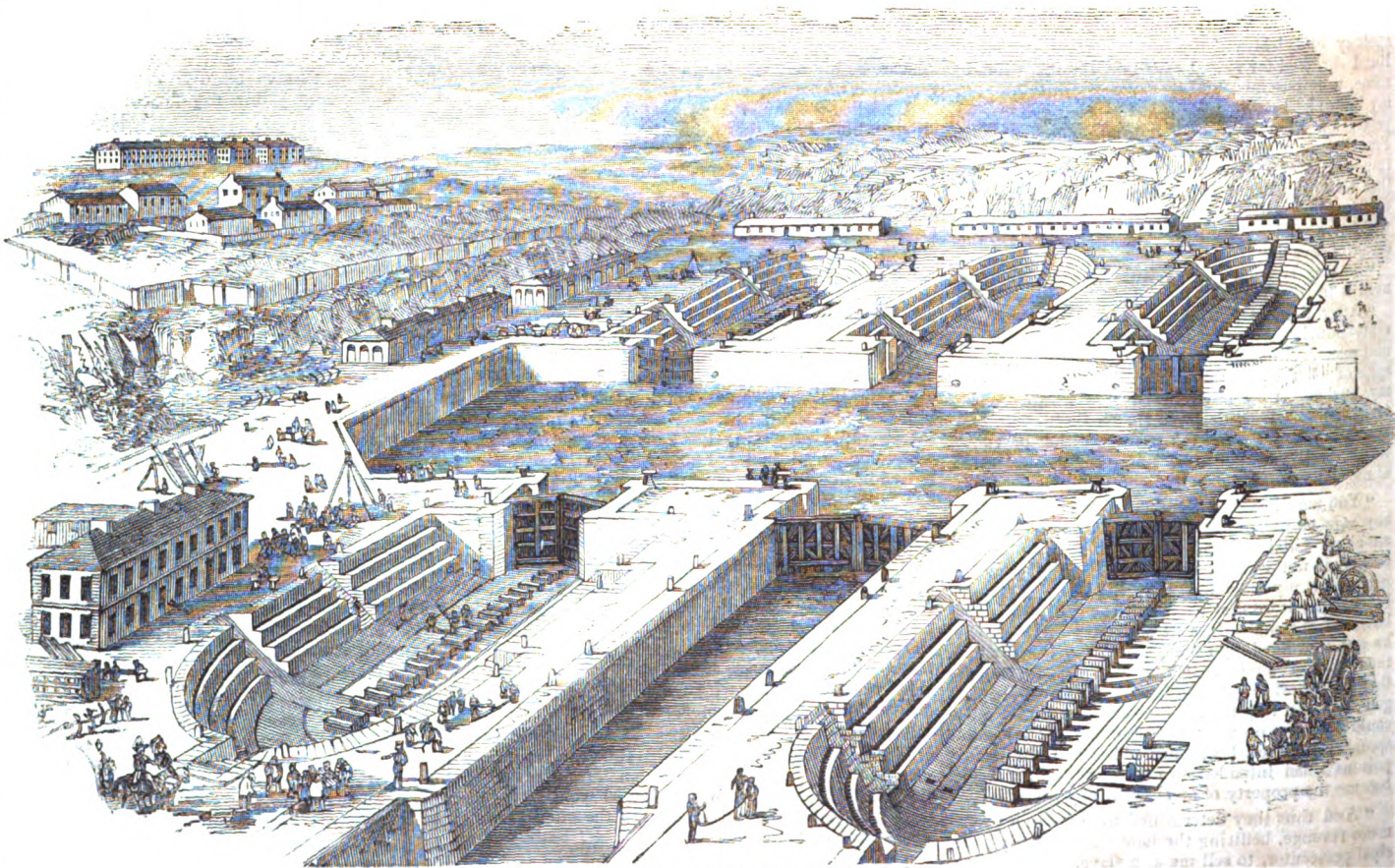
Of the five celebrated dry docks in the Karabelnaia suburb, as represented above, one was demolished in December last. Not in a month, or a week, or a day; but in one blast the massive fabric was almost instantaneously reduced to a heap of stones. This was accomplished by the engineers of the French. The dock selected on this occasion was the one placed to the west of the lock through which vessels formerly entered into the great basin. In addition to this dock, the French have since destroyed another on the east side of the entrance lock. This lock, with its sides and foundation of cut masonry, and magnificent floodgates, has the appearance of another dock, and half the basin. Although the

engineering operations were some time ago completed for the destruction of the whole of these structures, the object in demolishing one portion only, was to attest the accuracy of certain calculations with regard to the quantity of gunpowder necessary for effecting the desired result. The quantity actually employed to destroy the one, is said to have been a little over 2,000 pounds weight.

In the docks which have since been destroyed by the English, perpendicular shafts were sunk, at frequent intervals, along the sides, for the purpose of blowing the whole of the sides inwards. Latterly, also, galleries were constructed beneath the foundations of the bottom of each dock, so that their demolition was certain. Arrangements were made for firing the English mines by a voltaic battery. The French mines were fired by means of trains of laid gunpowder and fuses.

The report accompanying such a Titian work of destruction, imagination would suggest to be like that which accompanies some awful convulsion of nature. But what was the case? It was heard in camp, but was generally supposed to be the bursting of some of the Russian projectiles among the buildings of the town. Nearer to the scene of the explosion, a tremulous agitation of the ground was felt, and this was followed by that peculiarly compressed sound—more like the rumbling of distant thunder, than the usual report of gunpowder fired from within metal—which always accompanies subterranean discharges. Simultaneous with the noise of the blasting, the sky over the situation of the docks becomes clouded with smoke, stones and rubbish—masses of considerable size rise perpendicularly upwards—at the same time a shower of masonry is hurled from each side into air, and curves towards the centre—a dense cloud of smoke rests over the place of ruin—a sort of terrific stillness pervades the atmosphere, and all is over.

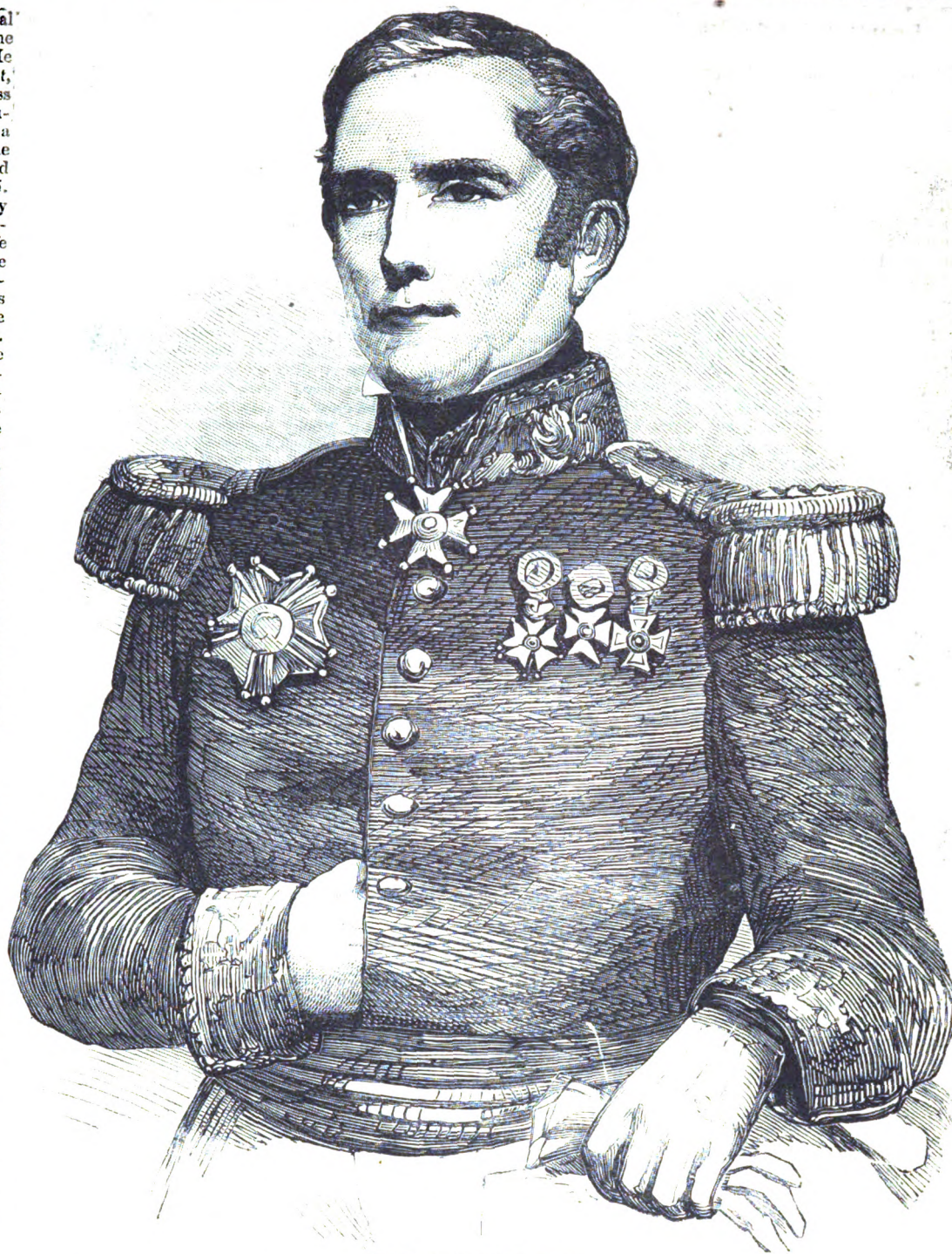
The three docks in charge of the English, as shown in our representation, were separated from the end of the Karabelnaia ravine—where an enormous amount of water collected, and formed an immense pond or reservoir—only by an artificial causeway, constructed at an enormous expense of labor by the Russians during the formation of the docks, and through this earth the water recently gradually percolated. Notwithstanding this difficulty, however, the whole of the operations were prepared for their destruction, and they have now been rendered totally worthless for any purpose whatever.



THE KARABELNAIA DOCKS AND SUBURB OF SEBASTOPOL.

The Late Admiral Bruat.

This able and distinguished admiral passed nearly his whole life in the naval service of his country. He was educated at the Ecole de Brest, and was an aspirant of the first class in 1815, an ensign in 1819, a lieutenant in 1827, and commanded a frigate in 1831. He obtained the rank of vice-admiral in 1852; and became an admiral of France in 1855. He was known in the French navy as a brave, indefatigable, and generous officer. He was early in life engaged on the African coast, where he was wrecked and taken as a prisoner of war to Algiers. On his return to France he commanded the *Jena* and the *Triton*, first-class ships. Afterwards he was governor of the French colonies in Oceania, and subsequent to that he occupied important naval posts under the government of General Cavaignac. The present war brought Bruat prominently before the public: he was named second to Admiral Hamelin in command of the French fleet, and he was present at the bombardment of Sebastopol, October 17. When Admiral Hamelin returned, Bruat was placed at the head of the allied squadrons. He had just left Constantinople, after a grand reception from the Sultan, amid the congratulations of the ambassadors of the allies, when an attack of gout in the stomach proved fatal to him. The gallant admiral died on board, while his fleet was leaving the roadstead of Messina.



THE LATE ADMIRAL BRUAT.

CUBAN CEREMONIALS.—The Campos Santos, or burial-grounds, are vile places, where corpses are thrown aside as they are in Italy, without respect, and without memorials even so lasting as the widow's tears or the tolling of the funeral bell. Before burial, the dead, dressed in the gayest manner, are exposed on catafalques set around with candles, in the great saloon of their houses. Ghastly faces stare suddenly out on you from within the iron-barred windows as you walk the city streets. Uncoffined and unshrouded, for the most part, the dead are flung into shallow graves, whence they will soon be jostled by their successors in the endless procession. Dark stories are told of those who have charge of these interments. A certain countess, who died near by us in Havana, was laid out in state and superbly arrayed. When the day of the funeral came, one of the friends with a knife cut into shreds the fine silks and satins of her robes to make them valueless as merchandise. Among the conservative old Spanish a great deal of formality obtains in the matter of mourning. It is considered proper for the family to shroud everything in the house of death. Pictures are turned to the wall, furniture gloomily draped. Immediately after the funeral, all the relations and connexions of the deceased meet at the house, where they dine together, the family keeping out of the way in private rooms till after dinner, when they appear, and two great circles are formed in the saloon, the females gathering into one and the males into another. Lugubrious conversation then commences. This ceremony is repeated daily during nine days!—*Pictures of Cuba.*

EDUCATION OF BIRDS BY THEIR PARENTS.—Nothing, says an ornithologist, is more striking than the efforts of the maternal birds to tempt their young to make the first experiment of trusting themselves to their wings. The nightingale flutters around her nest, holding an insect in her bill at a little distance to draw her young to the edge of the nest, and to incite them through their appetite to make the first efforts with their wings. The Iceland diver offers a still more striking spectacle of maternal solicitude. The bird builds its nest on the steepest summits of the mountains near the shore of the sea. As soon as her young are fledged, she ceases to bring them food. But she continues to visit them, to flutter about the nest, to show them the power of her wings, and to in-

vite them to follow her. The younger bird, oppressed by hunger, approaches the edge of the precipice, hesitates, and finally falls into the air. Its wings are too small to sustain it, and it would dash upon the rocks below. The mother summons the aid of the male. They spread their wings in concert a little beneath their young, to allow free play to their wings. Thus they gently let the bird down to the shore. Crowds of the kind assemble round the young bird, and raise cries of congratulation at the view of this new companion that maternal love has emboldened to the first attempt at flight.

INGENUOUS REVENGE.—The following anecdote of Horace Vernet is amusing the Parisians. The artist was coming from Versailles to the city in the train. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who evidently were acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely, upon his martial bearing, his hale old step, his military pantaloon, &c. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travellers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity, he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. As they arrived at Paris, Vernet, on

leaving them, said, "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"

THE POETRY OF ACTION.—Beautiful thoughts, beautiful words, style of composition, style of life, pomp, magnificence, and so on—these things are all very well, but it is better to be a great book than to write one; to live and act a poem than to compose it. It is a fine thing for a man's life to be a true epic. Great pursuits and high purposes constituting the idea; moral conflicts, the battles and victories; good deeds, the sounding lines; the sweet rhythm, the flowing harmonies of a pure conscience; and the poetical justice seen in the end, the glorious working out of God's eternal laws in favor of all who serve Him loyally.

THINKS I TO MYSELF, THINKS I.—The other day I asked myself this somewhat curious question:—If I should happen to see a very ugly individual at a public meeting—in the pit of a theatre, or any other conspicuous position—should I be justified in taking him in my arms and removing him from the place he occupied? Certainly, said I to myself; for I should be carrying out a great object.

SELF-RESPECT COMMANDS RESPECT.—Do nothing shameful either in the presence of others or alone: respect yourself and others will respect you.

CONTENT.—Content is to the mind like moss to a tree; it bindeth it up so as to stop its growth.

Scenes in the Life of Haydn.

CHAPTER I.

In a small and insignificant dwelling in the village of Rohran, on the borders of Hungary and Austria, lived, at the beginning of the last century, a young pair, faithful and industrious, plain and simple in their manners, yet esteemed by all their neighbors. The man, an honest wheelwright, was commonly called "merry Jobst," on account of the jokes and gay stories with which he was always ready to entertain his friends and visitors, who, he well knew, relished such things. His wife was named Elizabeth, but no one in the village, and indeed many miles round it, ever called her anything but "pretty Elschen." Jobst and Elschen were indeed, to say the truth, the handsomest couple in the country.

The Hungarians, like the Austrians and Bohemians, have great love for music. "Three fiddles and a dulcimer for two houses," says the proverb, and it is a true one. It is not unusual, therefore, for some out of the poorer classes, when their regular business fails to bring them in sufficient for their wants, to take to the fiddle, the dulcimer, or the harp; playing on holidays by the highway or in the tavern. This employment is generally lucrative enough, if they are not spendthrifts, to enable them, not only to live, but to lay by something for future necessities.

"Merry Jobst" was already revolving in his own mind some means to be adopted for the bettering of his very humble fortunes, when Elschen one day said to him, "Jobst! it is time to think of making something more for our increasing family." Jobst gave a leap of joy, embraced pretty Elschen, and answered, "Come, then! I will string anew my fiddle and your harp; every holiday we will take our place on the roadside, before the tavern, and play and sing merrily; we will give good wishes to those that listen to and reward us, and let the surly traveller, who stops not to hear us, go on his way!"

The next Sunday afternoon merry Jobst and pretty Elschen sat by the highway before the village inn; Jobst fiddled, and Elschen played the harp and sang to it with her sweet clear voice. Not one passed by without noticing them; every traveller stopped to listen, well pleased, and on resuming his journey threw at least a silver two-pence in the lap of the pretty young woman. Jobst and his wife, on returning home in the evening, found their day's work a good one. They practised it regularly with the like success.

After the lapse of a few years, as the old singing-master of a neighboring town passed along the road one afternoon, he could not help stopping, admiring and amused at what he saw. In the same arbor, opposite the tavern, stood merry Jobst fiddling as before, and beside him pretty Elschen, playing the harp and singing; and between them might be seen a little chubby-faced boy, about three years old, who had a small board, shaped like a violin, hung about his neck, on which he played with a willow-twigg as with a genuine fiddle-bow. The most comical and surprising thing of all was, that the little man kept perfect time, pausing when his father paused, and his mother had a solo, then falling in with him again, and demeaning himself exactly like his father. Often, too, he would lift up his clear voice, and join distinctly in the refrain of the song.

"Is that your boy, fiddler?" asked the teacher, when the song was at an end. Jobst answered—

"Yes, sir, that is my little Seperl."

"The gay little fellow seems to have a taste for music."

"Why not? If it depends on me, I will take him, as soon as I can do so, to one who understands it well, and can teach him. But it will be some time yet, as with all his taste and love for it, he is very little and awkward."

"We will speak further of it," said the teacher, and went his way. Jobst and Elschen began their song anew, and the little Joseph imitated his father on his fiddle, and joined his infant voice with theirs when they sounded the "Hallelujah."

The friend came from this time twice a week to the house of merry Jobst to talk with him about his little son, and the youngster himself was soon the best of friends with the good-natured old man. So matters went on for two years, at the end of which the teacher said to Jobst, "It is now the right time, and if you will trust your boy with me, I will take him and show him what he must learn, to become a brave lad and a skilful musician."

Jobst did not hesitate long, for he saw clearly how great an advantage the instruction of Master Wolfert would be to his son. And though it went harder with pretty Elschen to part with Seperl, who

was her favorite and only child, yet she gave up at last, when her husband observed—"The boy is still our own, and if he is our only child, we are—Heaven be praised!—both young, and love each other!"

So he said to Wolfert, the next time he came—"Agreed! here is the boy! treat him well—and remember that he is the apple of our eye."

"I will treat him as my own!" replied the teacher. Elschen accordingly packed up the boy's scanty wardrobe in a bundle, gave him a slice of bread and salt, and a cup of milk—embraced and blessed him, and accompanied him to the door of the cottage, where she prayed to Heaven for her child, and then returned to her chamber. Jobst went with them half the way to Haimburg, and then also returned, while Wolfert and Joseph pursued their way till they reached Wolfert's house, the end of their journey.

Wolfert was an old bachelor, but one of the good sort, whose heart, despite his gray hairs, was still youthful and warm. He loved all good men, and was patient and forbearing even with those who had faults, for he knew how too often weak and fickle is the heart of man. But the wholly depraved and wicked he disliked, as he esteemed the good, and shunned all companionship with them; for it was his opinion "that he who is thoroughly corrupt, remains so in this world at least; and his conversation with the good tends not to his improvement, but, on the contrary, to the destruction of both."

Such lessons he repeated daily to the little Joseph, and taught him good principles, also how to sing, and play on the horn and kettledrum; and Joseph profited thereby, as well as by the instruction he received in music, and cherished and cultivated them as long as he lived.

In the following year, 1737, a second son was bestowed on the happy parents, whom they christened Michael.

Years passed, and Joseph was a well-instructed boy; he had a voice as clear and fine as his mother's, and played the violin as well as his father; besides that, he blew the horn, and beat the kettledrum, in the sacred music prepared by Wolfert for church festivals. Better than all Joseph had a true and honest heart, had the fear of God continually before his eyes, and was ever contented, and wished well to all, for which everybody loved him in return; and Wolfert often said with tears of joy—"Mark what I tell you, God will show the world, by this boy Joseph, that not only the kingdom of heaven, but the kingdom of the science of music shall be given to those who are pure in heart!" The more Wolfert perceived the lad's wonderful talent for art, the more earnestly he sought to find a patron, who might better forward the youthful aspirant towards the desired goal; for he felt that his own strength could reach little further, when he saw the zeal and ability with which his pupil devoted himself to his studies. Providence ordered it in good time that Herr Reuter, chapel-master and music director in St. Stephen's Church, Vienna, came to visit the Deacon at Haimburg. The Deacon then told Herr Reuter of the extraordinary boy, the son of the wheelwright Jobst Haydn, the pupil of old Wolfert, and thus created in the chapel-master a desire to become acquainted with him. The Deacon would have sent for him and his protector, but Herr Reuter prevented him with "No, no, most reverend sir! I will not have the lad brought to me; I will seek him myself, and, if possible hear him when he is not conscious of my presence or my intentions; for if I find the boy what your reverence states, I will do something, of course, to advance his interests." The next morning, accordingly, Herr Reuter went to Wolfert's house, which he entered quietly and unannounced. Joseph was sitting alone at the organ, playing a simple but sublime piece of sacred music from an old German master, Reuter, visibly moved, stood at the door and listened attentively. The boy was so deep in his music that he did not perceive the intruder till the piece was concluded, when accidentally turning round, he fixed upon the stranger his large dark eyes, expressive of astonishment indeed, but sparkling a friendly welcome.

"Very well, my son!" said Herr Reuter at last; "where is your foster-father?"

"In the garden," said the boy; "shall I call him?"

"Call him, and say to him that the chapel-master, Herr Reuter, wishes to speak with him. Stop a moment! you are Joseph Haydn, are you not?"

"Yes, I am, Master."

"Well, then, go."

Joseph went and brought his old master, Wolfert, who, with uncovered head and low obeisance, welcomed the chapel-master and music director at St. Stephen's, to his humble abode. Herr Reuter, on his part, praised the musical skill of his protégé, inquired particularly into the lad's attainments, and

examined him formally himself. Joseph passed through the ordeal in such a manner, that Reuter's satisfaction increased with every answer. After this he spent some time in close conference with old Wolfert; and it was near noon before he took his departure. Joseph was invited to accompany him and spend the rest of the day at the Deacon's.

Eight days after, old Wolfert, Jobst, and pretty Elschen, the little Michael on her lap, sat very dejectedly together, and talked of the good Joseph, who had gone that morning with good Herr Reuter to Vienna, to take his place as chorister in St. Stephen's Church.

The clock struck eight, and all were awake in the Leopoldstadt. A busy multitude crowded the bridge—market women and mechanics' boys, hucksters, pedlars, hackney coachmen and elegant horsemen, passing in and out of the city; and through the thickest of the throng might be seen winding his way quietly and inoffensively, the noted Wenzel Puderlein, hairdresser, burgher and house proprietor in Leopoldstadt. Soon he passed over the space that divides Leopoldstadt from the city, and with rapid steps approached, through streets and alleys, the place where his most distinguished customers resided, and whom he came every morning to serve.

He stopped before one of the best looking houses, ascended the steps, rang the bell, and when the housemaid opened the door, stepped boldly and with apparent consciousness of dignity, through the hall to a side door. Here he paused, placed his feet in due position, took off his hat modestly, and knocked gently three times.

"Come in!" said a powerful voice. Wenzel, however, started, and hung back a moment, then taking courage, he lifted the latch, opened the door, and entered the apartment. An elderly man, of stately figure, wrapped in a flowered dressing gown, sat at a writing table; he arose as the door opened, and said—

"Tis well you are come, Puderlein! Do what you have to do, but quickly, I request you! for the Empress has sent for me, and I must be with her in half an hour." He then seated himself, and Wenzel began his hairdressing without uttering a word (how contrary to his habit!) well knowing that a strict silence was enjoined on him in the presence of the first physician to her Imperial Majesty.

Yet he was not doomed long to suffer this greatest of all torments to him, the necessity of silence. The door of the chamber opened, and a youth of about sixteen or seventeen years of age came in, approached the elderly man, kissed his hand reverently, and bade him good morning.

The old gentleman thanked him briefly, and said, "What was it you were going to ask me yesterday evening, when it struck eleven, and I sent you off to bed?"

The youth, with a modest smile, replied, "I was going to beg leave, my father, if your time permitted, to present to you the young man I would like to have for my teacher on the piano."

"Very well; after noon I shall be at liberty; but what has recommended him to you?"

"An admirable piece, which I was yesterday so fortunate as to hear him play at the house of Mlle. de Martinez."

"Ah! your honor means young Haydn," cried Puderlein, unwittingly, and then became suddenly silent, expecting nothing less than that his temerity would draw down a thunderbolt on his head. But, contrary to his expectation, the old nobleman merely looked at him a moment, as if in surprise, from head to foot, then said mildly, "You are acquainted with the young man, then; what do you know of him?"

"I know him!" answered Puderlein. "Oh, very well your honor; I know him well. What do I know of him? Oh, much; for observe, your honor, I have had the favor to be hairdresser for many years to the chapel-master, Herr Reuter, in whose house Haydn has long been an inmate—it must now be ten or eleven years. I have known him, so to speak, from childhood. Besides, I have heard him sing a hundred times at St. Stephen's, where he was chorister, though it is now a couple of years since he was turned off."

"Turned off? and wherefore?"

"Ay; observe, your honor, he had a fine clear voice, such as no female singer in the opera; but getting a fright, and being seized with a fever, when he recovered his fine soprano was gone! And because they had no more use for him at St. Stephen's, they sent him away."

"And what is young Haydn doing now?" asked the Baron.

"Ah, your honor, the poor fellow must find it hard to live by giving lessons, playing about, and picking up what he can; he also composes—or what they call it!—sometimes. Well, what avails it that

* The diminutive for "Joseph" in the dialect of the country.

he torments himself? He lives in the house with Metastasio, not in the first storey, like the court poet, but in the fifth; and when it is winter, he has to lie in bed and work, to keep himself from freezing; for, observe, he has indeed a fireplace in his chamber, but no money to buy wood to burn therein."

"This must not be! this shall not be!" cried the Baron von Swieten, as he rose from his seat. "Am I ready?"

"A moment, your honor—only the string around the hair-bag."

"It is very well so; now begone about your business!" Puderlein vanished. "And you, help me on with my coat; give me my stick and hat, and bring me your young teacher this afternoon." Therewith he departed, and young Von Swieten, full of joy, went to the writing-table to indict an invitation to Haydn to come to his father's house.

Meanwhile, Joseph Haydn sat, sorrowful, and almost despairing, in his chamber. He had passed the morning, contrary to his usual custom, in idle brooding over his condition; now it appeared quite hopeless, and his cheerfulness seemed about to take leave of him for ever, like his only friend and protectress, Mdle. de Martinez. That amiable young lady had left the city a few hours before. Haydn had instructed her in singing, and in playing the harpsichord, and by way of recompense, he enjoyed the privilege of board and lodging in the fifth story, in the house of Metastasio. Both now ceased with the lady's departure; and Joseph was poorer than before, for all that he had earned besides, he had sent conscientiously to his parents, only keeping so much as sufficed to furnish him with decent, though plain clothing.

Other patrons and friends he had none! Metastasio, who was nearest him, knew him only by his unassuming exterior, and was too indolent to inquire particularly into his circumstances, or to interest himself in his behalf. He had briefly observed to the poor youth, that since Mdle. Martinez had left Vienna and his lessons were over, he could look about till the end of the month for other lodgings; and Joseph was too retiring, if not too proud, to answer anything else than that "he thank the Signor for the privilege hitherto enjoyed, and would look out for another home." But where? thought he now, and asked himself, sobbing aloud, "Where—without money?" Just then, without any previous knocking, the door of his chamber was opened, and with bold carriage, and sparkling eyes, entered Master Wenzel Puderlein.

"With me!" cried the *frieur*, while he stretched his curling-irons like a sceptre towards Joseph, and pressed his powder-bag with an air of feeling to his heart, "With me, young orphan! I will be your father, I will foster and protect you! for I have feeling for the grand and the sublime, and have discerned your genius—and what you can, with assistance, accomplish; I know, too, your inability to cope yet with the world, for you have not my experience of men. I will lead you to art—I myself; and if before long you are not in full chase, and have not captured her, why you must be a fool, and I will give you up!"

"Ah, worthy, Master Von Puderlein!" cried Haydn surprised; "you would receive me now, when I know not where to go, or what to do? Oh! I acknowledge your goodness! but how have I, a poor musician, deserved it? and how shall I thank you?"

"That is nothing to you!" said Puderlein shortly; "all that will appear in due time! Now sit you down on the stool, and do not stir till I give you leave. I will show the world what a man of genius can make of an indifferent head!"

"Are you determined, then, to do me the honor of dressing my hair, Master Von Puderlein?"

"Ask no questions, but sit still."

Joseph obediently seated himself, and Wenzel began to dress his hair according to the latest mode. When he had done, he said with much self-congratulation, "Really, Haydn, when I look at you and think what you were before I set your head right, and what you are now, I may, without presumption, call you a being of my own creation. But I am not so conceited; and only remark to you, that though you have walked so long like a man on two legs, you have first been enabled by me to present the *visage* of a man! Now, pay attention; you are to dress yourself a quickly as possible, or, express myself in better language, you are to put yourself *prestissimo* into your best trim—and collect your moveables together, so that I can have them taken away this evening. Then betake yourself to the Leopoldstadt, to my house on the river-side, No. 7; then knock at the door, make my compliments to the young lady my daughter, and tell her you are so and so, and that Master Von Puderlein

sent you, and if you are hungry and thirsty call for something to eat and a glass of Ofener of Klosteneuburger; after which you may remain quiet till I come home, and tell you further what I design for you. Adieu."

Therewith Master Wenzel Puderlein rolled himself out of the door, and Joseph stood awhile with his hair admirably well dressed, but a little disconcerted, in the middle of his chamber. When he collected his thoughts at length, he gave thanks with tears to God, who had inclined the heart of his generous protector towards him, and relieved his bitter necessity; then he gathered, as Puderlein had told him, his few clothes and his music together, dressed himself carefully in his best, shut up his chamber, and after he had taken leave, not without emotion, of the rich Metastasio, walked away cheerfully and confidently, his heart full of joy, and his head full of new melodies, towards the Leopoldstadt and the house of his patron.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN young Von Swieten came half an hour later to ask for the young composer, Signor Metastasio could not inform him where "Giuseppo" might have gone. How many hours of despondency did this forgetfulness of the wise man and renowned poet prepare for the poor, unknown, yet incomparably greater genius,—Haydn!

When Joseph after a long walk stood at length before Puderlein's house, experienced some novel sensations, which may have been naturally consequent upon the thought that he was to introduce himself to a young lady, and converse with her; an idea which, from his constitutional bashfulness, and his ignorance of the world, was rather formidable to him. But the step must nevertheless be taken. He summoned all his courage and went and knocked at the door. It was opened, and a handsome damsel of eighteen or nineteen presented herself before the trembling Joseph.

The youth in great embarrassment, faltered forth his compliments and the message from Master Wenzel. The pretty Nanny listened to him with an expression both of pleasure and sympathy—the last for the forlorn condition of her visitor. When he had ended, she took him, to his no small terror, by the hand, without the least embarrassment, and leading him into the parlor, said in insinuating tones, "Come in, then, Master Haydn, it is all right; I am sure my father means well with you, for he concerns himself with every dunce he meets, and would take a poor wretch in, for having only good hair on his head! He has often spoken to me of you, and you may rely upon it, he will assist you; for he has very distinguished acquaintances. But you must yield to his humors a little, for he is sometimes a little peculiar."

Joseph promised he would do his best, and Nanny went on, "You must also accommodate yourself to my whims, for, look you, I lead the regiment alone here in the house, and even my father must do as I will. Now, tell me what will you have? Do not be bashful; it is a good while since noon, and you must be hungry from your long walk."

Joseph could not deny that such was the case, and modestly asked for a piece of bread and a glass of water.

"Pshaw!" cried Nanny, laughing; and tripped out of the room. Ere long she returned, followed by an apprentice boy, whom she had loaded with cold meats, a flask of wine, and a pair of tumblers, till his arms were ready to sink under the burden, although he dared not complain, for he had been in the family long enough to be sufficiently convinced of Mademoiselle Nanny's absolute dominion. Nanny busily arranged the table, filled Joseph's glass, and invited him to help himself to the cold pastry or whatever else stood awaiting his choice. The youth did not await a second invitation, but commenced, at first timidly, then with more courage; till, after he had at Nanny's persuasion emptied a couple of glasses, he took heart to attack the cold meats more vigorously than he had done for a long time before; making at the same time the observation mentally, that if Mademoiselle Nanny Puderlein was not quite so noble and accomplished as his former patroness, the honored Mdle. de Martinez, still, so far as youth, beauty, and polite manners were concerned, she would not suffer by a comparison with the most distinguished dames in Vienna.—In short, when Master Wenzel Puderlein came home an hour or so after, he found Joseph in high spirits, with sparkling eyes and cheeks like the roses—already more than half in love with the pretty Nanny.

Joseph Haydn lived thus many months in the

house of Wenzel Puderlein, burgher, house proprietor, and renowned *frieur* in the Leopoldstadt of Vienna, and not a man in the Imperial city knew where the poor, but talented and well-educated artist and composer was gone. In vain he was sought for by his few friends; in vain by young Von Swieten; in vain, at last, by Metastasio himself; Joseph had disappeared from Vienna without leaving a trace. Wenzel Puderlein kept his abode carefully concealed, and wondered and lamented like the rest over his loss, when his aristocratic customers asked him, whom they believed to know everything, if he could give them no information as to what had become of Joseph. He thought he had good reasons, and undoubted right, to exercise now the hitherto unpractised virtue of silence, because, as he said to himself, he only aimed at making Joseph the happiest man in the world! But in this he would labor alone; he wanted none to help him; even in his protégé was not fully to know his designs till he was actually in possession of his good fortune.

Joseph cheerfully resigned himself to the purposes of his friend, and was only too happy to be able, undisturbed, to study Sebastian Bach's works, to try his skill in quartettes—to eat as much as he wished, and day after day to see and chat with the fair Nanny. It never occurred to him, under such circumstances, to notice that he lived in a manner as a prisoner in Puderlein's house; that all day he was banished to the garden behind the house, or to his snug chamber, and only permitted to go out in the evening with Wenzel and his daughter. It never occurred to him to wish for other acquaintance than the domestics and their nearest neighbors, amongst whom he was only known as "Master Joseph;" and he cheerfully delivered every Saturday to Master Wenzel the stipulated number of minuets, waltzes, &c., which he was ordered to compose. Puderlein carried the pieces regularly to a dealer in such things in the Leopoldstadt, who paid him two convention guilders for every full-toned minuet—and for the others in proportion. This money the hairdresser conscientiously locked up in a chest, to use it, when the time should come, for Joseph's advantage.

With this view, he inquired earnestly about Joseph's greater works, and whether he would not soon be prepared to produce something which would do him credit in the eyes of the more distinguished part of the public.

"Ah—yes—indeed!" replied Joseph; "this quartette, when I shall have finished it, might be ventured before the public; for I hope to make something good of it! Yet what shall I do? No publisher will take it; it is returned on my hands, because I am no great lord, and because I have no patron to whom I could dedicate it!"

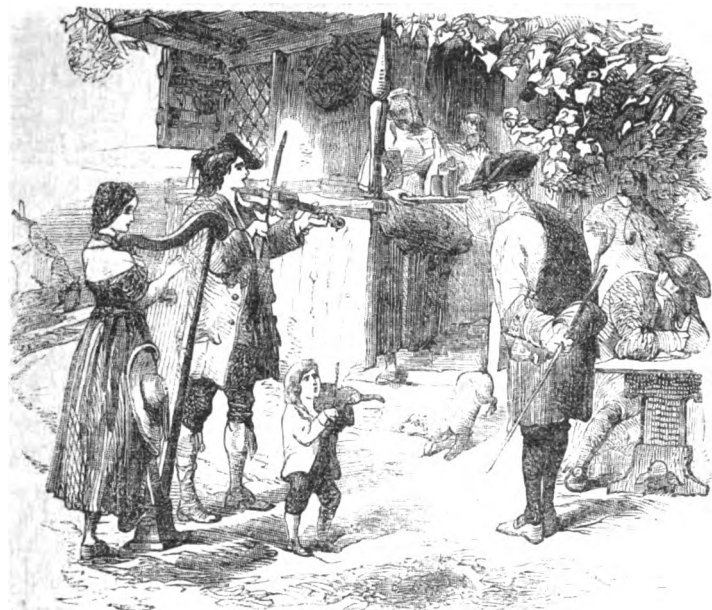
"That will all come in time," said Puderlein, smiling; "do you get the music ready, yet without neglecting the dances; I tell you a prudent man begins with little, and ends with much; so to work!"

And Joseph went to work; but he was every day deeper and deeper in love with the fair Nanny; and the damsel herself looked with very evident favor on the dark, though handsome youth. Wenzel saw the progress of things with satisfaction; the lovers behaved with great propriety, and he suffered matters to go on in their own way, only interfering with a little assumed suzerainty, if Joseph at any time forgot his tasks in idle talk, or Nanny her housekeeping.

But not with such eyes saw Mosjo Ignatz, Puderlein's journeyman and factotum hitherto; for he thought himself possessed of a prior claim to the love of Nanny. No one knows how much or how little reason he had to think so, for it might be reckoned among impossibilities for a young girl of Vienna, who has reached the age of fourteen, to determine the number of her lovers. The Viennese damsels are remarkable for their prudence in what concerns a love affair. However that may have been, it is certain that it was gall and wormwood to Ignatz to see Joseph and the fair Nanny together. He would often fain have interposed his powder-bag and curling irons between them, when he heard them singing tender duets; for it must be owned that Nanny had a charming voice, was very fond of music, and was Joseph's zealous pupil in singing.

At length he could no longer endure the torments of jealousy; and one morning he sought out the master of the house to discover to him the secret of the lovers. How great was his astonishment when Master Wenzel, instead of falling into a violent passion, and turning Joseph out of doors without further ado, replied with a smile,

"What you tell me, Mosjo 'Natz, look you, I have long known, and am well pleased that it is so."



HAYDN'S FIRST LESSONS IN MUSIC.

"Nein!" cried Ignatz, after a long pause of speechless astonishment; "Nein, Master Von Puderlein! you should not be pleased. You seem as if you knew not that I—I, for several years have been the suitor of your daughter."

It was Wenzel's turn to be astonished, and he angrily replied, "I knew no such thing; I know not, nor will I know any such thing. What—Natz! are you mad! the suitor of my daughter! What has come into the man? Go to! Mind your powder-bag and your curling irons, and serve your customers, and set aside thoughts too high for you; for neither my daughter nor myself will wink at such folly."

"Oho, and have you not both promised? There was a time, Master Von Puderlein, when you and Mademoiselle, your daughter—"

"Hold your tongue and pack yourself off."

"Master Von Puderlein, you are a man of honor; are you doing me justice for my long years of faithful service? I have always taken your part. When people said, 'Von Puderlein is an old miser and a blockhead,' I have always said, 'that is not true; even if it has been often the truth that people said.'"

"Have done, sir, will you?"

"Master Von Puderlein, be generous; I humbly entreat you, give me your daughter to wife."

"I will give you a box on the ear presently, if you do not come to reason."

"What!" cried Ignatz, starting up in boiling indignation, "a box on the ear, to me—to me, a free spoken member of the society of periwig-makers?"

"And if you were a king, and if you were an emperor, with a golden crown on your head, and a sceptre in your hand, here in my own house I am lord and sovereign, and I will give you a box most certainly if you provoke me much further."

"Good," answered Ignatz, haughtily; "very good, Master Von Puderlein. We are two henceforth. This hour I quit this treacherous roof, and you and your periwig stock. But I will be revenged; of that you may be sure; and when the punishment comes upon you and your faithless daughter, and your callow bird of a harpsichord player, then you may think upon 'Natz Schuppenpeitz.'"

The journeyman then hastened to pack up his goods, demanded and received his wages, and left the house vowing revenge against its inmates. Von Puderlein was very much incensed; Nanny laughed, and Joseph sat in the garden, troubling himself about nothing but his quartetto, at which he was working.

Wenzel Puderlein saw the hour approaching when the attention of the Imperial city, and of the world, should be directed to him as the protector and benefactor of a great musical genius. The dances Joseph had composed for the music-seller in the Leopoldstadt were played again and again in the halls of the nobility. All praised the sprightliness and grace that distinguished them; but all inquiries were vain at the music-dealer's respecting the name of the composer. None knew him; and Joseph himself had no idea what a sensation the pieces he had thrown off so easily created in the world. But Master Wenzel was well aware of it, and waited with impatience the completion of the

hair of the Baron Von Fürnberg. Young Von Swieten chanced to be at the Baron's house, and in the course of conversation mentioned the balls recently given by Prince Esterhazy, and the delightful new dances by the unknown composer. In the warmth of his description, the youth stepped up to the piano and began a piece, which caused Ignatz to prick up his ears, for he recognized it too well; it was Nanny's favorite waltz, which Joseph had executed expressly for her.

"I would give fifty ducats," cried the Baron, when Von Swieten had ended, "to know the name of that composer."

"Fifty ducats!" replied Ignatz. "Your honor, hold a moment; for I believe I can tell your honor the name of the musician."

"If you can, and with certainty, the fifty ducats are yours," answered Fürnberg and Von Swieten.

"I can, your honor. It is Pepi Haydn."

"How! Joseph Haydn? Why, how do you know? Speak!" cried both the gentlemen to the friseur, who then proceeded to inform them of Haydn's abode in the house of Wenzel Puderlein; nor did the ex-journeyman lose the opportunity of bewondering his ancient master with abuse, as an old miser, a surly fool, and an arch tyrant.

"Horrible!" cried his auditors, when Ignatz had concluded his story. "Horrible! This old friseur makes the poor young man, hidden from all the world, labor to gratify his avarice, and keeps him prisoner! We must set him at liberty."

Ignatz assured the gentlemen they would do a good deed by doing so: and informed them when it was likely Puderlein would be from home; so that they could find the opportunity of speaking alone with young Haydn. Young Von Swieten resolved to go that very morning, during the absence of

Puderlein, to seek his favorite; and he took Ignatz along with him. The hairdresser was not a little elated, to be sitting opposite the Baron, in a handsome coach, which drove rapidly towards the Leopoldstadt. When they stopped before Puderlein's house, Ignatz remained in the coach, while the Baron alighted. He entered the house, and ran up stairs to the chamber before pointed out to him, where Joseph Haydn sat deep in the composition of a new quartetto.

the first quartetto. At length the manuscript was ready; Puderlein took it, carried it to a music publisher, and had it sent to press immediately, which the sums he had from time to time laid by for Joseph, enabled him to do. Haydn, who was confident his protector would do everything for his advantage, committed all to his hands; he commenced a new quartetto, and the old one was soon nearly forgotten.

They were not forgotten, however, by Mosjo Ignatz Schuppenpeitz, who was continually on the watch to play Master Puderlein some ill trick. The opportunity soon offered. His new principal sent him one morning to dress the

Great was the youth's astonishment when he perceived his distinguished visitor. He did not utter a word, but kept bowing to the ground; Von Swieten, however, hesitated not to accost him with the ardor of youth, and described the affliction of his friends (who they were, Joseph knew not), at his mysterious disappearance. Then he spoke of the applause his compositions had received, and of the public curiosity to know who the admirable composer was, and where he lived. "Your fortune is now made," continued he. "The Baron Von Fürnberg, a connoisseur, my father, I myself—we all will receive you; we will present you to Prince Esterhazy; so make ready to quit this house, and to escape, the sooner the better, from the illegal and unworthy tyranny of an avaricious periwig-maker."

Joseph knew not what to reply, for with every word of Von Swieten his astonishment increased. At length he faltered, blushing, "Your honor is much mistaken, if you think I am tyrannized over in this house; on the contrary, Master Von Puderlein treats me as his own son, and his daughter loves me as a brother. He took me in when I was helpless and destitute, without the means of earning my bread."

"Be that as it may," interrupted the nobleman, impatiently, "this house is no longer your home; you must go into the great world under very different auspices, worthy of your talents. Speak well or ill of your host as you please, and as is most fitting; to-morrow the Baron and I come to take you away." Thereupon he embraced young Haydn with cordiality, quitted the house and drove back to the city, while Joseph stood and rubbed his forehead, and hardly knew whether all was a dream or reality.

But the pretty Nanny, who listening in the kitchen had heard all, ran in grief and affright to meet her father when he came home, and told him everything. Puderlein was dismayed; but he soon collected himself, and commanded his daughter to follow him, and to put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Thus prepared, he went up to Haydn's chamber; Joseph, as soon as he heard him coming, opened the door and went to meet him, to inform him of the strange visit he had received.

But Puderlein pushed him back into the chamber, entered himself, followed by the weeping Nanny, and cried in a pathetic tone, "Hold, barbarian, whither are you going?"

"To you," answered Joseph. "I was going to tell you—"

"It is not necessary," interrupted Puderlein, "I know all; you have betrayed me, and are now going to leave me like a vagabond."

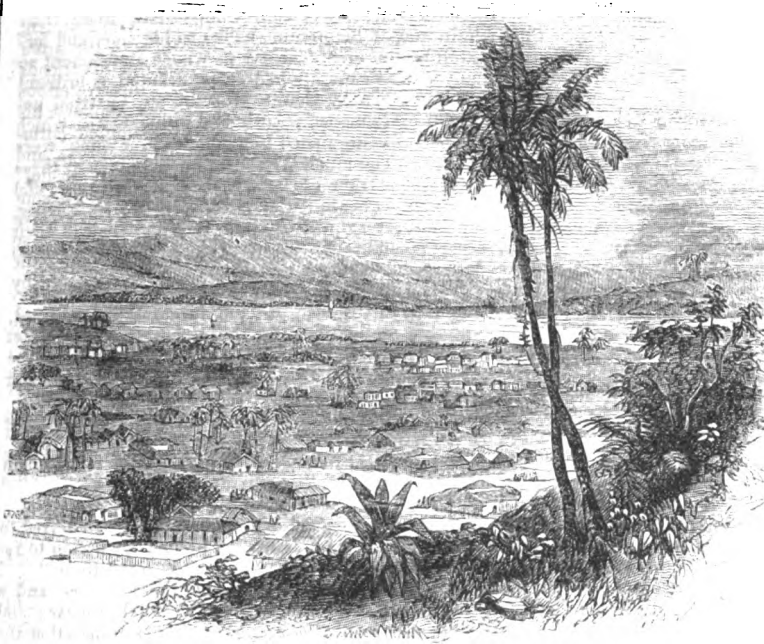
"Ha, surely not, Master Von Puderlein. But listen to me."

"I will not listen, your treachery is clean; your falsehood to me and to my daughter. Oh, ingratitude, see here thine own image! I loved this boy as my own son; I received him when he was destitute under my hospitable roof, clothed and fed him. I have dressed his hair with my own hands, and labored for his renown, and for my thanks he has betrayed me and my innocent daughter. There, sir, does not your conscience reproach you for the tears you cause that girl to shed?"

"For Heaven's sake, Master Von Puderlein, listen



HAYDN'S INTRODUCTION TO PRINCE ANTHONY ESTERHAZY.



ABBEOKUTA. (SEE PAGE 280.)

to me. "I will not be ungrateful; on the contrary I will thank you all the days of my life for what you have done for me, so far as it is in my power."

"And marry that girl?"

"Marry her?" repeated Joseph, astonished, "marry her?" "I—your daughter?"

"Who else? have you not told her she was handsome? That you liked her? Have you not behaved as though you wished her well, whenever you have spoken with her?"

"I have indeed, but—"

"No buts; you must marry her, or you are a shameless traitor! Think you a virtuous damsel of Vienna lets every callow-bird tell her she is handsome and agreeable? No! the golden age yet flourishes among our girls! Innocence and virtue are paramount with them! They glance not from one to another, throwing their net over this one and that one; they wait quiet and collected, till the one comes who suits them, who will marry them, and him they love faithfully to the end of their days; and therefore are the Viennese maidens famed throughout the world. You told my innocent Nanny she was handsome, and that you liked her; she thought you wished to marry her, and made up her mind honestly to have you. She loves you, and now will you desert and leave her?"

Joseph stood in dejected silence. Puderlein continued, "And I, have I deserved such black ingratitude from you, eh? have I?"

With these words Master Wenzel drew forth a roll of paper unfolded, and held it up before the disconcerted Joseph, who uttered an exclamation of surprise, as he read these words engraved on it, "Quartetto for two violins, bass viol, and violoncello, composed by Master Joseph Hadyn, performer and composer in Vienna.—Vienna, 1751."

"Yes!" cried Puderlein, triumphantly, when he saw Hadyn's joyful surprise; "Yes! cry out and make your eyes as large as bullets; I did that with the money I received in payment for your dances, I paid for paper and press work, that you might present the public with a great work. Still more! I have labored to such purpose among my customers of rank, that you have the appointment of organist to the Carmelites. Here is your appointment! and now go, ingrate, and bring my daughter and me with sorrow to the grave."

Joseph went not; with tears in his eyes he threw himself into Puderlein's arms, who struggled and resisted vigorously, as if he would have repelled him. But Joseph held him fast, crying, "Master Von Puderlein! listen to me! there is no treachery in me! Let me call you father; give me Nanny for my wife! I will marry her—the sooner the better. I will honor and love her all my days. Ah! I am, indeed, not base nor ungrateful."

Master Wenzel was at last quiet: he sank exhausted on an arm-chair, and cried to the young couple, "Come hither, my children, kneel before me, that I may give you my blessing. This evening will be the betrothal, and a month hence we will have the wedding."

Joseph and Nanny knelt down, and received the paternal benediction. All wept and exhibited much

word pledged to Puderlein and his bride, like an honorable young man.

At a later period he had reason to acknowledge that the step he had taken was somewhat precipitate; but he never repented it, and consoled himself, when his earthly muse mingled a little discord with his tones, with the companionship of the immortal partner, ever lovely, ever young, who attends the skilful artist through life, and who proved herself so true to him, that the name of JOSEPH HADYN shall, after the lapse of centuries, be pronounced with joyful and sacred emotion, by our latest posterity.

CHAPTER III.

It was about noon of a day in the spring of 175—, that a man of low stature and pale and sallow complexion might have been seen entering a mean-looking house in one of the narrow streets of Vienna. Before he closed the door, the sound of a sharp female voice, speaking in shrill accents, was quite audible to the passers-by. As the person who entered ascended the stairs to his lodgings, he was greeted by a continuance of the same melody from the lips of a pretty but slovenly dressed young woman, who stood at the door of the only apartment that seemed furnished.

"A pretty mess is all this!" she exclaimed. "Here the printers have been running after you all the morning for the piece you promised to have ready for them, and I nothing to do but hear their complaints and send them away one after the other!"

"My good Nanny—"

"But, my good Joseph, is not my time as precious as yours, pray? What have you gained from this morning's work?"

"Seventeen kreutzers," sighed he.

"Ay, it is always so—and you spend all your time in such profitless doings. At eight, the singing desk of the Brothers of Mercy; at ten, the Count de Haugwitz's chapel; grand mass at eleven; and all this toil for a few kreutzers."

"What can I do?"

"Do? What would I do in your place? Give

emotion. But all was festivity in No. 7, on the banks of the Danube, that evening, when the organist, Joseph Hadyn, was solemnly betrothed to the fair Nanny, the daughter of Wenzel Puderlein, burgher and proprietor in the Leopoldstadt, in Vienna.

The Baron Von Farnberg and young Von Swieten were not a little astonished when they came the next morning to take Hadyn from Puderlein's house, to find him affianced to the pretty Nanny. They remonstrated with him earnestly in private, but Joseph remained immovable, and kept his

up this foolish business of music, and take to something that will enable you to live as well as a peasant, at least. There is my father, a hair-dresser—did not he give you shelter when you had nothing but your garret and skylight?—when you had to lie in bed and write for want of coals to warm you? Yes, in spite of your boasted genius and the praises you received, you were forced to come to him for bread?"

"He gave me more, Nanny," said her husband, meaningly.

"Yes—his daughter, who had refused half the gallants in Vienna—for whom half-a-dozen peruke-makers' apprentices went mad. Yes—and had he not a right to expect you would dress her as well as she had been used at home, and that she should have servants to wait upon her as in her father's house?" A fine realizing of his hopes and schemes for his favorite child—this miserable lodging, with but a few pence a day to keep us from starving!"

"You should not reproach me, Nanny. Have I not worked incessantly till my health has given way? And if fortune is still inexorable—"

"Ah, there it is, fortune!—as if fortune did not always wait, like a handmaid, upon industry in a proper calling! Your patrons may admire and applaud, but they will not pay; and yet you will drudge away your life in this ungrateful occupation. I tell you, Joseph, music is not the thing."

"Alas!" sighed Hadyn, "I once dreamed of fame."

"Fame—pshaw! And what were that worth if you had it? Would fame clothe you or change these wretched walls to a palace? Believe me for once, and give up these idle fancies."

Here a knock was heard at the door, and the wife, with exclamations of impatience, flounced away. The unfortunate artist threw himself on a seat, and leaned his head on a table covered with notes of music—works of his own, begun at various times, which want of health, energy or spirits, had prevented him from completing. So entirely had he yielded himself to despondency, that he did not move, even when the door opened, till the sound of a well-known voice close at his side startled him from his melancholy reverie.

"How now, Hadyn, what is the matter, my boy?"

The speaker was an old man, shabbily dressed, but with something striking and even commanding in his noble features. His large, dark, flashing eyes, his olive complexion and the contour of his face bespoke him a native of a sunnier clime than that of Germany.

Hadyn sprang up and welcomed him with a cordial embrace.

"And when, my dear Porpora, did you return to Vienna?" he asked.

"This morning only; and my first care was to



HORSE AND FOOT MESSENGERS IN TURKEY AND SYRIA. (SEE PAGE 281.)

find you out. But how is this? I find you thin and pale, and gloomy. Where are your spirits?"

"Gone," murmured the composer, and dropped his eyes on the floor. His visitor regarded him with a look of affectionate interest.

"There is something more in this than there ought to be," said he, at length. "You are not rich, as I see; but so you were not when we last parted, nor when I first found—in the youthful, disinterested friend, the kind companion of a feeble old man—a genius such as Germany might well be proud of. Then you were buoyant, full of enthusiasm for art; and of hope for the future."

"Alas!" replied Haydn, "I was too sanguine. I judged more favorably of myself—"

"Did I not say you were destined to something great?"

"Your friendship might deceive you."

"And think you I had lost my judgment because I am old?—or am a fool, to be blinded by partiality?"

"Nay, dear Porpora—"

"Or that, because you were fain to serve me like a lacquey from pure love, I rewarded you with flattering lies, oh?"

"Friend, you mistake me. I know you to be just and candid—yet I feel that I shall never justify your kind encouragement. I have toiled till youth is passing away in vain. I have no heart to bear up against the crushing hand of poverty—I succumb."

"You have lost, then, your love of our art?"

"Not so. What your valuable lessons, dear master, have opened to me, forms the only bright spot in my life. Oh, that I could pursue—could grasp it!"

"Why can you not?"

"I am chained!" cried Haydn, bitterly—and giving way to the anguish of his heart, he burst into tears.

Porpora shook his head, and was silent for a few moments. At length he resumed—"I must, I see, give you a little of my experience; and you shall see what has been the life of a prosperous artist. I was, you know, the pupil of Scarlatti; and from the time I felt myself capable of profiting by the lessons of that great master, devoted myself to travel. I was more fortunate than you, for my works procured me, almost at once, a wide-spread fame. I was called for not only in Venice, but in Vienna and London."

"Ah, yours was a brilliant lot!" cried the young composer, looking up with kindling eyes.

"The Saxon Court," continued Porpora, "which has always granted the most liberal protection to musical art, offered me the direction of the chapel and of the theatre at Dresden. Even the princesses received my lessons—in short, my success was so great that I awakened the jealousy of Hasse himself."

"That was a greater triumph still," observed Haydn, smiling.

"So I thought; and still greater when I caused a pupil of mine, the young Italian Mengotti, to dispute the palm of song with the enchantress Faustina*—aye, to bear it away upon more than one occasion. All this you know, and how I returned to London upon the invitation of amateurs in Italian music."

"Where you rivalled Handel!" said Haydn, enthusiastically.

"Ah, that was the turning point in my destiny. Farinelli, the famous singer, gloried in being my scholar. He turned all his splendid powers to the effort of assuring the triumph of my compositions. I could have borne that these should fail in commanding popularity; I could have borne the defeat by which Handel was elevated at my expense to an idol shrine among the English—but it grieved me to see that Farinelli's style, so really perfect in its way, was unappreciated by the most distinguished connoisseurs. I did justice to the strength and grandeur of my rival; should he not have acknowledged the grace, finish and sweetness of Italian song? But

he despised Farinelli, and his friends made caricatures of him."

"Handel, with all his greatness, had no versatility," observed Haydn.

"I wished to attempt another style, for this repulse had somewhat cooled my zeal for the theatre. I set myself to cultivate what was new—what was not born with me. I published my sonatas for the violin—the connoisseurs applauded, and I was encouraged to hope I could face my rival on his own ground. I composed sacred music—"

"And that," interrupted his auditor, "will live—pardon me for saying so—when your theatrical compositions have ceased to enjoy unrivalled popularity."

"When they are forgotten, say rather—for such, I feel, will be their fate. My sacred compositions may survive and carry my name to posterity—for taste in such things is less mutable than in the opera. You see now, dear Haydn," he resumed, after a pause, "for what I have lived and labored. I was once renowned and wealthy—what did prosperity bring me? Envy, discontent, rivalry, disappointment! And did art flourish more luxuriantly on such a soil? With me the heavenly plant languished, and would have died but that I had some energy within me to save it. I repine when I look back on those years."

"You?" repeated Haydn, surprised.

"Would you know to what period I can look back with self-approbation, with thankfulness? To the toil of my early years; to the struggle after an ideal of greatness, goodness and beauty; to the self-forgetfulness that saw only the glorious goal far, far before me; to the undimmed resolve that sought only its attainment. Or to a time still later, when the visions of manhood's impure and selfish ambition had faded away; when the soul had shaken off some of her fetters, and roused herself to a perception of the eternal, the perfect, the divine; when I became conscious of the delusive vanity of earthly hopes and earthly excellence, but at the same time awakened to the revelation of that which cannot die!"

"You see me now, seventy-three years old, and too poor to command even a shelter for the few days that yet remain to me in this world. I have lost the splendid fame I once possessed; I have lost the riches that were mine; I have lost the power to win even a competence by my own labors; but I have not lost my passion for our glorious music, nor enjoyment of the reward, more precious than gold, she bestows on her votaries; nor my confidence in Heaven. And you, at twenty-seven, you—more greatly endowed—to whom the world is open—you despair! Are you worthy to succeed, O man of little faith?"

"My friend—my benefactor!" cried the young musician, clasping his hands with deep emotion.

"Cast away your bonds; cut and rend, if your very flesh is torn in the effort; and the ground once spurned, you are free. Come, I am pledged for your success—for if you do not rise I am no prophet! What have you been doing?" and he turned over rapidly the musical notes that lay on the table.

"Here, what is this—a symphony? Play it for me, if you please."

So saying, with a gentle force he led his young friend to the piano, and Haydn played from the piece he had nearly completed.

"Ah, this is excellent, admirable!" cried Porpora, when he rose from the instrument. "This suits me exactly. And you could despair while such power remained to you! When can you finish this? for I must have it at once."

"To-morrow, if you like," answered the composer, more cheerfully.

"To-morrow, then; and you must work to-night. I see you are nervous and feverish; but seize the happy thought while it lives—once gone, you have no cord to draw it back. I will go and order you a physician—not a word of remonstrance—he will come to-morrow morning—how madly your pulse throbs—and when your work is done you may rest. Adieu for the present!" and pressing his young friend's hands, the eccentric but benevolent old man departed, leaving Haydn full of new thoughts, his bosom fired with zeal to struggle against adverse fortune. In such moods does the spiritual champion wrestle with the powers of the abyss, and mightily prevail.

When Haydn, late that night, threw himself on his bed, weary, ill and exhausted, his frame racked with the pains of fever, after having worked for hours in the midst of reproaches from her who ought to have lightened his task by her sympathy, he had accomplished the first of an order of works destined to endure his name to all succeeding time. Who that listened to its clear and beautiful melody, could have divined that such a production had been

wrought out in the gloom of despondency, poverty and disease?

While the artist lay on a sick bed, attended only by the few friends whom compassion, more than admiration of his genius, called to his side, and forgotten by the great and gay to whose amusement so many years of his life had been devoted, a brilliant fete was given by Count Mortzin, an Austrian nobleman of immense wealth and influence, at which the most distinguished individuals in Vienna were present. The musical entertainments given by these luxurious patrons of the arts were, at that time, and for some years after, the most splendid in Europe, for the most exalted genius was enlisted in their service; and talent, as in all ages, was often fain to do homage to riches and power.

When the concert was over, Prince Anthony Esterhazy expressed the pleasure he had received, and his obligations to the noble host. "Chief among your magnificent novelties," said he, "is the new symphony, St. Maria. One does not hear every day such music. Who is the composer?"

The Count referred to one of his friends. The answer was—"Joseph Haydn."

"I have heard his quartettes—he is no common artist. Is he in your service, Count?"

"He has been employed by me."

"With your good leave, he shall be transferred to ours; and I shall take care he has no reason to regret the change. Let him be presented to us."

There was a murmur among the audience, and a movement, but the composer did not appear; and presently word was brought to his Highness that the young man on whom he intended to confer so great an honor was detained at home by indisposition.

"So, let him be brought to me as soon as he recovers; he shall enter my service—I like his symphony vastly. Your pardon, Count, for we will rob you of your best man."

And the great prince, having decided the destiny of a greater man than himself, turned to those who surrounded him, to speak of other matters.

News of the change in his fortune was brought to Haydn by his friend Porpora: and so renovating was the effect of hope, that he was strong enough on the following day to pay his respects to his illustrious patron. Accompanied by a friend who offered to introduce him, Haydn drew near the dwelling of the prince, and was so fortunate as to find admittance. His Highness was with some friends, but would see the composer; and he was conducted through a splendid suite of rooms to the apartment where the proud head of the Esterhazys deigned to receive an almost nameless artist. What wonder that Haydn blushed and faltered as he approached this impersonation, as he felt it, of human grandeur.

The prince, in the splendid array suited to his rank, glanced somewhat carelessly at the slight figure that stood before him, and said, as he was presented—"Is this, then, the composer of the music I heard last night?"

"This is he—Joseph Haydn," was the reply.

"So—a Moor, I should judge by his dark complexion!"

The composer bowed in some embarrassment.

"And you write such music? You look not like it, by my faith! Haydn—I recollect the name; and I remember hearing, too, that you were not well paid for your labors, eh?"

"I have not been fortunate, your Highness—"

"Why have you not applied to me before?"

"Prince, I could not presume to think—"

"Eh? Well, you shall have no reason to complain of my service. My secretary shall fix your appointments; and name whatever else you desire. Understand me, for all of your profession find me liberal. Now then, sir Moor, you may go: and let it be your first care to provide yourself with a new coat, a wig, and buckles, and heels to your shoes. I will have you respectable in appearance as well as in talents; so let me have no more of shabby professors. And do your best to recruit in flesh—'twill add to the stature, and to relieve your olive with a shade of the ruddy. Such spindle masters would be a walking discredit to our larder, which is truly a spendthrift one."

So saying, with a laugh, the haughty nobleman dismissed his new dependant. The artist chafed not at the imperious tone of patronage, for he felt not yet the superiority of his own vocation. It was the bondage-time of genius; the wings were not yet grown which were to bear his spirit up, when it brooded over a new world.

The life which Haydn led in the suite of Prince Esterhazy, to which service he was permanently attached by Nicholas, the successor of Anthony, in

* Faustina Bordon, born at Venice in 1700, was one of the most admirable singers Italy ever produced. She was a pupil of Gasparini, but adopted the modern method of Bernacchi, which she aided greatly to bring into popular use. She appeared on the stage at the age of sixteen; her success was so great that, at Florence, a medal was struck in her honor; and it was said that even gouty invalids would leave their beds to hear her performance. She was called to Vienna in 1724; two years afterwards she came to the London theatre with a salary of 30,000 francs. Everywhere she charmed by the freshness, clearness and sweetness of her voice, by the grace and perfection of her execution, so that she was called the modern siren. It was at London she met the celebrated Cuzzani, who enjoyed a brilliant reputation; and the lovers of song were divided in their homage to the two rivals. Handel took part in these disputes. Faustina quitted England in 1728, and returned to Dresden, where she became the wife of Hasse.

* This interview, but little varied in the circumstances, is related by several of Haydn's biographers.

the quality of chapel-master, was one so easy, that, says his biographer, it might have proved fatal to an artist more inclined to luxury and pleasure, or less devoted to his art and the love of glory. Now, for the first time relieved from care for the future, he was enabled to yield to the impulses of his genius, and create works worthy of the name—works not only pleasing to himself and his patron, but which gradually extended his fame over all the countries of Europe.

On the evening of a day in the beginning of April, 1809, all the lovers of art in Vienna were assembled in the theatre to witness the performance of the oratorio of the "Creation." The entertainment had been given in honor of the composer of that noble work, the illustrious Haydn, by his numerous friends and admirers. He had been drawn from Gumpendorf—his retreat in the suburbs, the cottage surrounded by a little garden, which he had purchased after his retirement from the Esterhazy service, and where he had spent the last years of his life—to be present at this species of triumph. Three hundred musicians assisted at the performance. The audience rose *en masse*, and greeted with rapturous applause the white-haired man, who, led forward by the most distinguished nobles of the city, was conducted to the place of honor. There seated, with princesses at his right hand, beauty smiling upon him, the centre of a circle of nobility, the observed and admired of all, the object of the acclamation of thousands—who would not have said that Haydn had reached the summit of human greatness, and had more than realized the proudest visions of his youth? His serene countenance, his clear eye, his air of dignified self-possession, showed his prosperity had not overcome him, but that amid the smiles of fortune he had not forgotten the true excellence of man.

"I can never hear this Oratorio," remarked one of his friends, whom we shall call Manuel, to another beside him, "without rejoicing for the author. None but a happy spirit could have conceived—only a pure, open, trustful, buoyant soul could have produced such a work. His genius, like the angels, is ever fresh and young."

"I agree," replied his friend, "in your judgment of the mind of Haydn. All the harmony and grace of nature, in her magnificent and beautiful forms, in her varied life, breathe in his music. But I like something deeper even if it be gloomy. There is a hidden life, which the outward only represents; a deep voice, the echo of that which we hear. The poet, the musician, should interpret and reveal what the ordinary mind does not receive."

"Beethoven's symphonies, then, will please you better?"

"I acknowledge that I am more satisfied with them, or rather I am not satisfied, which is precisely what I want. The longings of the human soul are after the ineffable, the unfathomable; and to awaken those longings is the highest triumph of the artist. We are to be lifted above the joys of earth; out of this sunny atmosphere, where trees wave and birds fly, though we rise into a region of cloud and storm, chilly and dark and terrible."

"You are more of a philosopher than I am," returned Manuel, laughing. "You may find consolation for your clouds and storms in the thought that you are nearer heaven; but give me the genial warmth of heart imbued with love of simple nature. I will relinquish your loftier ideal for the beauty and blessing of reality and the living present. For this reason is Haydn with his free, bright, child-like, healthful spirit, bathing itself in enjoyment, so dear to me. I desire nothing when I hear his music; I feel no apprehension; I ask for no miracles. I drink in the bliss of actual life, and thank Heaven for its rich bestowments."

"I thought our great composer, on the verge of life, would have looked beyond in his last work," said the other, thoughtfully: "but I see plainly he will write no more."

"He has done enough, and now we are ready for the farewell of Haydn."

"The farewell?"

"Did you never hear the story? I have heard him tell it often myself. It concerns one of his most celebrated symphonies. The occasion was this:—Among the musicians attached to the service of Prince Esterhazy, were several who, during his sojourn upon his estates, were obliged to leave their families at Vienna. At one time his Highness prolonged his stay at the palace considerably beyond the usual period. The disconsolate husbands entreated Haydn to become the interpreter of their wishes. Thus the idea came to him of composing a symphony in which each instrument ceased one after the other. He added, at the close of every part, the direction, 'here the light is extinguished.' Each

musician, in his turn, rose, put out his candle, rolled up his notes, and went away. This pantomime had the desired effect; the next morning the Prince gave orders for their return to the capital."

"An amiable thought! I have heard something of it before."

"Another story he used to tell us, of the origin of his Turkish or military symphony. You know the high appreciation he met with in his visits to England?"

"Where, he affirms, he acquired his continental fame—as we German's could not pronounce on his merits till they had been admitted by the Londoners."

"True: but notwithstanding the praise and homage he received, he could not prevent the enthusiastic audience from falling asleep during the performance of his compositions. It occurred to him to devise a kind of ingenious revenge. In this piece, while the current is gliding softly, and slumber beginning to steal over the senses of his auditors, a sudden and unexpected burst of martial music, tremendous as a thunder peal, startles the surprised sleepers into active attention. I should like to have seen the lethargic islanders, with their eyes and mouths thrown open by such an unlooked for shock!"

Here a stop was suddenly put to the conversation by the commencement of the performance. "The Creation," the first of Haydn's oratorios, was regarded as his greatest work, and had often elicited the most heartfelt applause. Now that the aged and honored composer was present, probably for the last time to hear it, an emotion too deep for utterance seemed to pervade the vast audience. The feeling was too reverential to be expressed by the ordinary tokens of pleasure. It seemed as if every eye in the assembly was fixed on the calm, noble face of the venerated artist; as if every heart beat with love for him; as if all feared to break the spell of hushed and holy silence. Then came, like a succession of heavenly melodies, the music of the "Creation," and the listeners felt as if transported back to the infancy of the world.

At the words, "Let there be light, and there was light," when all the instruments were united in one full burst of gorgeous harmony, emotion seemed to shake the whole frame of the aged man. His pale face crimsoned; his bosom heaved convulsively; he raised his eyes, streaming with tears, towards Heaven, and lifting upwards his trembling hands, exclaimed—his voice audible in the pause of the music—"Not unto me—not unto me—but unto Thy name be all the glory, O Lord."

From this moment Haydn lost the calmness and serenity that had marked the expression of his countenance. The very depths of his heart had been stirred, and ill could his wasted strength sustain the tide of feeling. When the superb chorus at the close of the second part announced the completion of the work of creation, he could bear the excitement no longer. Assisted by the Prince's physician and several of his friends, he was carried from the theatre, pausing to give one last look of gratitude, expressed in his tearful eyes, to the orchestra who had so nobly executed his conception, and followed by the lengthened plaudits of the spectators, who felt that they were never to look upon his face again.

Some weeks after this occurrence, Manuel, who had sent to inquire after the health of his infirm old friend, received from him a card on which he had written, to notes of music, the words expressive of decline, "My strength is gone." Haydn was in the habit of sending about these cards, but his increased feebleness was evident in the handwriting of this; and Manuel lost no time in hastening to him. There, in his quiet cottage, around which rolled the thunders of war, terrifying others, but not him, sat the venerable composer. His desk stood on one side, on the other his piano, and he looked as if he would never approach either again. But he smiled, and held out his hand to greet his friend.

"Many a time," he murmured, "you have cheered my solitude, and now you come to see the old man die."

"Speak not thus, my dear friend," cried Manuel, grieved to the heart; "you will recover."

"But not here," answered Haydn, and pointed upwards.

He then made signs to one of his attendants to open the desk and reach him a roll of papers. From these he took one and gave it to his friend. It was inscribed in his own hand—"Catalogue of all my musical compositions, which I can remember, from my eighteenth year. Vienna, 4th December, 1805." Manuel, as he read it, understood the mute pressure of his friend's hand, and sighed deeply. That hand would never trace another note.

"Better thus," said Haydn, softly, "than a lingering old age of care, disease, perhaps of poverty! No—I am happy. I have lived not in vain; I have accomplished my destiny; I have done good. I am ready for thy call, O Master!"

A long silence followed, for the aged man was wrapt in devotion. At length he asked to be supported to his piano; it was opened, and as his trembling fingers touched the keys, an expression of rapture kindled in his eyes. The music that answered to his touch seemed the music of inspiration. But it gradually faded away; the flush gave place to a deadly paleness; and while his fingers still rested on the keys, he sank back into the arms of his friend, and gently breathed out his parting spirit. It passed as in a happy strain of melody!

Prince Esterhazy did honor to the memory of his departed friend by the pageant of funeral ceremonies. His remains were transported to Eisenstadt, in Hungary, and placed in the Franciscan vault. The Prince also purchased, at a high price, all his books and manuscripts, and the numerous medals he had obtained. But his fame belongs to the world; and in all hearts sensible to the music of truth and nature, is consecrated the memory of HAYDN.

THE SULTAN.—It was on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, that we stepped from the quay of Tophana into a light caïque, and darted across the sparkling waters of the Golden Horn into the rapid tide of the Bosphorus. It was a day of idleness for all good Mussulmans. Thousands were thronging to the mosques; the water was alive with caïques conveying the inhabitants of Pera or Stamboul to the "sweet waters of Asia," to the heights of Burguloo, or the "sweet waters of Europe." Suddenly a flash of light from the Asiatic shore, followed by the dull roar of a cannon, proclaims that the Sublime Porte has left his palace to visit the mosque. A large caïque darts from beneath the arches of the serai, and cuts the water into foam as it heads across the Bosphorus. It is followed by another and another. The echo of the first cannon has hardly died away before a hundred brazen throats reply. The huge Turkish men-of-war that tower above the waters like castles, which, but an instant since, seemed deserted and solitary, now swarm with men. Every spar, from deck to mast-head, bears a living load. The sailors cling to the rigging like bees, and line the bulwarks. The caïques rapidly approach. They are high-prowed boats, painted in white and gold, each propelled at great speed by sixteen stout rowers. Astern is a crimson canopy, under which recline the Sultan, and the officers of state. The train sweeps by, and the roar of cannon is not silenced till the Sultan has landed and entered the mosque.

Thus, on each Mohammedan Sabbath through the year, the descendant of the caliphs and the head of the church visits a different mosque. The prayers lasted about an hour, and, in the meantime, we landed and secured a good position to see Abdul Medjid, on his departure. There was a crowd assembled, a detachment of soldiers was under arms, and five horses, saddled and bridled, with housings thickly studded with diamonds, were led up and down town to await the choice of their Imperial master. The troops wore dark blue European frock coats, trousers, and red sea caps, and had a slouching gait and awkward look, in their ill-fitting and foreign habiliments.

At last the doors flew open, and a crowd of the high officers of state, all in the same plain dress, poured out. When the Sultan came, they surrounded him and gave him the Eastern salutation, by touching the hand first to the breast, and then to the cap, and bowing low, a substitute for the ancient custom of prostration. With assistance, the Commander of the Faithful mounted a white steed, who was led quietly to the serai or palace, followed by the officers and the guards, and a band of music. The Sultan is a man of middle height, dressed something after the European fashion, with a pale, melancholy, but fine face. His head drooped on his breast, and his dark eyes gazed vacantly before him, it not being etiquette for him to look at, or show the least recognition of those about him. A man came forward with a paper, some petition, which was taken by an officer, and the cortege passed on.

A BOOKSELLER of Helsingfors, who was desirous of proceeding to Sweden on business, was informed by the police, on his applying for a passport, that there were no books wanted now in Russia, and therefore he might spare himself the journey. The passport was refused.

It is wit to pick a lock and steal a horse, and wisdom to let them alone.



A GREEK PRIEST.

Yoruba.

INLAND from the Bight of Benin lies the country of Yoruba, stretching from two to three hundred miles in length, and nearly as many in breadth. About forty years ago, this kingdom was in a condition of comparative peace and prosperity, notwithstanding the unhappy circumstances of most of the neighboring states. Towns were numerous, and some contained sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, whilst villages of three or four thousand were thickly dotted over the land. The several tribes which made up the nation all paid tribute to one king, though affrays occasionally occurred between them. The captives taken on these occasions were reduced to a very mild domestic slavery, but about forty years ago they began to send them to the slave marts on the coast.

The country is cut off from the sea by a belt of land which belongs to the Popos. The land is low for many miles from the coast, but afterwards changes into hills and plains of picturesque beauty. The towns often present an impressive appearance at a distance: the walls surround a great space of ground, and fields and trees are shut in with the thatched dwellings of the inhabitants.

Indian and Guinea corn, beans of various kinds, sugar-canes, yams, cooked and uncooked, fresh meat, beef, pork, and mutton; fish, fowls, pigeons, and dried rats (of which the people are very fond), were all to be purchased there. Pepper, ginger, pine-apples, oranges, plantains, and bananas, apples, papaws, limes, ground-nuts, ready-made soup, palm-wine, beer made from Guinea corn or from maize, and palm-oil were in abundance; while various articles of domestic use, such as cotton, raw or in reels, cloths, some of rich texture and woven with the red cotton from Haussa, Moorish caps, sandals, leather bags and embroidered leather cushions, saddles, stirrups and bits of native manufacture, bill-hooks, and hoes, knives and cutlasses,

earthen bowls and dishes, calabashes, ropes and lines, are all enumerated as among the articles of sale. All, or most of these were of home manufacture, and one sighs to observe, that the only articles that Europe furnished were tobacco and gunpowder.

Iron ore is very plentiful, and the natives know how to smelt it. The women make the red earthenware in ordinary use, and osier baskets and grass mats are native manufactures. The calabash, which is a kind of pumpkin, furnishes ready-made vessels. A hole is cut in the small end when the fruit is beginning to ripen, and thus the pulp decays without spoiling the rind. If the incision be made round the fruit, a vessel with a neatly-fitting lid is obtained. Some calabashes are as small as a diminutive basin, whilst others contain three or four gallons. Morning and evening markets are held in every town and village, and there is a larger one in the towns on every fifth day. White cowries, forty of which make a penny, serve as currency; these shells are brought from India or the eastern coast of Africa, and are strung and tied up in heads of two thousand.

At about seven o'clock in the morning, both men and women take their first breakfast of Indian corn gruel, at a cook's shop. The women then visit the market to buy the requisites for a second meal at about ten, which consists of balls of Indian corn served up in a kind of sauce made of beef, mutton, fowl, or fish, and vegetables. Salt and Cayenne pepper are used as seasoning, and the dish is said to be both nutritious and palatable. It is the general rule for each one of the family to take this meal when disposed to eat; but where a husband has but one wife, she and her children usually partake of it with him and any friends that he may have invited. The balls are taken from the bowls containing the food, and after having been broken, are distributed to the different persons present, who

sit round and dip their portions into the sauce as they eat.

In intelligence and morality the Yorubans are said to be much above most of their neighbors, and many of their common proverbs are highly spoken of; we can only find room for one here:—"He who sees another's fault knows well how to talk about it, but he covers his own with a pot-herd."

They have the idea of one Supreme Being, the creator of all things, but they believe that he takes little or no notice of earthly matters, and hence they treat this god of theirs in a similar manner, for they render him no worship; other divinities, who act as mediators, are the powers to whom they apply. In cases of sickness, the priests of the god of palm-nuts are had recourse to, but if no symptoms of recovery manifest themselves, the patient is left to himself, but not actually abandoned, for food is given to him in the morning and evening. The souls of their children are believed to be influenced by the spirit of some one of their ancestors, and infants are named accordingly. Human sacrifices are occasionally offered. Anything that can assist or injure receives some sort of worship, as, for instance, cowries—and it is not true that there are hosts of cowry worshippers in America? Priests and devotees mark off every fifth day for especial worship, but the bulk of the people appear to take no share in it. Several idols of clay, wood, or metal, are usually placed in one room in the house, where some kind of morning and evening adoration is offered to them.

PIEDMONT, OR SARDINIA.—

The population of the Sardinian kingdom is nearly 5,000,000, of whom about half

a million belong to Savoy, and about half a million to the island of Sardinia. The Austrian Lombardo-Venetian territory has the same number of inhabitants, within a few thousands, as the kingdom of Sardinia. The population of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies is about 10,000,000, and of the whole Italian peninsula about 25,000,000. The revenue of Sardinia is \$25,000,000; and the public debt nearly \$120,000,000. In spite of recent reforms, and the suppression of the monastic orders, the state of the church is a great source of weakness to the country. In the island of Sardinia the clergy are in the ratio of 1 to every 127 souls, and on the mainland 1 to 227; the proportion in other most Catholic countries being, in Austria 1 for 610, and in Belgium 1 for 600. Exclusive of pupils in seminaries, novices, and others not in orders, the kingdom of Sardinia lately numbered 23,000 ecclesiastics, and the church revenue amounted to more than \$3,000,000, four times the sum allowed by Belgium for public worship, and little less than half the sum allowed by France, though Belgium has nearly the same population, and France eight times the number. Piedmont has well, then, deserved the name of "the paradise of priests." The education of the country is in a low condition, especially in the island of Sardinia, where scarcely a fifteenth of the people can read or write. In Piedmont half the population are uneducated. But the government is preparing to give attention to popular education, the revenues of the suppressed convents being partly designed for this object.

A SCEPTICAL man one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing that he did not understand. Dr. Parr replied: "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

NEITHER men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

Horse and Foot Messengers in Turkey and Syria.

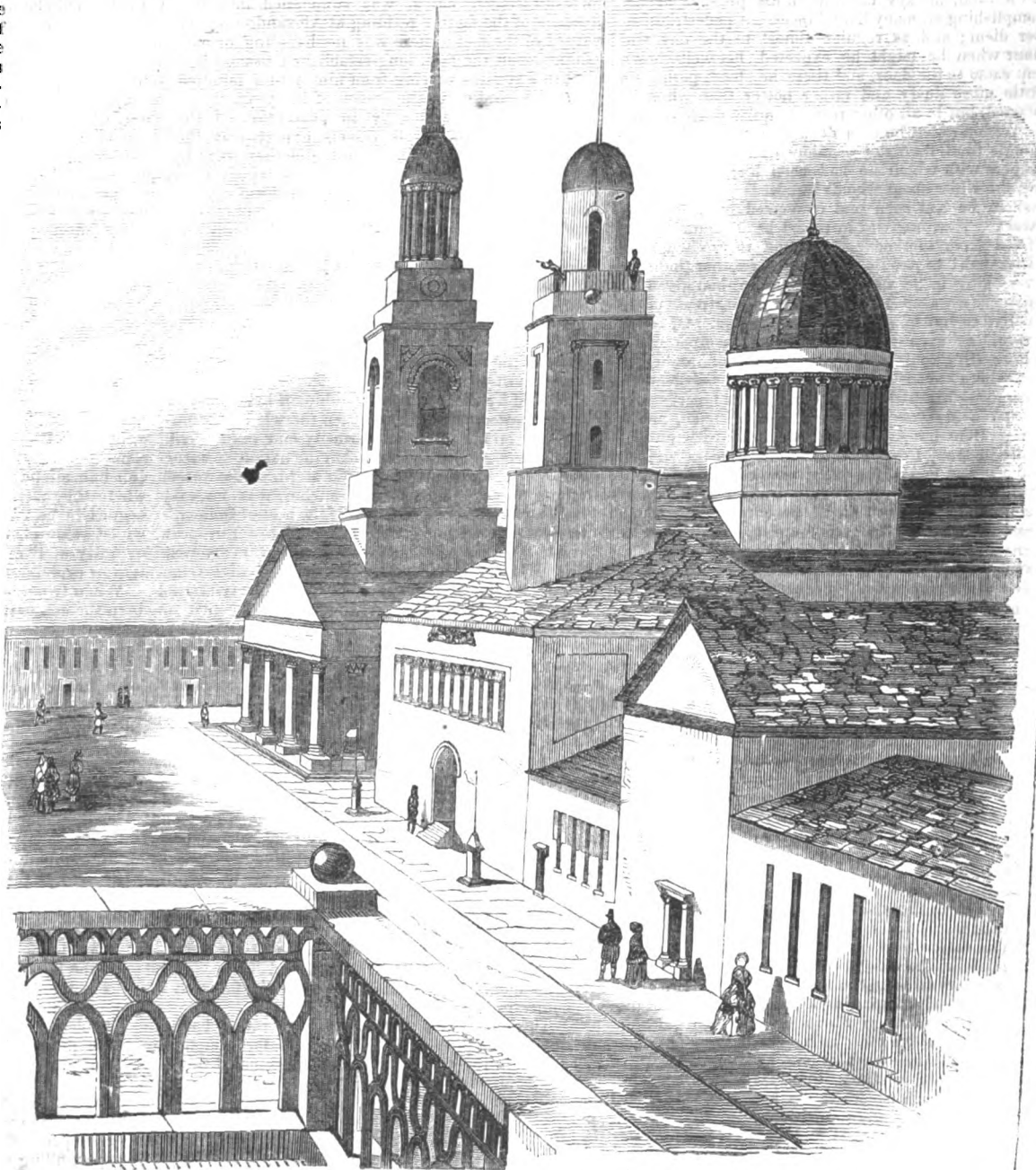
THE only medium of postal communication between many of the most considerable cities and towns of Turkey and Syria is by horse and foot messengers; the only exception to this general rule are those favored towns which are situated immediately upon the high road from Constantinople to Aleppo, Damascus, and Baghdad, and some parts of European Turkey, where regular Tartar posts, established and supported by the Ottoman government, pass through regularly twice a week; once going from, and once bound towards the capital; besides these, a few highly favored sea-port towns, such as Beirut, Smyrna, Alexandretta, and Jaffa, have communication by sea, through the medium of bi-monthly steamers and occasional sailing-vessels. With these exceptions, every other town and village is indebted for news and letters to the horse and foot messengers maintained throughout the empire, at the expense of merchants and private individuals, and who may be classified as a distinct people inhabiting the Sultan's dominions. The horse messengers or syces, as they are called, are chiefly Armenians and Greeks, men of tried honesty and worth, and on whose activity implicit confidence may be placed. The foot messengers are principally abeds, or negroes, most of whom may be strictly termed cosmopolites, inhabiting no particular town or village, yet perfectly at home from long familiarity with all the inhabitants of every place; they are seldom encumbered with wives or families, and have seldom a home of their own, but reside out whenever they have a few days leisure at the coffee-houses of the towns they traverse, or become inmates *pro tem* of the huts of some of the villagers. Both these classes of messengers are essential to the comfort and weal of Europeans residing in Syria, who are entirely dependent upon their honesty and activity for the means of communication with friends and relatives, and for the furtherance of all matters connected with commercial transactions. Their responsibility is often very great, yet such a thing as a breach of trust has never been on record; nor indeed, and this is still more worthy of note, has it often occurred that these men have been waylaid or plundered during their long and solitary journeys. Many of them travel without arms, and those that carry arms stick formidable old pistols in their girdles, minus powder and shot, and often even minus a flint, convinced that their appearance will be sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of evil-doers. Yet it very often happens that upwards of a hundred pounds in gold is intrusted to the care of the poorest of these abeds, or foot-messengers, while the syces are almost notoriously the bearers of considerable groups of money, oftentimes exceeding a thousand pounds' worth of gold and dollars—the accumulated freights of vessels, which are carried in small carpet saddle-bags fastened to the saddle, which the horse-messenger himself bestrides, and which during his brief interval of repose are deposited under his head—when, during his snatches of sleep, his harassed mind and fatigued body unite in picturing up mines of gold and silver, an immense treasure over which the tired messenger has stumbled, and which he is allowed to enjoy only just so long as his slumbers last.

The risk incurred in any other country would be immense; but here the government are held responsible for the safety of the highway, and if perforce theft is committed, the public treasury refunds the value, and makes good the amount disbursed by forced levies upon all the towns and villages through

which the party robbed has passed during his journeyings. This invariably leads to the detection of the thief, as the heads of the villages unite in prosecuting the matter, and there is seldom less than five or six persons concerned in one robbery: this in a great measure accounts for the messengers being unmolested, though traversing the most solitary plains during the darkest hours of the night, and at all seasons of the year.

To give the reader a fair idea of what these hardy men endure, we may be permitted to give him one sample of each class out of the many syces and abeds that are constantly employed in the Turkish dominions; and from these he will be enabled to glean a very fair notion of the amount of labor and hardship these most useful people undergo, the perils they are exposed to, the small recompense they receive, and the benefits and service they render to their employers of all nations and creeds. Having described one, we have described all, costumes, for saving in temperament and disposition, they are alike, in customs, and color, in endurance, suffering, the service they render, and the hire they obtain. We may take for our standard Alexandretta, in North Syria, the place where the writer of this article had the longest experience in horse and foot messengers. Alexandretta is the sea-port town of Aleppo, and almost all the import and export trade of Mesopotamia passes through that miserable and unhealthy village. Ten years ago no regular Tartar post had been established, and then the factors and consuls residing there were entirely dependent on sailing-vessels, and horse and foot messengers, for letters, news-

papers, and remittances. Since then the bi-weekly Tartars, and still more recently, the bi-monthly steamers, have considerably facilitated the postal arrangement; but even at the present day, these messengers are most invaluable and indispensable adjuncts to the few comforts and enjoyments of the hapless Europeans, who are compelled to reside in that fever-stricken land; and as we have said before, in inland towns and villages that are not directly situated on the high road, they are the only and the speediest means of communication. The arrival or departure of a horse or foot passenger was always an event full of stirring incident and excitement to us isolated beings of Alexandretta, because nothing under the arrival or departure of a ship—some sudden calamity or startling news—ever gave birth to the necessity of despatching special messengers, except indeed about Christmas-time, or at the season when tunny fish were plentiful; then we sea-boarding wights sent our brethren in the interior samples of our skill and generosity, mayhap a turkey, a fair specimen in weight of our skill in farming, or else a huge tunny-fish, duly preserved against heat by a scientific process hereafter to be dilated upon. At such seasons, horse and foot messengers were in daily requisition. Our general commanding the forces of horse messengers was a certain Pamotti—a Greek by faith and Arab by birth—the husband of a very large, masculine, and noisy wife, and father of more ragged children than both could conveniently afford to maintain. The captain of our foot messenger was Nego Kudusli, an intensely-black individual, of some forty summers



CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, IN SEBASTOPOL, BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT.

perpetual toasting in a hot sun, and then parbaking by night in sand overheated for the process of sleep, by the furnace-like hours of day in the plains of the Amuk. His catalogue of personal effects was very inconsiderable, and might easily be reckoned over on one's five fingers (of course including the thumb); he had no wife, no house, no children, hardly any friends, and almost no clothing, his *sac de nuit* was half a worsted stocking, in addition to which he usually carried a pair of new shoes carefully wrapt up in a palm-leaf. The former contained his scanty stock of change (in money not clothes), for urgent travelling expenses, a bit of Syrian cheese as hard and indigestible as a cannon-ball, three or four onions, and some salt screwed up in a rag (his supply of bread was always tied up in his girdle). The latter (that is, the new shoes) were stuffed with tobacco, pipe-bowl, and tinder-box; the stick of his pipe he carried in his hands, and his letter-bag was slung over his side in a mysterious wallet that was carefully wrapt in rags like a very bad wound. Thus equipped, he was always ready to start at the shortest possible notice, on any journey of any indefinite length or duration. The distant cities of Stamboul or Baghdad, and the nearer towns of Antioch and Latachia, were alike indifferent to his comprehensive mind and indefatigable legs, so long as it was clearly understood that he was to receive so many piastres per diem. This point once arranged, distance and danger were matters of indifference. His mental chart embraced no impediments in the almost inaccessible rocky paths, and equally tiring, sandy, arid plains therein delineated. He pocketed the usual advance made upon his hire, and carefully stowed away the letters delivered into his charge. Then making a low salam, this humble, but useful creature, started on his errand, always faithful to his promise of accomplishing so many hours' incessant pedestrianism per diem; and, as regular almost to the day and hour when he might be expected, his well-known rap came to the door, and there he stood, perhaps a little more dusty and rather hotter than when he started, but in all other respects quite unchanged.

With a quiet, humble demeanor he would disentangle from their rag envelopes all the letters and papers with which he had been intrusted, talking all the while about friends hundreds of miles away, whom he had seen and conversed with only last week. How one was in robust health, another suffered from toothache—how one threatened soon, Inshallah! to pay us a visit—and another (he was a very king in the negro's estimation) had given him five piastres, all real good silver piastres, and received in return a poor man's blessings. Or else he would enhance the interest of his discourse, always interesting to us in a land so barren of intelligence—where a dearth of news always prevailed—by recounting his personal adventures and perils—now from a highwayman, then from a snake, another time from having cooked his supper with gunpowder instead of pepper, which he had mistaken in the dark, and which not only ruined the flavor of his simple meal, but nearly ruined his digestive organs.

Such scraps and anecdotes whiled away the moments occupied in disentangling the letters; and having received these safe and sound from his faithful custody, we paid him his wages, bestowing at the same time a few extra piastres, which made his gratitude burst all bounds and explode in a volley of good wishes and exclamations of surprise.

Then would the negro withdraw to the solitary coffee-house in the centre of the miserable bazaar at Alexandretta, and then, duly installed with pipe and coffee, he instantly became the centre of general attraction to all the fever smitten natives of the village, most of whom, at some period or other of their lives, had visited Aleppo, and claimed friends and acquaintances in that venerable city. Or, if the black had only just returned from a long and tiring journey to Baghdad, or Mossoul, still the eager populace found food for their inquisitiveness. Muleteers and camel-drivers had often visited the sea-side from that distant city, and visiting it, had astounded the simple natives with fabulous descriptions of the wealth and beauty of that famed city of the ancient caliphs. To ascertain whether these reports had any foundation now gave a week's occupation to all the idlers in the village, and on such occasions the abed was very large and pompous indeed in his own estimation, besides imparting a good deal of condescension to the manner in which he answered questions or negative reports. In his hands the mouse became a mountain—what others had left incomplete he finished off in style. Such fruit, such houses, such horses, such wealth as he had seen and tasted, or partaken of, were unrivalled in the kalends of Oriental fable. Abed, and his latest journey, was the gossip of the month, or the fireside tale of the win-

ter evenings; and as every villager had his own peculiar version of the negro's exploits and adventures, the result was incessant wranglings—suits which were transferred to the tribunal of Abed, and then and there summarily adjudged by the negro himself. Sometimes both were right, sometimes one in error; but oftener he confounded the litigants by averring that he had never seen or heard, much less mentioned, any occurrence similar to what they then contended about. Then the uproar in the town amounted to nearly civil discord, and the black lost caste and character, fell into disgrace, and was never noticed until he had again accomplished some distant and arduous mission. Then he was in high feather for a week or a fortnight's time, and ruled undisputed sovereign.

Of all the idle marvel-seekers that breathed the pestilential air of Alexandretta, Pamotti, our general of horse-messengers, was a very important personage indeed—proprietor of a meagre steed, mounted upon which, and when ready for a start, he presented not an unapt illustration of Don Quixote, of chivalrous notoriety.

The arrival of any European vessel was the signal for Pamotti to quit the peaceful bosom of his family, and brace up his sinews for active and laborious exertion. He left off planting the last dozen or so of young onions, which enlivened the threshold of his hut, and were the only specimens of verdure to cheer the eye within a mile or two, to make hasty preparations for a trip to Aleppo and back. Not without a sigh would he quit his seat amongst the pots and pans—sole furniture of his dwelling-place—and leave the indolent relaxation of pipe, coffee and conversation.

No sooner was a vessel despatched in the offing than Pamotti, or in his absence some other member of the horse-messenger corps, was summoned into the presence of the factors residing at Alexandretta, and warned of the fact; there was no haggling or bargaining about the fare, long-established usage had fixed this at rates varying from ninety to a hundred piastres, according to the season of the year.

The factors were usually in possession of the names and cargoes of all vessels expected at the port, months before their arrival, and they were in possession of numerous blank forms, which only required filling up with the date, the name of captain and vessel, and the quantity and quality of her cargo. One of these announcements had to be addressed to every individual merchant at Aleppo, and, as many of these latter were Arabs in the receipt of an annual bale or two, who were totally ignorant of all tongues save their native vernacular, many of the announcements were as useless as they were unintelligible. Still they expected to be treated on a par with the others, and would resent as an insult any want of attention on this head.

By and by the fair wind had blown her vessel to its destined anchorage, and then the whole community was on the tip-toe of curiosity and excitement. By the flag we could distinguish the nation at once; but to decipher the name on her stern, as the vessel swung round heavily to her anchor, was no easy task, even with the assistance of the best of Dollond's telescopes; and with these latter all the European residents were well furnished. Out of every window in every house protruded an inquisitive telescope, and the captains and crews of newly-arrived vessels found themselves suddenly the centre of Scanderoun attraction.

By and by the occupants of the various windows withdrew thence, and issuing from their respective abodes, assembled at the jetty, and there speculated as to the name of the vessel, and the nature and disposition of the captain; for amongst these latter we were in the habit of encountering the strangest and most singular specimens of humanity; and the study of their various physiognomies and character was as interesting almost as the study of natural history; and as they constituted during their stay part and portion of the European society at Scanderoun, limited as that society was at all times, it may be readily conceived we were most anxious to discover what sort of companions for our hours of solitude and leisure these strangers would prove.

Sometimes the names of the vessels were a perfect mystery, and none could unravel the enigma. Welch names and Irish, Italian and Genoese, and even amongst the French, there were a few that set conjecture at defiance.

The old French factor, who was rather hasty of disposition, had capital keen eyes for deciphering letters in the distance; but as he summed them up consecutively, and could form no pronounceable syllables, his ideas would get confused, and passion take the place of reason, as he flung the telescope from him in a rage, and exclaimed violently against the captain, ship, nation she belonged to, shippers,

consignees, and owners, with such an uncivilized to give place in its dictionary to a similar name.

On one occasion in particular, remember the patience of all was tried, by the horrid Welsh name of a schooner under British colors.

"There are two P's to commence with," said the irate old Frenchman, peering attentively through his telescope. "Then," continued Monsieur, "there are two l's and an i, two g's and a w, and two more n's—" Here he stopped short, and flung away the glass in despair, begging to be informed of the assembled multitude, whether any philosopher in the world, inclusive of all the Chinese sages, could make out what the hieroglyphics in the stern of that vessel spelt.

"The ship was the 'Pwllgwenly,' or, as it was called, 'Pillgwenly,' Louis, master, from Liverpool; and as she brought a considerable portion of manufactured bale-goods, on each of which the old Frenchman reaped a harvest of seven piastres, his ire was speedily changed into mirth, and he apostrophised the stranger captain as *bon enfant*, declaring that, as a general rule, the English were *droles originaux*."

The captain, who usually landed in his shirt-sleeves and a straw-hat, partly from the excessive heat of the climate, partly in contempt to such a mean-looking village as Alexandretta presented to his astonished gaze, jumped on shore, and either treated us in the light of demi-civilized barbarians, or was moved with compassion at the fever-stricken appearance of the inhabitants, and marvelled audibly how any human beings could be induced to inhabit such an utter desolation as the place represented to his unaccustomed eyes.

No sooner had he touched terra firma than he was marshalled away a distance of some hundred yards to the habitation of the senior factor—the old Frenchman already alluded to. Short as the trajet was from the seaside to the factory, the stranger was usually dumb-stricken and confounded by the numberless questions that poured in upon him from all sides, arranged and expressed in six or seven foreign languages, in addition to his own vernacular. Jew, Gentile, and Infidel, pressed upon the bewildered captain, and assailed him with endless questions, all relative in some way or other to their own personal interests and welfare; and we unlucky fellows had imposed upon us the not very enviable task of interpreting for a clamorous multitude.

In his own vernacular, he was asked what kind of a voyage the ship just arrived had made; but, before any reply could be made to this question, the Italian doctor and the Turkish quarantine authorities, each in their respective dialects, begged to be informed relative to the health of the crew. These were barely satisfied, when the Frenchman applied for information about the cargo; boatmen wanted to know when the ship would be ready to commence landing; porters, as to the size and comparative weight of the bales; camel-drivers were noisily clamorous to get loads for their jaded beasts, and quit immediately the unhealthy plains and marshes, where they were in jeopardy of their lives. Jews begged to be employed for monetary transactions; whilst ship-chandlers undertook to supply any quantity of livestock and vegetables that the captain or captains might require.

When two new captains landed simultaneously, then the confusion and noise was indescribable.

Last, but by no means least in importance, came the renowned horse-messenger, armed *cap-à-pie*, and ready for a start; with full confidence in his own importance, he elbowed his way through the vulgar herd, till he confronted the astounded, and oftentimes rather alarmed, captain, when, seizing him by the hand, and gripping it like a vice, he would give vent to his satisfaction in a few words of broken English.

"All right, Jack! me sobey you, capden. I go Aleppo—come back backshish."

All which, being duly explained to the captain, relieved his mind from a multitude of misgivings. The door of the factory was guarded by two fierce, silver-sticked cawasses, who excluded the rabble, and only admitted the members of the European community, with a privileged few—amongst these latter, the native warehousemen, the interpreters, and the horse-messenger afore-mentioned.

For the first time since landing, finding himself at ease, the captain would give utterance to a few syllables of information; from his capacious pockets were produced the letters and other papers and documents, such as bills of lading, &c., &c. Pipes and coffee were introduced, and the clamor of a few minutes since has hushed into the intensest silence, as the contents of the various letters were perused, or the pens of the clerks travelled rapidly over the paper, filling up the announcements already alluded

o, folding the letters and directing them themselves, or else handing them over to Arab scribes to be addressed.

By this time the stranger, who had recovered his breath and collected his scattered ideas, under the combined influence of silence and smoke, usually began to develop his disposition and temper; and from this moment we were led to judge what might be expected from the society of the newly-arrived captain.

Out of the many that annually arrived at Alexandretta, the same man seldom, if ever, returning to the same port, we had, as may be easily conceived, a vast variety of characters and dispositions to deal with, and they might be said to be classified under three distinct heads—the good, the indifferent, and the decidedly bad; to discover to which particular class the stranger belonged was a work of anxiety and dread, for it was a terrible nuisance to find ourselves sometimes compelled to keep at a frigid distance a fellow-countryman, or any European, in so lonely and sickly a place.

Our three grand classifications, of course, admitted of minor subdivisions. We reckoned amongst our list of captains, men whose manners and general education would have passed muster amongst the most civilized classes: then again, we had the rough and tough, bluff old sailor, with humanity in every pulsation of his heart, and frank, honest candor painted in his sunburnt face—these were both decidedly A 1, first class. Others came with vague suspicions that they had fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and the consuls and factors around them were metamorphosed in their fevered imaginations into so many Jews and usurers, the more especially as many of us had adopted the Egyptian fez. These, and those who lacked all manner of polish, belonged to the second class. The third class were, happily, few; but very black sheep indeed. Amongst these three classes we numbered—the hasty, the mild, the calm, the clamorous, the indolent, the noisy, the quarrelsome, the profane, the gentleman, the sailor, and the blackguard. Almost the first sentence uttered by a new arrival settled his fate amongst us; and the old Frenchman immediately classified him with many apostrophes in French. It was either—un Monsieur, un brave homme, un comme ça, un poltron.

If the papers were all in order, the necessary letters were soon directed and sealed; the parcels of patterns for the merchants, packed into saddle-bags; and then any little presents that the consuls or factors wished to send to friends or relations at Aleppo, were speedily prepared, and intrusted to the care of the messenger; for these, in addition to the present, he invariably received on delivery. An extra few piastres were expected, but much depended upon the generosity of the party he had to deal with. Sometimes an uproar under the window displayed to lookers on a violent argument relative to carriage of a huge tunny fish, destined by some Arab Jew as a douceur to some friend in Aleppo, but for the transport of which he and the messenger had a difference, perhaps amounting to a few cents more or less.

The preparation of these fish, so as to preserve them fresh and sweet during a two days' journey, and exposure to the intense heat of the plains of the Amak, was in itself a perfect art. No sooner was the fish caught than an incision was made on its stomach, and the entrails, &c., being thrown away, the whole was carefully washed, first with soap and tepid water, then with the strongest raki, a fiery spirit, cheap and plentiful in Syria; the eyes and brains, &c., were removed, and the head well scalded. After this, finely pulverized charcoal, mixed with a little salt, was rubbed into the fish; then cotton or wool, dipped in spirits and rubbed over the charcoal, was inserted into the head and body, and the incision stitched up; this done, the whole of the outside was encrusted with a layer of powdered charcoal and lime water; and this was carefully wrapped over with folds of coarse cloth, sail-cloth if possible.

The tunny, after having undergone this process, was a perfect mummy, and through heat or cold, sun or rain, we could guarantee its keeping as fresh and sweet as the very hour of its being taken out of the sea, for full a fortnight's time; indeed we have known mullets, thus preserved, keep fresh for a month, during the intensest heat of summer.

On arriving at its destination the tunny-fish had only to be unrolled from its layers of cloth, scraped with a knife, and scalded with boiling water. The unseemly mass was soon as white and fresh as ever—a tempting morsel to those whose residences were full a hundred miles from the sea, and one which invariably gave rise to spontaneous hospitality, the fortunate receiver entertaining all his connections and friends, invited specially to feast on fish from the sea.

It is only in a country like Syria, where railways are things yet unheard of, and where the means of communication are difficult and rare, that such little tokens of friendship and esteem meet with due appreciation, and serve the better to cement the bonds of friendship and regard between friends separated by hundreds of miles, with the uncertain hopes and chances of shaking hands, and having an hour's chat together, perhaps once during the course of the year.

Laden with all the necessary and requisite information, the messenger leaves, amid the good wishes of the whole village—screamed after him till distance has intervened—then the captain, having witnessed his departure, with very indistinct conceptions of the topography of the country, startles the French factor by asking whether the man may be expected back in a couple of hours or so.

The Frenchman grows superbly disdainful and polite.—If Monsieur le Capitaine will condescend to consult a map, he will at once receive convincing proof of the folly and absurdity of such a question.

All this is explained to the captain, and he receives it according to his natural temperament, either with blustering wrath and indignation or with submissive humility. In every instance they are more or less disappointed and annoyed at the unexpected delay and inconvenience they must be subjected to before receiving their freight, and setting sail again in search of a homeward cargo.

By their bills of lading, which are in this respect an imposition, they have been led to expect that their freight will be paid them immediately on due delivery of the cargo; whereas the factors have no instructions, nor if they had have they the means at their disposal to satisfy the demands of the many captains frequenting the port. The consignees reside in Aleppo, and on the due arrival of the messenger at that city, it devolves on them to collect from some three hundred merchants the respective portions of freight due, which, in many instances, vary from a couple of hundred pounds to a couple of shillings, according to the quantity of goods respectively received; opulent houses receiving several hundred bales by one vessel, whilst others divide amongst them the contents of a solitary bale. To accomplish the collection of the freight requires no small perseverance and firmness of mind, and, under the most favorable auspices, can seldom be effected under less than three days.

Perhaps no people in the world are more fertile in framing plausible excuses than the minor native merchants inhabiting Syria; and it requires no small tact and knowledge of the people and language to collect even the most trivial sums. This, however, is at last accomplished, and the vast quantity of base coin in circulation in Turkey gives another days occupation and annoyance to the consignee. Finally, however, the freight has been collected and tied up in two groups of equal weight, so as to counterpoise each other in the messenger's saddle-bags. The consignee has deducted his commission, acting also as postmaster upon the occasion, in collecting and despatching the numerous letters for the sea-side; and, in due course, the messenger re-appears at Alexandretta, usually the bearer of sundry boxes of sweetmeats or nic-nacs sent in return for fishes and turkeys received, and this in addition to bulky parcels of letters, newspapers, and money.

In this interval the patience of the poor factor has been thoroughly exhausted by the frequent importunities of the captains, who have long since disembarked their last bale, ballasted, and are now waiting with the cable hove short, ready to start at a moment's warning. For the last day or so the telescope has barely quitted their eyes, and every horseman in the distance caused them to land in a violent hurry and return again, disappointed and angry. Some few have knocked the factors up at twelve o'clock at night, inquiring urgently for the messenger.

At last the messenger has arrived and the freight is paid. Two sailors laden with piastres hurry down to the jetty and into the boat, the captain shakes hands with every one, and in half-an-hour afterwards has sailed out of the harbor.

The messenger has barely had a wink of sleep for the last ten days and nights, but is now making up for lost time, snoring lustily in the bosom of his family.

TURKEYS.—If well fed, they scarcely require any fattening process. Should, however, it be deemed requisite, they may be confined in a moderate range, and liberally supplied with meal and milk, with occasional green food, as recommended for fowls. Barley-meal is usually employed, but its inferiority to oatmeal has been insisted on.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.—The king, when he goes through the streets of Athens in Palikar costume, on a prancing horse, which he rides gracefully, may produce some sensation. His tall figure, his thinness, and a certain air of wearied majesty, have much struck foreigners who have seen him from a distance. His mind, according to all those who have worked with him, is timid, hesitating, and minute. When he wishes to study any affair, he has all the papers brought him, scrupulously reads them from one end to the other, without forgetting anything; he corrects the faults of spelling, alters the punctuation, criticises the writing, and when he has examined everything, he has learned nothing; after that, still less has he decided on anything. His last word in every business, is always, "We will see." The queen is for prompt resolves; she possesses the qualities of a general commanding an army. I do not know whether she reflects much before deciding, but certainly she does not reflect long; every year affairs would remain in suspense if the king reigned alone; but he makes a three months' journey for his health; on leaving, he makes over the regency to the queen. The queen takes a pen, and signs without examination all the laws which the king has examined without signing. The king has, they say, an excellent heart. The queen's reputation for kindness is not so well established. Nothing is more easy than to offend her; nothing more difficult than to get into favor with her again. I could mention the name of a man, whom she will never forgive; having dined with her without a good appetite, she thought that he wished to despise her *cuisine*. I know of another, who took the liberty of bringing to a court-ball half-a-dozen mandarin oranges, which he distributed to a few ladies. This culprit is a clever man, brought up in England, educated, capable, and very fit for diplomacy. His father, who was one of the richest merchants in Hydra, ruined himself for Greece, which is indebted to him for nearly a million of francs. The son will never be anything not even an embassy porter; his oranges were an epigram against the court refreshments. The queen is a jealous divinity who punishes the guilty unto the seventh generation. She had formerly for maid of honor, Mademoiselle Photini Mavromichalis—a beautiful and graceful person, the most distinguished and witty of all the girls of Athens; of a great family besides. Her relations are those Beys of Maina, who paid their tribute at the point of a sabre. Mademoiselle Mavromichalis was brought up by the Duchess of Plaisance, who quarrelled with her about a gift which she wished to take back; she speaks French with as much purity as any duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain; she is as well educated as beautiful, and as virtuous as she is clever. She was in great favor, and her family also; her uncle, Dimitri Mavromichalis, one of the best riders in the kingdom, was aide-de-camp of the king; her father was a senator: all her relations were in places. But the king was away travelling. People persuaded the queen that Mademoiselle Mavromichalis was only so beautiful, clever, and virtuous, in order to make the king fall in love with her, and perhaps lead him to a divorce. They produced a blank book which they had stolen from the poor girl—a journal of her daily life, in which she wrote her most secret thoughts. A few lines in praise of the king were misrepresented; and the next day all the Mavromichalis were dismissed.

NEWLY INVENTED DRYING CLOSET.—In our number for April we illustrated this useful closet. A few words respecting its construction, may be acceptable to our readers:—The closet consists of two horses of galvanized iron, inclosed in a double case of corrugated iron; the intervals between the two cases being filled with earth or sand, to prevent external radiation. One thousand articles of linen can be dried in twenty-five minutes by means of this contrivance. The waste heat from the furnace heats the water in the boiler of one hundred gallons capacity. There is also another convenience of a washing trough and a wringing machine attached.

A GREEK SURPRISE.—A Greek, an officer, was waltzing one evening with a lady, whose bracelet became unfastened; she gave it to him to take care of; he put it in his pocket. The waltz over, the lady remembered her bracelet, "With a Greek" she said to herself, "one must take precautions;" and she plainly asked for her bracelet; it was a jewel worth eight or nine hundred francs. The dancer, thus addressed, expressed a profound astonishment; "I had hoped," said he, "that you would allow me to keep that souvenir of you."

In the voyage of life content is the safest pilot.

The Founder of Virginia.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH was born in the county of Lincoln, England, in the year 1578. From an early period of life he was remarkable for his daring and enterprising spirit. At thirteen years of age he felt an earnest inclination to go to sea. By the sale of his few books and toys he raised funds for his outfit, and resolved to commence his new career on the death of his father, which was soon expected: but the guardians who took charge of him on the decease of his parent, opposed his scheme, and placed him under a restraint which was galling to his impetuous temperament. At fifteen years of age he was placed in the office of a trader, who gave him much good advice and compelled him to be diligent in his duties. The trader to whom Smith was apprenticed was one of the most opulent in Lynn. He had large maritime transactions, and the young man hoped that he would be employed in one of the sea-going vessels. This hope, however, being long without realization, Smith despaired of succeeding in his darling wish, and with only ten shillings in his pocket, quitted his occupation, without giving any notice to his employer. His good fortune threw him into the way of a young nobleman; who, with a numerous suite, was about to undertake the tour of Europe. Smith entered into his service, where, however, he did not long remain. At the end of a few months he became dissatisfied with his new master, and entered, as a soldier, into the Dutch army, where he remained four years; but on the offer of a Scotch gentleman, who promised to advance his interests at the court of King James, he recrossed the sea and repaired to Scotland. In that country his expectations were disappointed, he quitted the court, and returned to his native town. The staid habits of his plodding townsmen displeased him, and he took up his abode in the woods, with some books



POCAHONTAS PLEADING FOR SMITH'S LIFE.

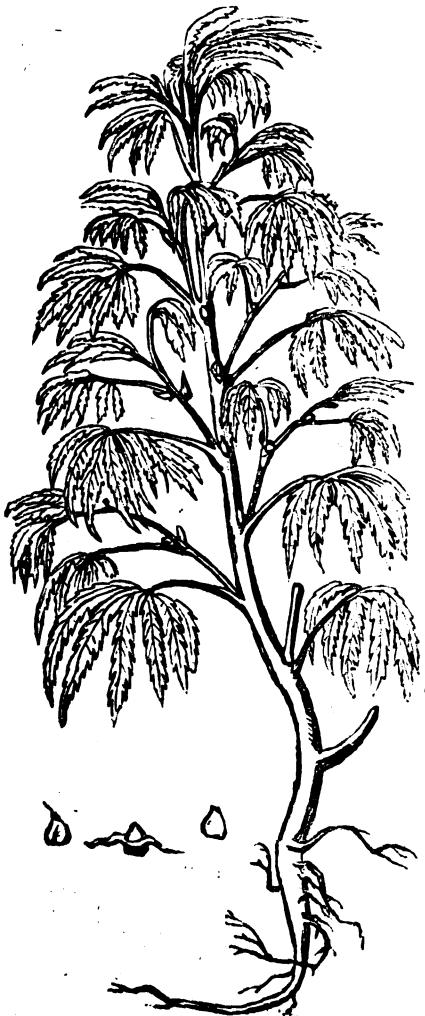
treating on military-history and tactics, also providing himself with a horse and a lance. In this solitude he passed his time in studying the art of war, and exercising himself in the use of arms, without associating with any other person than an Italian groom, who lived in the family of the Earl of Lincoln.

He had now attained to his legal majority, and was put into possession of his share of his father's fortune. Now possessing the means of travelling, he determined to gratify his desire of seeing the world. He went to Flanders, where he was tricked out of his money by four French sharpers. He pursued them, and overtook one, fought him, wounded him, and compelled him to confess his crime; but he did not regain what he had lost, but luckily met a friend of his family from whom he borrowed enough to continue his journey. He followed the shore of France from Dunkirk to Marseilles, inspecting the arsenals and the fortifications, and then embarked for Italy. Among the passengers, all of whom were pilgrims going to pay their devotions to Our Lady of Loretto and thence to Rome, Smith was the only Englishman, and he was regarded as a heretic. The vessel was assailed by a tempest; the pious party, to lull the storm, threw our adventurer into the sea, who had the good fortune to swim to the island of St. Mary, near Nice. Here his stay was short, and he set sail in another ship bound to Alexandria, which met and plundered a Venetian bark, richly laden. Smith landed with his share of the booty at Antibes, proceeded to Italy, crossed the gulf of Venice, reached Styria, and finished this part of his travels by entering as a volunteer into the service of the Emperor, then at war with the Turks.

Smith was not only brave and enterprising, but fertile in resources. He soon distinguished himself, and was promoted to the rank of captain. He was sent to the siege of a town in Transylvania, which offered a protracted resistance; while the troops were stationed before it, a herald arrived in the Christian camp, bringing a challenge from a Turk of approved valor and large stature, defying any one to meet him in single combat. A champion was selected by lot, and it fell to Smith to do battle with the Osmanli. The lists were formally prepared in front of the ramparts, and the Turkish ladies, seated on a temporary platform, surveyed the combat. Music sounded as the signal for the encounter, and Smith slew his vaunting opponent. Another Turk now stepped forward to avenge his comrade, and shared his fate. A third appeared; he was a formidable giant, and in the first shock Smith was nearly disarmed; the Turkish ladies clapped their hands, confident of victory, but the Englishman quickly recovered himself, and passed his sword through the giant's body; he then cut off his head. After these duels, the town surrendered, and the fame of Smith spread throughout the whole army.

The war, however, continued, and the Christians, experiencing a reverse, were routed. Smith, severely wounded, was left for dead on the field. He had clothed himself in very rich armor, which made his captors suppose that he was a person of high distinction, in consequence of which he was

treated as a person who could afford to pay a considerable ransom. He was, therefore, diligently attended till his cure was completed, when he was purchased by a pasha, who sent him as a present to a lady at Constantinople, pretending that he was a Bohemian nobleman whom the valiant pasha had subdued in single fight; but this boasting had a different result from what the vain-glorious Turk had anticipated. The name of the lady was Charatza, and she understood Italian, with which language Smith was sufficiently familiar. He related his adventures, and explained how he became a prisoner. Charatza was indignant with the pasha for his falsehood and boasting, and pitied the misfortunes of her English slave. From pity she passed to love, and, like Desdemona, listened too intently to the dangers and exploits of the pasha. Her mother, however, was vigilant, and she dare not offer herself in marriage to the prisoner who had unconsciously won her affections. She, therefore, sent him to her brother, Timour Pasha, beseeching for him kind treatment, and requesting that he might be taught the Turkish language. She did more, confessing to her brother that she loved the foreigner, but this avowal proved most indiscreet; for the pasha of the Sea of Azoff was indignant that a Christian dog had made such an impression on the heart of his sister; and Smith, who had expected a kind reception, was beaten, stripped, and shaved. An iron collar was put round his neck, and he was obliged to till the ground with other slaves. His barbarous master frequently inspected his slaves while at work, and always loaded Smith with the foulest abuse, and scourged him. One day, Smith and the pasha were alone, and the former reprimanded the infidel most severely for the manner in which he beat out the grain; Smith, excited to fury, struck the Turk with his flail, and killed him; he concealed the body



HEMP (FEMALE.)



HEMP (MALE.)



THE LAST OF THE SULOLOCHS.

under the straw, and leaping on his dead master's horse, gained the desert. There he wandered about for sixteen days, when he reached a Russian station, where he was treated with every kindness. A charitable lady, the Baroness Palamata, generously supplied all his wants, and enabled him to reach Transylvania, where his friends wept with joy at beholding him, and replenished his empty purse. He then returned to England, passing through Germany, but not until he had visited the kingdoms of Morocco, Spain, and France.

He arrived in his native land at the time when an expedition was on the point of departure to found a colony in America. Invited to accompany it, he accepted the offer. He was then twenty-eight years of age. The ship sailed from the Thames on the 19th December, 1606, and anchored in the Bay of Chesapeake on the 26th April, 1607; on the 13th May, the adventurers landed on a neck of land where the colony of James Town was founded. The traveller who, in our days, ascends the James River in a steamboat, perceives on this spot the ruins of a tower and of a cemetery, all that remains of the first establishment.

The companions of Smith were men of mediocrity, who were envious of his superior knowledge; and so jealous were they, that hardly had the vessel quitted the Thames, than they accused him of plotting to become king of the colony. Under this absurd suspicion they kept him in irons during the whole voyage. When they landed, and opened the sealed instructions of the government, they ascertained that the rule and management of the colony were confided to a council of seven persons, of whom Smith was one. His colleagues, however, excluded him from office in consequence of his pretended conspiracy. He demanded a trial, which was refused. Without murmuring at this injustice, he began to make discoveries in the neighborhood of James Town, ascended the rivers, cultivated the acquaintance of the aboriginal tribes, and visited King Powhattan, the most powerful of the savage chiefs. In the meantime the colony was badly administered. No forethought was manifested; buildings were not prepared against the approach of winter; few seeds were sown; no military precautions were taken against the wild inhabitants, though they had displayed their hostility. At length the colonists were attacked by the warriors of Powhattan; one of the colonists was killed, and seventeen were wounded; discontent now broke out against the council, and especially against Wingfield, the president. Smith took this opportunity again to demand a trial, which his judges no longer dared to refuse. He was fully acquitted, while Wingfield was ordered to pay him, as damages, \$1000, a very large sum at that time, and in such a situation; but Smith generously gave the amount for the general good of the colony. This sentence was the signal for a reconciliation among all parties,

obeyed what Smith directed. Houses were built, and the new town was fortified and regularly guarded; by working harder than others Smith set an example of willing activity to his followers. Not only were dwellings built to protect the colonists against the inclemency of winter, but a stock of provisions was carefully stored. Smith himself was the chief forager, and collected a large quantity of maize, the principal culture of the Indians. In one of these excursions he encountered a numerous tribe, whose idol he seized; it was a rash act, but turned out very advantageous, as the savages, instead of fighting for its recovery, ransomed it by giving several bushels of maize and some venison. With this spoil Smith returned to James Town, and it was fortunate that he did so, for Wingfield had again meditated flight by seizing the ship. His project was defeated, and from that time all authority was concentrated in the hands of Smith.

As soon as he had established order he followed the inspirations of his adventurous spirit, perhaps indiscreetly for a man on whom the salvation of the infant colony depended.

While exploring a river, which he ascended as far towards its source as would allow of his boat floating, he left it moored in a creek in charge of his men, and paddled onward in a flat-bottomed canoe, only attended by two white men and two Indians. Unfortunately those he left behind violated his instructions, as soon as he was out of sight. They landed, contrary to his orders, and were attacked by a troop of Indians commanded by Opéchananough, brother to Powhattan, who had stealthily dogged the steps of Smith. One of the Englishmen was taken prisoner, and compelled to point out where Smith was; the others took to their boat and saved themselves. While this skirmish was taking place, Smith reached a swamp in which the river took its source. Opéchananough surprised him during the night, and killed the two Englishmen who had accompanied him. Smith was

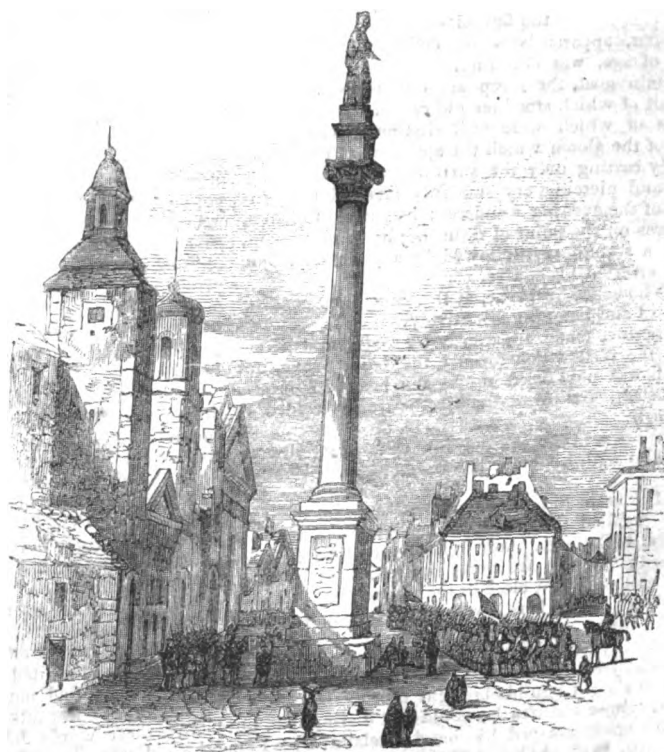
who took the sacrament to enhance the solemnity, and agreed to bury the past in oblivion. Then Captain Newport, who had conducted the emigrants from England, returned with his flotilla, leaving the colony composed of 500 persons.

Soon after his departure, there was scarcity of provisions, and disease and discord followed. Fifty colonists perished miserably. While despair was at its highest pitch, President Wingfield, in concert with some of his colleagues, resolved secretly to seize the only vessel that remained, and escape to England. His cowardly plan was discovered, Wingfield was deposed and a successor appointed, who had the good sense to act on the advice of Smith, whose hour of action had now arrived. He sketched out in detail a plan of operations, and, by a judicious subdivision of labor, each knew what he had to perform; and under the wholesome discipline now established, each

surrounded by two hundred warriors, and wounded in the thigh by an arrow. He defended himself with his usual skill and courage, killed three of his adversaries, and seizing one of his two attendant Indians, bound him with his garters to his arm, thus making him a shield against the missiles with which he was assailed. At this sight his enemies were confounded and began to retreat; he approached his canoe, but, while nearing it, fell into a quagmire, into which he and his Indian sank up to their waists. Such was the terror he had inspired into the savages, that, even in this helpless condition, not one dared to approach him till he was compelled to throw away his weapons. They then dragged him out, half dead with cold, took him to a fire, and rubbed his body till circulation was restored to his limbs.

Smith now felt that he was lost. The dead bodies of his two companions were before him, both of whom had been scalped. At this perilous moment he took from his pocket a mariner's compass, and showed it to Opéchananough. The savage was stupefied with amazement, and could not comprehend the constant movement of the needle; and not being aware of the transparent nature of glass or its solidity, he vainly attempted to grasp the needle with his fingers. At length his feelings of wonder subsided, and Smith was bound to a tree, the savages forming round him in a circle, and fitting their arrows to their bows. They only awaited the signal to put him to death, but that signal was not made. Opéchananough wished to gratify his pride as a conqueror, by parading his white prisoner before the neighboring princes of whom Powhattan was the chief.

The courage of Smith, his physical strength, and his possession of the wonderful needle, induced his captors to regard him not only as a most extraordinary man, but as a superhuman being. The capture was celebrated by the most imposing ceremonies practised among the Indians, and, what is remarkable, they manifested toward him every mark of respect. They fed him so plentifully with the choicest provisions they could obtain, that he fancied they were fattening him for a cannibal feast. He was visited by jugglers and wise men, who consulted the Great Spirit, imploring him to reveal the secret thoughts of the Englishman. Powhattan displayed all his savage luxuries before the prisoner. When he was formally presented to that supreme prince, Indian queens poured water over his hands, and at dinner, which of course he had to eat with his fingers, they served him with a tuft of feathers to use as a napkin for wiping his hands. After being led from tribe to tribe, he was asked to live with the savages, and lead them in an attack on James Town, and in the expulsion of the colonists; offering, as an inducement, as much land and as many wives as he chose to demand. He refused the proposal, when a solemn assembly was held of all the chiefs, over whom Powhattan presided, and they decided on his death.



VIEW IN WARSAW.

After so many escapes, he now felt that his doom was sealed. Two long stones were placed at the feet of the king, on which Smith was stretched. The chiefs stood round him; behind them were the common people; there was profound silence. Powhattan himself claimed the right of being the executioner. He rose from his seat, lifted his club, and was about to strike the fatal blow, when a young girl sprang forward, and placed her head between the head of Smith and the impending club. She was the eldest daughter of Powhattan, his favorite child, the beautiful Pocahontas. She stretched out her arms towards her father, and besought him to spare the prisoner's life. At first the king was highly incensed at this interruption, but he was too fond of Pocahontas to be untouched by her tears. He looked round the circle of his warriors, and sought in the expression of their countenances a sternness of resolution in which he had failed. In fact they all evidently compassionated the victim whom a short time before they had doomed to sacrifice. "Let him live," at last exclaimed Powhattan. On the following day Smith was restored to liberty, and two Indian guides conducted him to James Town. As a gage of peace he sent back to the king two muskets, some lead, and a mould for casting bullets.

Smith once more turned his attention to the affairs of the colony; but so soon as he had framed some new regulations and was satisfied that they were properly carried into execution, he recommenced his explorations. He braved innumerable dangers, and with the greatest confidence, as he knew that he could always rely on the friendly aid of Pocahontas. She was not thirteen years of age when she saved Smith's life. On Smith's death the colonists seized and detained Pocahontas as a hostage, to secure themselves against violence or treachery from the savages, and at length, with her own consent and that of her father, she married a Mr. Rolfe, who took her to England. She lived some years in London and in Brentford, but died of consumption at twenty-two years of age at Gravesend, as she was preparing to start to America, the physicians having recommended a return to her native air. Had she met an heroic instead of a prosaic end, many poems might have celebrated her memory. She left a son who, twenty years after his mother's decease, established himself in Virginia, and to this ancestry many Virginian families are proud of tracing their origin.

What has been related of Smith is authentic, though many fables are recorded of his wonderful career. He is considered the real founder of Virginia, for he gave it stability and a durable organization. He afterwards explored the shores of New England, and his name will always be remembered in American history, as one of the most enterprising and able pioneers of civilization.

The Castle of Zum Guttemberg; or, the Last of the Sulgelochs.

A YOUTH, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age, was climbing, with the agility of a mountain goat, the steep sides of a rock, on the summit of which stood an old castle, the embattled towers of which were still distinctly visible, in spite of the gloom which the approach of night was rapidly casting over the surrounding landscape; a loud and piercing cry suddenly arrested the progress of the evening wanderer; he paused to listen, and was on the point of resuming his aerial ascent, when a second cry, followed by a plaintive moan, again arrested his course.

"Who calls?" said he, at the same time bending forward and listening attentively.

A ravine, made apparently by a stream rushing from the rock which formed the bank above, but which was now dried up by the heat of summer, lay below, and from thence the voice seemed to proceed.

"Whoever thou art, help an unfortunate traveler, who with his horse has fallen into a bottomless pit."

"You seem to have found the bottom of it, however," replied the youth, as he descended the side of the rock, even more quickly than he had ascended; "where are you?" he added, as he leant over a sharp point close to the ravine.

"Here, down here," was the reply, in the same pitiful tone.

"Ah! just at the foot of the stairs," said the light-hearted boy; "wait for me there then."

A few light bounds brought him to the side of a man, whose features he could not distinguish, but who eagerly grasped his hand, exclaiming, "I am crushed, bruised, half-killed; help me, I implore

you, to extricate my feet from the stirrups; do not let my horse stir, or I am lost."

On observing that the horse was unhurt, and on its feet, the young man rightly concluded that it had not fallen, whatever its rider had done, but that having rapidly descended the steep bank, the shock on reaching the bottom had unseated the horseman; who, however, was no sooner released from his entanglement, than he sprang to his feet, and taking the offered arm of his deliverer with one hand, and his horse's bridle with the other, they commenced their ascent by the steep pathway, the steps in which had clearly been formed by men's feet rather than their hands. On reaching the top the youth's curiosity prompted him to inquire what had led the horseman into the predicament in which he had discovered him, and to what place he was going.

"To Zum Guttemberg," was the reply, "to take a letter from my mistress, the Baroness Von Praet, to Mademoiselle Melanie de Sulgeloch."

"My sister!" exclaimed the astonished youth.

"You are then John Gensfleisch, the son of the last lord of Sulgeloch?"

"I am," replied John, as he examined by the light of the rising moon the countenance of his companion, which now appeared to him to wear an expression of awkward constraint and reserve; "but I do not know the baroness, and cannot imagine what she can want with my sister."

The messenger hesitated, but taking a sealed letter from a leathern purse fastened round his waist, he merely observed, "This will explain;" and withdrawing his arm, as if he no longer required support, he followed John along the narrow path which led to the castle.

Without being able to explain the cause, John became grave and thoughtful, and something more than curiosity made him quicken his pace. Those well acquainted with the daily life of the inhabitants of Zum Guttemberg, might easily comprehend that this incident, simple as it appeared, was yet sufficient to excite curiosity, and even apprehension.

John Gensfleisch de Sulgeloch had lost his father soon after his birth; his mother was left a widow with two children, himself and a daughter eight years older; she saw the fortune left by her husband almost exhausted by long and ruinous lawsuits, and finally sank under the trial, leaving her two children alone in the world. Melanie was then about eighteen, and John not more than ten. Six years had passed away since that event; and the gates of Zum Guttemberg, which had closed upon the coffin of the widow of Sulgeloch, had since but rarely opened to admit either friend, neighbor, or visitor. The brother and sister were all in all to each other. The young girl had grown into a woman under the shade of the venerable woods which ornamented this ancient patrimony of the Sulgelochs; she had never cared to go beyond its boundaries; her flowers and birds, reading and walking, occupied her day; and each evening the brother and sister met in the large hall in the castle, not unfrequently being joined by two old and faithful servants, Gobert and Gertrude, and ere the party retired to rest, the sweet voice of Melanie was heard leading the evening prayer or hymn of praise. It may, therefore, easily be imagined that the arrival of one bearing a letter from a total stranger was more than enough to occasion the surprise of the young Sulgeloch.

On entering the outer court of the castle John gave a long and loud whistle, which quickly brought old Gobert to the top of the flight of steps: an expression of displeasure passed over his countenance on perceiving that a stranger followed his young master; "Who have you picked up now," said he, in a grumbling tone, "on whom to force your hospitality?"

"So far from that, he has claimed it," replied John; "therefore conduct him to your room, and his horse to the stable, whilst I inform my sister that a messenger from the Baroness Von Praet is here."

On hearing this name, Gobert raised the woollen cap which covered his bald head, as he repeated respectfully, "The Baroness Von Praet?"

"Do you know her?" said his young master.

"She is the noblest, the richest, and the proudest lady in all Mayence," said Gobert; "and I shall be proud to offer her attendant a repast worthy of the house he represents; but we have had so many guests at dinner to-day in the great hall, let alone the poor who waited for what remained, that we may possibly find nothing left but some bread and a handful of chestnuts."

At these words John gazed in astonishment at the old man, who, however, prevented his speaking by whispering, as he passed close to him to take

the horse's bridle, "Hush! you are too young to understand me; but say nothing."

The old man's caution could not, however, repress the gay laugh with which young Guttemberg passed through the arch into the castle, and which brought his sister to meet him, when he informed her of his adventure, and of Gobert's ingenious invention in order to account for any deficiencies the establishment might betray. A faint smile for a moment rested on his sister's face, but it quickly gave place to an expression of distress and anxiety.

"What can the baroness want?" said she, as she sank, evidently under the influence of strong emotion, on one of the old fashioned chairs in the hall, which they had just entered.

"We shall soon know if we ask," replied her brother, as he left the apartment, apparently for that purpose.

Melanie roused herself, and busied herself in arranging the wick of a small lamp, which lit but a portion of the immense hall, leaving the rest in an obscurity which made it difficult to penetrate to its furthest extremity; having done this she awaited in some agitation the appearance of the messenger. He soon entered the hall, preceded by the young Sulgeloch, and followed by Gobert and Gertrude.

The baroness's retainer bowed low as he approached Melanie, saying, "After the service your brother has rendered me, lady, it is with deep regret that I proceed to execute the commission with which I am charged;" and during the silence which ensued, occasioned by the surprise his words excited, he drew the letter from his leathern pocket, and laid it respectfully on the table at which Melanie was seated; she hastily took it, and, breaking the seal with trembling hands, she drew the small lamp nearer in order to read it; but scarcely had her eye glanced over the first lines ere she turned pale, and, dropping the letter from her hands, she fell back fainting in her chair.

The castle and domain of Zum Guttemberg had been seized and sold by the creditors of the last of the Sulgelochs, and had lately been bought by the Baroness Von Praet; this letter was to apprise the ruined descendant of this ancient house that the new possessor was about to take possession of the inheritance of her fathers; on returning to herself, Melanie suppressed the tears which rose to her eyes; "Tell your mistress it will be at liberty; I ask only a few days to prepare; that is not too much," she added, in a tone which drew tears from the eyes of those around, "to bid a last farewell to the spot where my ancestors have lived and died;" so saying she dismissed the bearer of the sad intelligence. When he had left the hall she tenderly embraced her brother.

"My poor sister!" he exclaimed, as he returned her embrace.

Melanie then turned to the two old servants, whose tears flowed fast as they watched their young mistress.

"Let us pray to God, my friends," said she, as she prepared to kneel: John, however, remained standing; his countenance was grave and thoughtful, his eyes fixed tenderly on his sister—

"And you kept this from me!" said he, in a tone of gentle reproach: "why did you not tell me?"

"I could not bear to make you unhappy, you were but a child," she replied, as she held out her hand to him.

"Child!" repeated he, "then this day has made me a man; from this moment, Melanie, I will be your protector. I swear it," he added, as he bent his knee as if to confirm his vow, and knelt beside his sister; who, subduing her agitation, was about to commence their evening devotions, when a heavy and somewhat unsteady step was heard in the stone passage which led to the hall in which they were assembled: old Gertrude rose suddenly, and with some indignation, exclaimed, "Cannot we even pray to God in peace this evening? it is the sorcerer?"

At the same moment the heavy velvet portiere of the hall was slowly raised, and the tall figure of a man appeared; his head was uncovered, save by his snow-white hair, which, together with the long white beard which descended to his chest, gave a singular and striking effect to his appearance; he paused a moment ere he entered, and as the dark folds of the velvet curtain fell behind, Melanie exclaimed—

"Come and join your prayers to ours, Signor Laurence Coster."

This celebrated man was a native of Holland, and for many years his countrymen assigned to him the invention of printing. The Germans, however, with sufficient proof assert that the merit is due to Guttemberg. It is still, however, supposed that Laurence Coster led the way to the discovery, by

having accidentally caught the idea by cutting letters upon the bark of a tree, and then impressing them upon paper; types of wood were the next step, and eventually those of metal brought the art nearer to perfection.

At that early period all who acquired any extraordinary art or learning were frequently accused of sorcery, and when printing was first discovered, it was by the vulgar attributed to magic and the black art.

"His prayers!" exclaimed Gertrude, as she devoutly crossed herself; "do sorcerers pray to God?"

"Yes, my children," said the old man, apparently not having heard Gertrude's remark, "Yes, 'I will indeed add my prayers to yours.'"

"You know then—" said Melanie.

"All," interrupted Coster, as he knelt down by her.

The prayer commenced; Melanie repeated it with even more than usual fervor and devotion; each time that her lips repeated the sacred name of the Saviour, she seemed to gain strength and composure; and when she rose from the attitude of devotion, her face was pale, but an expression of calm resignation rested upon it.

"Gobert, and you my good Gertrude," said she, addressing the two old servants, who, silent and sad, appeared awaiting her orders, "the time has come when we must part—"

"You will not send us away?" interrupted Gobert, taking advantage of the emotion which obliged Mademoiselle de Sulgeloeh to pause.

"I have no longer the means of keeping you in my service, my old and faithful friends," said she, taking a hand of each; "you know our family was once rich, and we possessed two estates—the first, Zum Gensfleisch, was sold before my dear mother's death, and now Zum Guttemberg no longer belongs to us. God gave us parents, a home, a fortune; He has now seen fit to take it all away—blessed be His holy name!"

"Amen!" said Gobert, as he reverently bowed his head, and at the same time brushed away the tears he could not suppress; "but God gave you, also, me and my wife to be your servants; He has not taken us away—why should you send us away?"

"We are ruined, Gobert," replied Melanie; "we have no longer a roof to shelter us."

"Where you and our young master go, we will go," said the old man, using, unconsciously, perhaps, almost the words of Scripture; "we belong to you; we cannot leave you; under a thatched roof, as in a palace, old Gobert and his wife will serve you, obey you, and labor for you if needful."

Gertrude spoke not, but her tears fell fast; John stood by his sister, grave and thoughtful; Laurence Coster, who had hitherto listened in silence, now took Gobert's hand.

"You are a good and faithful creature," said he; and turning to Melanie, who had covered her face with her hands, to conceal her emotion, he added, "Melanie, it is now a year since your brother found me, exhausted and having lost my way; he brought me here, where I was received as a father, and treated as a cherished friend; never in all my long life had I before found what I discovered here—an angel of goodness, of beauty; a pattern of every Christian grace and virtue; when I thought to depart, I found it impossible to tear myself away; each day found me more unwilling to go. As I could read the manuscripts which the chapel of this castle contains, and moreover practice the art of writing, your servants took me for a sorcerer; you saw in me only one whose life has been devoted to science; how glad I was to repay your hospitality by imparting a share of that knowledge which can transmit thoughts and science from town to town, from generation to generation, you well know. I am no sorcerer, but I possess that knowledge which may lead to fame, and carry a name to the remotest ages. It remains for John Guttemberg to secure the prize. And now let me offer to him, to you, and your old and faithful servants, which I have hitherto accepted from you—a home! I possess in the neighbourhood of Strasbourg, a cottage, surrounded by a garden; there will be room for all; the garden will supply us with fruit and vegetables; come there, and make it your home?"

Before Melanie could reply, John Guttemberg seized the old man's hand, with a countenance bright with grateful joy and hope, he exclaimed—"For myself, my sister and our servants I accept your offer, my true and kind friend, and I feel that it will one day be in my power to repay your hospitality."

Soon after, the little party separated for the night. Poor Melanie felt she could not sleep; on the eve of quitting the home of her childhood, the ancient inheritance of her family, it seemed to maintain a stronger hold on her affections, and every surrounding object acquired a greater value. When all was

still, she left her apartment and wandered into the long gallery, into which it opened, and which was now lit by the soft light of the moon, as its silver rays fell full from the high and old-fashioned windows. Suddenly she fancied she heard a step behind her; she heeded it not, her thoughts were too busily occupied for her to indulge in vain and imaginary fears; she therefore walked on, till at a turn in the long gallery she found herself face to face with her brother.

"I cannot rest!" he exclaimed, as they met.

"From grief at having to leave this place?" said Melanie, sighing deeply.

"No, quite the contrary—from impatience to see others, and to discover Laurence Coster's secret."

He now led his sister to a balcony which commanded an extensive view; the castle, situated on a high rock, overlooked the surrounding landscape, with the town of Mayence, or Mentz, on one side, with vast forests on the other, over which the moon was now shedding its pure and silvery light. John passed his arm affectionately round his sister's waist, and for some minutes they contemplated in silence a scene so familiar to them, but which they were about to leave for ever; as John bent down to imprint a kiss on his sister's forehead, he gaily observed—

"You see, my little sister, that I am taller than you; God has placed me above you, and from this day I will be your protector."

"Alas, John! how can you be gay, when we have lost our home and all we value?"

"The world belongs to him who knows how to conquer it, Melanie," he replied, with the confidence of one full of hope and energy, as yet unchecked by disappointment or failure; "if we have lost one home I shall find the means of obtaining another."

How opposite are the effects produced by the same events on different characters! that which had apparently crushed the spirit of the young girl had but drawn forth and elevated the character and energy of the youth: the boy had become a man!

A few days later, Melanie, her brother, Laurence Coster, and the two old servants left the castle of Zum Guttemberg, and took the road to Alsace. When a sharp turn in the road was about to hide their home from their sight, poor Melanie, bathed in tears, bent eagerly forward to catch the last look of all she so fondly loved; a faint cry escaped her as the scene vanished from her gaze.

"We must not look back, sister," said young Guttemberg, as he pointed to the bright landscape before them, on which the first rays of the rising sun now rested in golden splendor; "we must look to what is before us."

A deep sigh was the only answer.

"The past belongs to no one," resumed the youth; "we have the present and the future; we will make the most of it."

At that period, journey were performed much less rapidly than at the present time: the journey from Mayence to Strasbourg occupied three days. Towards the close of the third day, Laurence Coster pointed out to them a small white house, situated on the side of a hill, saying to Melanie, at the same time—"There is your new home, my dear young lady, to which you will be truly welcome."

Melanie thanked the kind old man with a sweet but half-melancholy smile.

Nature had been prodigal of its treasures around Laurence Coster's abode: the road that led to it was through a beautiful wood of acacias, whilst each side was carpeted with a profusion of wild flowers; a garden ornamented the sloping side of the hill, the foot of which was watered by a clear and limpid stream; which, winding its way along, was eventually lost in the Rhine, whose blue waters and picturesque banks formed a beautiful feature in the distance. The travellers had scarcely alighted ere Melanie perceived there was no domestic of any sort to receive them; and she soon became convinced that their kind host could ill afford the inevitable expense of such a party.

The following morning Melanie imparted her fears to her brother, and at the same time suggested that as Strasbourg was but an hour's walk, he might endeavor to discover some means by which they might relieve their kind friend from the whole burden of providing for them, adding that as she could write well, she might obtain employment as a copyist—an occupation which, before printing was known, was in great request. At that period few persons knew how to write, and the occupation of copyist was very productive. Many of the manuscripts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were written in a beautiful manner, the large letters being drawn and colored with brilliant colors, heightened with gold, and finished with great taste; these were called "Illuminated Manuscripts." The large letters in

the first printed books were finished by hand, as is the case in "the Mentz Bible," printed by Faust and Guttemberg."

All was soon arranged in the little household, and each had their allotted work: old Gobert attended to the garden, whilst his wife took charge of all the indoor arrangements. Laurence Coster and his young friend devoted their whole time to study. The ardor of the old man kept pace with that of his pupil, and both gave themselves up to unceasing labor in the pursuit after the discovery of that wonderful art, which commemorates all other inventions, hands down to posterity every important event, and, above all, extends and diffuses the word of God to all mankind.

Some years passed away, during which Melanie's health became visibly affected: little accustomed to constant work, she soon felt the effects of the close application to the wearying and fatiguing employment of a copyist; her bright color faded, her strength and spirits failed. Laurence Coster was the first to mark the change, and ere long imparted his anxiety to John; then it was that the young man became fully aware of the many evils which are but too apt to follow in the train of poverty; but then, too, he remembered the vow he had made to be the protector and support of the sister who had so tenderly watched over his early years—his first and only companion. He at once insisted on her having that rest she so much needed; and, with the same decision of character which had marked his first outset in life, he forbade all further employment for her, whilst for himself he pursued with threefold energy his anxious labors and studies. The first printing-press was established at Mayence by Guttemberg and Laurence Coster in 1430.

The first characters used by Guttemberg remained for a considerable period at Strasbourg; they were cut in wood, and pierced laterally as for a wire, to keep them side by side. For ten years he worked with these types at Strasbourg; so that that great city may with reason be regarded as the cradle of printing. After the death of Coster, Guttemberg formed a connexion with Faust, a rich goldsmith, who furnished money to establish an improved printing-press, in which the Latin Bible was first printed, and a Psalter, which was eighteen months in printing, so much was the art yet in its infancy.

In 1465 Guttemberg was appointed gentleman-of-honor to the Elector Adolphus of Nassau; his sister, who had declined all offers of marriage, and resolutely refused to leave her brother, died soon after: John Gensfleisch of Sulgeloeh, better known by the name of Guttemberg, only survived her three years; he died February 24, 1468, and was buried at Mayence, in the church of the Récollets.

After Guttemberg's death, Faust associated himself with Pierre Schaffer, who had discovered the art of casting types in metal, and then appeared successively the Latin Psalter, the Bible, and other works, printed in a very improved style to those produced by the first efforts of the inventor.

In 1462, when Mayence was given up to the horrors of civil war, the workmen employed by Guttemberg and Faust were dispersed, and the art of printing thus found its way to Germany, England, and Italy. Faust himself went to Paris, taking with him his Latin Bible, which he was declared to have produced by sorcery; the letters in red ink were believed to be traced in blood: he was arrested and thrown into prison; but Louis XI., who, despot as he was, had at least the merit of not suppressing the inventions and improvements of science, restored him to liberty on condition of his making known his secret.

William Caxton is generally regarded as the first who introduced the art of printing into England. During a long residence abroad, he acquired a practical knowledge of the art, and on his return to England he established a printing-office in a chapel adjoining Westminster Abbey.

All the productions of his press are objects of great interest to book-collectors. He commenced printing in England about the year 1474.

The inauguration of the statue of Guttemberg took place at Strasbourg in June 1840, and in three days upwards of one hundred thousand persons of all ranks and classes flocked into the town, eager to pay tribute to the memory of the man from whose hands the first printed book is believed to have emanated.

Those who, in consequence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, being continued, will make knowledge useless, and genius contemptible.

THE CUNNING OF THE SPIDER.—Among the four things which are little upon the earth, and yet are "exceeding wise," King Solomon counts the spider. "She taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces." A degree of the marvellous has characterised the stories of the sagacity of these animals, that we do not attempt to reach: a simple exhibition of it, however, is worth relating. It occurred in the West Indies:—

A spider, of moderate size, had fortified himself within a very formidable web in a corner of our office, where he was suffered to remain, for no other reason than his predilection for mosquitoes. His taste for variety, however, was very soon developed. We observed him, a morning or two since, making very rapid preparations to attack an enormous beetle, whose peregrinations had extended into his neighborhood. The web was made fast to two of his legs at the first onset. Mr. Beetle, apparently not altogether satisfied with this "fraternal hug," bade him good morning, and marched off, carrying his chains with him, in doing which he had well nigh demolished the fortress itself. In a few moments, however, the beetle repeated his visit. In the meantime the spider had repaired damages, and was prepared for the reception of the formidable stranger. The web was about eighteen inches from the floor; the spider precipitated himself from it, but stopped suddenly when within about two inches of the floor. As this feat was again and again repeated, we have no doubt that it was an experiment to try the strength of his cord. At length he threw himself upon the back of the beetle, attached the web to the posterior extremities, and then retreated. Mr. Beetle's suspicions of the purity of the intentions of his long-legged host were now confirmed, and, apparently, with no small degree of displeasure, he turned his back upon the spider, the frailty of whose web, notwithstanding his precaution, not interfering, in the slightest degree, with the dignity of Sir Beetle's measured tread. The spider, convinced that an open attack was altogether unavailable, resorted to stratagem. With rather an eccentric manœuvre he fastened the attention of Mr. Beetle upon himself, and then commenced a retreat up the surface of a somewhat rough wall. Whether Mr. Beetle mistook this trick of the spider for politeness, under the impression that he was conducting him to his castle, or whether it was a matter of sheer curiosity, that induced him to follow his betrayer, we are not able to decide; it is sufficient that the decoy was successful. Mr. Spider was vastly civil to Sir Beetle. Court language was used on the occasion, without doubt,

until they reached a point directly over the web, when, like another Roderick Dhu, he threw off his disguise, and, in a trice, mounted upon the back of Sir Beetle, disengaged his feet from the wall, and they tumbled together into the web. With the rough legs of the beetle, and being unable to obtain

always its horrors and solitudes, and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight but the power of betraying.

To CULTIVATE the sensibilities much, and a taste for romance, at an early age, to the neglect of more



CHAMBER IN THE HOUSE OF A MIERA, IN THE VALLEY OF HADJAB.

foothold, extrication was impossible, escape hopeless; he surrendered at discretion, and, on the following evening, was found dead in his chains.

To DREAD no eye, and suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence: an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has

solid acquirements, is about as wise as to sow arable ground with poppies. In spring all will be prematurely beautiful; in autumn everything bleak and bare, and there will be but a drowsy residuum, in place of healthful nourishment, to be reaped from the fruit of the soil.



"At this moment Myrrha gave a sudden start, and a wild cry pealed from her lips."

LEILA: OR THE STAR OF MINGRELIA.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 267, vol. III.)

CHAPTER IX. THE BANDIT'S WIFE.

We must now return to Kyri Karaman: for the reader can scarcely have partaken of Leila's error in identifying the high-principled and virtuous Aladyn with that formidable bandit; though in the circumstances of the case it was indeed only too natural that the Star of Mingrelia should have fallen into so grievous a misapprehension.

We have been informed, through the medium of the landlord's lips, how Kyri Karaman abruptly quitted the hotel after having successfully accomplished his aim by depriving Leila of her ring. He rode hastily back to the spot, a few miles distant, where he had left Khazi and Masoud, and where he now expected to receive the intelligence that Aladyn and his dependants were prisoners in the hands of the party of his men whom he had sent to the tower to ensure their capture. He likewise expected to find that party, with the Osmanli prisoners themselves, at the spot to which he was now returning after his absence of a few hours in the disguise of Masoud's dress.

On reaching this spot, Kyri Karaman plunged into the grove, where he beheld a light shining from within a tent which had been erected there since he had taken his departure. He was instantaneously joined by Khazi and Masoud, who started up from the grass on which they were reposing; and the Guerilla-bandit impatiently demanded, "What tidings?"

"I regret," responded Khazi mournfully, "to have evil intelligence to communicate."

"Perdition!" cried Karaman, in a voice full of rage. "Then my worst misgivings are fulfilled! But what is this intelligence? Where are our men? Have they come back? And what of Myrrha?"

"The Lady Myrrha is safe," responded Khazi, glad at having at least something good to make known. "She is there, in that tent. As for the Osmanlis—they have again escaped us."

"Again escaped!" exclaimed Kyri. "By all the saints, we seem to have become insensate fools in our undertakings! At least not I—for I alone succeed!"

"Ah, you have succeeded, great Chief?" said Khazi. "That is at least something."

"Yes—it is something," responded Karaman quickly: "but it is only half of what there was to accomplish. Where are the men! They will be required in a few hours to waylay and capture Leila and her handmaids."

At this moment the curtain of the tent was drawn aside; and Myrrha came forth.

"My noble husband!" she exclaimed, flying into Kyri Karaman's arms.

"My beautiful Myrrha! my beloved wife!" ejaculated the Chieftain, straining to his breast the superb woman whom he adored; and for a few instants he lost sight of his plots and intrigues in the rapturous joy of this meeting—for they had been for several weeks separated.

"Blame not Khazi," said Myrrha, when the first effusion of feeling was over: "he did his best—as I did mine also: but that young Osmanli's dependants suspected something—and therefore all failed."

Kyri Karaman passed into the tent, with his magnificent wife leaning upon his arm: and beneath the canvas covering they sat down. The negress and the Georgian maid were in another tent, which was erected at a short distance; so that Karaman and Myrrha were alone together.

"Now tell me all that has occurred, my Myrrha," said the bandit-chief.

She accordingly related her adventures with Aladyn and his two followers, though glossing lightly over the amount of blandishments she had lavished upon the young Turk himself:—and when she came to speak of the treatment she had received at the hands of Hafiz—how he had bound her hand and foot and tied her to the sofa—Kyri Karaman gave utterance to the most terrible threats and vows of vengeance against that "dog of an Osmanli," as he termed Aladyn's junior dependant. Myrrha proceeded to relate that it was not until the party whom Kyri had despatched, arrived at the tower, that she was released from her bondage: for, as it subsequently transpired, the domestic was likewise bound hand and foot, while the hostler was fastened in his own room at the stables. The gate of the tower had been left open by the Osmanlis at their departure. Myrrha continued to observe that, conceiving it to be most important to capture Aladyn and his dependants, she had sent off the party of Guerillas to scour the country in search of them,—with instructions that they were not to return to their Chief without the objects of their pursuit, or until all hope of tracking them should be lost. This accounted for the continued absence of the party of horsemen. Myrrha concluded by stating that she was so ill and exhausted by being kept bound so

tightly to the sofa for upwards of an hour until the men arrived to her rescue, that she was compelled to linger until late in the afternoon of the day ere she could set out upon her journey to rejoin her husband.

Kyri Karaman was bitterly annoyed at the failure of the enterprise against the Osmanlis; but he still entertained the faint hope that his partisans would overtake and capture them.

"You understand from my letter, beloved Myrrha," he said to his wife, "the whole particulars of this project, in which I am embarked?—and you comprehend the part which you yourself have to play, and for which I sent to summon you so abruptly from the dwelling of the relatives whom you have been to visit?"

"I comprehend all the details, my noble Kyri," responded Myrrha, gazing with affection and admiration upon the handsome countenance of her husband. "But in respect to Leila—"

"Here is her ring!" replied Karaman, with the animation of triumph upon his features. "In whatsoever I myself undertake, I succeed!"

He then explained to Myrrha how, in the disguise which he still wore, he had conducted his proceedings at the hotel; and his wife, when he had concluded, exclaimed, "Oh! what rashness, my beloved husband thus to penetrate into the heart of a town where a single look of recognition would have proved fatal!"

"Give not way to these fears, my beloved," he answered: "although the expression of them is so far sweet to my ears that they prove the strength of your attachment. It was requisite for me to dare this enterprise in which I have just succeeded so well. Yet was I cautious, Myrrha! I lingered not in Leila's chamber an instant more than was necessary—no, not even to secure the other gems which she wore, nor those which were profusely scattered upon the toilet table. And then too, I will frankly confess that I should have scorned the idea of playing the part of a mean, paltry, sneaking thief when penetrating into the chamber of sleeping and defenseless females by night. It is something so different to win by a deed of bold daring the plunder of well-armed travellers in the open road!"

"Yes, my noble husband!" exclaimed Myrrha: "there must be chivalry and heroism even in your avocation!"

It was thus that these two beings strained and strove to give an elevation to all the ideas that were associated with their lawless proceedings, and to invest with the gloss of heroism the pursuits in which they were engaged. It was not so much a false pride endeavoring to veil its fall—still less a scruple

of conscience endeavoring to tranquilize itself; but it was the mutual fear that if they looked each other in the face, and that their eyes bespoke a consciousness of the full significance of their misdeeds, the strong love which they reciprocated would be impaired, and that in proportion as they sank in each other's estimation, so would their affection shrivel beneath the blighting influence of conscious criminality.

"Now at least, Myrrha," said Kyri after a pause, during which the dark eyes of both looked full of fondness into each other. "half of the preliminaries in our grand undertaking are accomplished by the fact of Leila's ring being in your possession. Early in the morning may you set off, my beloved, for Tifis; and Tunar, who is to be upon the look out, will immediately visit you. He will tell you whether Aladyn be arrived; if so, you have nought to do but return to our mountain-home without delay—for all will have failed. But if, on the contrary, Aladyn be not in Tifis, you may conclude that all is well—that he is captured—and that I shall speedily join you in that city, to consummate our grand designs."

"And what of Leila, herself?" inquired Myrrha.

"Should not our partisans return within the next few hours," responded Kyri Karaman, "I must e'en set forth with Khazi and Masoud; and we three must make Leila and her maidens our prisoners. Unless indeed," he added, "when she comes to discover the loss of her talismanic ring, she may fancy it is useless for her to prosecute the journey to Tifis, and she may begin to retrace her way mournfully into Mingrelia,—in which case our purpose will be so far served, and it will be needless to offer her the slightest molestation."

"It is to be hoped," said Myrrha, "that this latter alternative will be the result. And now tell me, my noble husband, if we succeed in this present enterprise—"

"Oh, then, Myrrha," ejaculated Karaman, with enthusiasm flashing in his handsome dark eyes, "there will be no farther necessity for me to lead a life which with all its exciting adventures and stirring scenes, is nevertheless one of restlessness and peril. Ah, my beloved Myrrha! it were better far that we should either repair to some distant city where under other names, and our antecedents utterly unknown, we may enjoy the boundless wealth which will be in our possession; or else, Myrrha, that we should retire altogether from the world, to fix our abode in that delicious valley of Gulistan to which we shall so shortly find the mysterious clue,—that Vale of Roses where all is peace and loveliness and plenty—where summer ever reigns—where the cold of winter is unknown—and into whose delicious solitudes the tempest cannot come."

"Ah, that were indeed happiness!" said Myrrha, in a subdued voice, as if the full effect of the picture which her husband so eloquently drew had fallen upon her soul; and she reclined her magnificent head upon the shoulder of the Guerilla Chief, while with her superb dark eyes she looked up in his own. "Yea, Kyri," she continued, "I should prefer the latter course. Oh, it were delightful to wander amidst the embowering mazes of that terrestrial paradise—to eat of the fruits and drink of the crystal waters of Gulistan—and to tread perchance in the track of the footsteps of our first parents Adam and Eve, in that garden where nature's bounties are most profusely shed, and where the towering heights form a protecting girdle as if with an adamant wall!"

"And yet," responded Kyri Karaman with a smile, "if we settle altogether in the Vale of Roses, my beautiful Myrrha, I know not of what use will be the illimitable wealth that we shall discover there."

"Ah, I had not finished!" said the Guerilla Chief's wife. "It is the lot of human nature to become after a time sated with pleasure, and to find a monotony in any state of existence which is made up entirely of sweets. Thus, my noble husband, I have been picturing to myself that—always supposing we are successful—we may divide our time between the pleasures of some splendid city where our wealth shall avail us for all purposes of enjoyment, and that delicious valley which is to be the source of all that wealth. When sated with the luxuries and delights of the city, we may retire for a season into the peaceful solitudes of that garden; and thence after awhile we shall emerge again, with a resuscitated appetite for the pleasures of the gay and bustling world which lies beyond the mountain-barriers of the Vale of Roses."

It was thus that Kyri Karaman and his splendid wife conversed together; and if they displayed even a childish spirit of speculation upon uncertainties,

and plunged into delicious dreams for the future, it was again an endeavor on their part to infuse happiness into each other's soul and to speak as if they felt themselves worthy of the existence of bliss which they so eloquently portrayed. At the same time, however, be it understood that they flattered themselves they had an excellent chance of realising all that they thus talked of as if in waking visions: for Kyri Karaman could not resign himself to the idea that Aladyn would finally escape from the pursuit of his partisans, much less vanquish that second party with as much ease as he and his two dependants had overcome the first.

It was at an early hour in the morning that Kyri Karaman and Myrrha once more bade each other a temporary farewell; and the latter set out, attended as before by the negress and her Georgian maiden. A little while after their departure, the Guerilla Chief—who had again resumed his own apparel—finding that his partisans who had been sent after the three Osmanlis, did not arrive, bade Khazi and Masoud follow him. Mounted upon their fleet steeds, they took a circuitous route, which brought them beyond the town where Leila had passed the night, and where Karaman had possessed himself of the ring. He and his two followers concealed themselves in the deep mazes of a grove skirting the route which Leila and her maidens would have to take while journeying towards Tifis; for, though the bandit conceived it to be by no means improbable that after the mysterious loss of the ring and the certainty that it had become known at the hotel that he, the formidable Kyri Karaman, had been a visitor there, Leila might choose to travel with an armed escort, yet it never occurred to him that this escort would be so large as it proved to be. Thus, when from his ambush Kyri Karaman beheld Leila and her maidens riding by, attended by no less than a dozen well-armed and powerful men, he dared not—dauntless even to desperation though he were—make an attack upon that escort. Masoud indeed was better skilled as a trusty spy than to be relied on for feats of arms; and the Guerilla Captain therefore knew that himself and Khazi would have to bear the brunt of a battle if he were to risk it. But with such fearful odds it seemed nothing short of madness to do so; and Karaman was compelled to suffer the lady, her maidens, and the escort to pass without molestation.

This was another terrible disappointment for Kyri Karaman; and threatened his projects with ruin. For he saw that if Leila should succeed in reaching Tifis, it would be next to impossible for Myrrha to accomplish the part which had been entrusted to her, even though Aladyn should in the meanwhile fall into his hands. Bitterly did Kyri anathematize the mischance which had brought that Immertian merchant into the court-yard of the hotel at the instant he was about to take his departure in the middle of the past night: for to his recognition by that trader did the bandit-chief attribute—and rightly attribute—the circumstance of Leila's travelling with so formidable an escort. It naturally failed to strike him that Leila would in a short time dispense with that escort and take only two armed attendants at the next stage: it was impossible for the Chief to surmise or foresee such a marked change in her proceedings;—and thus he was for a time bewildered how to act. But suddenly an idea struck him.

"What if I were to press on to Tifis and communicate with Tunar before any one else can by possibility arrive there? I might in that case disposed of Leila by some means or another: or I might do the same by Aladyn if he should succeed in escaping from my men who are in search of him! Yes—I will adopt this course."

It was to himself that Kyri Karaman thus mused, while Khazi and Masoud looked on in silence; for they saw that their captain was revolving some plans in his mind. Once more was a change of apparel effected between Karaman and Masoud; and then the robber-chief gave a variety of instructions to Khazi, tutoring him how to act in case of particular eventualities arising. The lieutenant fully comprehended his superior's instructions; and Karaman set out on his journey towards Tifis—being careful to avoid the main road. Thus, as we have seen, he neither overtook Leila, nor fell in with the three Osmanlis.

But let us now return to Myrrha, whom we left at the moment when she was setting off likewise for Tifis, attended by the negress and her handsome Georgian maiden. It suited their purpose also to avoid the main road, for fear lest by any accident they should fall in with Aladyn and his two dependants. Their journey was continued throughout the day, allowing occasional intervals to rest themselves and their steeds; and when the evening drew in, they took up their quarters at an hostelry in a village.

This, be it understood, was the same night as that which Leila and her maidens passed at the farmhouse where they heard the sad tale from the lips of the Georgian widow. On the following day Myrrha's journey was resumed towards Tifis,—she being as a matter of course utterly unconscious that circumstances had so speedily induced her husband to proceed in the same direction. Indeed she made no doubt that Leila and her maidens had fallen into Kyri's power; and she fervently hoped that Aladyn was likewise captured by the party sent in pursuit of him. Otherwise, if he succeeded in reaching Tifis, she felt that her own journey thither would be rendered utterly abortive.

The noonday sun was pouring its beams with more than ordinary sultriness upon the Georgian landscapes, when Myrrha and her attendants reached a spot which seemed most fitting for a halting-place. Indeed, it bore a certain resemblance to that Vale of Bright Waters, many miles distant, where she had encountered Aladyn; for in this spot of which we are now speaking, a crystal streamlet murmured past a gentle acclivity of verdure shaded by fruit trees. There the halt was accordingly made; and the little portable tent, which the negress had in charge, and which was attached to the back of her saddle, was speedily spread out and erected. Myrrha did not however feel inclined to repose beneath that tented covering; she sat down upon the grass by the side of the stream, and gave way to her reflections. She thought of that husband whom she loved so devotedly, and for whose sake she had quitted a respectable home in the southern part of Georgia; she thought likewise of those parents whom she had so recently been to visit, and who were very far from suspecting that he whom she had espoused was the formidable Kyri Karaman. Thence her meditations wandered to the enterprise in which herself and her husband were at present embarked; and she calculated all the chances of failure and of success.

For a couple of hours had Myrrha thus reposed by the side of that limpid streamlet; and she was just thinking that it was expedient to resume the journey, when her ears caught the sounds of horse's hoofs. She started up, and concealed herself among the trees. We should observe that the tent and her followers were out of sight amidst the embowering verdure. Myrrha looked to see who might be coming; and the reader will not be surprised at this caution on her part, when he reflects that she could have had little inclination to fall in with the three Osmanlis.

But they were three females who were approaching upon horseback; and Myrrha emerged from her hiding-place. She could not behold their countenances—for, in consequence of the heat of the sun, they had drawn their veils over them; but she was at once struck by the elegant figure of the lady who rode in advance, and who was attended by her two handmaidens. A suspicion flashed to Myrrha's mind. Was it possible that this was the Star of Mingrelia?—had she escaped the lookout of Kyri Karaman?—and was accident throwing her in Myrrha's way?

Yes—it was Leila, attended by her damsels. The circuitous route which Myrrha on the one hand had purposely adopted, and that which Leila had taken in her flight on the preceding evening from the neighborhood of the Armenian miller's house, had thus brought them to the same spot. The Star of Mingrelia, on beholding a handsome and well-dressed lady standing upon the verdant bank of the stream, raised her veil in sign of friendly courtesy; and Myrrha—not merely from the description which she had received from her husband, but likewise from the marvellous beauty which was thus revealed to her—had no longer the slightest scintillation of doubt that it was indeed the Star of Mingrelia whom she now beheld.

"Ah!" she thought to herself, "by some accident you have escaped my noble husband; it is fortunate therefore that I have fallen in with you!"

But not for an instant could Leila suspect what treacherous ideas were thus revolving in the mind of the handsome lady who in a moment came forward and greeted her with the most winning courtesy. It will be remembered that when Leila and her damsels had left the farm-house of the hospitable Georgian woman, it was with the intention of procuring an escort at the first town or village which they might reach. But they had accidentally wandered out of the route which the Georgian widow had indicated; they had reached neither town nor village—they as well as their horses stood in need of refreshment—and they were looking out for a suitable spot whereto to make a halt, when they came in sight of Myrrha upon the bank of the rivulet.

Quickly dismounting from their steeds, they readily

availed themselves of the present opportunity for a companionship which was naturally agreeable to their ideas, it being that of their own sex. Zaida and Enina were presently seated with the negress and the Georgian maid at a little distance amidst the embowering trees; while the beautiful Leila took her place by the side of the magnificent Myrrha on the bank of the stream.

Ah, Leila! little did you think that the superb creature whom you were thus making your companion, was as guileful as that venomous black snake which was stealing noiselessly through the grass at a little distance, stopping ever and anon as if uncertain into which of those two exquisite specimens of feminine beauty it should plunge its fatal fangs!

CHAPTER X.

LEILA AND MYRRHA.

WHILE Myrrha was overwhelming Leila with the most courteous attentions, she was revolving in her perfidious mind what measures she might best adopt in order to secure the Mingrelian lady and her two handmaidens as her prisoners. Force was out of the question, as there were three on one side to three on the other, even if Myrrha should attempt an exploit of Amazonian heroism, of which indeed she was quite capable, were there only a prospect of success. But she had already determined in her mind that some stratagem should be had recourse to; and the most feasible scheme appeared to be that of winning the confidence of Leila, and under the pretence of companionship during her journey, leading her to some place where she might be temporarily imprisoned.

Myrrha ordered her dependants to spread a repast upon the flower-begemmed sward; and she performed the hospitalities of the little banquet with the same affability that she had so well displayed towards the young Aladyn. The conversation was merely upon general topics: for Leila had already resolved to be continuously and completely upon her guard—to be communicative to no one—to act indeed as if a secret enemy might be concealed under every garb of apparent friendliness. Not that for a single instant the Star of Mingrelia suspected aught to the prejudice of the lady into whose company she was now thrown: but her recent experiences had rendered her wary and cautious, if not mistrustful.

On her own part Myrrha was equally well disposed to maintain the conversation on general topics, for fear lest by seeking to direct it to any particular one, she might be suspected of some ulterior purpose. Thus she did not even mention the name of Kyri Karaman, lest she might instil fears into Leila's soul, which fears themselves would possibly prove the parent of suspicions. Myrrha had originally possessed good and virtuous principles: but her love for Kyri Karaman, her husband, was of such romantic power that it rose superior to all other feelings and to all other considerations. It had become so completely interwoven with her entire existence—so intertwined with her whole being, that she lived for it alone. Thus was she pliant and ductile to her husband's will, even to the commission of any fault and to the verge of any crime: but still her better principles were not altogether crushed out—they were merely rendered dormant by the predominating influence of her love's devotedness.

Now there was a slight awakening of those better feelings in the heart of Myrrha, as she contemplated that beautiful creature of seventeen who sat before her. There is something in a matchless feminine beauty which can touch even the heart of a feminine beholder. The soul seems to say to itself that it would be a crime to bring forth tears from those beauteous eyes—to do aught that should convulse with anguish that lovely countenance—or that should agitate that virgin bosom. And Myrrha could not prevent some such ideas as these from stealing in unto her mind, as she gazed upon the transcending charms of Leila. She was likewise all the more susceptible of such feelings on the present occasion, because she was utterly devoid of jealousy in respect to the Star of Mingrelia. She had her own vanity—or rather pride of conscious beauty; and she thought that she herself was as perfect a specimen of one style of loveliness as Leila was of another. Kyri Karaman had seen the Star of Mingrelia: he had not hesitated to tell Myrrha that she did indeed well deserve that denomination: but at the same time he had assured his wife that no human being could possibly appear so lovely or lovable in his estimation as herself. Thus was it that Myrrha was neither inspired by jealousy nor envy in respect to the charms of Leila; and there

were consequently no thorns nor rank weeds to choke that delicate flower of sympathy which was gradually expanding in her soul.

For the first time since she had become Kyri Karaman's bride, she experienced a distaste for the projects in which his busy and adventurous life compelled her not unfrequently to bear a part. She had done no mean violence to her feelings when flinging the looks and breathing the language of love in order to beguile the young Aladyn with her witcheries; for as a woman Myrrha was strictly virtuous, and as a wife her devotion was immaculate. She had only conducted herself in such a manner upon that occasion from motives of deep policy, as the reader has seen, and in order to accomplish a particular object. But if she then did violence to her feelings, it was now with even a still stronger loathing that she found herself called upon to play a treacherous part towards the young, the innocent, and the lovely girl who had broken her bread and eaten of her salt. Indeed there were moments—when Leila's musical voice was flowing like a heavenly melody upon Myrrha's ear—when Leila's large blue eyes were bent with all their natural softness upon her—and when Leila's vermilion lips were wreathed with sweetest smiles,—it was in such moments as these, we say, that Myrrha found her heart yearning towards that young maiden. She could have caught her in her arms—she could have embraced her with all the fervor that she would have bestowed upon a much loved sister—and she could have warned her against the treacheries that beset her path.

But no!—Myrrha acted not thus. The power of her evil genius was still paramount: her love for Kyri Karaman was in itself a guarantee for implicit obedience to his will and adhesion to his interests. Yet such was the state of her mind that it would have required but the slightest accident to bring the virtuous principles uppermost and to give the empire to her better feelings.

The repast was cleared away; the dependants of the two ladies were now feasting together at a little distance; while Myrrha and Leila still sat upon the bank of the stream. The Guerilla-bandit's wife was already beginning to give the conversation that subtle turn which might enable her to speak of the necessity of renewing the journey, and thus to elicit from Leila's lips that she herself was likewise repairing to Tiflis, so that a proposition for companionship during the route might be made: but at this moment another person was appearing upon the scene.

This was a Turkish female, who by her garb, as well as by a little box of sandal-wood which she carried in her hand, was evidently one of those "wise-women" who wandered about the Asiatic provinces of the Sultan and the neighboring Christian States, to dispose of drugs, perfumes, and medicines. The female to whom we are now particularly alluding, was of middle age—tall and upright—and with a somewhat swarthy complexion, although she habitually wore a linen veil or covering over the greater part of her face.

Approaching the two ladies, she said in the Armenian dialect, "Buy my pastiles or my perfumes, beauteous ones! Buy my salves, which heal all wounds—or my powders which are antidotes to all poisons—or I can sell you beautiful pieces of amber to decorate your toilette-tables. If ye are married ye have husbands—and if ye be not, ye have doubtless lovers—to whom ye can present my beautiful amber to make them mouth-pieces for their tchibouques. Come, buy something of Thekla! It is considered fortunate to do a good deed towards the wandering Thekla!"

There might have appeared something savoring of coarseness or indelicacy in one portion of Thekla's speech—that which alluded to the probable contingency of lovers—where it not that this was the usual jargon practised by wise-women of her description. Leila as well as Myrrha knew that it was so; and thus the Star of Mingrelia only smiled good-naturedly as Thekla approached. Myrrha likewise smiled—but it was to cover her annoyance at this interruption to the discourse at a moment when she was so dexterously turning it upon a topic which was only to be approached with delicacy and caution. Thekla was however encouraged by one smile as well as by the other; and seating herself upon the grass, she opened her little box of sandal-wood.

"Here," she said, "are phials containing the finest otto of roses, pure and unadulterated. Here are powders which are speedy antidotes to even the most virulent poison. Did I not thereby cure Hassan Pasha, Governor of Erzeroun, six months back, when a treacherous slave administered a subtle venom in a cup of coffee?—and has not this

added to the fame of Thekla? Here, ladies, are those superb pieces of amber unto which I ere now alluded. By the Prophet, they are transparent as crystal itself! But here," she continued, with a most solemn look and voice, as she displayed two or three small gallipots,—"here is a medicine the composition of which is known only to the wandering Thekla. It is the same as the celebrated balsam of the Sultan Saladin. Ye are doubtless well instructed, ladies—and ye have read or ye have been told how that great Sultan, disguised as a wandering physician, penetrated into the tent of King Richard of England, during the wars of the Crusaders, and cured him of a malady which threatened to be fatal. It was with this famous balsam that the great Saladin effected the cure of one whom he deemed a noble enemy;—and of all beings in the world Thekla now alone knows how to concoct it."

"And how came it, Thekla," asked Leila, more for the good-natured purpose of humoring the woman, than because she was either amused or interested by her jargon,—"how was it that the miraculous receipt found its way into your possession?"

"Ah, lady, that is my secret?" responded Thekla, with a look of mysterious significance. "Ye! I swear by the Prophet that the balsam possesses sovereign virtues! I do not hesitate to confess that the sap of the white-birch—which I know is esteemed in these Caucasian regions—enters into the composition of my precious balsam: but there are other herbs and drugs blended therewith, and which far transcend even the healing powers of the white-birch itself. Did I not cure with this balsam an old man some eighteen months back, under circumstances of no ordinary mystery?"

"If you say so, Thekla," remarked Myrrha, "it must be true; for I am sure you are incapable of giving utterance to a falsehood."

"You are pleased to make merry at my expense, lady," answered the wise-woman: "but I swear by the Prophet that it is as I tell you!"

"And how were the circumstances so peculiar?" inquired Leila.

Thekla bent a strange mysterious look upon the Star of Mingrelia: then she slowly turned the same grave inscrutable regard upon Myrrha; and for some moments she maintained a profound silence.

"Ladies," she at length said, in a solemn voice, "if ye have leisure and inclination to hear a strange tale I will narrate one. I swear by the Prophet it is truth!—and though a living woman, yet naught can dissuade me from cherishing the conviction that I have obtained a glimpse of that Paradise of Eiram into which all True Believers shall go after death."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Myrrha, struck by the singularity of a statement which she at once, though vaguely and indefinitely, associated with those visions of an earthly paradise towards which her husband and herself had so recently been aspiring.

Even Leila, who had no such glorious dreams floating in her mind, was somewhat interested by the strange mysterious words that Thekla had just uttered; and the wise-woman therefore perceived by the looks of both ladies that she might tell her tale. Whether true, or whether false, she had adroitly prepared the way for recital of this narrative in order to prove the efficacy of her drugs, and to ensure a liberal recompense for her trouble in whiling away a pleasant half-hour.

"It was upwards of eighteen months back," she commenced, "in the depth of terrible winter, that I happened to be at Tiflis. There I performed several remarkable cures; so that my fame spread abroad. One day a venerable-looking citizen came to my lodging, and stated that he had been induced by all that he had heard to have recourse to me in a particular emergency. I assured him that my skill was equal to any emergency with which human means might grapple. He spoke guardedly and cautiously at first, feeling his way as it were, and sounding me to ascertain whether it were worth while for him to become more explicit and whether I were likely to fall in with the views which he had to propound. But I need not trouble you, ladies, with all the discourse that passed between us. Suffice it for me to enter at once upon the nature of the service which I was called upon to perform. The citizen—whose name you'll excuse me for suppressing—stipulated that I should accompany him on a somewhat lengthy journey, and that I should consent to be blindfolded during certain portions of it. It was in this manner that I was to be conducted to the patient whom I was called upon to cure, and whom it was absolutely necessary that I should see for the purpose. If I agreed to all this, I was to receive a considerable recompense; and I was likewise assured that I might ever after rely upon the friend-

ship of the venerable citizen to whom I am alluding. Well, ladies, I reflected that this could scarcely be a plot to ensnare me; for the citizen was of known respectability, and of what avail to him would have been the life of a poor wandering wise-woman? So I assented; and the citizen gave me an earnest of his liberality. When the dusk of evening set in, the citizen came to fetch me; and we left Tiflis together, each mounted upon a swift and powerful steed. All night long we journeyed; and when morning came, we were amidst the wilds of the Caucasus. We rested for a few hours in a cavern, where the citizen lighted a fire—for I have already told you that the winter was severe and we were well-nigh perished with the cold. But the citizen had brought supplies of good provisions as well as of rich cordials; and thus were we warmed, cheered, and comforted. For several hours did we remain in the cavern, that ourselves and our steeds might obtain adequate rest and refreshment. At length, when our journey was to be resumed, I found that the moment had come when the bandage was to be fastened over my eyes. I was blindfolded accordingly—and in such a manner too, that even if I had possessed the inclination to play a treacherous part, I had not the power. I hope, ladies, that I do not weary you?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Myrrha. "Proceed, my good woman! We are listening with all the interest which your tale deserves."

Leila likewise gave an encouraging look; and the wise-woman continued the recital.

"Though blindfolded, I was still seated on my horse," said Thekla, "the citizen riding by my side, and leading the animal by a rein which he had adjusted for the purpose. Sometimes we proceeded at a rapid rate—sometimes more slowly, when mounting an ascent, or when passing over ground which I knew by the manner of the horse's tread to be difficult and uneven—and sometimes so very slowly that ideas of yawning chasms and paths winding along the brink of frightful precipices appalled my brain. In this manner was our journey continued until the dusk was closing in; and then we halted again. The bandage was taken from my eyes; and there was just sufficient light to show me that I was now in one of the wildest and most awful regions of the Caucasus. Picture to yourselves, ladies, yawning precipices and towering mountains—glaciers and thundering cataracts—horrible ravines and colossal heights capped with snow;—imagine all this, and you will have some faint idea of the grand, the dread, and the awful features of the scenery by which I was surrounded. Another cavern received us: a fire was again lighted—the provisions and the cordials were produced—and once more was I warmed, cheered, and comforted."

"And now I suppose," said Myrrha, with difficulty concealing her intense anxiety and suspense, "comes the most interesting part of your narrative?"

"By the Prophet, it is so!" answered Thekla. "It was evening, as I have said, when we arrived in that dreadful region where the scenery was so wildly imposing and where the cold was so intense. For about two hours we halted, until an almost total darkness prevailed—a darkness which was faintly relieved only by the gleaming of the snow on the adjacent heights. Then the citizen bade me rise and prepare to accompany him. Now he again blindfolded me: but we did not on this occasion mount our horses;—they were safely stabled in the cavern, and we were to proceed on foot. The citizen led me by the hand; and thus we walked on for about half an hour, the cold continuing so intense that it seemed as if ice-shafts were piercing through my brain. At length we halted for a few moments; then the citizen led me forward—and I could tell by the partial relief that was experienced from the extreme glacial chill, as well as by the dull echo of our footsteps, that we had entered into some cavern. It was a long one; and when it terminated, my venerable guide said to me, 'You are now about to descend a flight of steps: that descent will be a deep one: but keep hold of my hand, and fear not.'—Methought I heard a sound as of a door gently opening; but I am not certain. The descent was begun: and such strange echoes did our footsteps immediately raise that if there were any sound of the door closing, my ear caught it not. Down, down we went: it seemed as if it were a spiral staircase cut out of the solid rock. Down, down,—still farther and farther downward, until my brain began to reel with the continuous windings, and my legs ached with the labor of this descent. But I noticed that the deeper we went the warmer grew the atmosphere; and thoughts strange and horrible began gradually to arise in my mind. What if after all this were the Evil One in disguise—the accursed

Eblis, the perdition-doomed Scheitan—who in mortal guise had sought me, had tempted me with the lure of a bribe, and was now conducting me down to his region of eternal fires!"

"Ah, those thoughts," said Leila, her gentle frame shuddering at the bare idea, "must have indeed been horrible!"

"Proceed, proceed!" ejaculated Myrrha, whose suspense had every instant been growing more and more intolerable; so that the manner in which the wise-woman told her tale, though concise enough, was utter prosiness to the Guerilla-bandit's wife.

"Just as these thoughts of mine were about to overpower me," returned Thekla, "we stopped short—a door opened outward; and I became sensible of so balmy an atmosphere—an air so soft, so warm, so fragrant, although it was in the middle of that long cold night of winter, that all my terrors vanished in a moment and I experienced a sweet ecstatic feeling. My venerable guide again led me forward by the hand: I heard the door close behind me with a heavy sound, as if it were a mass of rock itself; and we continued descending that which appeared to be sometimes a sward of soft grass—at other times a well-trodden path. My ear caught the sound of rippling rills and gently murmuring cascades, which contrasted delightfully with the roaring din of the torrents that had deafened me in the region of glacier and of mountain. Still we went on and on—always descending gentle slopes, where to advance was no toil—and every instant entering as it were into a balmier, a softer, and a more fragrant air. My garments rustled against shrubs: my feet sometimes became entangled amongst flowers: my disengaged hand came in contact with fruits hanging to their boughs. It was evidently a region of full summer into which I had entered! At length my guide stopped short, and removed the bandage from my eyes."

"And what saw you?" inquired Myrrha: "what saw you! Tell me quick!"—then suddenly checking herself in the midst of the ecstatic hopefulness of her feelings, she remarked more quietly, "Your tale, good Thekla, is indeed sufficient to excite a powerful interest."

"I have heard rumors," said Leila, "of elysian spots concealed amongst the Caucasian mountains; but until now I had always treated them as the fictions of those fable-haunted climes."

"Here was no fiction," answered Thekla, solemnly, "I swear by the Prophet that I am telling the truth! You have asked me, lady, what I saw," she continued, turning toward Myrrha; "and I will tell you. The moon was shining brightly, and its lustre was shed upon the fairest scene which mortal eye ever beheld. And not only the fairest, but in another sense the most wondrous and the most sublime! Conceive a large china bowl, the brim of which is all broken into a thousand fantastic shapes; and then conceive what would be the view some tiny insect might have from the bottom of that bowl if it were to look up and gaze all around it. Now for the application of this metaphor of mine, which may seem so singular. My guide had conducted me to the bottom of a valley where I might be likened to the insect gazing up at the tremendous circular barrier of mountains all round. The moon was shining so brightly, and its lustre seemed to be so concentrated in that valley—perhaps from the reflection of the snow which covered all the girding heights—that I could distinguish every object with the utmost clearness. The mountain barrier differed in this respect from my similitude of the bowl with its fantastically and irregularly broken brim—that all those eminences at the uppermost parts overhung the sides of the vale with masses of jutting crags—masses impossible to be passed by any one seeking to climb out of that valley, or to climb down into it from the wild regions which lay beyond. And oh! whereas it was direst, bleakest winter in those regions—yet in the depth of this vale it was a lovely summer! I could distinguish the vines laden with their luscious grapes—the trees gemmed with their rich foliage—the earth carpeted with flowers—while countless roses were blushing all around me."

"Roses?—yes!" ejaculated the enraptured Myrrha, her mind full of dreams of the elysian spot of which she had heard and to which she aspired—the paradise of Gulistan!

"But all this is truly wondrous!" said Leila, who in her innocence could hardly believe that Thekla would invent a tissue of deliberate falsehoods, but who on the other hand could scarcely give credit to so wild and romantic a history.

"By the Prophet," again said Thekla, "I swear that it is all the truth! Let me continue my tale. My venerable guide seemed to enjoy for a few minutes the pleasure and astonishment, with which I surveyed that blessed spot by the pure argentine

light of the moon; and when with a benignant smile he bade me follow him again, he said, 'When you go forth hence into the great world once more, it were needless for me to enjoin you to secrecy; for if you tell the tale no one will believe you.'"

Myrrha heaved a deep, noiseless, ecstatic sigh, as she thought to herself, "Oh, I at least believe you!"

"The venerable citizen," continued Thekla, "led the way amidst the flowers and fruit-trees, and the grape-laden vines; and he bade me pluck and eat of whatsoever I might fancy. I did so, and never, ladies, did I taste such delicious fruits as those I then banqueted upon in that charming valley. The citizen led me to a small edifice erected upon a grass-plot in the midst of that vale. It resembled a grotto, being built of curious stones which shone with a stalactite brilliancy in the moonbeams. A rill rippled near it; and all around the grass-plot were gardens of nothing but roses. Oh, how delicious was the air laden with the fragrance of those flowers—yet not oppressively nor with a sickening sensation. I was conducted into the grotto; and there I beheld my patient. He also was a venerable man—but this is a portion of the narrative on which it is unnecessary to dwell. Suffice it to say that for one whole week I remained in that delicious valley, through every part of which I rambled; and I beheld no living being but the old man who had conducted me thither, and that other old man whom I was taken there to cure. And I cured him?"

"Oh, but tell us more of this beautiful valley!" exclaimed Myrrha. "Saw you naught but fruits and flowers, and gentle rills and light cascades?"

"Yes, lady," responded Thekla; "I beheld the most beautiful birds that mortal eye ever rested upon; and I listened to the most delicious warblings that ever floated upon the human ear. I beheld likewise the entrances to caverns which seemed to penetrate far beneath the very foundations of the mountain barriers themselves: but I had not the courage to enter far into them. Yet during the week that I dwelt in the vale, never once did I catch the slightest glimpse of any living thing to startle or terrify me, nor to mar the pleasure which I experienced in that paradise. There the howl of the jackal is not heard—the wolf lurks not amidst the thickets of roses and of vines—no reptile glides insidiously through the grass—and even the very eagle itself is contented with looking down into the veil from its soaring height above, but swoops not into it! Ladies, were I to enlarge upon the theme, I could while away whole hours in depicting the charms of that valley, but I must bring my narrative to a close. At the end of the week my patient was completely cured, and my venerable guide who had brought me thither, told me in the middle of one night that we must depart. I took leave of my patient; but, oh! it was with indescribable regret that I prepared to leave the valley. The venerable citizen conducted me to where the gently ascending slopes of the side commenced, and then the bandage being placed over my eyes, shut out forever the view of a paradise where I would fain have spent the remainder of my existence. No—not forever!" exclaimed Thekla, emphatically: "for it must have been Eiram itself to which I was thus temporarily admitted; and as a True Believer I hope to revisit it hereafter. But as I was telling you, ladies, I was again blindfolded—the slopes were ascended—the door, if a door it were, was reached, and the ascent to the world outside was begun—the cold gloomy world of ice-bound winter! Oh, with what regrets did I fling my mental vision back to that delicious vale—"

At this moment Myrrha gave a sudden start, and a wild cry pealed from her lips.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BLACK SNAKE.

LEILA and Thekla sprang to their feet in consternation; while the handmaidens came running to the spot. With the direst horror depicted upon her countenance, the Guerilla-bandit's wife drew up the skirt of her dress, and there, around her exquisitely modelled ankle, a black snake had coiled itself. Oh! it was that reptile which from the very first had been noiselessly stealing through the grass, and ever and anon stopping for long intervals as if in doubt whether to strike its fangs into the flesh of the magnificent Myrrha or the beautiful Leila. And thus, at a moment when the Guerilla-bandit's wife was hearing of that earthly paradise of which she had previously only caught imagination's glimpses in her day-dreams—at a moment, too, when her heart was filled with rapturous hope, and her ecstatic aspirations were extending across the snow-

capped barriers of the Caucasus towards that vale of eternal summer and into whose balmy solitudes the chill blasts of winter could not penetrate—at such a moment was it that a deadly reptile pierced her soft warm flesh!

All was now confusion and dismay, anguish and consternation—except on the part of Thekla, the wise woman. This female retained all her self-possession; and snatching up the broken branch of a tree, she dealt the reptile a blow across the tail which lay stretched out upon the grass. The snake uncoiled itself with a hissing noise; again did she strike it and it lay writhing in death's agonies. Then Thekla bade the maidens hastily draw Myrrha, who was now half-fainting, a little higher up the bank, so as to place her beyond the reach of the snake in its convulsions; and stooping down, Thekla lost not a moment in applying some of her much-vaunted balsam to the wound. Then she took a powder—one of those she declared to be antidotes against all poisons; and mixing it up in some water which one of the handmaidens had procured in a cup at her bidding, she poured the contents down Myrrha's throat.

Meanwhile the negress had rushed into the grove of fruit-trees, in search of some particular herb which she believed to be a sovereign remedy against even the most venomous snake-bite, and which she had ere now happened to see growing in the neighborhood of the spot where the tent was erected.

Most touchingly interesting was the scene which presented itself on the bank of that streamlet. Emina was sustaining Myrrha in her arms; Zaida holding one of her hands, was gazing anxiously upon her countenance; while Myrrha's own Georgian maid was looking on in affright and dismay—and Thekla was standing near, with a certain serious despondency of countenance, notwithstanding the application of her own much-vaunted remedies. As for Leila, she was kneeling upon the green sward, with the tears trickling down her cheeks; for she was cruelly shocked at the thought that one whom she already began to like—one who was so young to die—one who was so splendid a specimen of feminine beauty, should perhaps be about to close her eyes for ever upon the light of this world!

A faintness had come over Myrrha, as we have already said; and Leila fancied that it was the numbing effect of the reptile's poison circulating in the victim's veins, and which would soon merge into the torpor that would close in death. Springing up from her knees, the agitated and afflicted Leila accosted Thekla, saying in a voice full of emotion, "Tell me, do you think you can save her—have you really any faith in your remedies? For heaven's sake, exert all your skill!—and I myself will reward you most liberally!"

"The human hand applies medicaments," responded Thekla; "but Allah alone must decide the rest. Your friend may live, or she may die: heaven knows! Allah is great!"—and it was with this species of jargon that the wise-woman sought to shield, as it were, her own character as a physician and the repute of those remedies which a short time back she had been vaunting as infallible.

"Good heavens!" murmured Leila, in anguish and despair: "your words afford me no hope!"

"No," said Myrrha, opening her large dark eyes—for she had returned sufficiently to consciousness to overhear what had just passed between the Star of Mingrelia and the wise-woman; "there is not a hope! I feel that death's poison is circulating in my veins:—I must die! But, Oh, lady! you have felt an interest in me—you are grieved on my account, beautiful Leila!"

The Star of Mingrelia, who had resumed her kneeling position by Myrrha's side, flung upon her a look of astonishment as she thus heard herself addressed by her name; for she had not communicated it to the Guerilla bandit's wife.

"Yes—I know you, beautiful Leila!" said Myrrha, comprehending the reason of that astonished glance: "and oh! I have much to say to you! Heaven grant that the breath of life may linger long enough within me for the purpose! But first of all take this!"

Thus speaking, Myrrha—with evident pain and difficulty—raised her hand; and she took from her bosom a small object which she presented to Leila. A cry of joy and amazement burst from the lips of the beautiful Mingrelian lady, as she recognised her ring—that ring which had been taken from her finger by Kyri Karaman in the chamber of the hostility!

"Yes—it is your's," said Myrrha: "it is your own ring!—and an immense weight is lifted from my conscience, now that I have restored it unto you!"

"My ring!" ejaculated Leila, scarcely able to be-

lieve her own eyes as she contemplated the jewel: for the bewildering question swept through her brain—How could it have come into the possession of the dark-eyed lady who was now perishing before her?

"Let all retire to a distance," said Myrrha, "except yourself, beautiful Leila; and do you remain here, for I have much to tell you."

At this moment the negress emerged from the grove of fruit-trees; and she rushed forward to apply to the wound of her mistress the herbs which she had gathered, and which she had hastily mashed into a sort of poultice.

"Disturb not the remedies which I have administered!" said Thekla, with some degree of anger. "If it be Allah's decree that she shall live—"

"Stand back, woman—and suffer me to have my will!" cried the negress peremptorily. "Dear lady," she continued, now addressing herself to Myrrha, as she stooped down to apply the poultice to the ankle, "allow me to take this only measure which, if Allah be indeed willing, may save your life!"

"Do what you think fit," responded Myrrha; "but use despatch—for, alas! I myself have no hope! I feel that the serpent's venom is circulating in my veins—and I would fain devote all the precious moments that may remain to me to make a reparation of the ills that have been worked against the innocent and beautiful Leila."

These last words were uttered in a voice so plaintively low that they reached Leila's ears only; for the negress was absorbed in the task of applying the poultice to the snake-bitten ankle, and fastening it with a bandage torn from her own veil.

"Now it is done, lady," said the negress; "and if aught can save you this application will. In my own native Ethiopia I have seen these herbs prove an antidote to the poison of the most venomous reptiles—"

"Enough, my faithful servant!" interrupted Myrrha. "My heart dares cherish no hope—but my gratitude is not the less lively for your well-meant ministrations. And you likewise, Thekla, do I thank! But retire all of you—I would be alone with Leila."

The wise-woman, the negress, the Georgian maiden, Zaida, and Emina withdrew accordingly to a little distance—sufficiently remote to be beyond ear-shot, and sufficiently nigh to attend with readiness to any summons that might reach them. Leila waited in anxious suspense for whatsoever revelations the dark-eyed lady might be about to make; for after the words which Myrrha had been speaking, the Star of Mingrelia wondered more than ever who she could be, and how it was possible that the ring could have fallen into her possession.

"Beautiful Leila," said Myrrha, in accents which though feeble, and which seemed to denote the stealthy approach of death, were nevertheless perfectly clear and audible, "you have displayed sympathy towards me—you have shown anxiety on my account—and my heart, which was previously touched by your gentleness, your goodness, and your loveliness, is now completely melted! Start not, Leila—view me not with abhorrence—Oh! add not a pang to the many which I already feel!—but regard me with sorrow and compassion, when I tell you that I am the wife of the Guerilla-bandit—yes, the spouse of Kyri Karaman!"

It would be impossible to describe the amazement which seized upon Leila as she received this announcement: but not for a moment did her generous heart suffer her to display indignation or abhorrence towards her whose doom appeared to be inevitable.

"Oh! for any injury that has been done towards myself by your husband," murmured Leila, tears trickling down her cheeks, "you have made every atonement! You have given me back the ring which he took from me! Oh, I knew it was he who took it!"

"You knew it?" exclaimed Myrrha, now astonished in her turn.

"Yes," responded Leila; "I beheld him enter my chamber—I feigned a profound sleep—for he had a dagger in his hand—and, Oh! I feared—"

"Mention it not, lady," cried Myrrha, with a shudder. "You have seen my husband, then?"

"Yes, yes—I have seen him!" answered Leila. "But tell me—wherefore has he been persecuting me?—why has he sought to do me so much mischief?"

"I am well aware, beautiful Leila," replied Myrrha, "that you know not the value of that talisman which I ere now restored to your possession. But, Oh! what feeling is this which comes over me! Surely, surely it must be death itself!"

And, in sooth, Myrrha's eyes, that were wont to

shine so brightly as if those orbs were of luminous jet, had begun to glaze visibly; and there was the ghastliness of death already upon her countenance. Leila was supporting the Guerilla-bandit's wife in her arms; and in a tremulous voice the beautiful maiden exclaimed, "Oh, what can I do! what succour can I afford?"

"None, Leila—none!" answered Myrrha, with a solemn yet pathetic mournfulness: then gathering together all the remnants of her strength—collecting as it were what little remained of her failing energies—she said, "Heaven grant me a few minutes! O Leila, you know not how devotedly I have loved and still love my husband! But in this supreme moment, when my spirit is hovering between two worlds—a mortal one and an eternal one—I love virtue and peace of mind better!"

"Think not," said Leila, in a tone of fervid assurance, "that even if the opportunity should ever present itself, I would seek to avenge against your husband the wrongs he may have done me or that he may have meditated!"

"Heaven bless you, Leila, for these words!" murmured Myrrha, the light of gratitude's strong emotion irradiating her large black eyes for an instant. "It was the pledge which I was about to crave from your lips—and you have given it voluntarily! Oh, I thank you, Leila—from the bottom of my heart I thank you! Do no injury to Kyri Karaman!"

"I swear that I will not!" replied Leila emphatically, "unless it be in self-defence—and unless his future actions should force me to invoke the aid of the law against him."

"Henceforth, Leila, he will leave you unmolested. But if at any time you should behold him wearing some disguise, betray him not, I beseech you!"

"No—I will not betray him!" replied Leila, "unless it be to save the unsuspecting whom he may seek to render his victims."

"More than all this you cannot promise," said Myrrha; "nor from your lips do I ask more. But, Oh! my strength is failing me—a film comes over my eyes—my thoughts are falling into confusion—Ah, that paradise which I shall never see!—Leila, where are you? Listen to me—Beware—beware—"

"Is there any person of whom I am to beware besides your husband?" asked the agitated and suspenseful Leila. "Speak—oh, speak! Tell me, I beseech you—"

"Oh, to die thus!" murmured Myrrha, whose eyes were now gradually closing, and whose voice flowed feebly and faintly; "to die thus—so young—in the bright sunshine—with the birds singing amongst the trees—and the flowers all blooming around! But is it death—or is it only sleep into which I am sinking? Leila—where are you?"

And Leila gently whispered, "I am here. I am supporting your head."

"Your voice comes to me," murmured Myrrha, "like the whispering of an angel from the far-off spheres!—heaven's own blessed promise itself is waited to me in those soft musical tones of thine! I am dying, Leila—in a few minutes all will be over! I conjure you to repair without delay to Tiflis—restrain not a moment with me when I shall be stretched here a cold corpse—but speed on your way—and beware, Leila—beware—"

Here Myrrha gasped for utterance again; but some words still seemed to waver upon her lips, though they were inaudible. Leila bent down with the intensest anxiety, in the hope of catching them, but now Myrrha lay completely motionless—and the Star of Mingrelia feared that the vital spark had fled for ever.

"Leila," at length murmured the guerilla bandit's wife, in a tone so faint that it was only as if echo were repeating a name that was being spoken by some one at a distance—"Leila, blessed angel sent me in my supreme moments!—beware—beware—of—"

And then Myrrha breathed a name: it was even far more faintly than she had a few instants back breathed Leila's own name; and though the Star of Mingrelia fancied it to be the name of Tunar which was thus whispered as if by the passing breath of the gentlest zephyr, yet she was not sure. Again did Myrrha remain motionless and silent; and with the utmost anxiety and suspense did the Star of Mingrelia wait to see whether there would be any scintillating return of vitality. But moments went by—they grew into minutes—and still Myrrha moved not, spoke not; nor did even the faintest breath now appear to waver upon her lips. And the color was forsaking those lips, as it had ere now died out of her cheeks; and Leila murmured to herself, "All is indeed over!"

Gently suffering Myrrha's head to droop back on

the flower-begemmed grass, the Star of Mingrelia disengaged herself from the contact of that form which she had been supporting. She gazed with profoundest sorrow on the immovable countenance which, with eyes closed, lay before her—and on which a struggling sunbeam through an opening in the overhanging trees was playing.

"And is it thus that she has died?" thought Leila to herself, "died as fearfully as she has lived! She who possessed a beauty that might have commanded the loftiest position, became a bandit's bride and shared in a bandit's deeds! Yet would that she could be recalled to life, so that in her future years she might atone for whatsoever has stained and disgraced her past ones! Alas! no miracle may be wrought to bring her back to a sense of the bright and sunny world which she has just left; and here she lies, inanimate—a corpse!"

Leila wiped away the tears which were dimming her vision; and she advanced slowly towards the spot where the other females were congregated. The truth was at once read in her countenance. All who thus comprehended the tale, were affected: but the negress and the Georgian maiden began to give way to the bitterest lamentations.

"Allah's will be done!" said Thekla, "no balsam can avail if Fate has decreed otherwise. The physician's skill cannot wrestle against destiny. What is to be, must be. Blessed be the name of Allah!"

The woman's jargon, which Leila had at first regarded as harmless enough, now seemed to have something disgusting in it, as it was merely a pretext or apology to gloss over her inefficient empiricism. The Star of Mingrelia, therefore, turned away from the wise-woman; and she endeavored to console the negress and the Georgian maiden. She reminded them that it was now their duty to take measures for transporting the corpse to where-sover the befitting rites of sepulture would be afforded it; but she asked no questions on that subject—for she sought not to learn the abode of Kyri Karaman.

The two dependants whom Leila thus addressed, were aroused to a sense of their duty; and subduing the violence of their emotions, they repaired with slow steps and solemn looks to the spot where their mistress lay.

Leila now recollected the earnest recommendation which Myrrha had given her, to pursue her journey without delay to Tiflis; and she at once intimated this intention to her handmaidens. But having issued her orders, the kind-hearted lady likewise recollected that Thekla remained unrewarded for her ministrations, which doubtless were well-meant enough, towards Myrrha. She therefore sent Emina with a piece of gold to place in the hand of Thekla, who had followed the negress and the Georgian maiden to the bank of the streamlet where the wife of the Guerilla Captain lay. Emina quickly returned, having executed the mission, and bearing with the assurance of the wise-woman's heartfelt gratitude towards Leila.

It was in the neighborhood of the tent concealed amidst the trees, that the Star of Mingrelia and her handmaidens found their steeds banqueting upon the rich grass. Zaida and Emina had with mingled wonderment and joy beholden the restoration of the loveliness to their mistress; and it was now with an increased amazement they learnt that Myrrha was none other than the wife of Kyri Karaman.

"But I have pledged myself," added Leila, impressively, "that I will not seek to do that outlaw an injury; and therefore, my maidens, ye also will respect the oath which binds your mistresses."

Zaida and Emina faithfully promised compliance with the mandate thus issued, and the journey was resumed. An opening through the grove rendered it unnecessary to pass by the spot on which so dread a tragedy had occurred; a road was soon reached, and a peasant who happened to be passing, assured the Star of Mingrelia that it was the right road to Tiflis, which was a little more than twenty miles distant.

Leila pursued her way, with conflicting emotions agitating in her gentle bosom—a deep sympathy for the tragic fate of Myrrha, and joy for the recovery of her ring. But the reader will bear in mind that nothing had fallen from the lips of Myrrha to disabuse Leila of the idea that in the young and handsome Aladyn she had recognized the formidable Guerilla-bandit, Kyri-Karaman.

CHAPTER XII.

TIFLIS.

It was past four o'clock in the afternoon, when Leila, attended by her handmaidens, resumed her journey towards Tiflis in the manner described at the close of the preceding chapter. The Georgian

capital was about twenty miles off: but as the road which our interesting travellers now pursued was a good one, and the horses had been refreshed by the halt of upwards of two hours in the grove where Myrrha's tent was pitched, the distance was accomplished in something more than three hours, and without any further incident worthy of relating. A suitable escort of armed men had been engaged by Leila at the first village which she entered after her departure from the tragic scene which we have so fully described: but nothing occurred to put in requisition the services of those body-guards. The Star of Mingrelia accordingly dismissed them, with a liberal recompense, when the nearest suburb of Tiflis was reached; and she then entered the city, attended only by Zaida, and Emina.

It was still quite light, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening of that glorious summer-day, when Leila thus reached her destination; and joy thrilled through her heart to think that she should have arrived safely after the numerous perils and adventures which she had experienced during her long journey from Mingrelia. Her veil was drawn closely over her countenance—an example which had been followed by her handmaidens; and thus the exceeding beauty of her own face as well as the charms of Zaida and Emina, were concealed from the view. Nevertheless, the faultless symmetry of Leila's shape—the graceful elegance with which she sat upon her steed—and the skill with which she managed it, could scarcely fail to attract notice as she passed through the streets after having made some inquiry at the gate by which she entered the precincts of Tiflis. This inquiry was for the address of a Georgian merchant named Mansour; and the requisite directions to discover his abode were at once given—for Mansour was a personage of wealth, consideration, and respectability, and was therefore well known throughout the city which he inhabited.

Leila pursued her way into the very heart of Tiflis; and at length she stopped in the midst of one of the widest streets, where there were large and handsome looking mansions on either side. She knew not precisely which habitation it was that belonged to the rich merchant Mansour; and she was looking round in quest of some person to whom she could put the query, when a youth suddenly emerged from the nearest gateway on her right hand; and the name of Tunar at once fell from Leila's lips.

And Tunar it indeed was—that singularly handsome young man, of about eighteen, whom we introduced to the reader in the opening chapter of our narrative. We then found him appraised in a travelling costume; but his dress was now far more light and elegant. A tunic of an azure blue cloth, buttoned up to the throat, and fitting tight to his figure like the surtout of an English gentleman, defined the slender symmetry of that shape to its fullest advantage. His head was now bare; and his rich chestnut curls clustered above his high forehead and partially shaded his temples. He wore an embroidered belt about his waist; and in this was stuck a small curving dagger or yataghan, encased in a very handsome sheath. Altogether his appearance would have been most prepossessing, were it not that the instant he beheld Leila, that peculiar animation of the eyes which we noticed when first describing the youth, flamed up as it were with so vivid and startling a brilliancy that it seemed to throw the lurid glare of lightning over the countenance that was otherwise so perfect and so interesting in its masculine beauty.

He had recognized Leila despite the veil which she wore—he had recognized her by the exquisite symmetry of her shape, and by a straggling curl of her golden hair which peeped forth from beneath the folds of her veil. Why was it that his eyes flashed with so sudden and so sinister a glare, thus betraying some very powerful emotion with which he was all in a moment seized, and which he could not possibly control? Was it that he expected not to behold the Star of Mingrelia thus reaching her destination after the treacherous plots which had been ramified and woven like a web around her? or was it that having been upon the watch, and hearing the sounds of horses' hoofs halting in the street, he had rushed forth in the hope of meeting another instead of Leila? We must leave all these matters to be solved by the progress of our narrative. Suffice it for the present to state that the young Tunar could not so quickly regain his self-possession or assume a different look so readily as to prevent Leila from noticing the sudden effect which her appearance had produced upon him. The suspicion which had been already excited in her mind in respect to Tunar's sincerity and trustworthiness, was therefore all in a moment strengthened, if not absolutely confirmed; and Leila was almost completely convinced that it

was indeed Tunar's name which her ear had caught wavering upon Myrrha's lips!—Tunar therefore of whom she was to beware!

But the adventures in which Leila had been engaged, had taught her the necessity of maintaining the utmost circumspection and prudence; and she was resolved not to show Tunar that he was an object of suspicion, for fear lest it should place him all the more completely on his guard, and thus tutor him to envelope his schemes, whatsoever they might be, in a mystery that would prove all the more darkly unfathomable. Besides, the naturally generous disposition of Leila forbade her from arriving at positive conclusions to the prejudice of a fellow creature without possessing the most unquestionable grounds; and she had been moreover led to expect that she would find a friend in Mansour, Tunar's master. Under the roof, therefore, of the wealthy merchant she looked for a safe and secure asylum during her residence in Tiflis; and if need were, she could easily mention her suspicions of Tunar's fidelity to the employer whom he served.

All these considerations induced Leila to adopt towards Tunar as much courteous affability as a young lady who was infinitely his superior in social position, could observe towards a youth who was only a menial of the upper class; and when, on recovering his self-possession he made a profoundly respectful obeisance, she said in a cheerful tone, "You perceive, Tunar, that my destination is safely reached at length."

"I hope your ladyship has no special reason for making such a remark?" said the youth, whose countenance was now completely settled into an expression of natural composure; and at the same time he deferentially proffered his hand to assist Leila to alight beneath the gateway into which she had turned her steed.

"Some little adventures I have experienced," answered Leila; "but they are of no consequence now that they are past."

Having raised her veil, Leila flung a furtive glance upon Tunar's countenance as she thus spoke; but nothing in his looks seemed to justify the suspicion that was floating in her mind. Several dependants, both male and female, were now issuing forth from the house doors on either side of the gateway; and Tunar stood respectfully apart to allow the young lady and her handmaidens to enter. A matronly female—evidently a superior in the domestic establishment—had already come forward to receive Leila; and she said, "Welcome, lady, to the dwelling of my master!"

The Star of Mingrelia responded in suitable words of affability, and she was conducted by the matron up a spacious staircase, to a suite of very handsomely furnished rooms.

"These apartments," said the matron, "have been prepared for your ladyship's reception. My master, the wealthy and hospitable Mansour, is unavoidably absent for a day or two upon urgent business; but his parting instructions were that your ladyship was to command in this house as if it were your own."

"I regret to hear that the worthy Mansour is absent," said Leila, with a passing look of disappointment; "but I am grateful for his kind consideration on my behalf, and to yourself for the manner in which you seem disposed to carry out his instructions."

"It will afford me pleasure, lady," responded the matron, "to anticipate your slightest wishes and to fulfil all your mandates—not merely because my much respected master intimated that your ladyship is of some distinction in your own country, but likewise because your youth and beauty must naturally enlist the interest of all who have the honor to come near you. Will it please your ladyship to be attended principally by your own maidens, or to have others of this household added to the number?"

"It would better suit my inclinations," rejoined Leila, "to have my own maidens constantly near me, and to remain in as much seclusion as possible until the arrival of your master."

"Be it so, lady," replied the matron. "The staircase leading to the principal entrance of the mansion your ladyship is already acquainted with; and if therefore it should peradventure strike your fancy to walk forth into the city, you know the means of egress. In the further apartment of this suite there is a door communicating with a private staircase leading down into the garden; and in that garden, lady, you may ramble at any time without fear of observation. From the garden there is likewise an entrance into the city; and the key of the private gate is in the apartment to which I have just alluded. I only mention all these facts that your ladyship may at once become acquainted with the arrange-

ments and circumstances of the establishment where you are to find a temporary home, and where your sojourn is to be rendered as pleasant and as agreeable as possible."

Leila thanked the matron for the various instances of kindness which she was displaying; and the elderly female then withdrew.

Leila's first care was to inspect her apartments. The suite consisted of four rooms—the first serving as a parlor, the two next as bed chambers, and the last being fitted up for the purposes of the bath and the toilet. The furniture was all sumptuous and elegant; the general appointments were luxurious and costly; and nothing was omitted that might ensure the comfort of the distinguished and beautiful visitress that was now honoring the Georgian merchant's mansion with her presence. Leila promptly indulged in the luxury of the bath, which was all the more refreshing after her long travel of many days, and especially after the wearisome journey along dusty roads on this particular day, the evening of which now saw her safe at her destination. When she returned with her handmaidens into the sitting-room, an elegant repast was found spread upon the table; and a silver bell which likewise appeared upon the board, was an indication that if anything were wanting there was the means at hand to summon those who would supply it. But every detail of the banquet had been so carefully attended to—the dishes were so numerous and so varied—the delicacies were so judiciously placed in juxtaposition with the more substantial fare—there was so tempting an assortment of fruits, and there were such refreshing beverages, that nothing was left for the most fastidious appetite or taste to desire. Leila bade her maidens sit down at the table with her, and they partook of the lighter comestibles set before them. Leila's satisfaction in having reached her destination in safety, and in the restored possession of her ring, would have been complete, were it not somewhat alloyed by the circumstance of Mansour's absence; for she was naturally curious and even anxious to learn for what purpose she had been led to undertake this long, wearisome and perilous journey from her own native Mingrelia to the Georgian capital. And she could not help experiencing likewise a saddening influence as she thought of the tragic scene which had occurred but a few hours back; and perhaps she reflected also with regret and sorrow upon the idea which she still entertained, that one so young, so handsome and so intelligent as Aladyn should be so deeply criminal as she supposed him to be.

When the repast was over, the matron house-keeper made her appearance to ascertain whether Leila was satisfied with the various arrangements that had been settled for her accommodation; and having received the most cordially given assurances in an affirmative sense, the dame withdrew. The outer doors of the suite of apartments were then secured; and Leila, as well as her handmaidens, retired to rest.

Sweet and refreshing was the uninterrupted slumber which they enjoyed; and when they arose in the morning they congratulated themselves on having found so safe and secure an asylum after their adventurous journey. When the outer doors were unfastened, a train of female dependants entered to spread the table in the sitting-room with a light and elegant repast; and the meal being over, Leila thought of descending into the garden to enjoy the fresh air. As the matron had told her, a private staircase led down from the bathroom into the spacious pleasure-ground, which was bordered on one side by the long line of buildings forming the mansion and the warehouses, and on the three other sides was enclosed by high walls. The garden was beautifully laid out, with parterres of flowers, shady avenues of evergreens, arbors, and fountains; and in the wall at the farther extremity was the private gate to which the matron had alluded, and which opened into one of the streets of the city. Leila and her maidens were astonished at the extent of Mansour's premises, of the dimensions of which they had only been enabled to form a limited and vague idea, when on their arrival they first viewed the street frontage. But they could now tell by the nature of the buildings and the arrangement of the windows, that a considerable portion of the whole edifice consisted of warerooms in which the wealthy merchant kept his goods.

For several hours did Leila and her maidens remain in the garden, where no one intruded upon them, and where they thus felt that they were as completely without fear or restraint, as if in the delicious grounds attached to Leila's own mansion in Mingrelia. When they re-entered the house, they found the table again spread; and when the matron made her appearance, Leila asked if Mansour had

returned? The dame replied that he had not—but that a message had been received from him conveying the assurance that he was certain to be at Tiflis on the morrow. Leila was gratified at this intelligence, which seemed to promise a speedy term to her curiosity and anxious suspense relative to the reason for which she had been summoned from Mingrelia.

It was at about eight o'clock in the evening, and Leila had just returned into the house from another ramble with her handmaidens in the garden—when the matron entered the sitting-room and said, "If you please, my lady, a woman claims an audience if you will condescend to grant it."

"What woman?" asked the Star of Mingrelia. "I have no acquaintances outside these walls, in Tiflis."

"She says, my lady," answered the matron, "that if the name of Thekla be mentioned, you perhaps will not hesitate to grant her an interview."

"Ah, Thekla!" ejaculated Leila, instantaneously remembering the wise-woman of the preceding day's adventure. "Yes, I will see her—let her be admitted."

The matron accordingly withdrew; and in a few moments Thekla was ushered into Leila's presence. The wise-woman was dressed in precisely the same style as on the preceding day; but on this occasion she did not carry the box of drugs and nostrums in her hand. It was a serious countenance which she revealed when she threw back her veil; and Leila naturally fancied that she came to speak concerning Myrrha. Thekla respectfully saluted our heroine—and said, "You doubtless were little prepared, beautiful lady, to meet me so soon again?"

"And what has brought you hither?" inquired the Star of Mingrelia: "how indeed came you to know where to find me?"

"I come, lady," responded Thekla, evading the latter question, "for a sacred and solemn purpose. Though an Osmanli myself, and having no sympathy with the tenets of the Georgian creed, many of which may perhaps to me savor of superstition, yet have I a sufficient respect for all religious beliefs to induce me to become a messenger to your ladyship in the present instance."

"What mean you, Thekla?" asked Leila, in astonishment at these mysterious words. "A messenger from whom?"

"A messenger from the dead!" was the solemn yet startling response.

Leila turned pale—for there was something frightful and awful in that answer; but quickly conceiving that it must have some figurative meaning, she said, "I beseech you, Thekla, to use no allegories nor metaphors with me—but to explain yourself in terms as lucid as possible."

"If I come not direct from the dead," resumed the wise-woman, "I at least come on behalf of the dead. I am thus veritably a messenger from the dead—obedient to the spirit of that superstition with which the living invest the circumstances of the deceased! Lady," continued Thekla, fixing her eyes penetratingly upon Leila, "the departed Myrrha—the hapless wife of the outlaw Kyri Karaman—was leagued with certain enemies against you; and she was intent on working you mischief at the very moment when Allah threw you in her way that you might pillow her head upon your bosom in her last instants. I have learnt many things from the lips of her domestics—"

"But if the unfortunate Myrrha harbored evil intentions against me," interjected Leila, "I forgive her—Oh! I forgive her from the bottom of my heart!"

"I know it, lady," responded Thekla. "When you were left alone with her, and when myself and her two dependants had retired to a little distance, I could judge by the manner in which you bent over her—by your looks—by your gestures—and likewise by the looks which she turned up towards your countenance,—I could judge by all these, I say, that you were giving her the assurance of your pardon. And it is for this reason that I am now here: it is for this cause that I am about to adjure you to ratify that forgiveness according to the notions of those races to one of which you yourself belong. Yes, lady, it is a belief in your province—in your own native Mingrelia—that a pardon pronounced to a dying person, avails not unless still more sacredly and solemnly reiterated by the side of the corpse of the deceased!"

Leila's countenance had become reverently grave and piously solemn as Thekla was giving utterance to the concluding portion of her speech; while Zaida and Emna, who had been listening with deep and awe-felt interest to the discourse, exchanged looks that were akin to the expression which the features of their mistress now wore.

"Yes," said the Star of Mingrelia, in a low voice—for she herself was now more or less under the influence of a superstition with which she had become imbued amidst her other religious learnings: "there is indeed that belief amongst all the Caucasian people—and I now partly comprehend the object which you have in view, Thekla."

"The two dependants whom the unfortunate Myrrha has left behind—the Georgian maiden and the Ethiopian woman," continued Thekla, "have borne the remains of their beloved mistress to Tiflis; and it is the Georgian maiden who has besought me to appear before your ladyship and implore that you will repeat by the side of the corpse that assurance of pardon which you gave to the living woman in her last moments. You know better than I, lady, to what extent may reach that peculiar belief on account of which I stand before you: but to me it has been represented that for whatsoever injuries the deceased Myrrha may have worked or meditated against you, the forgiveness you have already granted will not suffice for her soul's repose, unless it be solemnly repeated by the side of her inanimate remains."

Leila reflected profoundly—while her two handmaidens watched with mingled terror and suspense the countenance of their young mistress.

"And where lie the remains of the unfortunate wife of Kyri Karaman?" asked Leila, at length raising her eyes towards Thekla's countenance.

"At no great distance hence, lady," responded the wise-woman,—"some three or four streets off in yonder direction;"—and she pointed towards the back part of the house.

Again Leila reflected; and again were the eyes of her maidens fixed with anxious suspense upon her.

"My inclination prompts me to accede to your request," said the Star of Mingrelia, again breaking silence after a long pause: "for I have indeed been taught that there is truth in the belief wherof you have been speaking. Yes: most willingly—Oh! most willingly," exclaimed the generous-hearted young lady, "would I do aught that should ensure the repose of the deceased's soul! But how am I to be satisfied that this is no net spread to ensnare me? You must not blame me, Thekla, for speaking thus plainly: you must not blame me, I say, if I be thus throwing out a suspicion against one who may be innocent of all evil intention. But well-meant as your purpose may be—and I am willing to believe it so—yet you may possibly be made the tool of others, without your knowledge—without your connivance."

"Lady," answered Thekla, in a solemn voice, and with every appearance of the strictest sincerity, "I swear to you by all that I deem sacred—by Allah and his Prophet—by the memory of my deceased parents, whose graves would be defiled if I speak falsely unto you—by all this, I swear, that there is no evil intention on my own part nor on that of others towards you in the present instance. I would not see one single golden thread of that luxuriant hair of your's harmed or injured! No: you spoke kindly to the poor wise-woman—you encouraged the wandering Thekla with smiles—and you gave her gold, even at a moment when you might have scorned and repelled her for the failure of her boasted skill. Besides, to dream of harming you, lady, were the same as making war against an angel in heaven itself!"

There was a sincerity in Thekla's look and manner which gave a similar impression to her words; and Leila, after another brief interval of reflection, rose from her seat, saying, "I will accompany you!"

"Lady—dearest lady!" exclaimed Zaida, throwing herself at the feet of her mistress, "I beseech you not to run into the lion's den!"

"In the name of everything sacred," cried the equally afflicted and frightened Emna, also sinking on her knees, "I entreat your ladyship to remain here! Think you that a wandering Osmanli would trouble herself with the circumstances of a Christian belief in which she herself has no sympathy?"

"The poor wandering Osmanli," interrupted Thekla, meekly and mournfully, but not angrily, "respects the creed of those who despise her own."

"Rise, maidens,—rise, I command you!" said Leila, speaking with mingled kindness and firmness. "I am grateful for your anxiety on my account: but I am decided—and my will must not be thwarted.—Ah!" she ejaculated, as a sudden idea struck her; and she turned towards Thekla: "do I incur the chance of encountering—"

"Lady, listen to me!" said the wise-woman solemnly and impressively. "No syllable shall be

spoken to you, unless it be from my lips, in the place to which I purpose to conduct you! no hand shall touch you except mine! Again I invoke Allah and the Prophet to attest the truth of my asseverations!"

"Then I will go," said Leila. "Maidens, I ask you not to accompany me—"

"Yes, lady—we will go with you!" exclaimed Zaida. "It was not for ourselves that we were afraid!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Emina. "If there be peril, we will share it with our beloved mistress!"

"They may accompany your ladyship, if such be your will," said Thekla.

This was another convincing proof, as it appeared, of the wise-woman's sincerity; but Leila determined upon only taking one of her dependants with her; for if a plot were really intended, she was resolved that one should remain behind to describe the circumstances under which she herself and the other handmaiden had been beguiled away.

"You, Zaida, shall go with me," she accordingly said; "and you, Emina, shall tarry here until our return. Fortunately I possess the means of ensuring our unobserved egress from the house and from the premises.—Emina, remain you in this apartment; and should the matron enter during my absence, say that I have retired temporarily to my chamber.—Zaida, come with me! Thekla, I am ready!"

Emina seized the hand of her young mistress, and pressed it to her lips, her tears at the same time falling upon it: for the faithful and devoted girl felt as if she were about to be separated from Leila for ever.

"Be not foolish, my maiden," said the Star of Mingrelia; and though her words might seem to chide, yet kind and even fond was the pressure of the hand which she bestowed; and despite all the firmness with which she had armed herself, she could not keep back her tears.

She hastily quitted the apartment, followed by Thekla; while Zaida lingered for a moment to embrace her fellow-handmaiden, Emina.

Leila bade Thekla remain for a few minutes in one of the bed-chambers, while she herself passed into a bath-room. There she stripped off all her jewelry, which she deposited in a bureau, not forgetting to leave the precious talismanic ring there likewise, together with her purse; for she was resolved that there should be nothing about her in the shape of ornament or coin to serve as a temptation to plunderers. She carefully locked the bureau, placing the key in some spot where with a little search it was sure to be found in case she did not return. She then enveloped herself in her veil; and, provided with the key which opened the gate at the extremity of the garden, and which, as the matron had told her, she found in this toilet-room, she intimated to Thekla and Zaida that she was ready to set out.

The wise-woman drew her linen veil over her countenance, leaving only the eyes uncovered: Zaida also wore her own veil; and the three descended the private staircase into the garden. This they rapidly threaded, amidst the dusk which was closing in; and they reached the gate in the wall at the extremity. The pass-key which Leila possessed afforded them an issue thence; and Thekla now assumed the part of guide through the adjacent streets.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SOLEMN RITE.

LEILA was intelligent, well-educated, and exceedingly enlightened considering the country to which she belonged; but she was deeply imbued with the truths of the Christian religion, and was likewise under the influence of many of the superstitions with which its purer portion was associated in the Caucasian regions. Perhaps if her natural good sense had been called upon to reflect deliberately on the particular belief under which she was now acting, she would have come to the conclusion that it was naught but a superstition after all. But she had never before had it forcibly brought to her contemplation: and now she had not leisure to study it calmly and dispassionately. She therefore yielded to it, as many a stronger mind has yielded to superstition in a more enlightened country.

Leila had been deeply impressed with the tragic circumstances of the preceding day in respect to Myrrha. She profoundly compassionated the unfortunate woman who had endeavored in her last moments to make all possible atonement for any evil actually perpetrated or else meditated against Leila's self. Thus for her soul's repose Leila had, with no more hesitation than the reader has seen,

assented to take the step on which she was now bent: namely, that of repeating by the side of the corpse the assurance of pardon which she had given to the outlaw's wife while still living. The superstition itself doubtless originated in a significant purpose. Words of forgiveness may be uttered under certain strong influences, and under a momentary generous impulse, when an enemy or a wrong-doer is perishing before one's eyes. But there is something still more substantial and more likely to be sincere in a pardon which pronounced deliberately and solemnly by the side of the corpse itself. And the origin of such solemnly pronounced pardons in the Caucasian districts, may perhaps be still better comprehended when we inform our readers that the *vendetta*, or hereditary family vengeance, prevails amongst the people of those climes, as well as in Corsica and some parts of Italy. But if a pardon be pronounced from the lips of a surviving foe, or from the mouth of one who has sustained injuries at the hands of the deceased, the *vendetta* must naturally terminate and the hereditary hatred be quenched by the side of the couch on which repose the remains of the one that is thus pardoned.

Such doubtless were the origin and purposes of the rite which Leila had agreed to perform, and which the priesthood had invested with the air of a religious belief. But, as we have said, Leila had no time to reflect upon the subject, nor to examine into its details as we have just been doing. She had merely in the first instance pondered the chances of some plot being laid to ensnare her; and when satisfied by Thekla's words and assurances, she had deemed it a solemn and sacred duty which she was bound to perform towards the deceased for the repose of her soul.

Thekla continued leading the way through the now nearly deserted streets; and the evening was closing darkly and gloomily after a day of more than ordinary sultriness in that midsummer season of the year. As they proceeded, a sudden flash of lightning leaped forth from the heavens, with an effect that would have been almost blinding but for the veils which covered their countenances.

The glare for a few moments illuminated the whole scene, most vividly bringing out the buildings on both sides of the street into a strong though transient relief; and at the same instant the countenance of a person who was hastening along on the opposite side, was revealed to Leila's view. She stopped suddenly short, smitten with a terrible suspicion, for it was the countenance of Aladyn which she had thus seen!—the face of that handsome young Turk whom she still believed to be none other than the formidable Kyri Karaman!

The sudden disappearance of the lightning was succeeded by even a deeper darkness than before; so that Thekla did not immediately perceive that she was no longer followed by Leila and Zaida.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter, dear lady!" asked Zaida, dreading lest the lightning had blinded or otherwise injured her beloved young mistress.

"It is nothing—nothing, Zaida!" replied Leila, half in bewilderment, half in consternation.

"Ah! the lightning was indeed terrible!" said Zaida, with a shudder; for be it observed that she had not happened to catch sight of the same object which had produced such an effect upon Leila.

"Lady, wherefore do you not follow me?" asked Thekla, now turning back to the spot where Leila had halted with her handmaiden. "Allah forbid that the lightning should have done more than scare you!"

"The lightning brought forth every object with vivid clearness," answered the young lady, now regaining her self-possession; "but the glances of the eye cannot produce the same effect upon the human breast. Thekla, I have my misgivings—"

"Lady," interrupted the wise-woman, "I would bid you return and proceed no farther in this enterprise, were it not that you would in that case remain suspicious of her who is now addressing you—and this must not be! I swear by the Prophet that I am incapable of deceiving you! Here, lady—take this dagger; and the very moment you perceive that I am betraying you into evil, plunge it deep down into my heart!"

"Yes—I will take the weapon," said Leila; and she secured it in the girdle that circled her waist. "Now answer me, Thekla! Will there be any one besides ourselves, and perhaps the deceased lady's dependants—will there be any one else, I ask, at the place whither you are about to conduct me?"

"Yes, lady—there will be another," replied Thekla; "but by the Prophet I swear that he is incapable of doing you a mischief! No syllable shall he speak to you!—not even a finger shall he lay

upon you! Now are you satisfied? What more can I say?"

"Lead on," replied Leila.

Zaida had listened with renewed anxiety and suspense to this brief and rapid colloquy betwixt her young mistress and the wise-woman. The handmaiden inwardly hoped that the Star of Mingrelia would turn back; but she dared not give utterance to a syllable of remonstrance when she found her thus determined to proceed. Ignorant of the cause of Leila's abrupt halt, Zaida fancied that she had been affrighted, unnerved, and rendered timid by the terrific blaze of the lightning.

It was not altogether now without misgivings and apprehensions that Leila continued her way. She knew so little of Thekla; and she could not help reflecting that a person who might be capable of a dark crime, would not be sparing of even the most solemn oaths and adjurations to conceal her purpose. But yet there was something so sincere in the woman's tone and manner, that Leila dared not altogether abandon herself to mistrust. She was moreover impelled by a solemn sense of duty to persevere in an enterprise which she believed to have reference to the repose of the deceased Myrrha's soul; and if there were really no plot intended—and if there were no net spread—it would be a matter of bitter self-reproach that she should have turned back from the accomplishment of that duty. Besides, she possessed the woman's dagger, and she resolved that no violence should be attempted with impunity. Feeling convinced that she had just seen Kyri Karaman, she thought it natural enough that he should be where his deceased wife lay; and thus, as Leila pursued her reflections, she said to herself, "After all, the presence of the Guerilla-bandit may mean me no harm!"

She had not mentioned the name of Kyri Karaman during her brief and rapid colloquy with Thekla in the first place because she was unwilling to frighten her defendant Zaida; and in the second place because, mindful of her solemn pledges to Myrrha, she would not breathe that name in the midst of a public street where it might be overheard, in which case all Tiflis would suddenly become aroused to the hunting down of the outlaw on whose head a reward was fixed.

In a few minutes Thekla stopped at a gateway, the wicket of which she opened; and she entered, followed by Leila and Zaida. On the threshold of a doorway stood the negress, with a lamp in her hand; and the Ethiopian woman, having respectfully saluted Leila, but without uttering a word, led the way up a staircase. The landing was reached. The house to which she had been conducted appeared to Leila an old-fashioned and spacious one, for there were long passages diverging from this landing. She had not however many moments to look around her, nor to make her observations, for the negress opened one leaf of a pair of high folding doors, and ere she crossed the threshold she left the lamp outside upon the landing. A black velvet curtain was drawn aside, and there was but a feeble glimmering light inside the room into which Leila, Thekla and Zaida now followed the negress.

That room was spacious; and so far as its appointments could be distinguished, it was well furnished. But a semi-obscurity prevailed; for there were only two tapers burning upon a table in the centre; and the walls were hung with black cloth. Solemn and awe inspiring was the funereal gloom which thus pervaded that apartment—but which was only appropriate to the purpose that it now served. At the farther extremity there was a couch, raised upon a dais which stood to the height of two steps from the level of the floor. A large canopy of sable velvet surmounted that couch; and draperies of the same material were drawn around the head of the bedstead. Upon the couch lay the form of Myrrha, stretched out, and enveloped in a winding-sheet, a veil concealing the countenance. But from beneath the folds of this veil straggled forth several long tresses of her luxuriant raven hair, the rich growth of which might have made the envy of a queen!

At the foot of the couch stood one whom both Leila and Zaida immediately recognized, notwithstanding the semi-obscurity which prevailed in the apartment. But even the little light that there was, played upon the natural gloss of his dark hair and his finely pencilled moustache—played likewise upon the beautifully handsome countenance—and was reflected in the rich embroidery of his coat as well as in the gems upon his sword-hilt. His arms were folded across his chest; and he was looking down with a fixed gaze of mournfulness upon the form that lay stretched upon the couch. This, as the reader has doubtless already surmised, was the young Aladyn.



"The matron threw open the door of that room." "Another glance showed Leila that she was likewise in the presence of him whom she took to be Kyri Karaman."

Leila was far from being unprepared to behold him in that place; and the instant she caught a glimpse of him, she turned to Zaida, to whom she rapidly whispered, "Speak not! ejaculate no cry of alarm! nerve yourself! It is scarcely by the couch of his own deceased wife that he will attempt to do us an evil!"

It was well that Leila thus timely warned the dependant; for a scream was on the very point of bursting forth from Zaida when she recognized Aladyn, whom she also took to be the formidable outlaw Kyri Karaman. The handmaiden summoned all her fortitude to her aid; but she kept close to her beloved mistress.

We should now observe that the Georgian maiden, who was one of Myrrha's dependants, was seen to be kneeling on that side of the couch which was farthest from the door of the apartment; for the couch itself stood about three feet away from the wall at that extremity whence the platform stretched out.

Thekla now led Leila and Zaida slowly towards the couch, the negress following at a little distance. Inspired by motives of respect towards the dead, Leila and Zaida put back their veils; and now it was that Aladyn, raising his eyes from off the form that was stretched before him, looked for the first time to see who had just entered the room. Sudden was the start of mingled astonishment and joy which he gave on beholding the beauteous Leila; but Thekla at once raised her arm in a warning manner, and she said, in a voice which, though low, was nevertheless so clear as to be plainly audible, "Not a word! not a syllable! Remember, you are in the presence of the dead!"

Aladyn, thus suddenly recalled to himself, bent down his looks again; but he had not failed to notice that Leila had studiously abstained from meeting his eyes at all, and that a pallor had swept over the countenances as Thekla had spoken those brief but peremptory and impressive words.

Leila and Zaida advanced towards the couch, at the nearest side of which both knelt down—Aladyn still remaining standing at the foot—the Georgian maiden still kneeling on the opposite side.

"Behold," said Thekla in a low and solemn voice, "the countenance of the dead!"—and she slowly lifted the veil from Myrrha's face. "See how placid it is! Let us hope that this calmness of expression may be regarded as a propitious omen of the safety of the soul itself—that soul, lady, whose complete repose thou art come hither to ensure!"

Having thus spoken, Thekla let the veil droop as

slowly as she had raised it; and the countenance of Myrrha was again hidden from the view. A solemn silence ensued for nearly a minute; and then it was broken—or rather stolen upon by the voice of Leila, which began speaking with silver softness, but with accents that were tremulous, though clear.

"Myrrha! when thou wast still alive," said the young maiden, "I did give thee the assurance of my pardon for whatsoever ill thou hadst worked or meditated towards me—even though of the extent of that ill, as well as of its very nature itself, I was ignorant—as I still am! But now, here by the couch on which rest thine inanimate remains, do I still more sacredly and solemnly reiterate that pledge of pardon. O Myrrha! if for a time thou wast a star fallen from the sphere which thou didst seem born to grace, heaven grant that thy soul may be wafted to a still loftier and a happier sphere, where thou may'st shine in the pure and chaste effulgence of that blessed light which is reflected from the throne of the Eternal!"

Leila ceased: she would have spoken more, but her voice was lost in the emotions which now overpowered her. And it was not she alone who wept: for the sounds of half-stifed sobs were wafted to her ears. Zaida, the Georgian maiden, and the negress wept: Aladyn felt all the solemn and pathetic influence of the scene; and Thekla's eyes were not dry.

"Enough, lady!" at length whispered the wise-woman, as she bent down towards the still kneeling Leila. "Even I—a faithful Osmanli—am now inclined to believe that this rite cannot be without its efficacy: for if the voice of an earthly being ever breathed an angel's prayer, it was thine!"

Thus speaking, Thekla took Leila's hand and raised her from her kneeling posture. Then perceiving some indication on the part of Aladyn to step forward and address the Star of Mingrelia, Thekla made him another imperious sign to be silent and to remain where he was. He dared not disobey her: for in the midst of so solemn and awe-inspiring a scene as this, that strange woman who appeared to assume the direction of it all, exercised an influence which was even fraught with superstitious power.

Not a single look did Leila bend upon that young Osmanli whom she took for Kyri Karaman; and Aladyn was as much bewildered as distressed by this utter coldness on the young lady's part towards him—a behavior for which he could not possibly account, and which only added to the mystery of her sudden severance from his companionship in the

hamlet where dwelt the Armenian miller. Thekla led Leila and Zaida towards the door of the apartment; not once did they glance behind them: the velvet curtain was drawn aside—the door was opened—and they stood upon the landing.

"Now, lady," said Thekla, "I will conduct you back to the garden-entrance of the dwelling where you abide; and not till you reach that spot, shall you express to Thekla your generous regret that for a period you had mistrusted her."

Leila would have however at once spoken in that sense to the wise-woman; but the latter led her very hastily down the staircase, carrying in her hand the lamp which the negress had left upon the landing. The veils were replaced over the countenances of Thekla, Leila, and Zaida. The lamp was left just inside the threshold; and in a few moments the wicket closed behind them as they passed into the street. In silence and in safety they continued their way; and on reaching the garden-entrance to Mansour's dwelling, Leila said to Thekla, "Now is the time for you to accept the assurance of my deepest regret for the injurious suspicions which for awhile I could not help entertaining. Take back your weapon."

"Lady, henceforth, should we meet again," said Thekla, as she received her dagger from Leila's hand, "you will have confidence in the wise-woman. And now farewell!"

"One word, Thekla—one word!" exclaimed Leila. "You appear to know much in respect to certain matters; you are with those who could best give you the information. Tell me, I entreat—what ill was it that the deceased Myrrha at one time meditated against me?"

"Lady, I know not," replied Thekla hurriedly. "Farewell!"—and hastening away, she was in a moment lost to the view in the surrounding darkness.

"Heaven be thanked, dearest lady," said Zaida, in a tone of exultation, "that we are returned safe!"

"Yes—heaven be thanked!" responded the Star of Mingrelia.

They entered by the private gate: they threaded the garden—they reached their own suite of apartments. There Eminia bounded forward in joyousness to welcome them; for their presence relieved the faithful girl from a world of anxiety, terror, and suspense.

On the following day, soon after the morning meal, Leila descended to walk in the garden,—this time unaccompanied by her maidens; for they were

temporarily detained by their duties in the apartments. Leila gave way to her reflections. It was on this day that Mansour was to return: on this day therefore that she hoped to be made acquainted with the important reason for which she had been summoned from her home in Mingrelia! She thought likewise of the incidents of the preceding evening: and she heaved a sigh to the memory of her for whose soul she had so sweetly and pathetically prayed.

Leila had been walking for upwards of an hour in the garden, when she chanced to penetrate into an avenue which she had not entered on any previous occasion. It was formed of fruit-trees and evergreens, and constituted an embowering walk towards that wing of the building which was on the opposite side to the one where her own apartments were situated. Leila, absorbed in her reflections, pursued her way along this avenue,—her eyes bent downward. All of a sudden she heard a sound as of a lattice-window thrown open, while an ejaculation of mingled joy and astonishment met her ears. She looked up: and there, at a window on the first story, stood the young Aladyn!

It was with difficulty that Leila could repress a cry of alarm on thus beholding him whom she took to be Kyri Karaman, in Mansour's house—beneath the same roof that sheltered herself. It was however consternation and astonishment that put a sudden seal upon her lips; and quickly drawing down her veil, she turned and sped from the spot. Some words reached her ears,—words which were vehemently ejaculated from the lips of the object of her terror: but she caught not their sense nor meaning, so bewildered was her brain—so agitated her feelings. Hastily she retraced her way to her own apartments, with the determination of summoning the matron to inquire who else was lodged beneath the same roof,—though as her self-possession came back, Leila was resolved to keep her pledge to Myrrha, and abstain from compromising him whom she believed to be Kyri Karaman, unless under the influence of imperious circumstances it were necessary to speak out.

Scarcely had she ascended the private staircase, when on the threshold of the bath-room she met Zaida, who said, "The matron is waiting to see your ladyship. Her master, the great merchant Mansour, has just returned—"

"Ah, is he returned?" cried Leila, with an unspeakable feeling of relief, and her eyes beaming with joy. "Heaven be thanked!" she murmured to herself; for she now felt sure that in the respectable and well-known merchant she would find a friend and protector.

She said not a syllable to her handmaidens of that last incident which had occurred to fill her with terror and bewilderment; for with the natural generosity of her soul, she ever abstained as much as possible from alarming those faithful and devoted girls. Some change was hastily made in her toilet, so that she might appear in a befitting manner before the wealthy merchant; and with the talismanic ring upon her finger, she repaired to the sitting-room, where the matron was waiting to lead her into her master's presence.

Leila followed the dame along a passage to an apartment in the centre or main building of the spacious edifice. The matron threw open the door of that room; and Leila entered. She first caught a glimpse of a venerable-looking old man who was seated upon a sofa, or divan, at the further extremity of the superbly furnished apartment; and then another glance showed Leila that she was likewise in the presence of him whom she took to be Kyri Karaman.

CHAPTER XIV.

MANSOUR.

VERY different were the feelings with which Aladyn Bey and Leila Dizila thus respectively encountered each other in the presence of Mansour the great Georgian merchant. The young Turk experienced the liveliest joy on beholding the beautiful maiden whose image had never failed to occupy his heart since the first moment they met; and in the delight of his emotions were absorbed, for the instant, the wonder and annoyances which he had felt at her extraordinary conduct towards him. On the other hand, Leila was under the influence of her conviction that she beheld Kyri Karaman before her; and it was only through respect for her pledge to Myrrha that she did not proclaim that name, or that she endeavored as much as possible to avoid the outward betrayal of what she inwardly felt. Thus, while Aladyn on the one side was surveying her with looks of mingled admiration, rapture, and love, she on the other hand was awaiting with downcast eyes

and modest yet dignified demeanor, for Mansour to address her.

The Georgian merchant, as we have already said, was a venerable-looking personage. His age could not have been less than sixty-eight or seventy; he had a long silvery beard descending upon his breast, and large horn spectacles with circular glasses hung midway upon the bridge of his aquiline nose. He wore a black felt cap, round which several folds of white muslin were twisted so as to fashion a turban. He was enveloped in an ample robe, and he retained in one scraggy hand the long cherry-tree tube of a pipe. There was something in the expression of his countenance which even to the most superficial reader of the human mind through the medium of the features, denoted benevolence of disposition, mingled with shrewd business-like habits; but it was easy to discern from his looks that the selfishness belonging to the latter phase of his character would yield at any moment to the considerations of a noble philanthropy.

The apartment was handsomely furnished, chiefly in the oriental style. The latticed windows were embellished with draperies; there were marble columns supporting the painted ceilings; pictures were suspended against the walls; the divans, or sofas, were of velvet, fringed and embroidered with gold; and upon the little table, as well as upon the floor itself, were massive silver vessels containing refreshments of different kinds. A large alabaster vase, supported upon a pedestal was filled with delicious fruits cooled by lumps of ice; and the atmosphere, though fragrant with perfume, was reduced to a refreshing temperature by the crystal waters that were playing in fountains.

Aladyn was attired in the same style as when we first introduced him to our readers; but Leila was far more elegantly apparelled than even when clothed in her rich riding habit. An exquisitely embroidered cape, with short loose hanging sleeves, revealed her beautifully modelled arms, white as milk, up to the elbow, or even a little higher. The skirt of her dress was of silken texture and of variegated colors—the whole richly embroidered as well as the cape itself, and a light muslin scarf, with a heavy golden tassel depending at the back, formed her head-dress. Exceedingly beautiful did she seem; and equally handsome, in a masculine sense, was the young Aladyn whom she encountered there.

As Aladyn had entered the room first, the venerable merchant had already rendered his eyes sufficiently acquainted with the prepossessing countenance and elegant form of the young Turk. The old man's looks were therefore now fixed upon Leila; and it was with a kind benevolent interest, as well as with admiration and even surprise that he surveyed her. As his gaze was thus turned upon her, he did not observe the air of joy and delight as well as of recognition with which Aladyn was likewise contemplating the beautiful damsel.

Several minutes elapsed before Mansour addressed another syllable to Leila, after certain brief words of welcome which he had spoken when she first made her appearance in the room; he was studying her countenance, and merely because her loveliness was so attractive, but in order to read her disposition; for the Georgian merchant had seen sufficient of the world, and had lived years enough to render him no mean adept in fathoming the depths of the heart and the profundities of the soul, through the medium of the face, which is ever the mirror of the mind to those who are skilled in the reading of whatsoever it reflects upon its surface.

When Leila first entered, she beheld Aladyn standing in a respectful attitude in the presence of Mansour: she likewise now remained standing from the same feeling of veneration towards his age, his looks, and his position as the hospitable master of the mansion. The demeanor of both evidently pleased the old man; for at length breaking silence, he said, "My young friends—for such I consider you both, although we now meet for the first time—you are not ignorant of the respect which is due to grey hairs. Ye remain standing in my presence; and yet if our relative positions were judged according to the social standard, I am in rank infinitely beneath you both. May it please your Highness to be seated?" he continued, turning towards Leila. "Be seated, I pray your Excellency," he added, addressing himself in his turn to Aladyn.

The young Turk started with astonishment on hearing Leila thus spoken to by a title which indicated a rank nothing inferior to that of a princess; while on the other hand Leila herself could not help starting also—for she marvelled under what aristocratic guise the Guerilla-bandit had introduced himself to the Georgian merchant.

"I see, my dear young friends," said Mansour with a benevolent smile, as Aladyn sat down on his

left hand and Leila on his right—"I see that there is astonishment depicted on your countenances when I address you in the terms befitting the rank of each. But as ye have never met before, it is now for me to perform the part of introducing you to each other. In so doing I will at the same time pass through a ceremony which under present circumstances is rather a matter of form than of necessity. Upon you, then, lady, first of all, do I call to show me that token by which I may be assured that you are indeed none other than Leila Dizila, Princess of Mingrelia, to whom my letter was sent, together with the token itself, by the hand of my faithful page Tunar."

Leila drew from her finger the talismanic ring which has before been so often referred to; and she presented it to the venerable Mansour.

"And here is mine!" exclaimed Aladyn, unfurling his sword belt, and suffering the jewelled weapon itself to fall upon the rich carpet in his anxiety to produce his own token of personal identity—which he took from a pocket in the breast of his coat, for since the accident of dropping the contents of his purse on the road, he had been more careful on the point.

And it was a ring which he likewise presented to Mansour! a ring precisely similar to that which Leila had just given—a ring of curious workmanship, set with a single ruby, and having a cipher engraved upon it. This also Mansour took, and inspected it with business-like carefulness for a few moments. But the reader may conceive the surprise, the bewilderment of Leila on beholding that ring, the precise counterpart of her own. What could it possibly mean?—had she been laboring under some fatal mistake in respect to the young Turk?—had she wronged him with her suspicions?—had circumstantial evidence strangely combined to produce this effect? She knew not what to think:—indeed all her thoughts themselves were fast falling into confusion.

"It is well," said Mansour: "these are indeed the rings which I sent respectively with the letters summoning you both hither. This lady," he continued, indicating Leila, but addressing himself to the young Turk, "is the Princess of Mingrelia; and she will pardon an old man for observing that her loveliness well entitles her to that surname of Dizila which her devoted and admiring people have bestowed upon her youthful Highness.—Princess," he added, now indicating the young Turk, but addressing himself to Leila, "this nobleman is Aladyn Bey, the adopted nephew of the Pasha of Kara."

"Kind and benevolent Mansour," said Leila, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "this is not the first time that I have met his Excellency Aladyn Bey; and I now lose not a moment in proffering my sincerest excuses—my heartfelt apologies—for certain wrongs which I have done him."

Mansour regarded the young couple with astonishment,—exclaiming, "Ye have met before!—and I who fancied that up to the moment ye encountered in this room, ye scarcely knew each other even by name."

"And yet we have met before," continued the Star of Mingrelia, with a modest blush upon her countenance. "Yes—I have wronged his Excellency Aladyn Bey; and it has been by the most injurious suspicions. My tale shall soon be told. At a hostelry where I tarried, I was robbed of my ring—this precious talisman which I have just presented to you, worthy Mansour: and on the following day I fell into the companionship of this young nobleman. It chanced that while relieving some wayside mendicants, he dropped the contents of his purse; and amongst them was a ring which I believed to be my own. The mystery is now otherwise explained: but at the time I could entertain but one opinion—and this impression naturally led me to separate companionship from his Excellency with the least possible delay. Through the subsequent remorse of an individual I recovered my ring—but under circumstances which still left upon my mind the impression that was so injurious to his Excellency Aladyn Bey."

"Oh! Allah be thanked," exclaimed the young Turk, "that the mystery which so bewildered and afflicted me, is thus cleared up! As for excuses and apologies, beautiful Princess—one single word from your lips is sufficient to efface from my mind every sense of the injurious thought your Highness entertained towards me!"

Leila gracefully inclined her head in acknowledgment of these words, while modest blushes again suffused her cheeks; and though she had no longer the faintest thought that the young Turk was identical with Kyri Karaman, yet still there was a circumstance in connexion with Aladyn which bewildered her; and this was his appearance on the

previous evening at the couch where she had pledged her forgiveness to Myrrha. She was also astonished that he did not now make the slightest allusion to their meeting at that place; and she could only account for it by the supposition that for some reason or another he had been enjoined to secrecy, at least in Mansour's presence.

"And thus you have met before?" said the venerable merchant, surveying with continued interest the handsome youth and the beautiful maiden between whom he sat. "I am not sorry that you should have thus met; for were it not for the untoward incident which you, Princess, have mentioned, there would have been nothing to interfere with the favorable impression which your Highness could scarcely have failed to entertain of this young nobleman: and you, Aladyn—I read enough in your looks to convince me that you deeply regretted when your travelling companionship with Leila Dizila was so abruptly broken off."

Aladyn's countenance glowed with confusion, wherewith however joy was mingled; but still greater was Leila's confusion—and a look bordering on displeasure took possession of her features as the burning blushes likewise made their home upon her countenance. The thought—and naturally so—that there was an unbecoming levity, savoring even of indelicacy, in the old man's speech; and she wondered as well as felt afflicted that a person of his years, and with such reverend looks, should be guilty of an inconsiderateness which was insulting to her virgin modesty.

"Princess," he said, with a smile of unmistakable benevolence—and which almost irresistibly deprecated her displeasure, "do not for an instant imagine that I am capable of offering you an insult or of offending your maiden innocence. I know that the Star of Mingrelia is not the less famed for her virtue than for her loveliness—not the less supported by virgin pride than by the dignity of a princess. Think you, then, that I would dare give license to so gross a thought as that you, amiable Princess, were capable of becoming enamored of a stranger-youth during a brief period of travelling companionship? No: my words had another meaning. And now let the truth be said—let the hands of both be clasped in friendly pressure!—for the same family blood rolls in your veins—Ye are cousins!"

Ejaculations of astonishment burst from the lips of both Aladyn and Leila; and for a few moments so great was their amazement that though starting up from their seats, they thought not of fulfilling the injunction in respect to proffering their hands.

"It is true, my young friends," added Mansour solemnly; "ye are both the grandchildren of Prince Danial, once reigning sovereign of Mingrelia!"

"Cousin, accept my hand!" exclaimed Aladyn, with the liveliest emotions of astonishment and joy—though he was utterly bewildered to conceive how he, an Osmanli, could be a descendant of a Christian Prince of Mingrelia.

Leila, equally bewildered at all she heard, nevertheless felt that everything coming from the lips of their venerable friend must be true; and she at once laid her fair white hand in that of Aladyn.

"Now may heaven bless you both!" exclaimed Mansour, rising from his seat and extending his arms over the heads of the youthful pair: "may the great God whom we worship continue to render you both worthy of the wondrous bounties which on behalf of another it will be mine shortly to bestow! and may the divine light of Christianity pour its effulgence into the recesses of your mind, O Aladyn!"

There was something so solemn and expressive in the tone and manner in which these words were uttered, that the Osmanli youth and the Christian maiden sank down upon their knees at the feet of Mansour; and taking his hands, they pressed them to their lips. But neither spoke a word; they both experienced emotions of so deep a nature as to seal their lips. Thus whatsoever impression the old man's words in respect to a change of religion had made upon Aladyn, could not be precisely ascertained by him who had expressed the wish that it might be so.

"Rise, my dear young friends!" said Mansour: "rise!—resume your seats—and listen to the explanations which I have to give."

Leila and Aladyn rose accordingly, the former placing herself on the venerable merchant's right hand—the latter on his left; and both gazed with deep suspenseful curiosity upon his countenance; for they felt that they had now reached the threshold of important revelations.

"Were I addressing myself to your Highness alone," resumed Mansour, turning to the Princess, "I might pass over many little details which are

already known to you in respect to your grandsire Prince Danial. But inasmuch as you, Aladyn Bey, are little likely to be conversant with those particulars, it is needful that I should enter upon them with minuteness. Your Excellency must know, then, that Prince Danial was the independent Sovereign of Mingrelia; and that on account of his wise policy, the undeviating course of justice which he pursued, and the liberal institutions which he voluntarily established, he was beloved and adored by his people. He dwelt habitually in his palace at Kutais—that princely mansion from which you, beauteous Leila, have so recently journeyed to Tiflis. It may possibly be about five-and-twenty years ago—before either of you were born—that a venerable hermit one day presented himself at the gates of the palace, and solicited an audience of Prince Danial. His Highness was always readily accessible to all who sought him, and the more so to a holy man of that description; for your grandsire was deeply imbued with the truths of Christianity; and he fostered that creed to the utmost of his power, whithersoever his influence extended. The hermit entered into his presence, and begged that they might be alone together. The Prince accordingly dismissed his attendants, and the holy anchorite then proceeded to make the most extraordinary announcements to the ears of his Highness. He addressed the Prince in some such terms as the following:—My lord, there are at this moment two persons in the world who are the depositors of a wondrous secret. A few weeks back there were three who were acquainted with it; but one has died, and there are now but two in whose breasts the mystery is locked up. Yet according to the solemn and sacred obligations of a traditional custom, this secret has now to be communicated to a third; for it is deemed requisite that there should always be three persons to whom the secret is known, so as to guard as much as possible against the chance of its being lost altogether. That traditional usage to which I have just alluded, as well as the very nature of the secret itself, enjoins that whosoever it becomes necessary to initiate a new person into the solemn mystery, the most worthy individual should be selected. There is no restriction in respect to age; but it is the reverse with regard to religion, for none but those who profess the Christian faith may enter into the joyous knowledge of this stupendous secret. As I ere now informed your Highness, one of the depositors of the secret has recently gone to another and a better world; and it devolved upon me to find the worthiest personage to fill up his place. Whom could I better select than Prince Danial—the wisest and most just of Sovereigns, as well as the most pious of Christians? It was thus the holy hermit, who had come from amidst the mountains of Caucasus, spoke to your grandsire."

The Princess Leila and Aladyn Bey listened with the profoundest interest to the singular narrative which the venerable Mansour had commenced; and their looks showed how anxious they were for the continuation of the tale.

"Your grandsire Prince Danial," resumed the venerable merchant, "expressed his gratitude to the holy hermit for the compliment paid him by selecting him to become one of the depositors of the secret which was represented to be of so solemn and stupendous an importance; and the anchorite went on to address his Highness in the following terms:—'It is a mystery, my lord, which has been faithfully handed down through ages and ages; the secret has been in the keeping of the humblest hermits as well as of the mightiest princes; and to know it is to possess the key to the source of the most wondrous worldly advantages for those who think fit to avail themselves of them.' The hermit then proceeded to explain the mystery and reveal the secret to Prince Danial, who listened in a species of ecstatic and beatific astonishment to the marvellous things that were thus brought within the compass of his knowledge. What this secret was—or rather what it is—I cannot at this moment reveal to you, my dear young friends, for the reason that I shall presently explain. But to you, beautiful Leila, may it shortly be made known: while on the other hand, it will depend upon yourself, Aladyn, when I may be permitted to manifest the same degree of confidence towards you."

Again Mansour paused for a few moments; and Aladyn reflected within himself that after all he had heard it must evidently depend upon his abjuration of the Mussulman creed whether he likewise would be deemed worthy of learning the stupendous secret. What his inclinations were upon this point, will presently transpire.

"It became necessary," continued Mansour, "that Prince Danial should undertake a journey in company with the hermit, in order to obtain a

full and complete initiation into the mystery of the secret to which I have been alluding. That journey was limited to the duration of a few days; and thus his Highness was enabled to accomplish it secretly, without his absence from the Mingrelian capital being known to more than a few faithful personal retainers. He, however, went unattended, accompanied only by the holy anchorite; and he was not deceived in respect to the nature of the promises held out by that individual. He returned to Kutais, the depositor of the marvellous secret, and possessed likewise of some of the substantial advantages which its knowledge enabled him to enjoy. A couple of years afterwards the holy anchorite sent a trusty messenger to inform Prince Danial that he lay at the point of death; and his Highness lost not a moment in repairing to the spot where the good man was about to render up his spirit to the Eternal. The Prince received his parting blessing, and gave him the rites of sepulture. It then devolved upon his Highness to select another individual who should become the depositor of the secret; and after mentally surveying all those Christians with whom he was best acquainted, his choice fell upon me. Yes, my young friends," proceeded Mansour, "I had the honor and happiness of enjoying the intimate friendship of your excellent grandsire. It would it become me to speak of any proofs of sincere Christian piety which I might have given; suffice it therefore to say that upon my shoulders fell the mantle of the deceased anchorite. I thus became one of the favored three to whom the sublime mystery was known."

After another brief pause Mansour continued in the following strain:—

"Prince Danial had two sons, both of whom were married. He might, if he had chosen, have selected either of those sons or either of his daughters-in-law to become the depositor of that secret; for, as I have already said, there is no restriction as to age—and you have already understood that neither is there any restriction as to sex. But though his sons were dutiful and obedient, and though their young wives were virtuous and amiable, yet the old Prince deemed that they were all somewhat too worldly-minded, too much wedded to the state and pomp and ostentation of their high positions, to enable him conscientiously to select either one for the enjoyment of that blissful trust. Besides, it would have been palpably inconvenient for a husband to possess such a secret unknown to his wife—and even still more at variance with propriety and prudence to initiate a wife into a mystery from which the husband was excluded. Thus all things considered, Prince Danial's choice fell upon me. But now I come to another phase of my narrative. I have already said that Prince Danial had two sons, who were both married. Twenty-one years ago you were born, Aladyn—the offspring of the Prince's younger son and his beauteous bride!"

"And my parents?" exclaimed Aladyn, but in a low voice which quivered with the emotions of painful suspense; "do they still live? Oh, no! no! this hope I dare not cherish, or I should not have so long been abandoned and unacknowledged by them!"

"It is, my dear young friend, as you only too well conjecture," replied Mansour solemnly; while Leila's sympathising looks showed that she also could have informed her cousin that his parents were no more.

"Alas, my dear father and mother!" murmured Aladyn, the tears trickling down his cheeks. "But tell me, venerable Mansour—tell me how they died?"

"Your poor mother was carried off by a fever shortly after your birth," responded the Georgian merchant. "Of your father's fate I will presently speak. Restrain your impatience, my young friend—but prepare to hear that this fate was a sad one. I must proceed to observe that no offspring for some few years blessed the nuptial couch of the Prince's eldest son, whose Christian name was likewise Danial—"

"My poor father!" murmured Leila.

"And now I come to the tragic part of my tale," proceeded Mansour; "and it is these family incidents as well as historical events which, as I said at the outset, it is necessary for me to recite at length in order that you, Aladyn, may obtain a complete knowledge of them. You were but a few months old—an infant unconscious of all that was passing around you—when a Russian army invaded Mingrelia. The old Prince Danial mustered all his troops, and placing himself at their head, went forth, accompanied by his two sons, to combat against the enemy. Alas! what could dauntless valor achieve against numbers? how could even the noblest patriotism avail against all the refinements of modern

warfare which the Russian possessed on their side? The Mingrelian army was vanquished, and it retreated in disorder to Kutais. The inhabitants of that city, devoted to their Prince, made the most energetic preparations to stand a siege. The Russian General arrived beneath the walls and summoned the capital to capitulate. The response was a stern refusal. For three months did Kutais resist the besiegers; but it was completely hemmed in and blockaded; and all its communications with the surrounding districts being cut off it was menaced with the horrors of famine. The Russian General issued a proclamation to the effect that unless Kutais capitulated within three days from the date thereof, he would regard the Prince and his two sons as responsible for the obstinacy of holding out, and on capturing the place he would without mercy hang them upon the ramparts. A council of war was held, at which the old Prince, knowing the fall of the city to be inevitable, announced his intention of capitulating. But his sons and his officers besought him to hold out, for there had been a promise of a Circassian army advancing to the relief of Kutais. The populace assembled round the palace, and by the most enthusiastic demonstrations supported the counsel which was thus given to their old Prince. He yielded to the public feeling, for he dreaded lest it might be thought he was careful only of his own life and of the lives of his sons if he were to bend to the intimidation of the Russian General. The defence of Kutais was thus continued; and in a sudden sortie of the garrison a body of Russians was completely defeated. The Russian General was infuriated, and he gave the order for a general assault to be effected under cover of a bombardment. Desperate was the resistance of the garrison; but no valor could suffice against the tremendous numerical superiority of the Russian legions. In a word, Kutais was captured; and the enemy swarmed towards the palace to make prisoners of the princely family. Measures were concerted for the escape of those royal personages; but your father, Aladyn, with yourself—a little infant in his arms—alone succeeded in getting beyond the walls of Kutais. The old Prince, his elder son, and that son's wife, were detected in their endeavor to fly in separate directions, and were made captives. The unfortunate inhabitants lined the streets, kneeling in the most abject manner, beseeching the Russian General, as with all the pride of a conqueror he rode past, to spare the members of the princely family. At first the General was inexorable; but at last he relented to a certain extent. He agreed to spare Prince Danial's life on condition that he should at once depart from Kutais—that he should pledge himself by the most solemn and sacred of oaths to retire altogether from the world, and never again appear amongst the Mingrelian people, nor in any way interfere with Mingrelian affairs—in short, that he should thenceforth be as one dead, and that in no way, either directly or indirectly, should he ever again hold the slightest communication with his family. The gallant old Prince would have indignantly spurned such dishonorable conditions, and would have given his neck to the halter, were it not that the life of his elder son was also at stake. He therefore assented, and he took his departure. The Russian General offered a reward for the apprehension of the younger son—your father, Aladyn; but time passed on, and no tidings were received of your parent. The Russians had hoped by the capture of Kutais to strike a death-blow at Mingrelian patriotism, but they failed. Insurrection everywhere raised its head, until at length Russian policy devised a scheme for the pacification of the province. A council of Mingrelian notables was summoned; and it was proposed that the province should thenceforth be governed by a native Prince, two or three of the principal towns to be garrisoned with Russian soldiers for the protection, as it was alleged, of Russian trade. A convention to this effect was agreed upon; and the young Prince Danial—your father, beautiful Leila—who had hitherto been retained, together with his wife, in a sort of honorable captivity at Kutais, was invested with the sovereignty. Two years after that event—or, in other words, seventeen years ago—you, Leila, were born; and for Aladyn's information I may add that your parents died, both nearly at the same time and with the same malady, a couple of years back, when the Mingrelian people and the Russian authorities acknowledged your Highness as the Sovereign Princess of the province."

"And what of my father?" asked Aladyn, full of filial impatience to learn the fate of the author of his being.

"It was not till a long time after his disappearance from the city of Kutais," replied Mansour, "that it became rumored—I know not by what

means—that he and his child had been found dead amongst the mountains of the Caucasus; and thus there was a general belief that they had so perished. But it was otherwise, as you shall speedily learn. First of all, however, I must speak of the old Prince Danial. On leaving Kutais, according to the terms of his solemn compact with the Russian General, he penetrated into the wilds of the Caucasus; he availed himself of the secret which had been communicated to him by the holy anchorite; and he had reason to bless his knowledge of that secret, for it afforded him the means of obtaining a safe and happy refuge in a spot which the turmoils of the great world could not agitate—to which the din of warfare might not penetrate, and where the clashing of selfish interests was as unknown as the tempest of heaven itself!"

Here Mansour paused, and Leila reflected with a variety of strange inward emotions; while Aladyn's countenance betrayed an all-anxious impatience to learn the fate of his own sire.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EXPLANATIONS CONCLUDED.

Yes—strange indeed were the thoughts and feelings of the Mingrelian Princess: for the last words to which Mansour had given utterance, conjured up in her mind irresistible associations with something that she had heard before. Could it be true that the narrative which Thekla had related to herself and Myrrha was based upon positive fact, instead of being an ingeniously devised and romantic fiction, such as oriental tale-tellers were wont to weave in order to charm the imaginations and beguile the time of their listeners? But not many moments had Leila for these reflections, inasmuch as Mansour again commenced speaking.

"Yes," he continued, "thanks to the knowledge of that stupendous secret, the venerable Prince Danial found a safe and peaceful asylum amidst the Caucasian regions. There, I from time to time visited him; and when, after the lapse of two or three years, he learnt that his dynasty was restored to the Mingrelian throne, his mind became tranquillised—he grew completely reconciled to his retirement from the world—and he more than ever determined to respect the oath which he had pledged to the Russians to abstain from any interference in the affairs of Mingrelia. He preferred that his elder son—your father, Leila—should remain in utter uncertainty relative to his fate, rather than that by holding any intercourse with him, even through the medium of so faithful a friend as myself, he should incur the risk of exciting Russian suspicions and thereby endanger the safety of the restored dynasty. But if the old Prince had reason to be rejoiced in the elevation of his elder son to the Mingrelian throne, he on the other hand experienced the deepest anxiety on behalf of his younger son, and of the boy whom he had borne away in his arms. I instituted every possible inquiry throughout the Caucasian districts—but all in vain. Then, after a while came the report that the missing Prince and his infant child had perished amongst the mountains; and believing the rumor at the time, I conveyed it to my venerable friend Prince Danial. Years passed on—the old Prince continued to occupy the peaceful retreat which he had found, and whence he had not the slightest inclination to emerge. It was about eighteen months ago that Prince Danial became attacked with a severe illness; and I perceived the absolute necessity of procuring for him medical assistance. At that moment there was in Tiflis a Turkish woman who had performed several remarkable cures; and I resolved to take her with me to the old Prince's retreat. I was the more inclined to avail myself of the services of a woman than of one of the opposite sex, inasmuch as it was easier to induce a female to follow certain precautions which I was compelled to adopt. During our journey the woman of whom I am speaking, frequently conversed upon the various towns she had visited in her wanderings; and she told me a variety of anecdotes respecting those places. It was thus, in the course of conversation, that she happened to allude to Mohammed Pasha, Governor Kars; and as an illustration of that personage's kind and generous disposition, she stated that he had adopted as his nephew a youth who in his infancy was thrown upon his care. Several additional circumstances which the wise-woman casually mentioned, led me to entertain a certain suspicion; but I did not mention it to Prince Danial for fear lest that the hope that would thereby be excited should be subsequently doomed to disappointment. Thanks to the aid administered by that woman, his Highness recovered; and when I had again some leisure upon my hands, I despatched a messenger with a letter to the Pasha

of Kars, entreating him to tell me all he knew with regard to his adopted nephew—but at the same time beseeching that the correspondence between us might be regarded as strictly private and confidential. The Pasha lost no time in sending me the particulars which I solicited; and they fully confirmed the suspicion I had previous entertained. It appeared that the Pasha was one day out hunting—a few weeks after the fall of Kutais—when he beheld a fine-looking but poverty-stricken young man seated upon a bank, with a young child in his arms. You were that child, Aladyn!—and that unfortunate man was your father!"

"All this is indeed new to me!" exclaimed Aladyn, while the tears trickled down his cheeks. "Alas, my poor father!"

"It has been from the kindest motives," continued Mansour, with looks and accents of the deepest sympathy and compassion, "that the Pasha of Kars has all along concealed from you your father's unhappy fate. But it is now necessary that you should learn everything; and the Pasha is aware that on your arrival in Tiflis you would receive these particulars from my lips. But let me continue my story. The Pasha encountered, as I have said, that fine-looking young man who was seated upon a bank, mournfully contemplating the countenance of the young child: and full of compassion, the Pasha questioned him. Then, alas!—prepare yourself, Aladyn, for a sad avowal—the Pasha discovered that the unfortunate being was bereft of his reason!"

Aladyn's tears now flowed thicker and faster: while Leila also wept. The venerable Mansour was deeply affected: and some minutes elapsed ere his tale was continued.

"The Pasha," he at length resumed, "ordered the unfortunate man and the child to be conveyed to his palace in Kars; and there every kindness was shown to the stranger and his little one. But nothing could he elicit from your father's lips, Aladyn: he was bereft of his reason—he was dying likewise—and a few days afterwards you were an orphan! Nothing was found about your father's person to afford the slightest clue to his identity; and inasmuch as the events at Kutais were only vaguely reported at Kars, nothing transpired to engender a suspicion that it was a Mingrelian prince who had just perished at the Pasha's abode. Nevertheless, the Pasha preserved the garments worn by the stranger and by yourself at the time; and these seemed to indicate that the deceased was of humble rank. The Pasha reared you—you best know how tenderly and how well!"

"He has been to me as a father!" exclaimed Aladyn, with fervid gratitude. "He has always given me to understand that my parents died in my infancy; and now full well can I comprehend wherefore he has avoided the subject when I have questioned him thereupon. Yes—it has been through the kindest and most considerate motives!"

"All those particulars, together with the treasured-up garments themselves," continued Mansour, "did the Pasha of Kars send me; and I communicated everything to Prince Danial. My venerable old friend, on beholding the garments, at once recognised them: they had indeed constituted the mean disguise in which his younger son, with yourself in his arms, had succeeded in escaping from the city of Kutais many long years back, on the eventful occasion when the Russian legions stormed the place. Thus, Aladyn, there was no longer any doubt relative to your birth; and you who had been reared as an Osmanli—trained likewise to the Mussulman faith—yes, you are in sooth a Mingrelian Prince, and at your birth the cross of Christian baptism was traced upon your brow! Your venerable grandsire yearned to fold you in his arms: but he feared lest if the secret of your birth were revealed to you in his lifetime, it might probably lead to ulterior circumstances which he was most anxious to avoid. The Russians believed that he himself had long been dead; and if it were known that he was alive, they might fancy that his inspirations would still prevail in the palace of Kutais; and the sovereignty of his granddaughter—yourself, beautiful Leila—might be endangered. Besides, any revelation which would have proclaimed the existence of a young Mingrelian Prince, might have been regarded by the Russian authorities as an interference on the venerable Danial's part with the affairs of the province; and his Highness had solemnly pledged himself to retire altogether from the world and take no further heed of the affairs of Mingrelia, nor even communicate with any member of his family. Thus, all things considered, and every reason duly weighed, it was resolved that at Prince Danial's death only should the secret of your

birth be revealed to you, Aladyn. His Highness gave me certain instructions; and I promised to carry them out to the very letter. A month ago death closed the eyes of my venerable friend; and with my own hands I dug his grave in the peaceful retreat which for so many long years he had inhabited. At this moment," added Mansour, "I am the sole living depository of that stupendous secret to which I have so often alluded in my narrative: for though the wise woman, whose skill circumstances compelled me to render available during Prince Danial's severe illness, has penetrated into that blessed retreat, yet is she in utter ignorance of its locality—she knows not how to reach it; and thus she may be regarded as one who is ignorant of the secret itself. A few months ago this secret was in the keeping of three persons. One—a holy priest of Tiflis—paid the debt of nature: the next who went to his last home, was your grandsire Prince Danial; and the secret thus remains with me. Can you not conjecture, my dear young friends, wherefore the places of those two perished ones, as depositors of the secret, have not hitherto been filled up? It was your grandsire's wish that you, Leila, should at least be one to whom the secret should be made known; so that if amidst the vicissitudes of this world misfortune ever overtook you, you might seek refuge in that same blissful retreat, where, for so many long years your venerable ancestor dwelt. And in respect to yourself, Aladyn, he entertained the hope that you would become worthy of learning the secret likewise—qualifying yourself by the only means which could possibly render you deserving of that high favor—the acceptance of the Christian creed! And it was to hear all these things from my lips that I dispatched my messenger Tunar, with letters adjuring you both to come to Tiflis on matters vitally concerning your nearest and dearest interests, but which were of an importance as well as of a secrecy that forbade me to commit them to paper."

"And wherefore the rings, venerable Mansour?" inquired Leila.

"My object in sending you each a counterpart ring was twofold," replied the Georgian merchant. "In the first place, if any accident had occurred to my page Tunar on his way homeward from these journeys, the presentation of the rings would have served to convince me that the bearers of them were really those to whom my letters had been addressed, and that amidst the wicked devices of designing persons no imposture had been practiced. But my second reason for transmitting you those rings requires a more elaborate explanation. The death of Prince Danial left me, as I have already said, the sole depository of the grand secret; but I felt that I was not justified in retaining it wholly unto myself; for I am well-stricken in years, and death might at any moment overtake me likewise. Therefore, I lost no time in committing to paper a full description of all details connected with the secret itself; and in another document I embodied the long narrative which it has pleased God that I should live to tell from my lips. These documents, carefully enveloped and sealed, were deposited amongst my private papers, with a superscription to the effect that at my death the packet was to be opened only by those two individuals who could produce to my executor counterpart rings of a particular description. Thus, my young friends, if it had pleased heaven to take me hence previous to your coming, every careful precaution was adopted for bringing to your knowledge not merely the facts which I have been relating, but likewise the stupendous secret itself. Yet not to you, Aladyn, in that case would the secret have been revealed—for Leila's eyes only would that special document have been reserved—unless you had previously qualified yourself for the solemn initiation by the means which I have already pointed out."

Mansour ceased speaking; and Aladyn, after some minutes of profound reflection, said in a deferential tone, "My venerable friend, it is not a light thing for any one to abjure the well-known creed in which he has been trained, for an unknown faith. Instruct me, therefore, in the doctrines of this faith which is to me unknown; and if my conscience will permit me to return to the religion whose symbol was traced upon my infant brow, rest assured that the wish of my grandsire—and your own, worthy Mansour—shall be fulfilled."

"Princess," said the Georgian merchant, "leave us for a while alone together. Your cousin speaks fairly; and I entertain no doubt of his complete conversion. Your Highness will be presently requested to return hither again."

Leila accordingly quitted the apartment; and she retired to her own suite of rooms. She wished to be alone, to reflect without restraint upon all that she had heard; and she bade her damsels descend

and recreate themselves in the garden. When they withdrew Leila sat down upon a sofa and gave way to her meditations. After all, the tale of the wise woman was evidently in strictest accordance with the truth; for is fitted with a remarkable consistency into a portion of that narrative which had just emanated from Mansour's lips. Yes—Thekla had looked upon the countenance of Prince Danial!—she had penetrated into that blessed region where the dethroned Sovereign of Mingrelia had for so many years found a home! And was it not singular, Leila thought to herself, that she should have fallen in with Thekla, and thus by accidental anticipation have obtained so deep an insight into the wondrous secret which Mansour had yet fully to reveal to her? As Leila's ideas flowed into other channels, she experienced an ineffable joy to think that the young Aladyn was, after all, a very different person from the Guerilla-bandit, Kyri Karaman; and she regretted the precipitation with which she had arrived at so injurious a conclusion relative to him. But again she marvelled how it was that she had found him at the bedside of Myrrha on the preceding evening.

While Leila was thus giving way to her reflections, some one knocked at the door of the apartment: the Princess bade the individual enter; and the youthful Tunar appeared in her presence.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEILA AND ALADYN.

THERE was nothing absolutely impertinent nor improper in this visit of Tunar to Leila's sitting-room, prefaced as it was by the respectful announcement of a knock at the door; for he recollected that amongst the Christians of the Caucasian districts the same rigid observances with regard to the seclusion of the female sex do not prevail as amongst the Mussulmans. Still there was something that struck Leila as being at least singular in Tunar's presence there; for it at once occurred to her that if the venerable Mansour were sending her a message it ought to have been through the medium of the matron or of some other female dependant. Nothing which had taken place in Mansour's apartment had tended to confirm her suspicion with regard to Tunar:—on the contrary, Mansour had spoken of him in terms commendatory of his trustworthiness; and it was evident likewise that he had faithfully acquitted himself of the errands confided to him, both to her own self and to Aladyn Bey, inasmuch as to each had he delivered Mansour's letter of summons—to each also the ring.

As these reflections passed rapidly through Leila's mind, she was more than ever determined to maintain an affable bearing towards Tunar—that is to say, a demeanor consistent with her own rank as a Sovereign Princess, and with a position as a mere page. To that extent of courtesy, therefore, did she acknowledge the low and profoundly humble salutation which he made her; and as he remained standing at a respectful distance, awaiting her permission to address her, she said, "Speak, Tunar. What has brought you hither?"

"Gracious Princess," replied the page, with another low salutation, "in the first place I was anxious for an opportunity to pay my humble respects to your Highness; and secondly I would fain intrude with a few questions to which I solicit the condescending attention of your Highness."

"Proceed, Tunar," said Leila, wondering what questions he might have to put.

"May I hope," resumed the page, "that your Highness has spoken well and favorably to my worthy master of the manner in which I acquitted myself of my mission to your ladyship at Kutais? For your Highness—by a comparison of the date of the letter which I bore, with that of the day on which I presented myself at your palatial mansion—might have judged whether I had lingered on the road; and you have doubtless received from my venerable master's lips sufficient to convince your Highness that I only fulfilled his instructions when I besought you to journey with the utmost privacy into Georgia, and to take the route where you were least likely to attract particular notice."

"In truth, Tunar," replied the Princess of Mingrelia, "all these topics were barely touched upon in the interview which has ere now taken place with your master: but from the nature of the communications which the worthy Mansour has made to me, I can have no doubt of his desire at the outset that I should journey to Tiflis with all possible privacy. Besides, I remember that his own letter contained advice to this effect—suggesting likewise that my princely rank should be carefully veiled."

"Then in all respects," said Tunar, "your Highness is satisfied with the manner in which I ac-

quitted myself of the important trust confided to me?"

"You may have already gathered from my language, Tunar," responded the Princess, "that I have had no reason to speak to your disparagement. But wherefore do you seem thus anxious to receive such assurances from my lips?"—and for a moment Leila looked scrutinizingly upon the page's countenance: for the suspicion was once more strong in her mind against him.

"The explanation is readily given," answered the youth, with an air of the most perfect ingenuousness and open candor. "In the first place, every human being would wish to obtain the good opinion of your Highness: in the second place it is my study to afford every possible satisfaction to my generous master Mansour, who has reared me from my birth, and protected me throughout the years of my orphanage. But in the third place, lady, from certain words which your lips let fall at the moment of your arrival, I feared lest you had experienced misadventures on the road."

"Ah, I recollect!" said Leila; "I did casually remark, while dismounting from my steed, that there had been some little incidents and occurrences, but that they were no longer of any consequence, inasmuch as they were past."

"Yes, lady, such were the words which fell from your lips," resumed the page; "and they have ever since haunted my memory; for I was apprehensive that they bore allusion to misadventures, as I have already stated—and it would grieve me profoundly if I thought that I had on any point been remiss or oblivious in giving your Highness every requisite instruction when I had the honor of waiting upon you in your palace at Kutais."

All the time that Tunar was thus speaking, Leila appeared to have her looks bent downward, as she half reclined with graceful ease upon the sofa; but in reality she was watching the youthful page's countenance, in order to ascertain, if possible, whether he were speaking in the sincerity of a heart conscious of no wrong, or whether he were craftily and cunningly endeavoring to fathom to what extent he himself might be suspected or known to be implicated in Leila's perilous adventures. Still there was nothing in his looks to confirm her suspicion—nothing in his countenance to justify the belief that it was really and truly his name which Myrrha had faintly breathed when bidding her beware against some one. On the contrary, there seemed to be an honest fervor in Tunar's language and gestures—and what, after all, was more natural than that a menial should seek to assure himself that he had done his duty, when employed in a confidential mission, to the thorough satisfaction of the kind master who had sent him forth, and to the Princess to whom he had been accredited?

"Whatsoever adventures occurred to me upon the route," said Leila, "have in the end produced no result prejudicial to my interests; and I can therefore well afford to forget all that may have been disagreeable in them. I have no charge to make against you, Tunar; and as it is evidently a source of satisfaction for you to learn that your venerable master is pleased with your conduct, I am bound to state that when, ere now, mentioning your name, he alluded to you as his faithful page."

"Thanks, gracious Princess, for this assurance!" exclaimed Tunar. "I have but one object to serve in life—and this is, humble as an individual though I be, to perform my duty in a way that shall win for me the good opinion of my fellow creatures. For the venerable Mansour, lady, I would lay down my life!—and pardon my boldness—forgive me if in the spirit of an irresistible enthusiasm I take this opportunity of proclaiming, that to your interests also, gracious Princess, would I devote myself fervently and faithfully if I were ever called upon to do ought on your behalf!"

There was so much apparent sincerity in the language, the look and the manner of the young page, that Leila—ever generous-hearted and willing to take the most favorable view of the human character—felt all her suspicions fading away; and drawing a costly ring from her finger, she said, "Accept this, Tunar, as a token of my approbation for the manner in which you acquitted yourself of your mission to me at Kutais."

"Pardon me, gracious Princess," responded Tunar, sinking upon one knee, "if I decline the proffered gift. Your Highness bestowed upon me a noble recompense at Kutais; and I was rejoiced at that testimony of your approbation. Were I to accept an additional reward now, your Highness would conceive that I had sought your presence under the mask of paying my respects, but in reality to elicit a recompense. My only object was to acquire the assurance that I stand well in the consideration of

your Highness, and that both yourself and my worthy master, as well as the chivalrous Aladyn Bey, are satisfied with the manner in which I accomplished my missions to Kutais and to Kars."

Having thus spoken, Tunar rose from his kneeling posture, bowed with every appearance of the deepest respect to the Princess of Mingrelia, and then hurriedly quitted the apartment.

"In truth, I had wronged that young man," said Leila to herself, as the door closed behind him and she replaced the ring upon her finger. "Instead of being capable of a mean or treacherous act, he professes the loftiest and the noblest feelings; and I chose not to wound them by pressing this gift on him now. I will avail myself of other opportunities to bestow upon him a fitting recompense. It must have been another name which hovered upon the dying Myrrha's lips! Yet what name—and of whom am I to beware? Ah! I was indeed wrong to think ill of Tunar on so slight a ground! How strangely was I deceived in respect to Aladyn! how cruel was the misconception entertained with regard to my gallant cousin! Never again will I be precipitate in yielding to imperfect impressions or to superficial appearances!"

Zaida and Emina now returned to the apartment; and Leila said, "Come, seat yourselves near me, maidens; I have certain revelations for your ears."

The two beautiful and faithful girls forthwith took possession of the footstools close by their young mistress; and they waited with anxious curiosity for whatsoever the Princess might condescend to make known to them.

"In the first place, maidens," said Leila, "I ought not to have lost a moment in effacing from your minds an impression which through a misapprehension on my part you received. Ye who at the commencement spoke so well of Signor Aladyn, will now be rejoiced to learn that I fell into a most cruel and grievous error with regard to him; and that so far from being identical with the Guerillabandit, Kyri Karaman, he is in sooth a most honorable young gentleman—at present holding the rank of a Turkish nobleman—bearing the patrician title of Bey—but in reality possessing a claim to a far more distinguished honor—a far loftier eminence!"

Ejaculations of joy burst from the lips of Zaida and Emina as these words met their ears. That feeling of delight was luminously expressed in the soft black gazelle-like eyes of the former maiden, and in the equally beautiful hazel orbs of the latter; while Leila's damask cheeks flushed slightly at the thought of being enabled to look upon Aladyn in a very different light from that in which but a short time back she had regarded him; and this flush, gentle reader, was far from being one of displeasure!

"But I must tell you more, maidens," she continued; "yet for the present the revelation I am about to make is a secret—because I as yet know not what steps the worthy Mansour may be next inclined to take—In a word, I have a great surprise for you:"—then after a brief pause, Leila added impressively, and with a subdued joyousness, "Aladyn is a near kinsman of mine—he is my own cousin!"

"This intelligence was indeed a source of amazement to the young handmaidens; and they both, almost as it were in the same breath, poured forth their congratulations to their mistress on possessing a relative of whom she might be proud.

"Yes," she continued, "this is the truth, my maidens. I learnt it all ere now from the Georgian merchant's lips. He is an excellent old man—kindhearted and benevolent: and though I never knew it until this day, he has proved himself a staunch friend to the interests of that family to which I belong. As for my cousin, Aladyn, you cannot fail to conjecture, maidens, how this kinship exalts between us; for you have often heard the tale how my poor uncle—my father's younger brother—fled from Kutais with his child in his arms. That child has grown up—and this day have I found a cousin in the adopted nephew of the Pasha of Kars!"

Zaida and Emina could scarcely find words sufficient to express their joy and astonishment at all the marvellous things which they thus heard; but the conversation was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the matron, who said, "May it please your ladyship to favor my worthy master once more with your presence. He awaits you in the same apartment where the former interview took place."

While Leila is again threading the passages leading to Mansour's reception-room, we will avail ourselves of the opportunity to remark that the rank of Leila was generally unknown amongst the domestics of the household.—Tunar having been enjoined to the strictest secrecy on the point; and he

had no reason to violate this portion of his master's mandates. The Georgian merchant was naturally anxious, under all circumstances, to prevent it from becoming rumored that the Princess of Mingrelia was at Tiflis, a resident beneath his roof; for all the important affairs which had induced him to send for her, required the utmost secrecy; and as he purposed to take her with him on a journey into the midst of the Caucasian wilds, in order to initiate her fully into the stupendous mystery of which she had already obtained certain distant glimpses, it would necessarily be most inconvenient that their movements should be watched—which would be unquestionably the case, from the mere sentiment of public curiosity, if it became known that the Star of Mingrelia was a dweller at his mansion. The reader may perhaps wonder that the precautions already taken, had not been pushed so far as to suppress the name of Leila altogether and substitute a fictitious one for the time-being: but it will become obvious that such extreme carefulness was unnecessary, when we state that *Leila* was by no means an uncommon name either amongst the Christian or Mussulman female population of the Caucasian districts; and thus few indeed were likely to suspect that under the simple title of the Lady Leila, the identity of the Princess Leila was concealed.

But to return to the thread of our narrative. Leila again reached Mansour's apartment: she found the Georgian merchant alone: Aladyn was no longer with him. He received the Princess with that air of mingled respectfulness and friendship which he had previously maintained towards her: he forgot not her Sovereign rank—while his advanced age and his intimacy with her late grandsire naturally prompted him to look upon her with a kind parental feeling.

"I have happy tidings for you, my sweet young friend," he said: "your cousin has yielded to the conviction of those truths which I expounded to him—he will embrace the Christian creed!"

Leila's heart thrilled with pleasure at this announcement; and she felt that her cousin was now rendering himself all the more worthy of that sentiment of affectionate friendship which she believed that she was entertaining towards him.

"Yes," continued Mansour, "there shall be a solemn ceremony within these walls to-morrow evening—when your cousin shall be rebaptized by the holy priest and return into the bosom of that church in the faith of which he was born. Then too shall he resume the name which his parents bestowed upon him, and which, as your Highness is aware, was one that for many and many a generation back has been honored in your family—the Christian name which your own father and your venerable grandsire bore—that of Daniel!"

"It will be a happy moment for me, worthy Mansour," responded Leila, "when I behold my cousin re-entering within the pale of the Christian church. To him cheerfully will I surrender the sovereignty of Mingrelis—although indeed," added the Princess with a sigh, "it be reduced under Russian influence almost to a shadow, so that I am but a crowned phantom when on the princely seat of that province."

"Lady, this must not be," replied Mansour, "except as the result of a particular arrangement—unless indeed the bonds of kinship which already exist between you, be strengthened by other and still closer ties. Pardon an old man, beauteous Leila, for speaking thus plainly and in a matter-of-fact strain: but I am merely giving expression to a wish that was often and often uttered by your revered grandsire on the few last occasions that I saw him after he had become aware of the existence of his long lost grandson. Indeed, beauteous Leila, it was the dying hope of the old Prince Daniel that your cousin would embrace the Christian creed, and thereby qualify himself not merely for initiation into the grand secret, but likewise for the happiness of conducting yourself to the altar. Yet if your affections be already otherwise engaged—or if you entertain an aversion to embark upon the ocean of matrimony—you shall not resign your sovereignty. It is your's by right—your's as the descendant of the elder branch—and you shall retain it!"

The modest confusion which Leila experienced during this long speech from the venerable Mansour, effectually sealed her lips—while the color went and came upon her countenance, though with scarcely perceptible transitions; and there was likewise a gentle, but very gentle rising and falling of her bosom, as she thus in silence listened. The words of the old man forced upon her the contemplation of the feeling which she already experienced for Aladyn:—innocent as a child, she was just beginning to read the alphabet of love; and there was a

certain soft silent throbbing in the heart which made her comprehend that Mansour touched upon a chord the vibration of which was accompanied by a sentiment of pleasure.

"My kind and venerable friend," she at length said, in a soft silvery tone, and with her eyes still bent downward, "my affections are not already engaged—for you have been alluding to a subject on which I never thought before; and though I am but little acquainted with my newly-found cousin, yet have I already received proof of his chivalrous valor, his generosity of disposition, and his noble intelligence."

"Yes, Leila," responded Mansour, "Aladyn with all becoming youthful modesty, has recounted to me the circumstances which attended your first meeting—the adventure with the tiger—"

"And did he likewise inform you," asked Leila, "that he bestowed the kindest ministrations as well as handsome rewards from his own purse, upon the two Georgians who were wounded by that savage animal? Ah! his generosity was a worthy sequence to his bravery;—and as for his intelligence, it were impossible to be a single hour in his society without perceiving how well cultivated is his mind."

Then Leila, having thus spoken, blushed deeply and hung down her head in confusion: for the thought suddenly struck her that her sincere and honest admiration for her cousin's character and disposition might possibly have led her into eulogies too enthusiastic for maiden modesty. But a smile of satisfaction appeared upon the lips of Mansour, as he gently said, "I see, my dear young friend, that I may now safely leave your cousin to plead his own suit with you."

"No!—not yet! not yet!" murmured Leila, shrinking from aught that might seem precipitate in such a matter; "for even if I have received proofs of his noble qualities, yet he comparatively knows nothing of me."

"Princess," said Mansour, still in a gentle voice, and with a manner expressive of as much affectionate interest, as if he were addressing himself to a daughter—"your young kinsman has already seen enough of you to appreciate your many virtues—he loves you!"

This announcement coming from the lips of one who was old enough to be her grandsire, and spoken in behalf of another, who was not present, had nothing offensive in it—nothing that could shock the purity of Leila's soul, nor the delicacy of her feelings. Besides, it seemed as if the worthy Georgian merchant were but echoing, in that apartment at Tiflis, the last wish that had hovered upon the lips of her dying grandsire, the venerable Prince Daniel, in his elysian retreat amidst the wildest regions of the Caucasus. Thus the announcement that she was beloved by her young kinsman, sank down with a softly pleasurable effect into the gentle heart of Leila; and as a blush dyed her cheeks, she said murmuringly, to Mansour, "I will obey you in all things—for it appears to me that through you my grandsire speaks."

"It is not until your kinsman shall have re-entered the Christian Church," responded the old man, "that he may breathe the language of love in the ears of a Christian maiden. And now, Leila, one word in respect to the grand secret. To-morrow evening your cousin will exchange the Mussulman name of Aladyn for the Christian one of Daniel; and afterwards he may be initiated into that mystery of which I have already said so much and into the knowledge of which your venerable grandsire so ardently hoped that you should both be admitted. Therefore, to both together shall the whole truth be explained; and subsequently, with the least possible delay, shall you and your cousin accompany me on a journey into the mountains of the Caucasus. I now leave you for a brief space to the society of that kinsman whom you have this day found."

Leila was about to speak of Thekla to Mansour, and explain how she already knew more relative to the terrestrial paradise in the midst of the Caucasian mountains than the old man as yet suspected could be possibly known to her; but suddenly rising from the sofa, he pressed her hand with paternal warmth, and hurried from the apartment by a door communicating with an inner room. He did not, however, close that door, and Aladyn instantaneously appeared upon the threshold. Advancing towards Leila, he took her hand, saying, "Cousin, it is a happy day which has given to my knowledge the existence of so fair a kinswoman as yourself!"

Leila blushed; for still fresh in her mind was the impression of the announcement that she had received from the lips of the venerable Mansour, to the effect that her cousin already loved her. But maidenly pride instantaneously came to her aid; and she gave some suitable response.

"We ought to have much to talk about—you and I, Leila," said Aladyn, as they sat down together upon the divan. "You must tell me of all that concerns my native country—that Mingrelia which I so much long to behold: for within the circuit of the Ottoman dominions there is little knowledge of the events which pass beyond its boundary. But, ah! first of all let me ask you, Leila, the meaning of your presence at that singular scene of last evening. Conceive my astonishment on beholding you there—"

"And conceive mine likewise on beholding you!" replied Leila. "But our explanation shall be mutual—I will commence. Accident threw me in the way of that lady—"

"Myrrha, the wife of Kyri Karaman," interrupted Aladyn, "I was told yesterday that she it was; and I see, Leila, by your looks that you are no stranger to the fact."

"Yes—Myrrha, the wife of Kyri Karaman," responded the Princess. "I was present when the venomous fangs of a snake were plunged into her flesh—and she expired in my arms. There was a wise-woman, as I believe she is called—a wandering vendor of perfumes and medicaments—present at the time—"

"The same who invited me to the house of death last evening," observed Aladyn.

"And as you saw," continued the Star of Mingrelia, "it was she who conducted me thither likewise. She sought me within these walls, and implored me to follow. I complied. You know the rest."

"My case was similar," said Aladyn, "with this exception—that she first of all encountered me in the street during the afternoon, as I was surveying the town; and with some pretext she implored me to follow her. She led me to a particular thoroughfare, pointed out a certain house, and adjured me by everything sacred to be there between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. I should have refused, dreading some snare—were it not for certain assurances that she gave me."

"I saw you passing along the street on your way thither," said Leila. "You remember that fearful flash of lightning? It revealed your countenance to me. But those assurances which the wise-woman Thekla gave you—"

"To make you comprehend them," answered Aladyn, "I must relate the adventures which befel me previous to overtaking you, Leila, during my journey to Tiflis."

Aladyn then described his conflict with the banditti—his meeting with Myrrha in the Vale of Bright Waters—and all her treacherous proceedings at the tower; but as the reader may well suppose, he was careful not to admit that Myrrha's resplendent charms had even for a single instant exercised any influence over him.

"When I was journeying by your side, Leila," he continued, "the name of Kyri Karaman was mentioned; but I did not then enter into any particulars, for I was afraid of inspiring you with alarm. I had resolved that myself and my two gallant followers should become your escort, and that in case of danger we would defend you unto the very death, but I reflected that it was useless to give utterance to a syllable that might fill you with terror. Let me, however, conclude the narrative from which I have diverged. I have told you that Thekla, the wise-woman gave me certain assurances when yesterday afternoon she waylaid me in the street and conducted me in the first instance to the house whither she implored me to come alone and secretly in the evening. These assurances were couched in some such strain as this:—The lady whom you met in the Vale of Bright Waters and from whose wiles you escaped at the tower, is no more. The poison of a snake has circulated fatally in her veins. The inanimate form lies within the walls of your house which I am indicating to you. As she sought to injure you in her life-time, her soul will not enjoy repose unless you proclaim your forgiveness of her misdeeds by the side of her corpse. This is to my mind a mere Caucasian superstition; but on the other hand it may be a truthful belief. Who can tell? You are at all events too generous to refuse to perform so simple an act, which may or may not be attended with an effect beneficial to Myrrha's future welfare. I swear that I would not injure you, Aladyn Bey! for I know who you are! You are the adopted nephew of Mohammed Pasha of Kars!—Thus spoke Thekla to me, and therefore I went. No doubt, Leila," added Aladyn, "this same Thekla is the wise-woman of whom our venerable friend, Mansour, spoke in his narrative; but I chose not to interrupt him at the time with the announcement that I knew her; for he might have questioned me upon the point, and I should have been com-

pelled to describe the incidents of last evening—whereas I regard them as sacred and as being invested with the solemnity of secrecy in respect to all persons who were not there present."

"That you had wrongs to complain of, and therefore to forgive in respect to the unfortunate Myrrha," said Leila, "is evident from the narrative of your adventures. But what mischief she had been working or meditating against myself, I cannot conceive."

At this moment Mansour returned to the apartment, to request his young friends to favor him with their presence at a banquet which he had provided to do them honor and celebrate their meeting; and the discourse between the interesting cousins was therefore suddenly broken off, at least from the topic on which it was turning.

The Georgian merchant was a widower: his wife had been for some time dead; but a numerous family had blessed the long years of wedded existence which they had enjoyed together. All those sons and daughters were grown up; they were well married and were richly provided for. Indeed the family of Mansour had long been famous for its wealth; and the old man's sons had fixed their dwellings in the most important cities of the East, so that they might by their correspondence with one another conduct their commercial affairs to all the greater advantage.

Mansour, Leila, and Aladyn, sat down to the banquet, at which there were none others present; for, on account of the reasons already set forth, the worthy merchant was anxious to retain his illustrious guests in as much privacy as possible.

(To be continued.)

A STRING OF MISAPES.—A man named Wragg was brought into one of our city courts for disturbing the peace. No witnesses appeared against him, and he was requested to tell his own story. Judge.—Mr. Wragg will you state the facts connected with your arrest? Mr. Wragg.—Certainly, sir. Last night, about ten o'clock, I was going along the street quietly and unostentatiously, with my mind occupied in profound meditation; suddenly my thoughts and vision were simultaneously arrested, not by a member of the police, but by an old hat which was lying on the sidewalk. Now, I have a deep aversion to an old hat. In fact, I might say that the whole world has a rooted antipathy to old hats. It may be because old hats are emblematical of a man going down the hill of adversity. Men under such circumstances, and old hats, receive the same kind of treatment, namely kicks. Now, nine out of ten, seeing that old hat lying on the sidewalk, as I did, would have given it a kick, and that, sir, is just what I did. I kicked that old hat, and not only that, but kicked a frightful large stone which was inside of it; I felt myself falling forward, and unfortunately I fell against a fat woman, with sufficient force to cause her to fall; in falling she knocked down a ladder; one end of the ladder struck me, the other hit a cart-horse; the horse gave a jump and the carman was thrown off his cart; he fell on a bull-terrier dog; the dog gave a yell and bit the carman, who rolled over on me; a nigger rushed out of an alley and kicked the carman for falling on his dog; the carman picked up a stone and threw it at the nigger, but, unfortunately, it went through the window of a Dutchman's grocery and fell into a butter-tub; the Dutchman came out; by this time I had got up and was about to castigate a boy whom I saw laughing, from which circumstance I was led to believe that he had put the stone in the old hat; I ran after the boy; when he saw my bellicose attitude, yelled out for his father: the Dutchman ran after me, and just as I caught the boy, the Dutchman caught me. Sir, my physical power was not sufficient to cope with both. I am not a Sampson. I was vanquished. Not only that, sir, but when released from their grasp, I was taken by three or four other Dutchmen.

HOW WOLVES CAJOLE AND CAPTURE WILD HORSES.—Wherever several of the larger wolves associated together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing to witness this ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little, on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling, and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatting on their hind-quarters,

look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is in right good earnest: the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf before then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side: his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectable distance, until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.—Cicero, speaking from the promptings of a gentle nature, drew a very beautiful picture of old age. With a mind truly cultivated and refined, a man's last days, in his view are his best days. Old age, with him, is cheerful, hopeful, happy. The memories of the past and the hopes of the future yield to the soul unflinching delight. Children and friends then become more attached when the failing powers of life most need their aid and solace. Such views accord with the teachings of inspiration. Still, if we take men as they rise, and estimate them by their own words, as they advance in years they become morose. They lose their relish for the pursuits of youth, and mistake the decay of their own powers for virtue. The follies of early life seem more sinful because they have no taste for them. All change is evidence that the world is sadly out of joint. All innovations, whether right or wrong, are offensive. The habits and opinions of the aged seem to be commendable merely because they are inveterate. Every man who has passed the meridian of life, if he will confess the truth, must acknowledge that he is conscious of entertaining, to some extent, such sentiments. If a man has been often disappointed in his favorite pursuits, it is quite easy and natural for him to charge his failure upon others. The passage is brief from misfortune to misanthropy, and it becomes the Christian, therefore, to cherish hopeful views of his age and race. If he desponds, he will become inactive; if he despairs, he will become fanatical and insane.

SAGACITY.—The Sultan of Wadai Gaudoh, pretending to fly, had marched round in the rear of the Forian army, and interposed between them and their country. They believed, however, that he was utterly routed, and loudly expressed their joy. One vizier remained silent, and on being asked by his master why he did not share in the general joy, replied that he did not believe in this easy victory, and offered to prove that the enemy's army was even then marching towards them. "How wilt thou do this?" said the Sultan.—"Bring me a she camel," replied the vizier, "with a man who knows how to milk!" The camel was brought and well washed, and the milk was drawn into a clean bowl, and placed, with a man to guard it, on the top of the Sultan's tent. Next morning the vizier caused the bowl to be brought to him, and found the milk quite black. So he went to the sultan, and said, "Master, they are coming down upon us, and have marched all night!"—"How dost thou know that?"—"Look at this blackened milk."—"In what way has it become black?"—"The dust raised by the feet of the horses has been carried by the wind."—Some laughed at this explanation, but others believed, and looked out anxiously towards the west. In a short time, the manes of the hostile cavalry were seen shaking in the eastern horizon. Then followed the battle in which the Forian sultan was slain.

FIRST SPELLING.—In tracing the genealogy of the Fieldings, it is observable that the name was originally spelt Feilding. The elder branch of the family have preserved up to this day the same orthography. It is related of the novelist, that being once in the company of the Earl of Denbeigh, his lordship was pleased to observe that they were both in the same family, and asked the reason why they spelt their names differently. "I cannot tell, my lord," replied the wit, "unless it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."

Dr. Johnson said he owed all his success to confidence in his own powers.

Summer Residence of the Russian Emperor.

Our illustration represents the Russian Emperor's summer chateau, the Tzareco Zelo, which stands at a little distance from Kolpino, the last railway station before reaching St. Petersburg.

It is a very handsome structure, and occupies the site of a palace, which, on the 24th of May, 1820, was destroyed by fire. Alexander himself was a spectator of the catastrophe. It was rebuilt on the present magnificent scale by the Emperor Nicholas, and is a favorite residence of the imperial family; the youthful members of which generally pass their early years here.

It is here, also, that the Emperor is accustomed to retire, when the cares of state will permit him, from the anxieties of a throne, and it is deservedly considered one of the most beautiful retreats in Europe.

The scenery in the neighborhood is imposing, being enlivened by houses and cultivated by cultivation. The leading road presents a long avenue of trees, with superb milestones of granite and marble, at each vertex, or three quarters of a mile.

The Emperor is remarkably rich in royal palaces. Those in St. Petersburg are among the largest in the world. There are several in the neighborhood of the capital, towns of them in Moscow, and many scattered over the empire, and quite a connecting line of them between Moscow and St. Petersburg. But as the Emperor and the imperial family now use the railway between the latter places, a number of these edifices are merely monuments of the gloomy grandeur of the northern despot.

The rage for palace building is very great in Russia. Every wealthy nobleman has his palaces, with parterres open to the sky above, and warmed below by heated flues. They are generally raised on terraces to the level of the first or second storey of the house; whither having mounted, to his great surprise, the stranger finds himself ushered into shady walks, and trees and groves. The gardens attached to the imperial palaces are on a grand scale. Some of them are roofed in, and the extent is greatly aided by winding and undulating walks, which are gravelled or neatly turfed, leading amid flowery hedges, fruit trees, and orange trees of an enormous size. The pillars supporting the roof are disguised as palm trees. The whole is heated by hot air, carried over the building by means of flues concealed in the walls and pillars. "Here," says Sir John Ker Porter, "while the Polar winter is raging without, covering the world with white and hardening the earth to marble, when water tossed in the air drops down ice, may be seen the foliage, and inhaled the fragrance, of an Arabian grove in the soft and be-

nign climate of an Italian spring. The novelty and luxuriance of this green, refreshing spectacle, seen through the colonnade of massy pillars and reduplicated by vast mirrors, is matchless."

INDIAN CUNNING.—A Spanish traveller met an Indian in the desert; they were both on horseback. The Spaniard, fearing that his horse, which was none of the best, would not hold out to the end of his journey, asked the Indian, whose horse was young and spirited, to exchange with him. This the Indian refused to do. The Spaniard therefore began to quarrel with him; from words they proceeded to blows; and the aggressor, being well armed, proved too powerful for the native. So he seized the poor Indian's horse, and having mounted him, pursued his journey. The Indian closely followed him to the nearest town, and immediately made complaint to a justice. The Spaniard was summoned to appear and bring the horse with him. He, however, treated the rightful owner of the animal as an impostor, affirmed that the horse was his property, and that he had always had him in his possession, having brought him up a colt. There being no proof to the contrary, the justice was about to dismiss the parties, when the Indian cried out, "The horse is mine, and I'll prove it." He took off his blanket, and with it instantly covered the animal's head; then addressing the justice, cried, "Since this man affirms that he has raised this horse from a colt, command him to tell in which of his eyes he is blind." The Spaniard, who would not seem to hesitate, instantly answered, "In the right eye."—"He is neither blind in the right eye, nor in the left," replied the Indian. The justice was so fully convinced by this ingenious and decisive proof, that he declared to the Indian his horse, and the Spaniard to be punished as a robber.

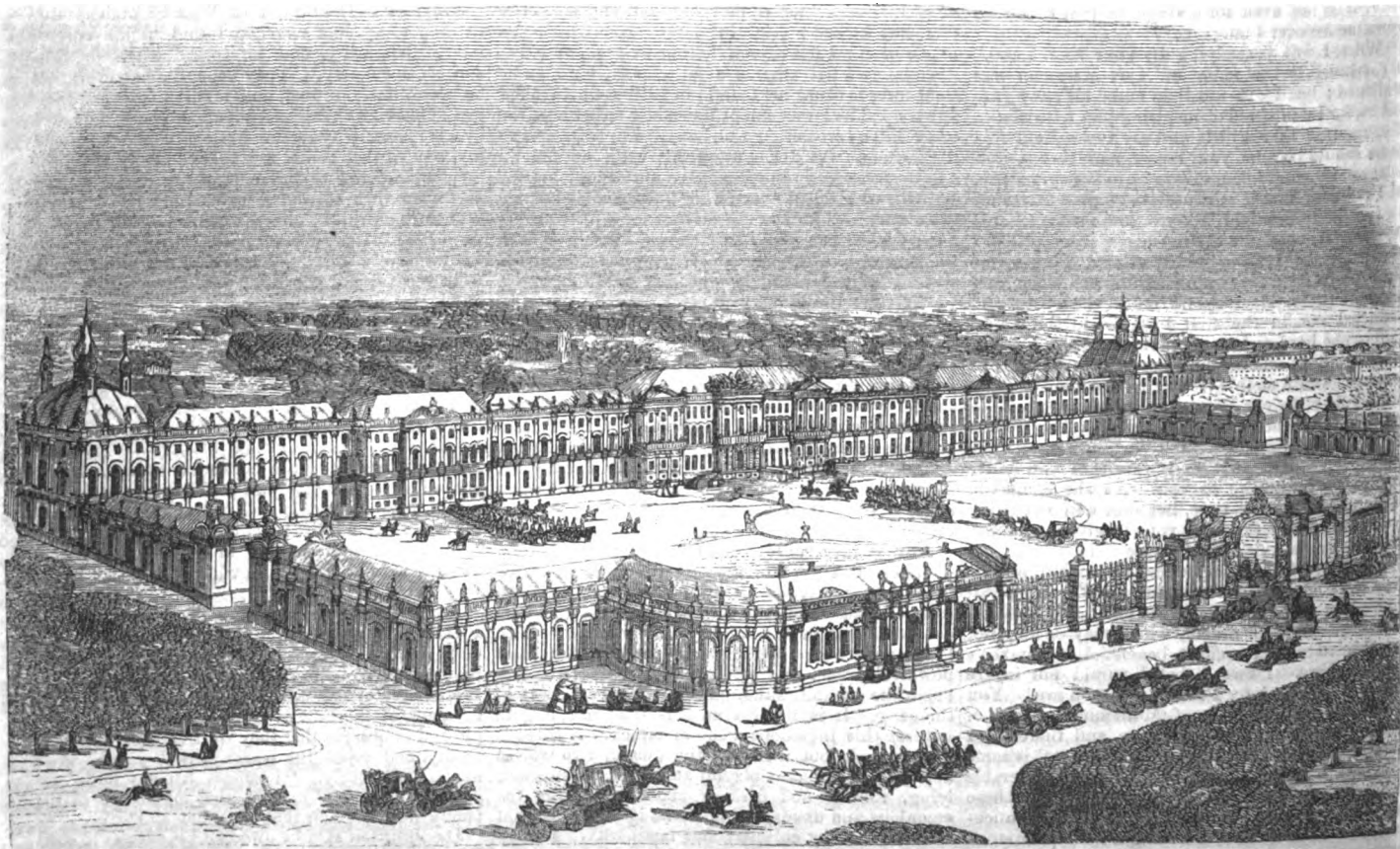
RAVAGES OF DEARTH AND DISEASE IN CHINA.—There is probably no part of the world in which the harvests of mortality are more sweeping and destructive than in China, producing voids which require no ordinary appliances to fill up. Multitudes perish absolutely from want of the means of subsistence; inundations destroy towns and villages, and all their inhabitants. It would not be easy to calculate the loss of life by the typhoons or hurricanes which visit the coasts of China, in which boats and junks are sometimes sacrificed by hundreds and by thousands. The late civil wars in China must have led to the loss of millions of lives. The sacrifices of human beings by executions alone are frightful. At the moment in which I write it is believed that from 400 to

500 victims fall daily by the hands of the headman in the province of Kwang-tung alone. Reverence for life there is none, as life exists in superfluous abundance. A dead body is an object of so little concern, that it is not thought worth while to remove it from the spot where it putrefies on the surface of the earth. Often have I seen a corpse under the table of gamblers—often have I trod over a putrid body at the threshold of a door. In many parts of China there are towers of brick or stone, where toothless—principally female—children are thrown by their parents into a hole in the side of the wall.—*Bowring.*

DON CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP II OF SPAIN.—It was the fashion for the young gallants of the court to wear very large boots. Carlos had his made even larger than usual, to accommodate a pair of small pistols. Philip, in order to prevent the mischievous practice, ordered his son's boots to be made of smaller dimensions. But when the boot-maker brought them to the palace, Carlos, in a rage, gave him a beating; and then, ordering the leather to be cut in pieces and stewed, he forced the unlucky mechanic to swallow this unsavory fricassee—as much as he could get down of it—on the spot. On one occasion he made a violent assault on his governor, Don Garcia de Toledo, for some slight cause of offence. On another, he would have thrown his chamberlain, Don Alonzo de Cordova, out of the window. These noblemen complained to Philip, and besought him to release them from a service where they were exposed to affronts which they could not resent. The king consented, transferring them to his own service, and appointed Ruy Gomez de Silva, his favorite minister, the governor of Carlos. But the prince was no respecter of persons. Cardinal Espinosa president of the council of Castile and afterwards grand inquisitor, banished a player named Cisneros from the palace, where he was to have performed that night for the prince's diversion. It was probably by Philip's orders. But however that may be, Carlos, meeting the cardinal, seized him roughly by the collar, and laying his hand on his poniard, exclaimed, "You scurvy priest, do you dare to prevent Cisneros from playing before me? By the life of my father, I will kill you!" The trembling prelate, throwing himself on his knees, was too happy to escape with his life from the hands of the infuriated prince.

THE very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage are presages of our future glory, as shadows indicate the sun.

ETHICAL.—Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than the one who is no better?



TZARECO ZELO, THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.



STONEHENGE.

A Visit to Stonehenge.

THIRTY years ago we passed the grey and mysterious-looking masses of Stonehenge, while pursuing a journey on the outside of a stage-coach, late in the twilight of an autumnal day. The sun had gone down as we drew near these memorials of a far-distant age, but a crimson wall of light in the western sky backed the angular and mis-shapen columns, which in apparent confusion, and half overthrown, cut with their dark outlines the lurid heavens. As the coach rolled on they vanished rapidly from our gaze, but not without having imprinted, in indelible impressions, upon the tablets of memory their stern and gigantic forms. We resolved, as we journeyed through the nightfall across that dreary plain, to return again ere many days had passed, and in the shadow of those antique monitors to contemplate their Titanic ruins, to ponder their history, and, if it might be, to penetrate the mystery of their origin. How easy and natural it is to form such a resolution! And how many events may combine to defer or prevent its execution! A period equal to the average generations of man had passed since the opportunity occurred of reaping the promised gratification. In the meanwhile, however, we had not forgotten the old stones, but had, on the contrary, grown so familiar with their forms, from numerous pictorial representations, and so intimate with the various theories that have been broached respecting them, that the curiosity and interest so early exercised had rarely slumbered long.

Taking advantage, therefore, of a late brief holiday, we stepped early in the morning into a railway carriage at the Waterloo terminus, and arrived in the main street of Salisbury before noon. A walk of nine miles beneath the sultry sun of August being rather too much for our philosophy, we borrowed a gig and a driver from an accommodating stable-keeper, and drove off at once towards the Plain, where have stood—for who knows how many centuries!—the objects of our search. Passing Old Sarum at our right—where, for ages, a few brick or mud walls, a cartload or two of thatch, and some piles of rotten timber, were represented in the Senate by two members of Parliament—we soon arrived upon the edge of that vast series of undulating downs which figure in the map of Eng-

land as Salisbury Plain. We could recollect enough of the locality to feel agreeably surprised, that since we passed that way in the days of youth, a wonderful change had come over the scene. Where, thirty years ago the old stage-coach rolled along a barren down, cropped only by a few sheep, now stood many a broad and gently-whispering sea of wavy corn, awaiting the coming of the sickle and the harvest wain to fill the garner of the husbandman. Many thousands of acres have in fact been redeemed from barrenness, and now repay with plenteous crops the labor and expense of the exploit. We may remark, by the way, that though we saw many fields of grain inclosed by tall hedges, in the course of the journey down, which were beaten flat to the ground by the heavy gales and pelting rains of the late ungenial summer, yet here, on these exposed high lands, bare of hedges, and open to every wind that blows, not a prostrate ear nor crippled straw was to be seen—a circumstance suggestive to the farmer, who in this country not unfrequently sacrifices a tenth or more of his land for the sake of the supposed shelter of the hedges, near which nothing will grow.

When fairly arrived beyond the limits of cultivation, we were struck by the frequency and magnitude of those dark circular rings in the grass, supposed by the rustics of a former generation to be the work of fairies, who

"By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites."

Some of them are here so large as to embrace not much less than an acre in their area, and, in forms mathematically circular, sometimes intersect each other. That the ewe will not bite them is evident from the fact, that though the sward both within and around is nibbled close by the sheep, the grass which defines the rings, to the breadth of several feet, grows dark and rank.

Glancing round upon the landscape, here so impressively wild and singular, we observe far down on the left, a small white tent, glimmering in the sunshine like a speck of snow upon the green side of a gentle declivity. Our driver informs us that the occupant is an enterprising fellow who has pitched there with his wife and three daughters, near to a running stream, but several miles away

from any human habitation, upon a spot of ground bought of the owner for a moderate sum. He has realized the condition of an emigrant, without the expense or trouble of emigrating—instigated, doubtless, by the success which has attended the cultivation of the land in the neighbourhood; and in all likelihood he will find it less trouble to bring his land into a remunerative condition than if it were so much forest situated in the backwoods of America, with half-a-dozen trees to every rood, to be got rid off ere it was made fit for cultivation by the spade or the plough.

About half-way to Stonehenge we left the dusty road, and trotted more pleasantly over the swelling skirts of the grassy plain. Owing to the undulating surface of the ground, the "stones" are not visible in this direction until you have approached to within something less than two miles of the platform on which they stand. When first seen, they might be mistaken for stunted trees or bushes; but as you approach, they gradually expand into definite forms, which can hardly fail to strike a spectator as strangely fantastic and grotesque. If a family of baby Titans, whose toys were rocks of from fifty to a hundred tons each, were amusing themselves, as infants do, by building houses, just such a house as Stonehenge appears at a distance would such infants make; and, to carry the comparison further, one might fancy that, having built it up, the urchins had kicked down half of it in frolic, and abandoned it for some other game. It is not until the traveller has alighted among these startling ruins, and can lay his hand upon the huge lichen-covered blocks, that any very intelligible evidences of design are at this distance of time traceable in what remains of the original erection. He sees one mis-shapen monster pillar standing alone at some considerable distance from the rest, which he probably conjectures to have had a companion at some long-past period, and that the two together, perhaps overlapped with a third, formed the principal gateway or entrance to what the world seems agreed to consider as an old and vast druidical temple, used for purposes of worship and sacrifice by the aboriginal Britons. On turning his attention to the alleged temple itself, he finds enough yet remaining to show him that it originally consisted of an outer and inner circle of stone pillars, both inclosing two ellipses of similar pillars, all the pillars being single stones, though differing greatly in height and bulk; that the outer circle is by far the most massive and imposing, its pillars originally supporting on their tops an impost or architrave extending round the entire circle. He finds eleven of these pillars, bearing five architraves, yet standing near the supposed principal entrance, and six more in different parts of the circle. On entering within the circle, he is greeted with a congregation of cyclopean rocks, lying partly embedded in the soil, or still standing upright, through the storms and decay of thousands of years, where the builders placed them. From those which are overthrown, he sees that the upright pillars have rude projecting tenons upon their summits, and the imposts have mortises hollowed for their reception, and that the parts fitted together like ball-and-socket. He will find several of the erect masses declining from the perpendicular, and one, the tallest of the whole, leaning fearfully inward, and threatening to fall and crush the smaller stones beneath.

From the confusion of the battered and ruined blocks contained within and lying about the outer circle, the visitor will find it difficult to re-erect, in imagination, the scattered debris, and to form a mental picture of what the temple was in its primeval stern and stormy grandeur. If he arrive in the middle of a summer's day, as we did, he may chance to find the outer circle of stones projecting their cool shadows over several separate and distinct parties of pic-nic visitors, whose carriages are drawn up in rank, while they spread their table-cloths upon the prostrate columns, light their camp-fires in the lee of the protecting blocks, and with laughter and merriment, celebrate an *al fresco* banquet amid the stern memorials of the vanquished centuries. Perchance an artist is present, sketching the grim masses, as they rise sharply relieved against the cloudy sky, or laboring with imitative tints to catch the play of light and shadow upon the dry and withered lichens that overlap every portion of their eccentric forms. Around, the silly sheep are grazing quietly, while a group of weather-beaten "shepherds of Salisbury Plain," seated or stretched supinely upon a huge fragment of a column, are eyeing the gay ladies of the pic-nic parties, or exchanging simple jokes and most original comments upon their manners and appearance. Rude specimens of humanity are these shepherds, with their lank thatchy hair and tawny skin, and drawling sluggish speech. One of them, a storm-beaten

veteran, "of four-score odd," will tell you that for fifty-four years he has pastured sheep around these ruins in all weathers, and that he can recollect no change in them—that as they were when a young man, he drove his first flock to the downs to feed, so precisely, as far as he can see, are they now. But he will point you to two of the most enormous blocks, which, together with their superincumbent impost, fell on the morning of the 3rd of January, 1797, just before his time, with a crash that shook the solid earth for a mile round. On turning to verify this, the latest triumph of time over one of the earliest works of man, you find that Mr. Somebody, from Warminster or Devizes, who is at this very moment helping Mrs. Somebody to the liverwing of a cold fowl, upon the fragment of another architrave, for a dining-table, has tethered his favorite mare to this one, and made a manger of the mortise, from which the sleek beast is contentedly discussing a feed of oats—an application of this ancient monument, which, whatever was its original purpose, it is safe to assert, was never intended by its architect.

It is of no use to question the shepherds for a solution of the mystery around; and the next available source of information is an appeal to the stones themselves, of which, without much trouble, we ascertain that there are three different sorts—two of them of a very hard species of sand-stone, and the other, of which there is but one specimen, resembling that brought from Derbyshire. Hard as the stones are, however—and they defy the edge of your knife—they are plentifully inscribed with the initials of visitors, some of whom have left the date of their performances, which serve to show us how trifling is the effect of time upon their compact surfaces—an inscription cut in 1802 being, save for the lichens with which it is overgrown, as sharp as though it had been done yesterday. But the stones tell us nothing of the scenes of which they were witnesses in ages long past, or of the worship of that temple, if temple it was, which they once constituted; and in default of any solution to the dark riddle here propounded by more than a hundred veritable sphinxes, we turn naturally to the suggestions and conjectures of the wise men of old and modern times, who have favored the world by publishing their opinions on the subject.

Passing over the old legends which ascribe the erection of Stonehenge to the enchanter Merlin, we may begin by noticing the conjecture of Camden, who wrote in 1586. He offers no information with regard to the purpose of the structure, simply confining himself to lamentations that the authors of so noble a work have passed into oblivion; but, considering that stones for building are in that part very difficult to find, he countenances a supposition previously thrown out, that these prodigious masses are not natural stones at all, but artificial compounds mixed from sand and gluey cements—supporting his opinion by a quotation from Pliny, in reference to the dust of Puteoli, which, mixed with water, became solid as stone.

Inigo Jones, writing in the reign of James I, makes it appear that Stonehenge was a Roman temple, built after the Tuscan order of architecture, and dedicated to the service of Cælus or Uranus, from whom the ancients imagined all things had their beginning—a strange opinion coming from so great a man, and supported by reasons which, as they have since been completely overthrown, it is not necessary here to quote.

Speed, about thirty years afterwards, informed the public that Stonehenge was a monumental trophy set up by Aurelius, surnamed Ambrosius, in memory of his nobility, who in the year of Christ 475 were slaughtered by the treacherous Saxons under Vortigern, and buried at this spot—a conjecture probably borrowed from that very legendary sage, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who flourished in the twelfth century, and one which is not of much value.

Gibson, writing in 1694, recites various opinions current in his time, but differing very much from each other; some ascribing the work to the Phœnicians, and some to the Druids; some regarding it as a place of sacrifice, others as a monument to the memory of Queen Boadicea; and others again looking upon it as the work of the Danes, and a place for the election or coronation of their kings. He is himself convinced that the structure is of British origin, and refutes the arguments advanced by Inigo Jones to the contrary, in a manner sufficiently conclusive.

In 1743, Dr. Stukely, who was an industrious archaeologist, published his folio "Account of Stonehenge." He appears to consider it a great thing to have counted the number of the stones, of which he makes 140. If he was right, a good many have been withdrawn since his time, as there are cer-

tainly not more than 120 visible at the present hour. He regards the structure as a druidical temple, and speculates upon the washings, lustrations, and sprinklings, the bowings and offerings of sacrificial victims, performed within it.

Dr. Smith, writing in 1771, comes to the conclusion that Stonehenge is an astronomical temple, built by the Druids for the observation of the heavenly bodies. The outer circle, consisting of thirty pillars, in his view symbolized the days of the month; the inner circle he thought represented the lunar month; the seven trilithons in the great ellipse were the seven planets, the seven days of the week, and so on. The doctor has had numerous supporters and improvers of his hypothesis. Wansley, writing twenty-five years later, treats his theory with respect; and a reverend gentleman in our own day, enlarging upon it, considers Stonehenge as but one member of a monster planetarium, representing the solar system, and extending over a wide extent of country on a meridian of thirty-two miles in length.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare, a most enthusiastic antiquary, in his *History of South Wilts*, published about 1812, though he gives an elaborate account of Stonehenge, ventures no positive opinion concerning its probable design and use, but rather bewails that all concerning these ruins rests in darkness and uncertainty, and that mankind are apparently destined to remain for ever in ignorance concerning them.

But we must not proceed to exhaust the speculations and conjectures which have been broached upon that subject. Some of them are sufficiently curious and startling, but none more so perhaps than the assertion of Mr. H. Browne, in 1823, that such monuments were antediluvian relics. He held the present dilapidated condition of Stonehenge to be the consequence of the deluge, and declared that the supposition that it was the work of any people since the flood, was perfectly monstrous.

But though the researches of the antiquary have effected next to nothing towards penetrating the mystery which envelopes both the origin and the purpose of this great rocky riddle, they may be regarded as signally successful in ascertaining what was its original form and semblance when it first stood finished from the hands of the builders; and this we shall proceed to describe as briefly as may be. The reader must imagine a bank fifteen feet in height, carried round in a circular form, and inclosing an area of three hundred feet in diameter, and having a ditch or fosse on its outer side. At the distance of a hundred feet within the bank, and inclosing an area of a hundred feet in diameter, stood the outer circle of stones, thirty in number, about fourteen feet high, seven feet broad, and three feet thick each; some of them, however, were taller than others, because the summits of all were on the same level, though the ground on which they stood was lower in some places than in others. Upon the level summits lay the huge blocks, which formed a continuous impost round the entire circle, each block resting its two ends upon two of the pillars, and each pillar, of course, supporting the ends of two blocks, and gripping them fast by means of its penetrating tenon. The whole of these stones appear to have been squared to shape by the axe. Within this outer circle, and at a distance of about eight feet from it, was another circle of stones, of a different kind, standing singly without imposts, and not more than seven feet in height. These appear to have been so arranged, as that each one formed a sort of screen, preventing the spectator who stood outside the temple, and beyond the limits of the bank or valum, from having a perfect view of what was going on within the temple. Within the second circle, and opposite the principal entrance, stood five several groups of pillars, arranged in the form of an ellipse. Each group consisted of six single stones—two gigantic pillars crowned with an impost, and three small stones of from seven to eight feet high, standing in front of them. Of these groups, the one fronting the entrance was much the largest, the pillars bearing an impost, thence called triliths, being more than twenty-one feet in height. On the ground, near the centre of the upper arc of the ellipse, and in front of the principal trilith, and its attendant smaller pillars, lay a large flat stone four feet broad by sixteen feet long, which is supposed to have been used as an altar. The above, with a few unimportant additions, appears to have formed the whole of the original temple; but from the circumstance of stones being found standing near the surrounding bank, Mr. Browne conjectured that these also at one period formed part of a circle, surrounding at a distance of nearly a hundred feet, the entire structure: this conjecture, whether true or false, does not effect the justice of the description above given. The temple was approached by an

avenue, the direction of which is yet traceable, and is moreover marked by the single pillar known as the "Friar's Heel," which we have already alluded to as probably forming part of a gateway or entrance, standing aloof from the building. It is situated about one hundred feet outside the inclosing bank or fosse.

Thus much for the past and present condition of this remarkable monument, which, in accordance with those who appear to have thought and written most sensibly on the subject, we can but think was the work of the ancient Celtic Britons, and of no colonists or conqueror, Saxon, Roman, Danish, or other. But we cannot quit the presence of these hoary mementos without noticing some associated marvels whose apparition greets the traveller in their immediate neighborhood, and furnishes the mind with ample food for speculation. If we follow the avenue to the distance of about a third of a mile from the temple, and then take the branch to the north, we come in a few minutes upon the cursus, a most curious and interesting remnant of antiquity, though by no means a striking object to one not in search of the remains of a by-gone period. It is a flat tract or ribbon of land about a mile and a half in length, and three hundred and fifty feet in width, and running east and west between two ditches. This is supposed to have anciently been the arena of the chariot races, in which the early Britons, according to Cæsar, so much excelled. At the east end of the course, a huge body of earth has been thrown up across nearly its whole breadth; upon which, it is supposed sat the adjudicators and chief spectators. The west end is carved into an arc, in which the chariots may have wheeled round to turn. There is a valley in mid career, still rather steep, which must have enhanced the difficulty and interest of the race. A finer piece of ground for the purpose of such a contest could hardly be found. We must warn the stranger, however, that if he would see the cursus, he must look for it. Time and vegetation have done so much towards obliterating the traces of this ancient hippodrome, that the majority of visitors to Stonehenge leave the spot without seeing it, or recognising its purpose if they chance to stumble upon it. It was so long forgotten, that Dr. Stukely, in 1723, laid claim to the discovery of it; and to many of the dwellers in the neighboring towns its existence is practically unknown.

Such, however, is not the case with regard to the barrows, with which the undulating lands around Stonehenge are sprinkled in every direction. These are huge mounds of earth of a flattened, pyramidal, or campaniform shape, as many as fifty of which may be counted at a time from one point of view. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, in his "*History of Ancient Wiltshire*," gives a map of the neighborhood of Stonehenge, in which are shown above three hundred of these ancient barrows or tumuli. Many of them have been opened from time to time, and the investigation has always shown that they are ancient burial-places, containing the bones of the dead, sometimes in cists and at others uninclosed, and sometimes in urns or pots, in a burnt state. Together with human remains, implements of stone, and weapons of stone and bronze, and even of iron, have been discovered. Along with the pottery of the ancient Britons have been found beads, personal ornaments, and British and even Roman coins. The popular idea that these mounds contained the bones of armies slaughtered in great battles, is thus shown to be erroneous, as they are generally found, on examination, to be the tombs, if not of single persons, of families or small numbers of dead. There can be no doubt but that, at a period very far remote, Stonehenge and its surrounding neighborhood was a district of considerable national importance; and it is not improbable that it was long the burial place of kings, chiefs, priests, and warriors, with their families; and that the ceremonies attending their interment, including perhaps the sacrifice of victims, were solemnised at the great stone temple, and were followed by games, processions, races, and athletic contests in the adjacent cursus, in the presence of unnumbered spectators. As Roman remains have been discovered, not only in the surrounding barrows, but within the area of Stonehenge itself, the conclusion can hardly be avoided, that not only previous to, but during and after the occupation of Britain by the Romans, the mode of interment in barrows was practised. Sir R. C. Hoare, who opened and examined a great many of these tumuli in different parts of the country, classified and arranged them according to different periods; but as it has since been shown that he mistook Anglo-Saxon tombs for Celtic British, and even for tombs which might have been Roman, his classification is not much to be relied on. Among the numerous barrows scattered throughout the island, those which

contain, or contained, within them a rude chamber of rough stones, often of gigantic dimensions, are with most reason attributed to the ancient Britons. We say "contained," because, in most instances, the earth around them has been removed, probably from its value—being a soft mould—to the farmer, or perhaps from the notion that the tumuli were the repositories of hidden treasures; and now only the structure of rough stones remains, under the name of a *cromlech*. Such cromlechs exist in various parts of the British islands, and their appearance is familiar to every traveller; but there is little doubt that they were all once enveloped in mounds of earth. Among the most notable are Kit's Cotty House in Kent, that of Chûn-Quoit, in Cornwall, and the one at Plas Newydd, in the Isle of Anglesea. The barrows in the vicinity of Stonehenge contain no such colossal stones, but small cists or chests, skeletons, burnt bones, and weapons, implements, personal ornaments, and specimens of British and Roman pottery, all of which are often found to have undergone the action of fire; and it is pretty plain, therefore, that these barrows are the work of a later period.

But we have arrived at the limits of our paper. Our driver, who has been seated comfortably in the gig while we have been musing among the grey stones, or wandering about in their vicinity, has just knocked the ashes out of his third pipe; long shadows from the tall columns are streaming across the plain; the pic-nickers are all gone; the shepherds have vanished; and one old veteran with a wooden leg is left sole monarch of Stonehenge, as we mount our gig once more, and roll back over the gentle slopes and along the dusty road towards Salisbury. An hour's delightful drive, and the "Spire of Sarum," rising into the evening sky, comes into view; and down in the valley on the left the winding river rolls its sinuous silvery thread through the meadows. We alight at the antiquated arched entrance leading to the cathedral, beneath whose lofty roof we wander for an hour, in the "dim religious light" of that witching fane, which for six hundred years has stood a graceful monument of man's transcending genius, and of the devoted sacrifice of human industry, energy, and skill, to the purposes of religious worship.

A solitary dinner at a solitary hotel; a solitary ramble afterwards through the solitary streets, to the music of a clear stream of water that runs babbling through them; a solitary couch, shared not even by a dream; and thus ends our visit to Stonehenge.

Russian and Danish Honesty—A Contrast.

To show the difference of disposition in the people of Denmark and those of Russia, as regards honesty and fair dealing with strangers, I will relate a circumstance of which I took note. After I had arrived at St. Petersburg, I changed my English for Russian money, I had some purchases to make. A few small articles I purchased without assistance; but by trusting to the honesty of the traders and shopkeepers, I invariably found, when the articles came to be examined by English residents, that they had charged silver roubles and silver kopecks, instead of copper roubles and copper kopecks. In one instance I went back with an English resident to the shopkeeper, and got the overcharged money returned. But I soon found it was no go to trust to the honesty of the trader. It is absolutely necessary that one who has been in the country some time, and who understands the money, and can speak the language, should go with strangers to make their purchases; and even then they will ask twice as much for an article as they will ultimately take. But they will one and all impose upon strangers. Not so the Danes. On my way home again we called at Copenhagen: and as I had both English and Russian coins, I resolved to try fairly, and contrast the honesty of the Danes with that of the Russians. But I had no Danish money, neither did I understand it or their language. I went into the market-place, and at one stand I took up a curious sort of pipe, in payment for which I offered a piece of Russian silver which I knew was its full value. But the owner of the stall shook his head (we could not speak to each other). I then offered another, but only got another shake of the head. I then offered another, and another, but all in vain. I also tried English money, but to no purpose. At last, to convince me, he took my money and put it all back into my pocket, and the pipe along with it, indicating, as I thought, that rather than take too much, he would give me the pipe for nothing. This, however, I refused, returned him the pipe, and left him, unable to complete a bargain. With another person who understood the Russian coin, I showed

him a handful of pieces for him to take pay out himself for a small article that I took up to purchase. He took pay from my hand, and on inquiry afterwards I found he had only taken its exact value. A Russian would have taken it all. I then visited a woman who had a load of fruit exposed for sale. I pointed at a small measure which was filled ready for sale, at the same time offering a Russian piece of silver, which, according to the comparative value of the fruit and money in Russia, I knew to be twice or thrice its value. She could not speak Russian, nor did she understand the value of the coin, and this she indicated, as far as possible, by her motions, and then took hold of my hand and money, and thrust both together into my pocket again. But, determined not to be "said nay," to, I pulled it out again, still pointing at the measure of fruit. Seeing at last that it was no use to try and put me off, but buy I would, right or wrong, she, with a good-humored laugh, took my money, and went into two or three shops close by to learn its value, after which she came back, and filled a measure some three or four times as large as the one I had pointed out, and holding the coin close to the measure, showed me by signs that it and the money were of equal value. I therefore nodded assent, thinking I could take as much of the fruit as I thought proper, and leave the rest. In this I was disappointed, for she then became as importunate in forcing the fruit upon me as I had been to force upon her my money. After I had filled a coat pocket from the measure, I nodded and turned away, making signs that I had as much as I needed. But she had got the money, and I must take the fruit. It was of no use to offer objection; she only talked to me harder and faster in the Danish tongue, one word of which I did not understand. She shouted at, and followed me with the fruit, seized me by the coat laps, and began stuffing the fruit into my other pockets. In vain I tried to convince the other fruit women (who by this time had collected round us), that I did not need or desire any more. They only talked to me still harder than the first; I saw at once that there was but one alternative, and that was taking to my heels; for I knew my pockets would not hold half of the fruit. Upon second thoughts, however, I dare not put this experiment into force, for fear the fruit women would set after me, and create some row and excitement, in which I should be sure to be taken. I therefore considered it more prudent to remain motionless on the spot, and suffer them to heap upon me this enormous load of fruit. The women were diverted to the life at this good joke, and I also joined in their good hearty laughing, and became determined to empty the measure, if possible. When every pocket was full to the top, they took off my cap, after filling which they placed my hands before me, one on the top of the other, so that a considerable quantity could be piled up in front of my person. By one shift and another, I was made to carry on and about me this confounded measure of fruit, and then the women left me with a good loud hearty laugh, in which I could not help joining as heartily. Here I was, in the middle of the market-place, bare headed, every pocket stuffed full of fruit, my arms heaped up in front, with my cap brimful placed on the top. In this manner I walked away a short distance, and then began, as slyly as I could, to scatter a few here and there as I walked along, not daring to look back; in this way I got my arms, cap, and pockets at liberty again, and was very glad to take the shortest and quickest "cut" out of the market and down to our vessel again. As I walked away from this unlucky fruit cart, being a stranger and foreigner, and in the ludicrous attitude above described, of course I became an object of general observation, and was accordingly saluted by each person I passed, with some sort of droll and laughable remark; and here I must confess, that I felt a certain sort of security and satisfaction in not understanding a word they said.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The following affecting incident occurred during the raging of the late storm, at Hollesley. In one of the stranded vessels was a poor woman and her infant. Beholding but little, if any, chance of rescue for herself, she yet clung to the possibility of saving the life of her child. Maternal affection is quick as thought. She therefore, forms the desperate resolution of committing the infant "to the mercy of the waves." Carefully wrapt up in flannel, the child is placed into a hamper, and lowered into the sea. A tumultuous wave received it for a moment, and in another, the hamper is hurled upon the beach. The child is saved, and "delivered to its mother," for in a brief time after, she also, by the blessing of the Almighty, is saved.

AN UNPROFITABLE HABIT.—Some persons are in the habit of dwelling upon, and greatly magnifying every little injury they receive at the hand of others. They thus render themselves very disagreeable to those into whose ears they are continually pouring their complaints; and at the same time greatly injure themselves in the estimation of such, whilst they are contributing very much to their personal misery. How much better would it be were such persons to bury their little troubles, or at least to keep them entirely out of sight! It is to be presumed that they do not sufficiently reflect upon the true nature of their conduct, else they would certainly be more careful to avoid it than they are. Jamieson forcibly exposes the great folly of such conduct by the following illustration:—"A man strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody, and after it has been bound up I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound, and make it fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health materially affected; is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries, or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate or inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again!"

THE MURDERED LOVERS.—Italian journals report a horrible murder committed in Lombardy, on the person of a shepherdess named Peale, and her affianced lover, Mattheo. A rejected swain, named Pedro, dogged the loving couple into a cave or grotto, where they one day took refuge from the heat of the noonday sun. The disappointed rival, it seems, advanced stealthily to the place, and having loosened the earth above, gave a sudden impulse to a mass of earth and stones, which fell, and barricaded, almost hermetically, the entrance of the cavern. After an ineffectual search of more than a fortnight for the missing shepherdess and her lover, two peasants, on passing the grotto, were struck with horror at seeing a fleshless human hand thrust through an interstice between the entrance and the fallen fragments of a rock, on the removal of which the lifeless bodies of the lovers were found clasped together. The police have captured the murderer.

SINGULAR CEREMONY.—A letter from Tiflis states that when the Persian ambassador arrived there, a singular fact, characteristic of Oriental manners, occurred. All the Persian subjects inhabiting Tiflis had placed themselves in a row to the right of the direction taken by the ambassador in his solemn entry. Each man held a sheep, and as the carriage passed by, they raised their knives and sacrificed the animal, such being the manner in which the Persians celebrate a great solemnity.

WOMAN'S LIFE.—A woman's whole life is a history of the affections; her heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there avarice seeks for hidden treasure. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of love.

A MIRACLE.—Voltaire defined a physician as an unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

The world is a lazarus-house—be kind, patient, and humble; it is a masquerade—be prudent; it is a battle-field—be bold.

AFRICAN PROVERBS.

The trader never confesses that he has sold all his goods, but, when asked, will only say, "Trade is a little better."

The palm of the hand never deceives one.

Men think the poor man is not as wise as the rich, for (they say) if he were wise, why is he poor?

He is as persuasive as a seller of cakes.

The borrower, who does not pay, gets no more money lent him.

He runs into debt, who cuts up a pigeon to sell by retail.

A man walks freely before his defamer, when he knows that the latter has not twenty cowries in his pocket.

A gift is a gift, and a purchase is a purchase, but no one thanks you for "I sold it very cheap."

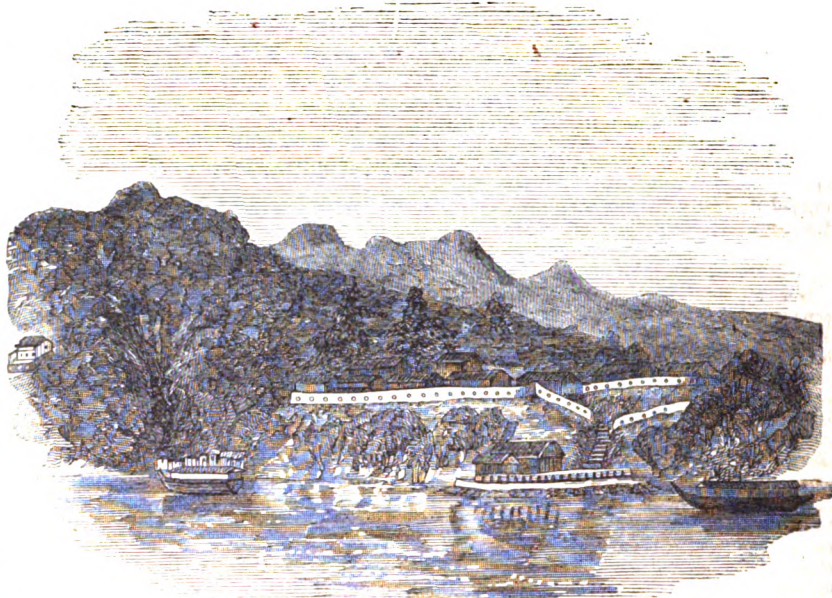
Aje (god of money) often passes by the first caravan that arrives, and loads the last with blessings.

Inordinate gain makes a hole in the pocket.

The wicked man would not treat his own child as he treats those of others.

Sketches in Japan.

The scenery, in making the island, is very beautiful. Mountains in the interior are very lofty, and covered with forests on their southern fronts, but the larger vegetation ceases directly you arrive at the summit; and the whole northern slopes are destitute of trees, but covered with smaller verdure, presenting a strange appearance—the northerly winds having shaded them as regularly as if done by man. The ridges are crowned with a row of tree-tops—their roots being sheltered on the south side—looking like the bristles on a hyena's back. The closer you approach the land, the more it displays its beauties. The country, which is undulating, and in parts very lofty, is covered with verdure, and cultivated to the very tops of the mountains. The atmosphere is delightful, clear, and transparent, quite in opposition to the humid, yellow, windy atmosphere of China. The temperature, too, has fallen to 70°, which we feel delightfully cool. Having notified our arrival to the Governor, and intimated our intention of going into harbor, we went in accordingly. The entrance is remarkably pretty, covered with several picturesque islands, with plenty of guns in battery, but evidently planted by some one totally ignorant of fortification; they are all mounted *en barbette*, hardly any of them covering another. The fort at the entrance is mounted with twenty-two remarkably handsome pieces of ordnance. We anchored off the mouth of the inner harbor, across the entrance of which was drawn a cordon of large boats, connected by hawsers. Directly we were anchored, the admiral sent despatches to Jeddo. After being here a week, they allowed us to land on a little island, about two acres in extent, covered with trees and bamboos, under extraordinary restrictions, guard-boats all round to cut off communication with the shore;



MILITARY STATION, HARBOR OF NAGASAKI.



JAPANESE COURT OFFICIAL COSTUME.

purport I do not know; but it was to the effect that we should enjoy all the privileges conceded to other nations at any time; that a certain number of ports should be open to us; that the Russians should receive no assistance at the hands of the Japanese. The Governor required a list of the officers of the squadron, stating that it was the Emperor's wish that a present should be made to each according to his rank: when they appeared, however, there were nothing but a number of sets of inferior china. The Admiral's, however, which came direct from the Emperor, were splendid: a most magnificent cabinet of lacquered ware, inlaid in the best taste with mother-o'-pearl: two beautiful embossed china vases, with dishes, trays, &c. to match; some silks, &c.; lacquered boxes; two little dogs, a specimen of spaniel—these I believe he intends for the Queen. After the treaty was signed we remained some days

no fires to be lighted, trees cut, or rocks to be moved, and every one to be off by sunset. The Japanese are small of stature, and of rather an intellectual expression, very clean in their persons and boats. Not having seen their houses, I cannot speak of them. They are all armed; men of superior rank with two swords; others with one. Their dress is plain, consisting of a dress of grass-cloth or crape, and silk trousers; they wear shoes, grass soles, with a strap across the instep, going down between the big and second toes; they are better-looking than the Chinese, on whom they look with contempt. Talking about the Russians, they said they did not think much of them—they were dirtier than the Chinese. The latter are allowed to send four junks a year, and the Dutch two ships, which is the only external trade the Japanese have.

Last week it was arranged that the Admiral should visit the Governor; he was received at the landing by the principal officers of the city, and conducted by them to the Governor's house. The street, or rather flight of steps, was lined on either side with troops—a very meagre lot, who had their matchlocks covered with red baize, it not being considered orthodox to expose steel to the eyes of a friend; indeed, we had great trouble in persuading one or two to show us the blades of their swords, which appeared beautifully tempered weapons. The Admiral was graciously received by the Governor, and the officers accompanying were presented in due form. A collation of sweetmeats and pound-cake was served up. When the repast was finished the Admiral held his interview. The diplomacy progressed slowly, but satisfactorily; and at length a treaty was drawn out, and another interview held with the Governor, at which it was signed. The exact



NASUMA SIMA ISLAND FOR EXERCISE.

whilst the papers were being translated. The Japanese expressed regret at our leaving and seemed anxious that commercial relations should be opened between the two countries.

The position of Japan, favored also as it is by climate and soil, renders the Japanese to a great extent independent of other countries; and, as everything must be measured by comparison, they, knowing no other world but Japan, judge of their degree of happiness and prosperity by those of their own state around, never having enjoyed European luxuries, except the small quantities brought by the Dutch ships.

IMPROVED MODE OF PURIFYING GAS.—An important improvement has just been made in France in the mode of purifying gas for lighting. Instead of using lime, which removes only a portion of the offensive and injurious component parts of gas made from coal, the inventor uses peat charcoal and acids, which deprive the gas of the sulphur and ammonia, which are so destructive of certain descriptions of goods, and which materially affect the lungs in theatres and other places where the ventilation is imperfect. The gas thus purified is said to have an addition of ten per cent. to its illuminating power, and the materials used in the purification, are converted into a manure so valuable, that it can be sold for more than the original cost.

A TALE OF FEVER.—A family in the city of London had occupied the same house for many years, enjoying good health. One day a nursery-maid was seized with typhus fever. She was removed from the house, and there came another in her place. In a short time the new nursery-maid was attacked by typhus fever, and was also sent away. A few weeks afterwards, typhus fever attacked one of the children. The medical man then saw that there must be some local cause at work, and instituted an inquiry. He brought out these facts—that the nursery was situated on the second floor of the house, and that two or three weeks before the first case of fever occurred, a sink had been placed in the corner of the room, for the purpose of saving labor to the servants. The sink was found to communicate with the common sewer, and to be quite open or untrapped. It was effectually trapped, and there was no more fever in the house.

THE MOON IN LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—With respect to the moon, every object on its surface of the height of a hundred feet was now distinctly to be seen; and he had no doubt that under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanos, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. He had no doubt whatever, that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible, nor a sea or river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate.

PLAYING TRUANT.—We never knew a boy in the habit of playing truant, and wasting the golden hours of youth, to become a great and distinguished man. Most often the idler of early life is the laggard in the world's race. Truly happy is the boy whom parental or friendly care saves from this alluring danger of youthful days. The reason why truancy is so serious an evil is, not the loss of a day or two at school now and then, or any other immediate or direct consequence of it; it is because it is the beginning of a long course of sin; it leads to bad company, and to deception, and to vicious habits; it stops the progress of preparation for the duties of life, hardens the heart, and opens the door for every temptation and sin, which, if not closed, must bring the poor victim to ruin. These are what constitute its dangers.

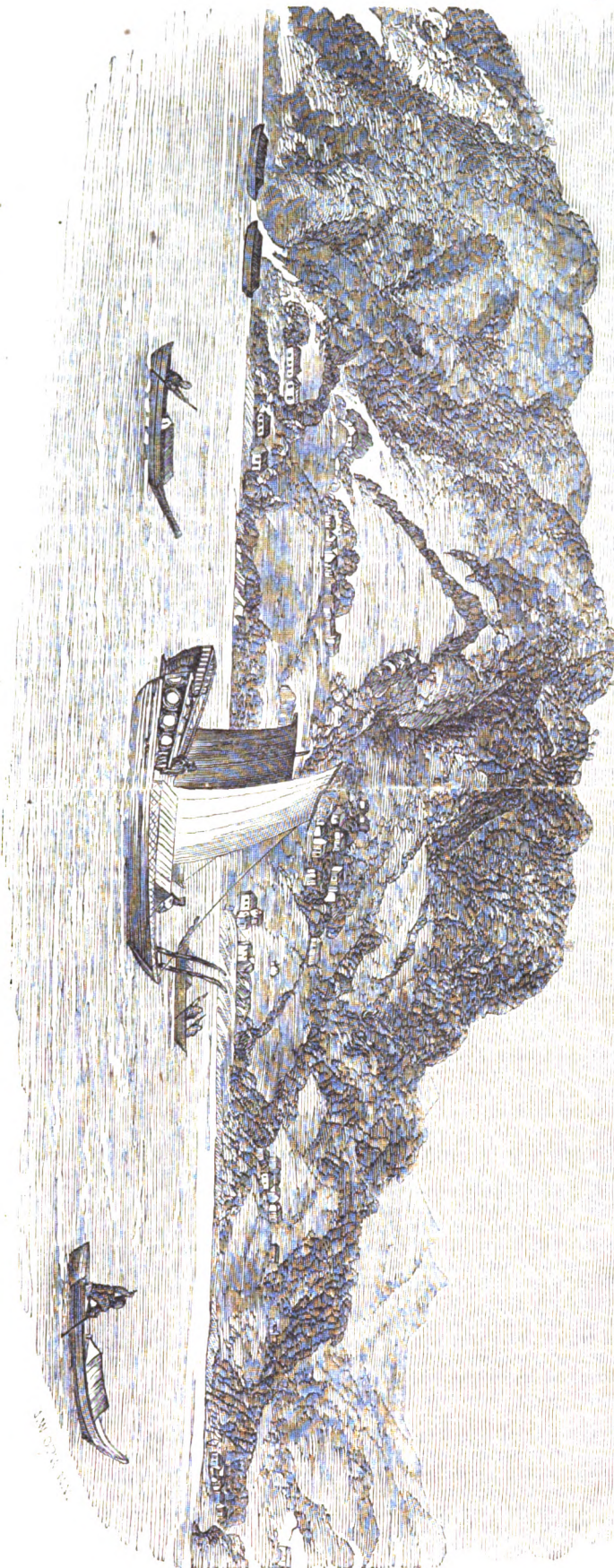
MULTUM IN PARVO.—Estimating everything at its real value, keeping everything to its proper use, putting everything into its proper place, doing everything at its proper time, and keeping everybody to

his proper business, would, perhaps, comprehend all, or nearly all, that can promote comfort, order, and contentment in our hearts and homes.

WARNING TO FIDGETY WIVES.—If anything can justify a man for sometimes thinking of putting away his wife, it is when, despite of continual en-

That respectable official did as he was requested, and having stamped it with the post-mark, wrote on the cover to the following effect—"Received from —, near Newbury, and posted here at the request of the writer." Of course, whoever received the letter required no conjuror to discover the real

JAPANESE VILLAGES, IN MAINLAND.



treaty and admonition, she is always putting away his things.

A WAG OF A POSTMASTER.—A gentleman in the neighborhood, anxious to disguise his identity while forwarding a valentine, enclosed his *billet-doux* to the postmaster of a distant town, requesting him to post it there, and transmit it to its final destination,

author, who must now consider himself wofully "sold" by the too candid and communicative postmaster.

HUMAN GLORY.—The Roman Forum is now a cow-market, the Tarpeian Rock a cabbage-garden, and the Palace of the Cæsars a rope-walk.

GRIEF.—Plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

The Culture of Ferns.

Ferns are fashionable, and they deserve to be so. Not all the elegancies of potichomanie, diaphany, knitting, netting and crochet, ever offered so much to the light fingers of the fair sex as a few cases of ferns, and no amateur gardener ever found a fairer field for his enterprise, than a fern bank or a collection of ferns in pots. Ferns have not grown fashionable by any sudden start, to be forgotten as quickly. Their popularity has steadily grown with the march of botanical inquiry, the general improvement of public taste, and the recent improvements in their culture. A few years since, none but enthusiastic botanists paid any attention to them, and fewer still had attempted their domestication for purposes of study and ornament. Now we see them in windows, in gardens, and even in the dark front areas of town dwellings, where huge trusses of noble bracken give grace and verdure to a spot that otherwise would be dreary indeed.

Still ferns are not to be grown with as much ease as geraniums; they are tender creatures, and want careful nursing, and in proportion to the skill exercised in their culture, repay their cost in glorious displays of beauty. But there is no mystery about them. The greater number of our native species can be made to thrive and increase with a very moderate amount of attention, provided it be of the right sort, and we shall here briefly enumerate such particulars as will enable any person fond of ferns (and who is not fond of them?) to maintain a respectable collection at but little cost either in money or time.

There are exceptions to all rules. Granting that, we may safely lay down the principal rule to be kept in view by all who grow ferns, namely, that they love shade and moisture. The next rule of importance is, that they thrive best in light porous soil in which there is free drainage, but which must be frequently moistened, and lastly, that they should be disturbed as little as possible.

Let us suppose a beginner who really knows but little of the matter, but who desires to set up a fernery. He may have a bank and a pond in a garden, the bank for those that are purely terrestrial, and the borders of the pond for the amphibious ferns. He may have also a collection in pots in a greenhouse, or in the windows of his rooms, and he may also have some well-stocked warden cases. Thus ferns may be grown under several varieties of circumstances.

Let us begin with the bank. This should have over the greater portion of its surface, a shady aspect; some portions indeed should never bask in the rays of Phœbus, from one year's end to another, while other portions should but seldom be visited by sunlight. Secure a large extent of perennial shadow. The soil on the shady side should be composed of sandy loam, rich leaf mould, finely broken charcoal, and fragments of soft brick-rubbish, in about equal proportions. If soft peat can be obtained, there should be a good proportion mingled. Common garden soil will not do alone, but where peat or leaf mould are not to be had, sand and rotten wood may be freely mingled with ordinary soil to take its place. A thorough mingling of the whole is necessary. In the sunny portions of the bank use the same soil, but either mingling a good proportion of old mortar fragment, or free-stone, or even mason's dust. Most ferns which thrive in full exposure to the light, thrive best in a calcareous soil.

In obtaining plants, the most agreeable plan is to collect them from hedgerows and roadsides. A trowel and basket, or a good sized botanical box, will be necessary. Be particularly careful not to handle the plant roughly. First, dig round it and remove the surface mould, then heave it up in a ball or with as much earth as possible around the roots. If the underground stem or root stock then penetrates too deep for the removal of the whole, cut it through with a knife some distance below the surface. In general, a portion of root stock with a few attached fronds will be sufficient to make two or three separate plants.

It is impossible here to enumerate all the ferns that should be sought, for in this respect, every county, and indeed every limited district has its special tribes of ferns, soil and climate determining the sorts that may be found in it. The common brake may be found on any sandy common, and in most hedgerows. Hedgerow specimens are usually the best, and but a small portion of root-stock is sufficient.

Let the fern itself teach you how to treat it. Those from moist-hedge rows, trunks of old trees, shady woodsides, and similar localities will do best in the shady part of the bank in the compost already mentioned. But those which are obtained from exposed rocks, old walls and ruins, will generally thrive on the sunny side of the bank where the soil

has an admixture of old lime, or broken freestone. Ferns obtained in marshy districts, will of course, suit for the borders of wet pools, or if you have no water scene, plant them at the base of the bank in the darkest position and bank them round, so that water will lodge in some small quantity at their roots. All ferns of large growth, and especially those having broad fronds but little divided will suit best with plenty of shade and moisture, while the smaller kinds, particularly those with finely cut fronds will bear exposure well and a calcareous soil.

But as generalities are sometimes puzzling to a beginner, we here enumerate the kinds most easily grown on a bank in the several sites which such a structure affords.

For the shady portions of your bank choose any of the polypodies except the rare rigid fern (*Polypodium calcareum*). The Lastreas generally prefer a bog or marsh, but with the exception of *Lastrea thelypteris* the marsh fern, and *L. cristata*, the crested fern, may be grown either wholly or partially exposed on the bank, though complete shade is preferable. In this family we have the noble male fern, the bold mountain or heath fern, and the upright Witherings fern (*L. spinulosa*), three of the best ferns for rock work or shady walks. They are perfectly hardy, and need only regular watering and good drainage.

The alpine and bladder ferns are less easily managed on rock work, and should not be chosen by a beginner, but the prickly fern and Willdenow's fern, are two members of the same family that thrive either in the shade or exposed, and from their ornamental excellence and evergreen habit merit good places on a bank. The gorgeous Lady fern, the kingly Osmundia, the common brake, and the strange-looking hart's tongue, are the finest of all the British ferns for rock and garden scenery, and are as hardy and as easily grown as they are ornamental. On the exposed portion of the bank, the mountain polypody, the little rock-brake, and any of the spleenworts. The hart's tongue and most of the Lastreas, will also bear some amount of sunlight if there is any difficulty in obtaining a sufficiency for the side most exposed. The marsh fern, *L. thelypteris* and the crested fern *L. cristata* as well as the hard fern, are suitable for the border of a pool at the foot of the bank, or for the border of a pond and fountain.

In planting ferns on a bank, it is advisable to have at hand a quantity of moist clean moss, and a little heap of pounded charcoal, and some well-broken rotten wood. Take the root-stock and trim off any ragged fronds, then dig out the place which is to receive it, and insert a layer of rotten wood and wet moss, in the midst of which insert the plant, covering over the crown with a couple of inches of sand and broken charcoal. After planting, water the whole with a pot fitted with a fine rose, so as to give the fronds a genial shower. The best time to plant ferns is in damp weather, or when rain seems likely to set in; watering may then, of course, be dispensed with. Nothing in the whole range of gardening can equal a fern bank or an old tree clump, from which the tall fronds of bracken and lady ferns spring out luxuriantly. Yet ferns are not extensively adopted in garden scenery, though they last for years, and continually improve, and produce a scene of fairy-like elegance and most delightful verdure. All the attention that a fern bank demands, after it is once planted, is regular watering, in fine showers, over the fronds, in dry weather, and an occasional trimming with trowel and shears to preserve neatness.

Now as to their culture in pots, which introduces a new and very choice species of window ornaments, to which we most carefully call the attention of our fair readers. There is nothing more easy than to maintain a neat and even extensive collection of potted ferns, and the same general rules apply to this kind of culture as those we have indicated as governing the management of a bank. Shade and mixture are the great requisites.

We have, since we began to write this paper, been engaged in potting off a little collection for the adornment of our study during the winter, and we have proceeded thus:—With a hammer we broke up half a dozen old cracked flower pots into minute fragments. We then spread out a layer of fine leaf mould, made last autumn, by sweeping up the leaves shed from a clump of trees. On looking at our stock of charcoal, we found it to consist of hard pieces, not easily pulverized, and in half an hour we prepared a supply of fresh charcoal, of a quality far surpassing any we could purchase. We took half a dozen bundles of common fire-wood, and set light to a heap in a stove. As the sticks burnt away to red cinders they were withdrawn, that is, just at

the point where the wood ceased to burn with a flame. These were laid in the fender, where they cooled, and when the whole of the wood had been reduced to a heap of black cinders, we pounded the whole with a mallet on a flat stone. We then spread the charcoal over the mould, then the broken pots, and then a layer of fine sand. If we had been deficient of sand or leaf-mould, we should have used common garden mould in their place. We then stirred the whole about till it was well mingled, and potted off the plants carefully, and with as little disturbance or fracture of their roots as possible. A drenching from a fine rose completed the process, and the pots were set under a shady wall, where, with regular watering, they will be established in a fortnight, and in six or eight weeks most of them will begin to push up new fronds. In less than an hour we potted off twenty choice ferns, all of them taken from a bank which has been established two years. Among them are the following:—True Maidenhair, Moonwort, Adder's-tongue, Forked Spleenwort, Common Spleenwort, Sea Spleenwort, Willdenow's Fern, Bree's Fern, and one of each species of Polypody. All these will thrive in our windows except the first, over which we have a bell-glass to secure it a pure damp air.

With a small watering-pot, fitted with a very fine rose, we water these every evening, and before the night frosts threaten them; we shall bring them within doors for winter quarters, where they will make a fine showy verdure and elegant outline.

The ferns most suited for growth in cases are the Bladder and Alpine Ferns, the Spleenworts, the smaller species of Polypody, the Maidenhair, the lovely and rare *Trichomanes radicans* or Bristle Fern and the Tunbridge Filmy Fern.

In planting such as these use a compost of soft peat, broken crocks, and charcoal, or if you cannot obtain peat use turfy loam, with a good mixture of sand or fine leaf mould. Fix the plants in their several places, and water the whole with a fine rose very moderately, for it is easy to add more water, but difficult to remove any excess. After the shade has been on a few hours, you will be able to judge if the ferns have sufficient moisture, by the damp condensing inside the glass. Stagnant water about their roots will be injurious; but, short of this, give as much as possible.

But there is still another and more amusing way to secure a stock of ferns; it is to grow them from seeds. Will the reader deem us sorcerers, that we talk of fern seeds. Yet fern seed is a tangible substance enough.

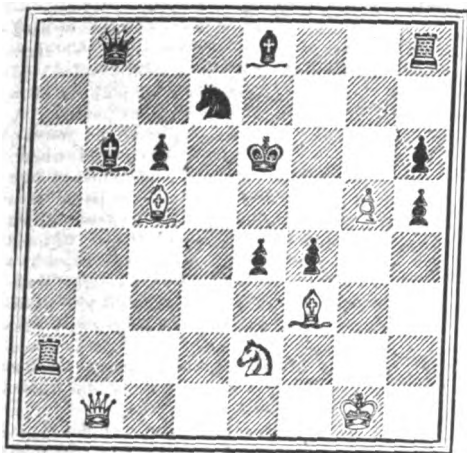
Whoever possesses a few dried ferns, or a collection mounted for botanical purposes, may soon raise a crop of all the sorts in the collection. Turn back the fronds, and rub off a few of the brown spores into a plate, keeping each sort separate. Then mingle the fine brown powder, which is fern seed, with some fine sand. Now fill a few pots with soft peat or leaf mould, with a mixture of charcoal and small crocks. Water the whole, and then spread a layer of the mixed sand and seed over the surface. Over the pot place a bell glass, washed on the outside with mud to darken it, and leave the whole to the course of nature. A warm situation is best. In five or six weeks the mould will be covered with minute woolly-looking shoots, which will soon develop into the characteristic forms of true ferns. Transplant them with care, and you may stock a bank, a window, or Warden window case with the seedling ferns of your own raising, by no means a contemptible achievement.

We have propagated ferns to some extent by using waste Florence flasks, in which the salad oil is brought from Italy. When the Florence flasks are empty, we wash them with a little potash, then from a funnel pour in the fern compost, an inch and a half deep, then the fern seed,—lastly, water sufficient, and then cork the flask, and hang it up against a wall, where, in the course of six or eight weeks the mould bristles with young ferns. At the proper time a tap on the flask cracks it, and the ferns are liberated to flourish where they are wanted. In this way we have raised a few sorts from dried specimens sent us from remote parts of the country, such as we might have sighed for over and over again, had we no other means of growing them except from living roots. Glass bottles of all kinds may be pressed into the service; the common green glass pickle jar suit admirably, but of course it would be ridiculous to exhibit ferns in anything but a properly constructed case or shade. A beautiful object should never be disgraced by its frame work and these contrivances are only for the private sanctum of the fern grower, to enable him to stock his pots and cases and rock work borders with an abundance of young plants.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. XVII.—By Mr. A. G. M'BIRNEY, of Glasgow.
White playing first, mates in 4 moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. XVII.—Played at the London Chess Club, 19th of July, 1850. Mr. HARRWITZ giving the odds of Pawn and Move to Mr. GREENAWAY. (Remove Black's K B P from the Board.)

White—Mr. Greenaway.

Black—Mr. Harwitz.

- 1 K P 2
- 2 Q P 2
- 3 Q P 1
- 4 Q B to K Kt 5
- 5 Q Kt to B 3
- 6 B takes Kt
- 7 Q to K R 5 (ch)
- 8 K Kt to B 3
- 9 K to Kt to R 4
- 10 K B to Q 3
- 11 Castles on Q side
- 12 K R P 1
- 13 Kt to K B 5
- 14 Kt takes B
- 15 Q to B 3
- 16 Kt to K 2
- 17 K Kt P 2
- 18 K R to Kt
- 19 Q B P 2
- 20 Q to K 3
- 21 K B P 2
- 22 Kt takes P
- 23 K Kt P 1
- 24 R takes P (ch) (c)
- 25 Q R to B
- 26 K R to Kt (d)
- 27 B to K 3
- 28 Q to Q B 3
- 29 B takes P
- 30 Q Kt P 1
- 31 Q to B 2 (f)
- 32 K to Q (g)
- 33 P takes Kt
- 34 Q to Q 3
- 35 K to K

- 1 Q Kt to B 3
- 2 K P 2
- 3 Q Kt to K 2
- 4 Q P 1
- 5 K Kt to B 3
- 6 P takes B
- 7 Kt to Kt 3
- 8 K B to Kt 2 (a)
- 9 K to B 2
- 10 Q B to Q 2
- 11 Q to Q B (b)
- 12 B to K
- 13 K to B
- 14 K takes Kt
- 15 K R P 2
- 16 K R P 1
- 17 B to K B 2
- 18 Q B P 2
- 19 Q to Q
- 20 Q R to B
- 21 P takes P
- 22 Kt to K 4
- 23 P takes P
- 24 K to B
- 25 K to K
- 26 Q Kt P 2
- 27 P takes P
- 28 Q R to Kt
- 29 R to Kt 5
- 30 Q to Q R 4 (c)
- 31 Q to R 6 (ch)
- 32 Kt takes B
- 33 R to Kt 7
- 34 B to R 5 (ch)
- 35 Checkmates in two moves.

Solution to Problem XVI., p. 183.

WHITE.

- 1 Kt to K Kt 7 (ch)
- 2 K B to K 4
- 3 B to Q 5 (ch) Mate
- 3 B to K B 5 Mate

BLACK.

- 1 Kt takes Kt (best)
- 2 If Kt at B 5 is moved or if
- 2 Kt at Kt 9 moves

NOTES TO GAME XVII.

- (a.) Q to K 2, and then to K B 2, would be better, because Black would, in that case, not have been obliged to play his K, and thus lose the privilege of Castling.
- (b.) Threatening to win the White Q, by Q B to K Kt 5.
- (c.) Well played; Black would lose his Q, were he to take this R.
- (d.) He should have played this R to Kt 7, with a view to take the B, and then play Kt to K 6.
- (e.) Menacing to take B with R, and thus win white Q.
- (f.) He seems to have no better move.
- (g.) Interposing Q, or playing K to Kt sq. would have lost a piece.

FAMILY PASTIME.

Riddles.

It may be asked, What is a riddle?—Ah! what is it? That's just the rub! Well, then, it is a queer affair, without shape, size, humanity, compassion, breath, or sex. It is caressed, abused, courted, slighted, jostled, hostled—and, notwithstanding all that is said against it, universally looked upon as a welcome guest, when it is not in a dull mood. The oldest riddle on record, is that put forth by Samson (Judges xiv. 14)—“Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.” His solution is well known, as it is explained in the same chapter.

No doubt there are many riddles which should have been handed down to posterity that deserved this distinction—but

that ascribed to Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, deserves to be recorded: It is said to have been composed B.C. about 570 years.—“There is a father, with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters a piece, party-colored, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours.” His solution was “The Year.”

How we have puzzled and puzzled again over some of the good old riddles of yore, and when their solutions have been whispered, half in mirth and half in fear at our wrath, we have laughed at our very stupidity, and wondered how any person could fail to discover them.

What a batch now crowd upon us—'tis fearful to contemplate! But we shall dash them off as they pass in review, commencing with—

1.

M. VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.—What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest, and the most slow; the most divisible, and the most extended; the least valued, and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to all things, however great?

2.

In what tree would you secure a valuable article?

3.

You eat me, you drink me, deny it who can!
I'm sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man.

4.

From an exalted youth my name I take,
Though great the difference in our shape and make,
He, 'tis believed, was form'd like other men,
But that's a form I never can attain;
I have no legs, though oftentimes I move,
I'm stubborn, too, and go where I am drove;
If you discreetly use me and with skill,
I'm pretty sure to follow where you will.

5.

We often divide, but we do not disagree; and yet when we fall out, we are not likely to be again in union; the most sprightly generally show us most, but monks and aldermen are believed to put us to more frequent use.

6.

My first communicates to the human race various emotions; my second retains what is gross and rejects what is delicate; my whole is reflective.

Puzzle.

Supposing eight counters to be placed in a row, and that they are to be arranged in pairs, one upon another, keeping them still in a line, and without taking any one counter over more than two at a time. How is it to be done?

Enigmas.

1.

What English word of one syllable, by cutting off its first letter, becomes a Latin word of two syllables; both having the same signification.

2.

In nature I resemble horn,
And those who wear me I adorn,
Some cut and pare, and keep me low,
By others I am left to grow,
I daily, too, am forged by man,
And serve him every way I can;
Submit to violence and heat,
Am driven, and screw'd, and drawn, and beat;
And soonest go where I am bid
When fairly knock'd upon the head.
Then fast I hold and keep my place,
And either serve for use or grace;
Since scarce a fabric can be made,
Or long upheld without my aid.

3.

Five letters only make my name,
I read from right or left the same.
I daily vary with the mind,
Learning or wisdom of mankind.
In some I serve to kindle strife,
Others have prized me more than life.
My use is what the humble know,
The scholar turns me oft to show.
But while through every form I range,
In one respect I never change;
For such my pliancy or merit,
My love of peace, or want of spirit,
That all how'er they disagree,
Unite in this, to hold by me.

4.

I live and labor underground,
I lie in ocean stretch'd and bound.
I sink in Surrey, and again
I rise and wander on the plain.
The fairest skin I often spot,
Disliked by some, by others not.

5.

A band we are of sisters five,
All born at once, and all alive,
All musical, and soft in speech,
Soon taught, and early given to teach.
Some of our number have been known
At times to talk or sing alone,
Which if the youngest tries to do,
All will pronounce it to be you.
Much more it would not do to tell
Of what we are and where we dwell;
But one is always in your hand,
And, when you choose to walk or stand,
Then all the others will be found
Between your slipper and the ground.

6.

If you can halve the wind and tide,
And throw the nearest parts aside,
The rest will centre in my whole,
When distanced as the pole from pole,
And sunder'd, as the sea from sea,
Farthest removed, are likeliest me.

7.

If you name me a letter will suffice, but I am a troublesome thing, and not easily caught; spell me, and you need only two letters, small and neat; I am sweet, and caressed; avoided, and with cause; Solomon envied me, and I am held up as a model of industry.

8.

I am but a word of five letters, and yet read the same backwards and forwards, and always maintain the same position, in whatever manner I am placed.

9.

I only alone you only that
Love one, are love one, one
One and she; one and be
And you do and let me.

Transpositions.

1.

Though small I am, yet, when entire,
I've force to set the world on fire.
Take off a letter, and 'tis clear
My paunch will hold a herd of deer.
Dismiss another, and you'll find
I once contain'd all human kind.

2.

A cracker held close to a flame,
Or near a red-hot poker,
Will show my name, but prove I am
A harmless little joker.
I sound the same, I mean the same,
Whichever way you heed me—
Your noddles surely are to blame,
If now you cannot read me.

3.

The staff of life I am complete,
Which prince and peasant often eat;
Transposed, by Englishmen I'm shorn,
By many foreigners, though worn;
Curtail'd, you'll find I am at least,
A rough, a surly, savage beast;
Behold me, and to view I bring
What oft is honor'd with a ring.

Queries.

1.

Why do you suppose that Robinson Crusoe was an Episcopalian?

2.

Why were there no postage labels in the time of Henry VIII?

3.

Why are a lady and gentlemen waltzing in a ball-room like two young ladies working at Berlin wool?

Charades.

1.

Although my first was found too frail to stand,
Although my second puny be and weak,
Their strength combined is more than steel and rock,
Too firm to penetrate, too hard to break.

2.

My first is always restless seen,
My second every man has been,
My whole in time in every stage
Of childhood, manhood, youth and age,
'Tis summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Fleeting, and ever on the wing.

3.

My first includes the human race,
Of every age, and time, and place,
Down to this moment from the fall;
My second was a Roman camp,
And still it wears its ancient stamp,
The gate, the peristyle, and wall.

My whole is but of modern date,
Where other unions, form'd of late,
Are dreaded, rather than admired.
Bearing a deep and smother'd flame,
I boast but half the Roman name,
With less than half its virtue fired.

Conundrum.

1.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo?

2.

If an awkward fellow upsets your best tea-service, what flower does he remind you of?

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

ENIGMAS.

1. Day. 2. The letter I.

CHARADES.

1. Button—the insert, Butterfy—the weapon, Tongue.
2. Par-a-pet. 3. Loadstone. 4. XIII. VIII. 6. North Pole.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

1. 37 feet 6 inches. 2. 90 yards.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. Tar. 2. Part. 3. Madam. 4. Robert. 5. Kate.
6. Buffalo. 7. Alexandria. 8. Preface. 9. Real Fun.

REBUSSES.

1. Pear. 2. Dover.

RIDDLES.

1. Book-case. 2. Foot-stool. 3. Ring-leader. 4. Needle-book.

Cacao.

THE Cacao-tree, or, as it is commonly called Cocoa, may be considered as one of the most interesting productions of the West Indies which have become articles of general consumption. The accompanying illustrations of the culture and manufacture of

and physical condition of the working classes (located on his own and neighbouring estates), by the introduction of a new system of labor, tending to promote equality of confidence between the employer and employed. The estate is chiefly devoted to the cultivation of cocoa and coffee, which are generally

which various paths and tracks diverge, leading to and dividing the allotments. These are in many parts bounded by rows of lofty evergreen trees, which are planted for the purpose of sheltering the cocoa and coffee from the wind, which is very detrimental.

In the island of Trinidad, a very beautiful tree called the "Bois Immortal," bearing a brilliant scarlet blossom, is common, and during the season its bloom presents from a distance, when the sun is shining on it, a most splendid and novel appearance.

The cocoa-trees are planted in rows, like apple-trees in an orchard, and the coffee-trees between them. Great care is necessary to keep the young trees free from the quantity of small climbing parasitic plants and mosses which in those climates accumulate upon them to a vast extent, and ultimately destroy them. If attention be paid to this point, and the soil prove fertile, the trees commence bearing in less than three years.

Very few things can surpass in beauty the effect of a cocoa plantation, when the trees are loaded with fruit.

Our Correspondent thus describes his visit to the above plantation:—Our road lay by a narrow path, shaded by magnificent plantains and bananas, whose gigantic leaves—from twelve to fourteen feet long, and nearly three feet broad—formed over our heads a beautiful canopy. Here and there, from amidst the mass, rose the towering stem of a mountain cabbage-tree, waving its proud crest of dark green branches. Near the roots of these, a small and neatly-cut channel conveyed a stream of water to supply the mill.

The bank was covered with every variety of plant; beautiful specimens of light feathery ferns bounded the other side; and swarms of vivid-colored butterflies and buzzing insects darted to and fro in undisturbed enjoyment. This path soon led into the heart of the plantation, and nothing could be more beautiful than the view which broke upon us. An immense bower, extending as far as the eye could reach, appeared spread above us; and the long vistas formed by the numerous lines of trees were only broken here and there by the large leaves of some straggling plantain, or mass of broken rock, clothed with lichens and mosses. The rays of the sun, as they shot through the rich foliage, fell in subdued light on the clusters of fruit with which each tree was loaded, adding to their varied tints of purple, red, and gold, a brilliancy that gave the scene an air of enchantment, and forcibly reminded me of the Garden of the Genii in the story of Aladdin.

The cocoa of commerce is known as a brown seed or kernel, something like an almond, but usually larger. The kernels are contained in a pod, and vary in number from ten, twenty, and thirty in each. The pod somewhat resembles a cucumber in shape, and is composed of a thick fleshy substance, which hardens into shell if dried; but which, when the fruit is fit for gathering, is soft, and easily broken. It hangs to the tree by a short stem, and usually grows in a manner so different from the European fruits (but not uncommon to many tropical ones), that it excites the surprise of a stranger. Instead of hanging from the tender twigs and branches, and intermixed with the foliage, it is generally seen growing out of the most solid parts of the stem and branches, particularly in clusters around the main trunk of the tree, and frequently within a foot or two of the root—conveying the idea of its being hung there by some artificial means, rather than by its own natural growth. The first of the accompanying views shows the interior of a plantation. A negro girl is picking coffee from the small trees between the cocoa-trees; and another girl is breaking with a stone the pods of some cocoa, for the purpose of extracting the seeds.

These seeds are then taken to the mill, represented in the second engraving, and the outer husks are removed by a machine, shown near the door, with a negro supplying it. This consists of a strong frame of timber firmly fixed to the floor, supporting a line of movable bars of wood, placed perpendicularly, which, being lifted by means of arms attached to a roller, and alternately catching



COCOA PLANTATION IN THE ISLAND OF GRENADA, FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.

the valuable staple to the breakfast-table have been sketched by a Correspondent resident in the West Indies, and to his many opportunities for observation we are indebted for the descriptive details.

The scene is taken from a large cocoa estate in the island of Grenada, called Pleasance. Its owner has made unceasing efforts to improve the moral

grown together. It extends over a considerable tract of land forming the sloping sides of a lofty mountain, known as Mount St. Katherine, whose dark outline, covered with dense forest to the very summit, forms a striking contrast to the bright and golden foliage of the cocoa. A long and wide road runs through the centre of the plantation, from

under a projecting pellatt in each bar, causes it to fall in the manner of a pestle upon the cocoa placed in the trough below.

On the opposite side of the apartment is a small roller, which is armed with a grater, by which the outer husks of the coffee-berry are removed. A sloping trough, fed by a long bag affixed to a pole

cluster around thee, and their pleasant greetings and smiles of welcome will make the most delicious music in thy soul. Speak gently! sunshine will stream around thy path, and shed a halo of light around thy head; fresh flowers will spring up and cluster around thy footsteps, and perfume the air with their delightful fragrance. Speak gently! an-

tion of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep; and no sooner is he supplied with sufficient allowance of either of those very excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be, for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar-

plums, apple pies, and confectionary. At six, his imagination runs on kites, marbles, and tops, and an abundance of playtime. At ten, the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but go birdsnesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard and a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty, he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. About this time, also, he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty, he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousands, to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.

THE DOOM OF OUR WORLD.—What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions of our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all fore-shadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling in the mausoleums of former worlds—let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught it in the school of Revelation.

ORIGIN OF SOLICITORS.—This branch of legal practitioners seem to have arisen in great part out of the suits in the Star Chamber. "In our age," says Hudson, a barrister of Gray's Inn, in the reign of Charles I., "here are stepped up a new sort of people called solicitors, unknown to the records of the law, who, like the grasshoppers in Egypt, devour the whole land; and these, I dare say (being authorized by the opinion of the most reverend and learned Lord Chancellor that ever was before him), were express maintainers, and could not justify their maintenance upon any action brought. I mean not where a lord or gentleman employed a servant to solicit his cause—for he may justify his doing thereof; but I mean those which are common solicitors of causes, and set up a new profession, not being allowed in any court, or at least, not in the court where they follow causes; and these are the retainers of causes, and devourers of men's estates by contention, and prolonging suits to make them without end.

It is stated that since February last no fewer than 70,000 rebels have been executed at Canton, and 27,000 at Shanking-Fu. These numbers seem incredible; yet there is a specific statement that one day recently 500 rebels were slaughtered at Canton, and 700 on another day.

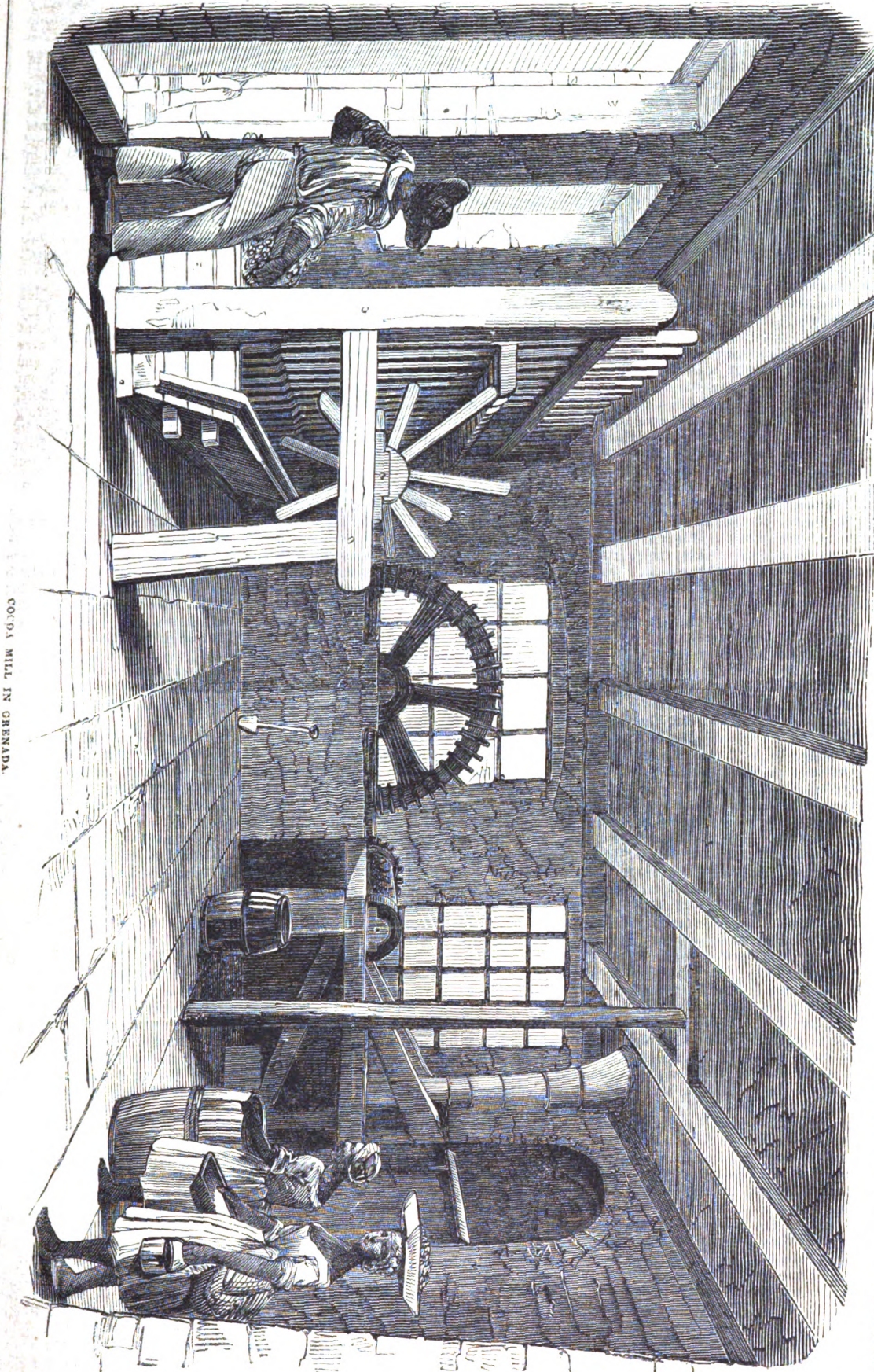
In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

in the floor above, conveys the coffee to the roller, which passes by another trough into vessels, preparatory to its being dried.

WORDS OF KINDNESS.—Let all thy words be words of kindness and love; let kindness beam on thy countenance, and smile in every look. Friends will

other world will be all sunshine—bright, golden, gorgeous sunshine; and though clouds may arise and shadows play around, their shade will only add a tender cord to the silvery notes; for shadows are but mosaics set in sunshine, and gentle words will give to them a gilding which gloom can never hide.

THE WANTS OF THE AGES.—It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratifica-



COCOA MILL IN GRENADA.

The Murder Discovered.

"I HAVE been thinking of giving up my engagement with Sir James—indeed, I am all but quite resolved to do so, and immediately thereon it is my intention to emigrate. I have no ties now of near kindred to bind me to my native country. I'll go to the back settlements of America—to the Far West; and who knows but that I may become one of the pioneers of civilization in those yet untamed regions after all? With Rombo here, my ever-faithful canine companion, I may do well in the New World, William."

While my friend and almost inseparable associate, at leisure hours, ran on in the manner mentioned, I gazed at him with amazement, never having heard him speak in the same strain, never having imagined that such fancies as he had now given utterance to were entertained by him; the whole of his antecedents, besides, being entirely different from pointing in the direction stated. I looked at him, as we walked arm-in-arm along, with mixed feelings. At first I thought my friend had suddenly taken to a jocular mood; and yet this was extremely improbable, for of late he had been more melancholy than I had ever known him, although always of a sedate, in fact, a pensive temperament. I next thought that he was growing insane, and the moment he paused actually ejaculated, "Are you, Ralph Harkness, going mad?"

"If not already mad, I soon shall be, should I remain in this country, and especially should I continue to be the tutor to Sir James Monteith's boy," was my admirable friend's response, uttered not only with deep emphasis, but with a sorrowfulness of tone and a despondency of look that went at once to my heart. Next instant, however, a scene presented itself to our sight that arrested in a moment the current of the melancholy discourse; leading with rapidity to a series of incidents which, although forty years have since elapsed, have never ceased, when my memory recurred to them, to move me with almost the whole of their pristine force. But first, a few particulars may be prefaced, with a view of making the reader acquainted with the condition and circumstances of the parties that figure in the following paragraphs.

Ralph Harkness and myself were the sons of peasants belonging to the same lowland parish in the west of Scotland, and like not a few youngsters in that part of the country of similar birth, we were ambitious to obtain such an education at College as would entitle and enable us to adopt some one of the learned professions. We accordingly, with the approval, of course, of our parents, who although in humble circumstances, had some small savings at their command, went to the University of Glasgow; the similarity of the ages of the two lads and their close intimacy ever since early childhood, suggesting the propriety of our proceeding to the seat of learning at the same period of time.

For several sessions we pursued the ordinary curriculum in regard to the classical languages and the course of philosophy; at the close of which system of study our views diverged, Harkness addressing himself to sacred literature and theology, with the design of becoming a minister of religion, while medicine was the department of my choice. We had each nearly completed our fourth year of professional study at the date when the present story has its commencement, and were both looking forward to the moment when we should enter more or less upon the duties of public life in our respective lines. Meanwhile, however, and for a succession of sessions, we had eked out the small pecuniary means otherwise afforded us for maintaining ourselves at College by private teaching of young gentlemen. Harkness during the last two years having been tutor to the only son of Sir James Monteith, a boy not yet fifteen. And particularly fortunate did my excellent young friend reckon himself on being appointed to this situation. Not only was his annual allowance good—for Sir James, while one of the wealthiest manufacturers in the great city of Glasgow at the time, was one of the most generous, worthy, and considerate of men, and had for a son a boy who seemed to inherit the paternal virtues, as well as mental gifts—rendering the business of tutoring the youth a pleasure rather than a painful task.

Happy, indeed, was it for my friend, that Sir James Monteith engaged him for the purpose mentioned, especially at the period when Harkness commenced the duty; the pious aspirant nearly at the same date having lost his already widowed father, and thus become deprived of such pecuniary assistance as the old man could afford out of a small annuity which he had enjoyed during his latter days. A particular or two more, and the story will then proceed uninterrupted. Harkness and I continued

to board together, he going regularly, at the proper hours, to the baronet's town residence, where he generally spent most of the latter part of each day, attending to his pupil—not seldom being invited to sit at the family table with the boy, especially when Sir James felt that he could properly enjoy the society of such a tutor; the only other regular attendant at the domestic board, being the young lady who had acted as mistress of the establishment ever since her mother's decease a few years earlier, viz., the lovely Edith, the opulent baronet's only daughter.

"If not already mad, I soon shall be, should I remain in this country, and especially should I continue to be the tutor of Sir James Monteith's boy," had been Harkness's response to my amazed ejaculation already cited, as we were both nearing our place of residence, which happened to be close to the northern bank of the stately Clyde, and not a hundred paces from the spacious mansion of the Monteiths, which, like a lordly guardian, overlooked the river between the only two stone bridges which at that time spanned the noble stream within the precincts of the city.

But the sound of my admirable friend's startling response, had not died upon my ear, when an expansive object presented itself to our sight which instantly arrested the current of the melancholy discourse upon which we had entered, and leading also rapidly to a series of incidents that ere long became deeply memorable with me. The moment was simultaneous with our obtaining a view of the uppermost of the two bridges; the eye at the first glance taking in a scene of terrific grandeur, the like of which I had never before and have never since beheld. Although so late in the season for intense frost as the month of March, yet for several weeks the earth had been bound as with adamant, and the face of the waters chained, affording a solid footing where seldom was there ice to be seen of a winter. But suddenly there came a thaw and a deluge of rain, melting the snow in the uplands, besides where it had lain deep; and now was broken up the glittering coverlid of the rivers, and now rolled seaward the mail of the gallant Clyde in ten thousand separate plates, the fragments sailing steadily onward, until arrested by the piers of masonry upon which the arches of the ponderous bridges rested, producing a sublime sight in which the beautiful and awful combined in a magnificent manner.

"Behold how the ice crowds up the arches, every moment heaping mass upon mass!" cried Harkness, who was the first to break silence after we had stood as if suddenly rooted in the ground, struck mute with wonder and a species of resistless dread. "How the frozen element roars and seems wantonly to riot, as if conscious of being omnipotent! Awful! I fear for the stability of the bridge itself; it looks to me as if the vast fabric of granite were shaking already and about to be precipitated into the nether flood, in order that the enormous masses of ice, crammed together, may ride triumphantly over the prostrate thing. And yet there are hundreds of people standing upon the masonry, with the assurance as though their feet were planted upon the rock of ages."

We had, by the same time that my companion ceased giving expression to his sentiments, got near to the edge of the river, with its strong stone-built boundary, and considerably farther down than the threatened bridge itself—our thought being that we might in a short time become the witnesses of such an appalling catastrophe as Harkness had pictured, although better informed calculators would probably have derided our fears had these been audibly proclaimed to those beside us. We had not only moved thus away for some distance from the anticipated destruction, but taken our position so as to have our eyes uninterruptedly fixed upon the bridge—our gazings constantly travelling from the surface of the water to the parapet of the stony structure, or from one end of the bridge to the other. In this way we had an expansive and also a minute survey, sometimes even to the marking of individuals of such as clad the bridge footpath nearest to us.

"See, Harkness," cried I of a sudden, "yonder thoughtless and daring woman, who, with her back towards us, leans against the parapet of the bridge, resting her babe, which is rolled up in her cloak, upon the very edge of the stone-work, so that if by any accident she should lose hold of the cloth where her hands clasp it to her breast, the child must inevitably be dropped down into the river!"

Hardly had the last of these words escaped me, when the very thing I had imagined occurred, our second terror being lest the little creature, on reaching the flood, should come into contact with a piece of such floating ice as every now and then was escaping through the arches from the compressed

masses on the other side of the bridge. It was some relief, however, to find that the infant had not met with such a dreadfully unyielding reception, and that after having disappeared for a few seconds, it was seen whirling about in an eddy in a manner that admitted of rescue, provided any expert swimmer could reach the innocent quickly, and bring it to land.

"Now's your opportunity, Rombo," ecstatically cried Harkness, addressing himself to his noble canine companion, who seldom failed to be waiting for his master on our return at a certain hour from College—my friend, as he spoke, pointing to the perilled child, who was at a moment perhaps not above fifty yards away from where we stood. The hint and the direction were sufficient for one of the most sagacious of dogs, and also a first-rate swimmer. Into the turbid deep the animal plunged, proud to be employed, the cheers of the multitudes who beheld the circumstances, seeming to encourage and gladden the noble adventurer, who in less time than it would take to describe the particulars of his skillful efforts, had the baby wholly above the water, holding the poor little drenched thing by its ragged clothes as much aloft as possible. How the welkin was made to ring on that memorable day, when the hosts that had by this time crowded to the quarters where my friend and I stood, perceived the admirable conduct of the four-footed member of the Humane Society.

And yet the gratulation and rejoicings were speedily turned into dismay and cries of despair; for ere the dog could accomplish certain circuits which he was obliged to take in order to get round and free from large fragments of floating ice which were between him and the landing-place he sought, the tremendous pressure of dammed back water, which for some time had been upon the mighty barrier of ice at the upper side of the bridge, broke through the obstacle, floating in an instant downward with terrific sweep, thousands more of pieces, so as to entangle and circumscribe the struggling dog in a far worse degree than at first. Poor fellow! how he strove to climb up upon the broad pieces that were jamming him in! But the footing was too slippery and otherwise treacherous to serve him as he wished; only his fore-paws getting out of the water for a few moments at a time, again to fall back, more and more exhausted, so that the opinion became general that soon the noble Rombo would be as surely drowned, if not crushed to pieces, as the infant he strained himself to save.

"The double loss shall not occur, good people, if I can help it," said Harkness, in his usual emphatic tone, as if what he uttered was breathed from the depths of his heart. "Not," added he, as he was flinging from him his outer and more cumbersome clothing, "not that I by any means place the 'beast that perisheth' upon the same level with an immortal being. But the rescuing of the one will probably be that of the other. If we all three perish never will death come more welcomed to me than now, perhaps."

These last words were spoken for my hearing alone, as Ralph pressed my hand, as if in a final farewell; nor had I the power to hold him fast at the moment, in order to prevent him rushing upon what I thought was certain destruction. Off he sped; he dropped down upon the wall of ice that had collected at the side of the river, and next he plunged amongst the whirling or rushing fragments that were now covering the surface of the flood in all directions, bending his face towards the spot where Rombo and the child were helplessly hemmed in.

Shouts of admiration and encouragement again rent the air, but mingled with moans and many an expression of dread, the charm of madness also being heard—a sentiment in which I could not but participate. I knew, it is true, that my friend was an excellent swimmer. But what would his dexterity avail in his present predicament, unless the ice cleared suddenly away, and this without irresistibly sweeping away with it the living objects within its stern embrace. Oh, appalling moments! Again and again I shut my eyes and turned away my head that I might not see my companion perish. Rombo, and even the infant seemed to lose any strong hold they had taken on my sympathies. But it was impossible to remain a blinded party amid the agonized and amazed crowd, especially as the most opposite statements and opinions were every instant rushing into the ear and perplexing me beyond all endurance.

"How his hands bleed, being cut by the sharp ice!" was an exclamation which could not but force me to gaze towards my friend, who, while combating against terrific pressure, sometimes so elevated his arms as to show them streaming with blood. "He

sinks! he disappears altogether! poor gentleman, but rash adventurer! we have seen the last of him while breath is in his nostrils," was a cry which knelled in my ear, just as I myself beheld Ralph dip beneath a large floor of ice which he had unavailingly striven to surmount. I know not what passed within me or around me for the next few seconds, but was recalled by a shout of an encouraging nature.

"Noble waterman!" cried several voices: "he but dived, after having measured the distance accurately, and has bolted up into view just at the spot where the dog and child are hemmed in, and already is he lending them succor. Look! behold! he plants the infant upon a large sheet of ice, and next he is assisting the dog to the same sort of dry land. There now, both are out of the actual flood! Hark! his call is for ropes! Ropes and rescuing tackle he demands. If such should be flung towards him, he and the others might be amongst us in a few moments."

Ropes were already at hand: nor amongst the assembled multitude was there an utter lack of brave swimmers, who seemed in an instant to have become fired with the ambition to rival my friend, not now slightly urged to the feat by the presence and lavish promises of Sir James Monteith and his lovely daughter Edith, who by this time were among the crowd. But I will not go much more into detail upon this part of the story; thinking it sufficient to state that Harkness and the other poor creatures were brought to land before life was extinct in any one of them; and that although all three seemed gasping their last when taken out of the river, and although the two human objects of sympathy continued for days and even weeks in a precarious state, they were at length both restored to health, the child becoming an object thereafter of Sir James Monteith's munificent charity. As for Ralph Harkness, he took a new position in the baronet's family, and a new hold of the affections both of parent and children. He had, at their earnest desire, been carried into their splendid mansion on his deliverance from the dreadful danger which his heroism had incurred, thereafter to become an inmate with him, or wherever his pupil might happen to reside, which, during the summer and autumn, was generally at their country-seat, a few miles from the city in one of the most romantic districts in the vicinity of the western capital of Scotland.

But although my admirable friend had unexpectedly taken a new position in the family of Sir James Monteith, in so far as the direct members of the same were concerned, the current of the story now requires it to be stated that the most frequent visitor that the baronet had at this period, by no means looked upon the kindness which was showered upon the humbly born tutor with a like complacency. The Honorable Bentley Beauford, a young English gentleman of aristocratic descent, who held a commission in a crack dragoon regiment, several troops of which had been stationed in the cavalry barracks of Glasgow for several months, regarded himself not only as the suitor for the hand of the lovely Edith, recognized by the father, but as the tacitly accepted of the young lady herself, whose great prospects as an heiress on her mother's side alone, were sufficient to render her an object of wondrous homage on the part of all fortune-hunters.

It was only as might be expected that I should be frequently at Harkness's bedside during the protracted illness which succeeded his feat in the river; and as, in the earlier weeks of that illness, he anticipated that it was to end fatally, hardly, indeed, seeming to wish for recovery; our conversation generally took both a melancholy and a most confidential turn. In short, my friend revealed himself to me to an extent which he probably never would have done, had he not been laid on a couch of languishing—taking for the starting point of his new disclosures my recollections of his declaration about emigrating to the back settlements of America, on the day so memorable in the history of the river Clyde, as already described.

"You have altogether relinquished that mad notion, Ralph Harkness, I do trust," said I, the first time he referred to the subject. "As I despair not at all of your early recovery and restoration to your wonted vigor, I would have you get rid of the ridiculous idea, while yet ailing. What! make shipwreck of your prospects in the land of your birth, where your talents and high promise are sure to be appreciated? What would become of your scholarship? What would you do with your learning and accomplishments, among fur-dealers, buffalo-hunters and the scalping Red Indian tribes?"

"Do better than grow stark mad at home from love and despair—only somewhat better than that," was my friends reply, being little less astounding than his first announcement about emigration.

"Love and despair!" ejaculated I. "It never entered my head that you could be so weak as to despair, you who will never experience any difficulty in having your passion returned from any quarter to which your good judgment will direct you. But it appears that I have to a certain extent been mistaken, and have been destined to receive in your case a confirmation of the proverbial saying, that smooth waters run deep."

"Ah! you little know, William, how I struggled against my infatuation," sighed he, "and how the more I struggled, the more deeply entangled I got, until I could see no escape from insanity and some consequent tragedy, perhaps, of monstrous import, but by tearing myself from the scene of my bondage, and becoming buried in a far-off wilderness, with no wanted friend near me but the inseparable Rombo whom Sir James has ordered to have access to me here at all times. That infatuation will not be weakened should I recover from this sick bed, but, on the contrary, rendered more intense and headlong, unless, indeed—unless—"

Here he paused, going back with his disclosures as if glad to have an opportunity to reveal his secret, and as if thereby disburdening his heart. His story amounted to this:—

That Edith Monteith was, in his estimation, and had been from the first opportunity he enjoyed of judging her attractions and merits, a creature of unrivalled excellence. That she was lovelier, purer, diviner than had ever been a daughter of Eve. That she was the object of his earthly homage; but that she was so far removed above him, that though it would be transport to his heart to know she would accept of him being her born slave, yet that during the two years' daily teaching of her brother, and daily interchanging courtesies with her, he never once all that time had cause to suppose that she looked upon him but as a peasant-born youth.

"Once, indeed, she thrilled me, William, and this not long ago, too, by saying to me in her own quiet honeyed accents," sighed my friend, "'You are six months my senior, I have understood, Harkness,'—yes, Harkness—simply and familiarly was the designation she used, although previously she would put Mr. before the name, or more coldly, 'my brother's tutor,' if speaking to others. 'Six months my senior!'—and why had she inquired into such a trifling matter? or how learnt it? At any rate, I lived upon the fondly remembered words for days, and then I despaired more than ever, seeing myself but as a clod in the field when in her presence."

"I cannot say much, my heart-stricken friend," observed I, on listening to this sort of rhapsody, "either for your discretion in respect of allowing your admiration to be entangled in the quarter mentioned, or for your strength of mind and self-respect in the manner of your measurement of yourself. Besides, I thought everybody who has any knowledge of Sir James Monteith's view, or the preference of his daughter, looked upon the dashing English officer who is daily philandering with the young lady,—the idol of your extravagant adoration—as her accepted lover. At best, however, I believe Miss Monteith to be a cold and, probably, a selfish creature, who has it not within her gifts and disposition to be a fit companion to you as a parish minister of religion, even although she had been of much humbler origin than she is, and cherished lowlier aspirations than such as doubtless sway her. How could she be other than an unimpressible creature to read French and Italian with her brother and you these several months, and never once, as I have heard yourself remark, speak a genial word to you, unless indeed it has been on the occasion that she called you simply Harkness; this being, most probably, somewhat contemptuously, and when she made the remark about your age, thinking that you looked old for your years? You must get cured of such nonsense before you undertake the office of preaching wholesome practical truths to sensible people."

My friend winced under my reasoning and reproof, and especially when I added a sneer about his casting himself away by going to the back settlements of America, taking his stand, however upon that idea with something like a proud defiance of me and my judgment.

"Should I recover from this sick-bed, I will assuredly endeavor to escape from my thralldom," breathed he, "by emigrating to a far-off land, unless, indeed—unless—" and he again paused.

"Unless what, Ralph Harkness?" anxiously and rather snappishly I asked.

"Unless the interest which the young lady has testified for me since I became an ailing inmate under her father's roof," whispered tremblingly the patient, "be a token that she regards me with some degree of tenderness. Not only did she

at first daily,—yes, several times, a day, make earnest inquiries after my welfare by means of the servants, but she has lately paid me frequent visits personally along with her brother, and talked to me at considerable length with familiarity, and, what is more, with a depth of sentiment and a range of knowledge that astonished me. She has brought me delicacies prepared by herself, and presented them to me with an artless kindness, as if she had been my sister; remarking on one occasion that we were all of one race, and ought to be kind to one another, especially when kindness could be most serviceable; nay, that the day might come when she should need my sympathy and compassionate services."

"And does Sir James know of all this late-born attention to you?" inquired I.

"I cannot answer you precisely," returned Harkness; "but I should think he is not ignorant of it, seeing that her brother looks upon the familiarity as a matter of course. The young lady is so much her father's pet, that it would be a sore task for him to check her in anything; his frequent observation in her absence being to the effect that she is *Miss Prudence* herself."

"Is the honorable suitor acquainted with these kindly visits to you, think you?" was my next question.

"There again I am unable to answer you positively," responded the patient. "only this I know, that yesterday, when a servant came hither to tell Miss Monteith that the captain was in the drawing-room, her answer was, that something engaged her at the time, and that shortly she would attend to him. I thought a haughty expression curled the beauty's lip when she spoke these few words; and I am sure she muttered to herself something immediately after in which the terms *unprincipled* and *self-seeker* found a place."

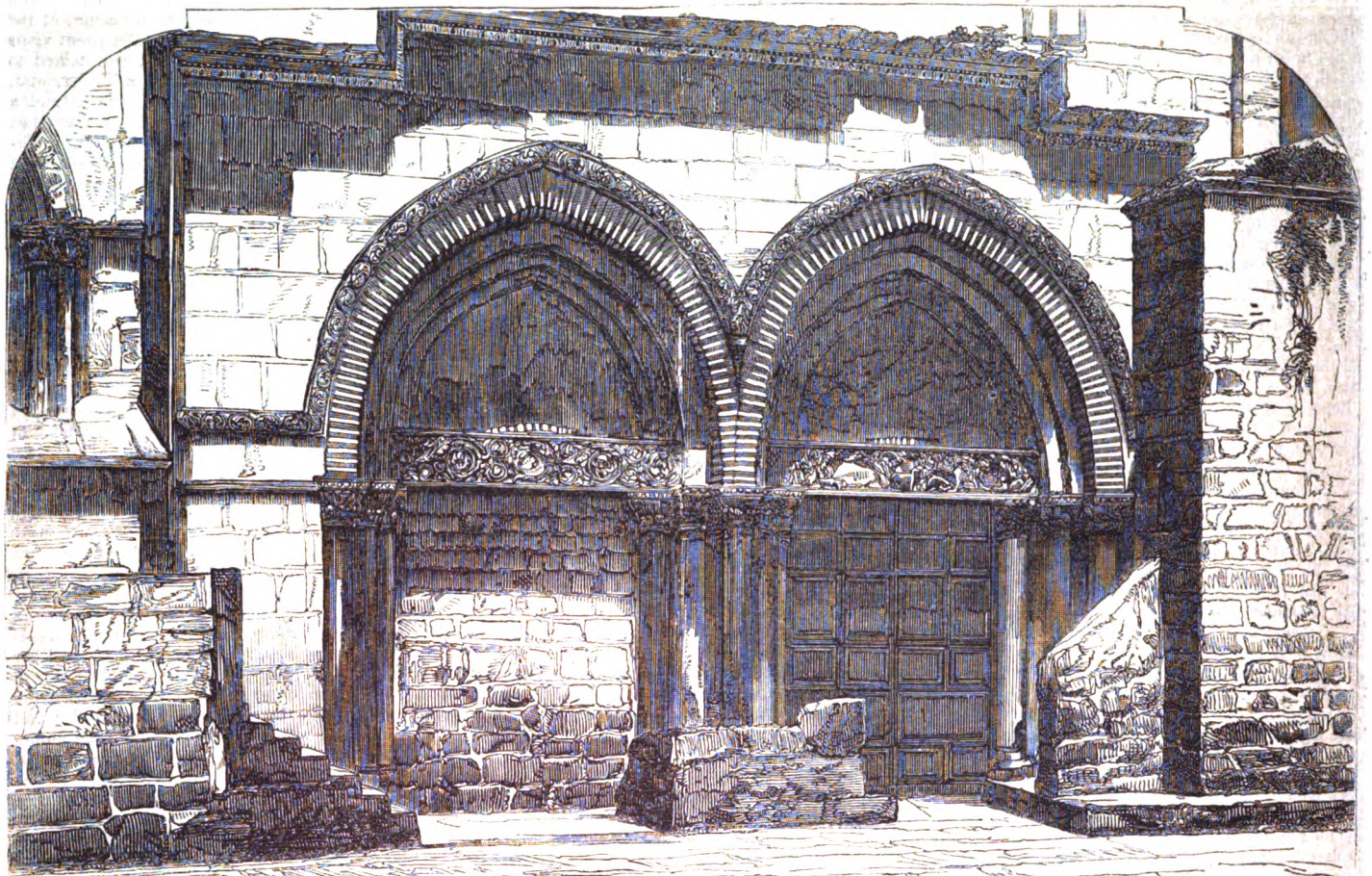
I confess that my friend's last disclosures began to stagger me not a little, and, amongst other things, in regard to the real character and feelings of the young lady, who, I might well believe to be swayed by sentiments and emotions that were as secret to me as had been the ardent love of my special companion during a long lapse of time. I withdrew without further reasoning with the patient or indulging in additional ridicule of his fancies; nor had I got wholly out of the house ere being made to understand that the aristocratic wooer had not even got clear of the outer defences of the stronghold to which for months he had been laying siege.

"Do not misunderstand me, Captain Beauford, but know that I am my own mistress, and that I do not intend to submit, until I greatly change my mind, to any other control than my father's in such matters as those to which you allude. I'll visit with my brother the sick chamber of that excellent and heroic young gentleman whenever I think it fitting to do so. And as soon as his recovery is a little further advanced, I mean to avail myself much more of his valuable society than I have hitherto done. I would fain have an eye to merit rather than to the accident of high birth, as the descent from some Norman robber and cut-throat is generally esteemed; neither your own, captain, nor mine going anything so far back as to authorise us to sneer at the respectable parentage, though in lowly life, of Mr. Harkness."

Such was the import of the young lady's speech to the Honorable suitor, which met my ear as I was about to pass the half-open drawing-room door, driving me back a few paces, that I might not be taken for an intentional eaves-dropper. But yet she did not seem desirous of shunning being heard; for as I endeavored to shoot past the apartment, she called me into it, at once designating me "young doctor," and anxiously inquiring how my friend was proceeding in his convalescence. My answer was, that I thought he ought to wear himself by degrees from his bed-room.

"I think so, too, and must see, if the weather continues mild; that he does so to-morrow, for an hour or so," was her rapid remark, to the deep chagrin of the dashing soldier, I could see, who instantly bowed, and took his departure.

"That tinselled gentleman is a spendthrift and a profligate I have learnt," said Miss Monteith, as soon as Beauford had withdrawn. "I was glad when I heard your footsteps as you descended from your worthy friend, and not less so when you paused on hearing my angry words, unwilling to be a nearer listener. The captain was actually rude, taking me fiercely to task, as if he possessed a right to be my censor, which he never shall. Surely I shall now become exempt from his daily visits, otherwise I must adopt a still sterner tone towards him, without annoying my dear father with my troubles."



LOWER ARCADE OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, AT JERUSALEM.

Edith Monteith had, in the course of some half-hour or so, risen twenty degrees in my estimation, while I began to perceive that, if ever I hoped to become an enlightened physician, I must not take upon myself to judge with preposterous haste of the temperament and character of such people as I might come into contact with. At the same time I felt a growing interest in regard not merely to the love-hopes of my friend, but the terms on which Captain Beauford stood with Miss Monteith.

"What of your emigrating to the back settlements of America?" inquired I of my admirable friend, a few days after the occurrences and conversation I have been last describing, he being now taking the range of the baronet's spacious mansion as he had a mind.

"Oh! Miss Monteith contrived to draw from me a statement of my once-contemplated purpose," returned he; "and at once pronounced it, not only a madness, but a profane mockery for one with my long-cherished, sacred views to yield to such a barbarous idea. 'You will,' said she, 'deeply offend my father should he hear of your infatuated design; and as for me, I shall, from the moment that I again hear of its continuing to be harbored by you, set you down, after all, as a degenerate youth.' Oh! the young lady has completely cured me of the foolish notion."

"What as to Captain Beauford's pertinacity?" I next inquired of Harkness.

"He comes not here so frequently as he once did, but still is no stranger," Ralph replied. "I know not but that one of his purposes may be to drive me from the house; for he has several times grossly insulted me when meeting me alone. I do not like to complain of the misusage to Sir James, much less to Miss Monteith, especially as the spring has become remarkably fine and the family is about to remove to their beautiful country seat, where the baronet says I will speedily recover my wonted strength and health. He says I must make myself serviceable in thinning the rookery,—a large colony of these birds having settled among the venerable trees that adorn his noble domain. I trust that the Honorable Bentley Beauford will not trouble me in such a sequestered spot; but that Rombo and myself may have its mazes, glades, and thickets much to ourselves.

In less than a fortnight after the public ear was

stunned and torn by the story of one of the most tragical events that had occurred in that part of the empire for many years; it being fortunate so far that there were eye witnesses to several of the more extraordinary parts of the shocking occurrences.

It would appear that Captain Beauford continued to cherish a deeper jealousy of the tutor and a keener revenge the longer he imagined that he might be supplanted in the affections of Edith Monteith by the peasant-born youth, these dark feelings at length gaining a diabolical ascendancy in the evil-minded one's bosom. He had learnt that Harkness was employed by the baronet to thin the rookery, and rode out to the rural residence with the purpose, as he pretended, to have a day's sport "among the chattering crows." On his arrival at the country seat, he found that both father and daughter had gone to the city,—a circumstance which he welcomed; at once taking upon himself, with his fowling-piece, to go in quest of prey, but not of any feathered tribe. In short, his design was to shoot and murder his unoffending friend in the most cowardly and stealthy manner the atrocity could be perpetrated. Why dwell on the horrible particulars? The assassin was seen to take his deadly aim at the unsuspecting tutor as the latter trod through a bosky glen; the account intended to be given by the assassin being, that the killing of his fellow-creature was quite accidental.

But now followed an event which the slayer was not prepared. The ever-watchful and sagacious Rombo, on seeing his young master fall amongst the bushes, mortally wounded, and indeed quite lifeless in a moment, as was afterwards ascertained must have been the case, also had his quick eye and scent directed to Beauford, who was not twenty yards distant. The animal's first impulse was to dispose of the murderer, who was in the act of reloading his fowling-piece, when the powerful creature seized him by the throat and inflicted such wounds with his fangs as no surgery could heal: the miscreant, however, living so long, and having such consciousness as to give some remorseful explanation of the motives of his enormous wickedness and the manner in which it was actually committed. No sooner had Rombo repaid in his own fashion what he deemed to be due to the captain, than he bounded to the corpse of his master, standing over the shattered and bleeding remains, and sending aloft, as if for heaven's ear, such rotund

and melancholy howlings of lament as were, it is said, heard for miles around.

Tears, it has been declared, from reason flow: and it was asseverated by those who witnessed the grief of Rombo, that large drops raced down his capacious cheeks during his wonderfully woeful lament. And did the voice of that four-footed creature not call for judgment from on high upon the man-slayer? One thing is reported at any rate to have held true concerning the dog, whose grief day and night found at intervals its sad utterance in the solitude of the far-echoing woods where Ralph Harkness fell; day and night, after brief pauses, until the grave closed over the ill-fated youth's mortal part, did the sage animal, who was a mourner at the funeral, make the sod which covered the mouldering clay the scene of its frequent watchings,—its dead body being found one morning stretched across the narrow mound.

A deeper catastrophe befel a more important object of sympathy than my dear friend's canine associate. Edith Monteith never looked up after being made acquainted with the tragedy. It is doubtful whether her reason was sustained; for from that hour she spoke but rarely, though never incoherently. It was observed, besides, that her woe continued all along to be tearless, which indeed, was for no protracted period; for ere the leaves had become seared which were young, fresh, and green that swathed the body of my friend when he breathed his last, she was laid in that narrow house where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TELEGRAPH OF INDIA.—The electric telegraph from England to India—which was a dream—bids fair to become a reality. The inventor of the submarine telegraph has completed his line across the Mediterranean, and is desirous to extend it to the Indian Peninsula. As far as Suez he will be supported by the British government, and his success is certain. From that point, however, he must trust to the East India company for official aid without which it is impossible to raise the required capital.

WHERE a cause is good, an appeal should be directed to the heart rather than the head; the application comes more home, and reaches more forcibly, where it is the most necessary, the natural rather than the improved faculties of the human understanding.

Lord Beauchamp's Archimedean Subsoil Plough.

This implement has been invented and patented by Lord Charles Beauchamp, and exhibited by Messrs. Ransome and Co. of Ipswich, Eng. It presents a new feature in the mode of tillage, and was first publicly tried at the Bath agricultural meeting, of June 1855, where it gained the prize, there its practical utility may be considered established. This invention has for its object the use of an axis with inclined or screw-formed cutting-blades thereon, and placed in such a manner that the axis, on being drawn on and under the surface of the land, shall receive a rotatory motion, by reason of the said blades cutting into the land. For this purpose each axis is formed by a cylinder of iron one inch diameter and eight inches long, having a steel point at one end with three knives or blades attached at an acute angle, thus forming a male screw of three threads. This axis or screw is supported by and turns on suitable bearings within an iron socket, so as to admit of its revolving freely when drawn in the direction of its own length through the land—such revolving of the axis being caused by the screw-formed blades being resisted by the land.

This implement, when at work, presents only cutting edges, therefore the resistance is small, and the effect produced is a female screw of three threads some six inches diameter cut into the land, plus the perpendicular and horizontal cuts made by the socket's passage through the land. Thus a vast amount of labor is economised, and the work of subsoiling is thoroughly carried out.

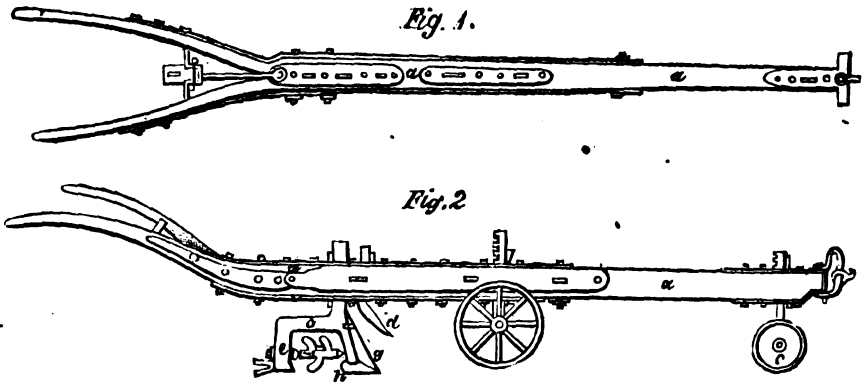
The simplicity of construction renders the cost of the screw or axis trifling, and they can be removed from the socket by any laborer, and replaced by others of greater or less diameter.

The application of this system to ploughs or other implements of husbandry may be various, and not confined to subsoil ploughs. Thus, for example, three of these axes may be placed on the same beam by means of parallel outriggers on each side, capable of being adjusted or removed at will, and in this form may be used for breaking up land, scarifying or cross ploughing, in the latter case it will be found most effectual. Thoroughly pulverising the soil, with the additional advantage of not bringing the last year's surface uppermost, whilst time and labor are economised by the breadth compassed.

The operation of ploughing and subsoiling simultaneously has also been tried with success. This object is attained by affixing an Archimedean Subsoiler on a parallel beam, one foot in advance, and on the right hand of an ordinary plough. The first furrow being made, the subsoiler is lowered to the depth required, enters the said furrow, and as the work advances, the plough throws the earth lightly over the furrow now subsoiled, which is left untroudden.

Mr. Abraham's New Omnibus "The Cosy."

The inventor of this carriage, Mr. H. R. Abraham (better known as an architect), conceives that a well-balanced carriage having no front wheels to drag into holes or toss the passengers, easy of access, and carrying only nine persons, drawn by a power-



a a is the beam, *b* and *c* the wheels, *d* is a cutter which divides upper part of the surface of the land.

e is the socket or frame, which carries the rotating axis, with screw or inclined blades thereon, having affixed the coulter

(*g*), and mole, or share (*h*), as shown. *f* is a rotating axis which is supported in the frame or socket (*e*), by points as shown.

ful horse—equal to seven miles an hour, will effect a great saving in cost, and run easier and faster; and the result of many practical experiments induced him to construct a carriage which is to test his opinion. There will be necessarily fewer stoppages, and less loss to the proprietor when only partly filled. The carriage has a *coupé*—a most easy and enjoyable place for three to ride in—and a roomy *rotund*, to carry four passengers; and there are seats for two more outside. We give an engraving of the carriage, which, as may be seen, is applicable for private use, and, as a church or jaunting carriage, most handy.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE AND TENDER FOR THE PASHA OF EGYPT.—A fine and very beautifully decorated engine and tender, for the special use of his Highness Saidia Pasha, viceroy of Egypt, have just been completed by Messrs. Sharp, Stewart, and Co., of Manchester, Eng. The engine is an "express," calculated to draw 120 tons on a level, at sixty miles an hour. The railway upon which they are to be used is open from Alexandria to Cairo, and is to be extended to Suez.

RICE PAPER.—Every one is acquainted with this delicate and pearly tissue, but very few know that it is manufactured in China from a plant called *Aralia papyrifera* (Paper bearing Aralia). The pith of the plant, which pith is very abundant, is the part employed for the manufacture of paper. The Chinese call the plant *Tung-tsaou*, and it was found by Mr. Fortune growing in the island of Formosa. The consumption of this paper in China is very large; 100 sheets of it are sold for three cents. The large sheets used by the Chinese flower painters are three cents per sheet.

ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS. A telegraph to Australia is projected by the Mediterranean Electric Telegraph Company, who are at present engaged in uniting the European lines with Africa, through Sardinia. The Australian project is an extension of the East Indian, already noted. The East Indian will comprise two great branches—the northern,

branching towards Cabul and Cashmere, while proceeding to Calcutta; and the southern, passing along the Bengal coast, and by the Sunda islands to the north of Australia, whence it will coast southwards along the eastern side of the Australian continent to Port Adelaide. The entire length of the line is estimated by the *Genoa Corriere Mercantile* at 20,000 kilometres.

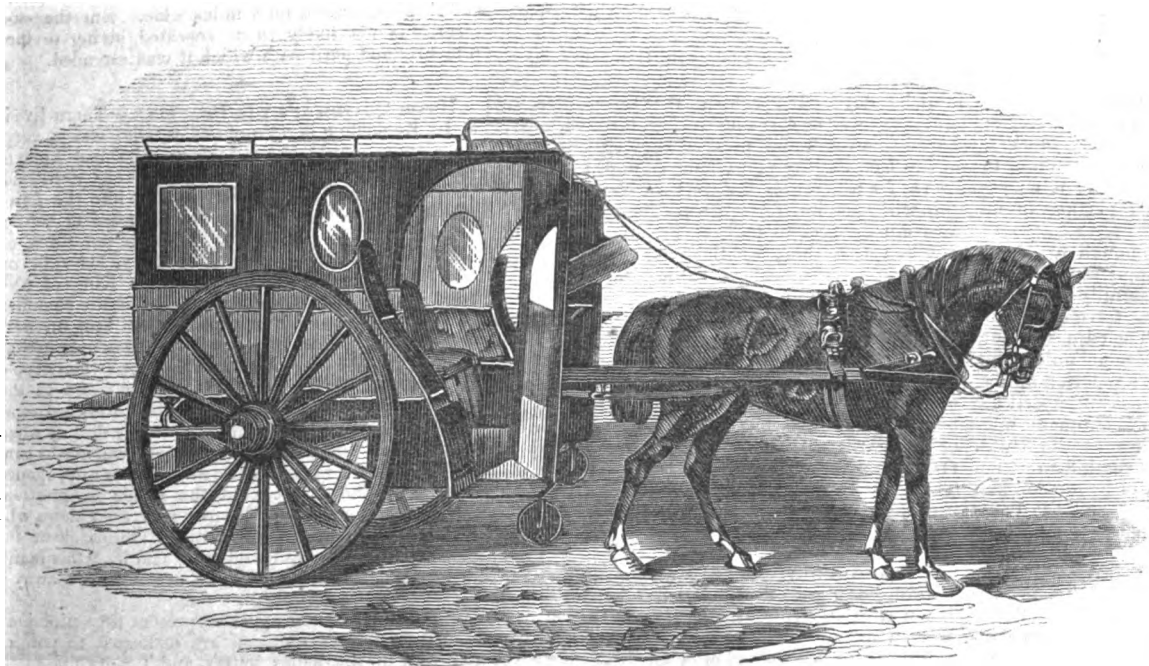
CLIFFORD'S PLAN OF LOWERING BOATS AT SEA.—Mr. Clifford, of the Temple, London, has invented an ingenious plan for lowering boats from a vessel's side in perfect safety at sea, in any weather. The process is as follows:—One man in the boat unhitches a rope from a cleft (on the boat's seat), over which he slackens it off. The boat descends levelly, both laterally and longitudinally, frees itself from the grips, by which it was firmly lashed to the ship's side (if there is not time to unfasten them), and letting go the rope disengages the boat from the ship. The lowering may be effected as well from one as two davits, or from a yard or spar, with any degree of velocity, which can be checked at any part of its descent, and with the vessel going at any speed. A hollow rotary plug, fixed at the bottom of the boat, allows the free ingress or egress of water, which a half turn stops; the plug is consequently never out of its place. The Admiralty have already adopted this ingenious plan, and applied it on board the Commodore Perry, Black Ball clipper, which has been chartered for the conveyance of Government emigrants to Sydney. Experiments have just been made on board, and they were highly successful. The boat was manned with a crew of eight men and the inventor himself. Captain Schomberg gave the word, and instantly the boat began to lower on an even keel, and without that swaying motion which invariably accompanies the ordinary plan. Half way down to the water, the word was given to "check her," and the boat was immediately brought to a dead standstill, hanging between wind and water. The signal "lower away" was again given, and in twenty seconds the boat was floating in the water. This was repeated three times, amidst the applause of the spectators.

HUMAN LIFE.—In human life there is a constant change of fortune, and it is unreasonable to expect exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily on the change.

THE difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients:—"In time of peace, the sons bury their fathers: in time of war, the fathers bury their sons."

IMPOSSIBLE PHILOSOPHY.—There is many a loss over which we all know for certain that we shall no longer grieve in twenty—ten—two years. Why do we not say to ourselves, "I will at once, then, to-day, throw away an opinion which I shall abandon in twenty years?" Why should I be able to abandon errors of twenty years' standing, and not of twenty hours'?

TRADITION is more frequently an inventor of fiction than a preserver of truth.



MR. ABRAHAM'S NEW OMNIBUS "THE COSY."

Corns and Bunions.

Corns are the most troublesome and painful of all the minor plagues of life; and like many of our severer sufferings, they originate in our own folly, and persist generally to the end of life, because we will not bring a little common sense to bear upon their management and treatment. The feet, like other parts of the body, are covered by a double skin: the external or scarf-skin covers and protects the living skin beneath; and when pressure or friction is applied, the scarf skin gradually thickens so as to afford that protection to the living skin which shall preserve it from injury. Thus the frequent use of the oar, the spade, the reaping-hook, or any other instrument which presses or rubs the skin of the hand, thickens it and makes it hard; thus the act of walking gradually thickens those parts of the soles of the feet to which pressure is applied; and if we wore no shoes, or shoes properly fitting the feet, we should have this thickening of the sole so equally divided as to protect the tender skin beneath, without inflaming it—in fact, we should have no corns. But we choose to wear shoes or boots which do not fit the feet, but press very unequally and constantly on different parts; and where the pressure is greatest, there the scarf-skin thickens too rapidly and becomes too hard, presses against the tender skin beneath it with a hard point, and thus gives as much pain and excites as much inflammation as walking with gravel in the shoes. This thickened portion of scarf-skin is a corn. It dips into the soft parts beneath and terminates always in a point, which is the apex of an inverted cone. Corns are more easily produced where there is pressure applied on a portion of the skin not far distant from the bone. Thus the toes, and sides and soles of the feet, are liable to corns at those parts where there is little or no flesh between the skin and the bone.

If corns are neglected, they often become, especially in old age, exceedingly painful and tender, and they are so common that the hobbling gait we see in old men and women, is much more frequently the result of bad corns than of rheumatic weakness in the limbs. We once saw a lady of seventy-six, who had been hobbling with pain for many months, nimbly dance a minuet after her corns had been carefully eradicated, so delighted was she to be able to tread without pain.

Corns are sometimes dangerous, as well as painful, for the inflammation they occasion may extend to the bone, or it may end in mortification; therefore they should not be neglected.

We shall first describe the way of getting relief from painful corns, and then show how they can be prevented. An ordinary corn, if soaked in hot water, or poulticed for a time, and then pared closely and carefully with a sharp knife till the little white point in the centre is no longer visible, will become easy for a time, but the corn will very soon grow again. Moreover, this operation is not always so easy and safe as it appears to be: and when the corn is very painful, the speck in the centre will be black, instead of white, indicating mischief in the parts beneath; and a little mismanagement may be attended with serious consequences. There are in New York half-a-dozen persons, or more, who call themselves chiropodists, and undertake the care (not the cure) of corns. They are said to be skilful operators; but, as they are generally ignorant of anatomy and surgery, we dare not recommend that they should be trusted. Indeed, some of them are sorry knaves. If you cannot operate upon the corn successfully yourself, it is better to go to a surgeon who is accustomed to attend to diseases of the skin, and who is consequently familiar with these little plagues in all their variety.

Generally speaking, it is not enough to pare a corn. It is often necessary to apply some kind of caustic, which, together with carefully protecting and resting the corn for two or three days, will effect a perfect cure for a time. The cure will not, however, be complete or permanent unless the whole of the hardened surface is removed; but, as this lies closely upon the cutis beneath, a delicate membrane, and often inflamed, it is a difficult operation, and somewhat hazardous in unskilful hands. It must also be remembered that the inflammation often extends to the periosteum, or bone-skin, and matter may be formed between it and the bone. Under these circumstances the toe or foot may become red and swollen, and the disease may be, and often is, mistaken for gout. In this case perfect rest in the recumbent position is requisite, together with emollient fomentations and poultices. Sometimes leeches are required. It is, in fact, a dangerous condition, and has often ended in fatal mortification, or destruction of the bone. Most patients

believe that if a corn is made to bleed, it immediately becomes dangerous; but there is no harm in the bleeding, provided the sore is not exposed to friction or pressure, and improperly dressed. The few drops of blood discharged often relieve the inflammation, and assist in the cure. A corn, however, may be soundly cured, and yet may be reproduced by the same causes which first produced it. How is this to be prevented?

PREVENTION OF CORNS.—It may be observed that when a patient troubled with corns has been confined to his bed for a few weeks, by illness or accident, the first thing he notices on getting about again, is, that his corns no longer trouble him. They recover spontaneously when the pressure or friction which occasioned them has been long removed. The mode of preventing corns, then, is simply to protect the part from friction or pressure. And this is not always an easy thing to accomplish. Many patients, believing that tight shoes have given them corns, wear very loose shoes, expecting their corns will get well; but in this they are frequently disappointed;—and why? Simply because friction will reproduce a corn as well as pressure, and loose shoes often occasion more friction than those which fit very tightly; for then the foot moves in the shoe at every step, and becomes either blistered or corned.

Many expedients have been proposed for the protection or prevention of corns,—such as thick plasters with a hole in the centre; boots or shoes made with cork soles, with a hollow in the sole to receive the corn; plaster of soft cerate laid on the corn, &c. But most of these expedients are apt to fail. A plaster laid on the corn may soften it and prevent friction, and thus do some good where the corn is produced by friction; but it is clear that this will only increase the pressure of the boot or shoe. Perforated plasters are liable to slide out of place, and then they do more harm than good; and the cork sole, if adroitly made, may relieve an existing corn from pressure, yet is apt to produce other corns where it presses most; and none of these expedients answer at all when the corn is at the ends of the toes, or on the side of the little toe.

There are two methods of preventing corns which will never fail if they are fully carried out, except, at least, where a corn is produced by causes not external. One of these methods is to wear a model shoe or boot. A cast of the foot is taken in wax, or plaster of Paris; an exact model of the foot is thus obtained, and a skilful shoemaker can make a shoe to correspond with it. By this means every irregularity of surface is met by an equal and corresponding pressure, and, so long as the shoe remains tight-fitting there is no danger of corns; but if it becomes loose, then friction may take place, and a corn be the result. Besides this objection, there are few boot or shoemakers who understand the manufacture of these articles, and persons residing in the country will find it difficult to meet with one. The other method is very simple and easy. Instead of keeping in wear one or two pairs of boots or shoes, the patient should have at least seven pairs; and each of these should be made by a different shoemaker, or, at least, on different lasts, and it matters little whether they fit exactly or not. Let one pair be worn on Monday, another on Tuesday, a third on Wednesday, and so throughout the week, taking care that each pair is marked for its day, and that the same pair is never worn on two following days. It is evident that unless there are bunions as well as corns on the feet, these variously-shaped shoes will not press always on one point, nor, in fact, on any point long enough to produce a corn, for no corn is the work of one day. Persons who keep but one pair of shoes or boots in wear must expect to have corns. The above plan may be varied thus, by those who do not mind appearances. Instead of having seven pairs in wear, let three only be used, these being made of similar shape for both feet, changing the foot each time. This will generally prevent corns, but not with so much certainty as the seven pairs.

Of bunions we have little to say. They are often produced by wearing shoes too short in childhood, by which the great toe gets bent over the others, or under them, and the joint bulges and swells. Or, there may be a growth of bone called *exostosis*. These cases are seldom cured, but a skilful surgeon can afford great relief by management and palliatives.

JEALOUSY AND WOMEN.—A woman is either worth nothing, or a great deal. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a worthless one—but a double fool to cut his throat for either of them.

Winter in the Baltic.

From a recently published book, we glean the following particulars of a winter in the Baltic:—

Ice, formed along the shores, closing the ports, and extending over entire bays and gulfs, is the grand peculiarity of the winter. Its formation in latitudes corresponding to those of our own seas, which display no tendency to solidify in the most rigorous seasons, is due to the seclusion from the Baltic of the warmer water of the ocean, to the free exposure of its basin to the cold of the Polar zone, to its slender depth and comparative freshness, for fresh water congeals at a higher temperature than salt. Ordinarily, both the northern gulfs are converted into a hard icy pavement through a vast extent of their area for four or five months in the year. All the shores to the extreme south are fringed with ice-fields, and the straits communicating with the ocean are impassable from the accumulations of drift ice. But in severe winters, even the straits and considerable spaces of the open sea have been completely frozen over, so as to admit of roadways being established upon them. Historical memoranda upon the state of the weather for a thousand years back, published at Vienna in the last century, compiled from old chronicles, supply the following details:—

In 1269, the Cattagat was frozen between Norway and Jutland.

In 1292, one sheet of ice extended between Norway and Jutland, so that travellers passed with ease.

In 1323, the winter was so severe, that both horse and foot passengers travelled over the ice from Denmark to Lubeck and Dantzic. Communication was maintained for six weeks, and places of refreshment were established on the road.

In 1349, the sea was frozen over, and passable from Stralsund to Denmark.

In 1402, the Baltic was quite frozen over from Pomerania to Denmark.

In 1408, there was one of the coldest winters ever remembered. The whole sea between Gotland and Oland was frozen over, and between Norway and Denmark, so that wolves driven from their forests came over the ice into Jutland.

In 1423, both the North Sea and the Baltic were frozen. Travellers passed on foot from Lubeck to Dantzic, and from Mecklenburgh to Denmark.

In 1460, the Baltic was frozen, and both horse and foot passengers crossed over the ice from Denmark to Sweden.

In 1548, the winter was very cold and protracted. Between Denmark and Rostock sleighs drawn by horses or oxen travelled over the ice.

In more recent times, 1658, Charles X. of Sweden crossed both the Belts upon the ice, with his whole army, horse, foot, baggage, and artillery. Charles was on his way from Holstein to the attack of Copenhagen, and passed the Great Belt by the islands of Langeland, Laland, and Falster. His ablest officers endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking; but, though hazardous, it was performed in safety, and compelled the Danes to conclude the peace of Roeskilde. In a similar manner, during the war between Russia and Sweden in 1809, Barclay de Tolley led a Russian army from Finland across the Gulf of Bothnia at the narrowest part, called the Quarken, forty miles wide. But the enterprise is not likely to be repeated, owing to the difficulty and peril with which it was attended.

HENRI QUATRE AND THE CHANDLER.—There lived at La Rochelle a certain chandler, who was a very prosperous man. His neighbors, who had known him poor, and saw him rapidly growing rich, said that he had a "mandragora" (which, like the four-leaved shamrock of Ireland, was supposed to confer wealth upon the possessor). They did not think of attributing his success to his industry, his skill, or his probity. When Henry IV., then King of Navarre, was at La Rochelle, he heard of the chandler and his supposed "mandragora." The king directed one of his attendants to go to this man's house at midnight to buy a candle. In that age (when people went to bed earlier than they do now), and in the country, midnight was an hour when everybody was fast asleep. The merchant's house was shut up when the servant knocked at the door and demanded a candle. In a few moments the merchant got up, opened the door, and handed out the article in question. Next day the king of Navarre addressed those who had told him their superstitious stories about the chandler. "I have found out," said he, "this man's 'mandragora.' It is that he never throws away a profitable opportunity."

At Vienna there appear at present fifty-nine journals, of which nineteen are dedicated to politics, fifteen to the belles lettres, and twenty-five to the various departments of science.

Hayti.

THE Island of Hayti is occupied by two distinct peoples, descendants of the old Spanish and French colonists. Its population is estimated at about 600,000 or 700,000. The Haytiens, with about two-thirds of the population, possess only about one third of the territory. Its greatest length from east to west, is about 400 miles. Its breadth varies from 40 miles, near its extremity, to about 150 near its centre, and it embraces, according to Mr. Lindenau, an area of nearly 29,500 square miles. Columbus called the island Hispaniola, and it has also been called St. Domingo, from the city of that name on its south-eastern coast; but Hayti, or Haiti (*the mountainous country*), was its original Carib name. The French bestowed on it the deserved name of *la Reine des Antilles*. All descriptions of its magnificence and beauty, even those of Washington Irving in his history of Columbus, fall far short of the reality. It seems beyond the power of language to exaggerate its beauties, its productiveness, the loveliness of its climate, and its desirableness as an abode for man. Columbus labored hard to prove to Isabella that he had found here the original garden of Eden; and any one who has wandered over these mountains and plains, breathed this delicious air, and feasted his soul and his eyes upon the scenes everywhere spread out before him, is quite ready to excuse the apparent extravagance of the great discoverer. To a large extent the resources of this island are at present undeveloped, and it presents a wide contrast to its former wealth and productiveness. In 1789 it contained a population of 40,000 whites, 500,000 slaves, and 24,000 free colored. Not only its rich plains, but in many parts its mountains were cultivated to their summits. The cultivated lands amounted to 2,289,480 acres. In riding over the island the mementos of this prosperity are everywhere to be seen. Large broken kettles, the remains of immense sugar-houses, are scattered along the roads and over the fields. The remains of massive and magnificent gateways, and the ruins of princely dwellings, scattered over the island, are evidences of the highest state of wealth and luxury. But these rich plains and mountains are now almost an uncultivated waste. A few coffee plantations are to be found, which are kept up with the greatest difficulty on account of the impossibility of securing among the natives the necessary laborers. The most of the people out of the towns live in rudely constructed houses, unfurnished with the usual comforts of life, and but a few degrees above the huts on the shores of their native Africa. The soil is so exceedingly productive, and there is so much that grows spontaneously, that very little labor indeed is requisite to secure the food necessary to sustain life; and the climate is such, that, if so disposed, they need spend very little for clothing. Being thus under no compulsory necessity to labor, industry is the exception, indolence and idleness the rule.

They generally inclose around or near their dwellings a small patch of ground, which is cultivated mostly by the females, and where, with very little labor, they raise coffee, bananas, corn, and other vegetables for their own consumption, and a small surplus for sale, from the proceeds of which they procure their clothing and such other articles of convenience as they are able or disposed to purchase. I should judge that far the largest part of all the coffee that is exported from the island is raised in these small quantities, and brought to market in small lots upon the backs of mules. The logwood, mahogany, and other exports are mostly procured in small quantities in much the same way—the men, of course, doing most of this heavy labor.

Bountiful as are the provisions for supplying the wants of man here, there is, incredible as it may seem, a vast deal of suffering for want of the very necessities of life. The government being in reality an irresponsible despotism, every male citizen is liable to be seized at any moment and forced into the army; so that if he raises a crop there is no certainty but that in the very act of securing it, he may be torn away from his family, and the fruits of his labor be left to perish, while he is marched away to the frontier, to return he knows not when. In addition to this, multitudes are so thrifless and improvident that they will not make any provision for the future—they will not even gather those productions that are everywhere so bountifully spread around them. I have rode through wild uncultivated woods, and seen on every hand groves of orange trees groaning under their delicious golden loads. Farther on, I have come upon thickets of coffee bushes matted over with their rich purple berries. Tobacco, ginger, and other valuable products grow wild in the same profusion over those mountains, and year after year there waste away and perish like the rank grass of the American prairies. I have

wandered over the rich rice and cotton fields of the Southern States of America, and the prairie and bottom lands of the Western, but their bountiful products are meagre compared with those to be seen here.

But bountiful and Eden-like as is this island, the contemplation both of its past history and present state excites only the saddest emotions. The history of Hayti, from its discovery to the present day, is a most melancholy history. When discovered by Columbus it is supposed to have contained more than 1,000,000 of the Carib tribe of Indians, but, incredible as it may appear, in consequence of their wholesale butchery by the Spaniards, and the severe drudgery they were compelled to undergo in the mines, in the short space of sixteen years they were reduced to 60,000. These outrages upon humanity, entailing such a lasting stigma upon the Spanish name, were followed by the well-known introduction of slavery into the island, with all its indescribable cruelties and horrors, and its subsequent fearful end. But the gloomy chapter of its woes does not terminate with the tragic, well-known "horrors of St. Domingo." From that day to the present it has been an almost uninterrupted scene of conflict and bloodshed. Internal dissensions and desolating civil wars have continued to mark its history; and recently three great and powerful nations have intervened in vain to secure for this ill-starred island the blessings of peace. No soil has so long and so constantly been ensanguined with human blood. Blood marks every page of her history, from the time her beautiful shores first greeted the delighted vision of Columbus until the present day; the blood of the peaceful inoffensive Caribs,—the blood of the wronged and outraged children of Africa,—the blood of their butchered masters,—the blood of Le Clerc and his noble, but ill-fated army,—the blood of Dessalines, Christophe, and of thousands more who have perished in the insurrections and revolutions that have desolated this fair island.

Schamyl and his Followers.

RELIGION is the strongest feeling in the human breast, and to an untutored people mystery takes the place of religion, and they bow to the dark *affatus* without knowing why. Thus we find a theocracy the most powerful of all organizations; it is so in the case of Schamyl and his followers. The whole of Schamyl's social and civil organization rests on a theocratic basis. Allah has set the Caucasus as a barrier or protecting wall to the empire of the faithful, against Gog and Magog, against the unbelievers; there he has planted the mountain races, and appointed them the watchful guards of this frontier defence; their duty is to combat to the last with the unbelievers, whose hostility and dislikes grow ever fiercer as the world's judgment approaches. But as the Khalif is weak, and surrounded by traitors and infidels, Allah, to meet this danger, has raised up prophets and leaders of the holy war. Kazi Moollah was the first consecrated and appointed to this task, and through him Allah made known his will; Gamzag Beg succeeded, and the office has now devolved on Schamyl. To these men the faithful are bound to render unconditional obedience. Schamyl declares openly and solemnly to the Murids and the people that he has direct revelations from Allah and the prophets, and at important moments received their immediate commands. Before engaging in any great undertaking, Schamyl prepares himself by religious practices; he retires into a cavern, or shuts himself up closely; no one is allowed to approach him. For three weeks he remains in seclusion, praying and fasting, and absorbed in the study of ten holy books. On the last evening he summons the leaders and Moollahs, and communicates to them the revelations and commands which Mahommed, under the form of a dove, has imparted to him. He then goes forth among the people, who are collected in large multitudes before his court-yard; he prays, recites verses from the Koran, and declares with a loud voice what Allah and the Prophet have commanded. The people all sing a solemn hymn; the men draw their daggers, and renew their oath to remain true to the faith and to extirpate the unbelievers.

A Servian Legend.

SERVIA has many an old legend of fierce war and faithful love; and many and many a tale made grim and terrible, or fanciful and beautiful, by a dash of the supernatural. Here is one of them:—Once upon a time, there was a maiden that the Vilas had formed out of snow which they had drawn up in Midsummer, on St. Elias' day, out of a bottomless defile. The wind had quickened her, and the dew

had nurtured her; the wood had clothed her with its leaves, and the meadow had adorned her with its fairest flowers. She was whiter than snow, rosier than the rosebuds, more radiant than the sun; so beautiful, that no maiden like her hath ever come into the world, nor will one like her ever be born upon it. This damsel now caused proclamation to be made throughout the world, that on such and such a day, at such and such a place, a race should be run, and that *she* would belong to whatsoever youth should overtake her on horseback in the running. In a few days these tidings were noised abroad over the whole world, and thousands of wooers straightway came together, all riding horses so splendid that you could never have said that one was better than another. The emperor's son himself came upon the race-course. The wooers now stationed themselves on horseback, one after another, in due order: the damsel, however, took her place in the midst, upon her own feet, without a horse, and then she said to them—"There, at the winning post, I have fixed a golden apple, whichever of you getteth there first and taketh it, to him will I belong; but if I reach the goal before you, and take the apple, know that ye shall all fall dead upon the earth." The riders, however, were as if dazzled, each of them hoping in his heart to win the maiden; and they said to one another—"We are well assured, beforehand, that the maiden on foot can never outrun any of us, but one from among us, he in sooth to whom God and fortune wish well to-day, shall take her home as his bride." Then the maiden clapped her hands, and they all sprang away along the race-course. When they had gone half-way the maiden had sped far before them, for under her shoulders she had unfolded little wings. Then did one rider reproach the other, and they spurred and lashed their horses, and came up with the maiden; she perceiving this, quickly plucked a hair from the crown of her head, and flung it from her, and suddenly arose a mighty forest, so that the wooers knew not whither they were going, or how to get out. At last, wandering here and there, they came upon her track. The maiden soon again was far in advance; but the riders spurred and lashed their horses, so that they overtook her a second time. And when the maiden saw herself pressed still more closely, she let fall a tear, which soon turned into roaring torrents, wherein all were well-nigh drowned; the emperor's son alone, swimming with his horse, followed the maiden. But when he saw that the maiden had far outstripped him, he adjured her thrice, in the name of God, to stand still. Then she remained standing on the place where she was. So he took her, and lifted her on his own horse behind him, and swam back to the dry land, and wended homewards through a chain of mountains. But when he reached the highest peak he turned round—and the maiden had disappeared.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.—Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married to Miss Catharine Stuart, a young Scotch lady. After her death, he thus depicted her character, in a letter to a friend:—"I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm, nay impetuous; but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost, when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years' struggle and distress, had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days."

Facetia.

A LADY, whose kindness to animals amounts almost to a mania, was one day sadly annoyed by a blue-bottle fly. Calling her maid, she bade her catch the fly, and without hurting it, put it out of the window. Seeing the girl hesitate to raise the sash, she inquired the cause. "Why, madam, it rains so very hard," answered the mischievous creature. "True," replied the mistress; "put the poor thing in the other room."

A SIMILE.—An angry woman in a room is as bad as a lighted cracker—for when once she goes off, there's no stopping her, and when she does go out it is sure to be with a bang.

A YOUNG MAN and a female stopping at a country tavern, their awkward appearance excited the attention of the host, who commenced conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had travelled. "Travelled!" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly, "we didn't travel; we *rid*."

A JUDGE OF PORK.—"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my poor husband was; he knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."

THE LOST PLUM PUDDINGS.—On Christmas Eve, as a farmer, who is a gay young bachelor, at Littleton, was enjoying his pipe, and paying personal attention to the boiling of some puddings he intended for his Christmas dinner, he heard a cry of fire, and rushed out, together with all his servants, at the dread alarm; but found it to be simply a freak of some practical joker, who had lit some straw outside his house. He soon returned to the house, and renewed his cares for the puddings, tending the fire with great anxiety for nearly three hours, when he thought the cooking was complete and he would therefore look at the dainty feast; but, horrible to relate, they were not to be found; not even the pudding string was left! The cause of this "mysterious disappearance" remains unexplained. Some say the house is haunted, while others think the puddings disappeared by mortal agency alone, and that some hungry belly, yearning for dainties they could not buy, laid a trap and caught both the farmer and the puddings. Let us hope the goodness of his beef made the loss endurable; and let us advise him by next Christmas to have a wife who will make, boil, and take care of his plum puddings.

A HOME THIRST.—The Rev. Mather Byles had a slough opposite his house, in which, on a certain wet day, a chaise containing two of the town council stuck fast. Dr. Byles came to the door and saluted the officials with the remark, "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance without any attention being paid to it, and am very glad to see you stirring in this matter now."

A STRANGE BEQUEST.—Lokkowitz, the Austrian Minister, detested the Jesuits, and in his will made them a bequest



"Talk o' making \$1000 a-year by a Crossin' now-a-days, why it's impossible! Wot with the Shoe blacks for the Gents, and the Ladies a holdin' up their gowns so as they can't git their 'ans in their pockets—why, it ain't hardly bread and cheese!"

which must have made their mouths water with expectation. After a devout preamble he bequeathed to the society \$2,000—(here the leaf had to be turned over, and on the other side were the words)—"nails towards a new building."

THE BEAU'S STRATAGEM.—Mr. Squibb, a respectable farmer, of Melbury Osmond, Somerset, having had cause to suspect for some time past that a pony, which he kept in one of the fields, was frequently surreptitiously employed during the night, com-

municated with the superintendent of police. A sharp look out was kept, and at three o'clock on the morning of — last the horse in question, carrying a man upon his back, came dashing through the streets of a neighboring town at a rapid pace, in the direction from which it had proceeded on the evening previously. Their further progress was at once impeded, and the rider found a place in the station house. He turned out to be a young man named Hill, of the parish of Melbury; and the object of his nocturnal pilgrimage, it seems, had been a fair damsel residing at Pointington, a distance of 12 miles from Melbury, of whom he was enamored—how ardently the circumstances show, the journey itself being only *un fait accompli* after a ride of four and twenty miles. This devoted Lotherio was brought up before a magistrate that day. Mr. Squibb, however, declined to prosecute, and he was discharged.

A SEASONABLE LESSON.—Bonaparte, desiring to change the fashion of wearing low necked dresses, resorted to a successful expedient. A numerous assembly of both sexes being congregated in the drawing-room of the Luxembourg, the

First Consul entered, and after paying his respects to the company, ordered the servants to make a good fire. He affected even to repeat his orders two or three times, till one of them took the liberty to observe that the grates would hold no more. "Very well, very well," replied Bonaparte (in rather an elevated tone of voice), "I was anxious to have a good fire; for it is excessively cold, and, besides, these ladies are almost naked."

WHY is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold.

SOMEBODY AND NOBODY.—A woman, before marriage is somebody, after marriage she is nobody, in law; she loses consideration in a lawyer's opinion, for her husband is himself and his wife besides, whilst she is not herself at all. Society, perhaps, compensates for what law takes away.

NEGRO WIT.—Dr. Quince told a story of two black men who were drinking porter out of the same pot. The first drank a little, and smacking his lips, cried, "Ham, 'tis berry good;" the second drank to the dregs before he cried ham. This astonished the first drinker, who finding the pot empty, asked thus of his companion: "Why de debil you no cry ham before dis?" "Oh," said the second, "I hab heard dere is poison at de bottom of de cup, so I drink him off for fear him hurt my friend."

AN INTOLERABLE PUNSTER.—Theodore Hook, once walking with a friend, passed a pastrycook's shop, in the window of which was the usual inscription, "Water ices, and ice creams." "Dear me," said Theodore, "what an admirable description of the effects of hydrophobia!"—"How can that be?" said his friend; "What have water ices and ice creams to do with hydrophobia?"—"Oh," replied Hook, "you do not read it right; I read it thus—water I sees, and I screams."

A DOWN EAST DAME was recently asked by a young clergyman to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," said she, "and I don't care anything about your nominations; for my part, I hold on to the old meeting-house."

PROFIT AND LOSS.—The keeper of a groggery happened one day to break one of his tumblers. He stood for a moment looking at the fragments, and reflecting on his loss, then turning to his assistant, he cried out, "Tom put a quart of water in that old Cognac!"

WHEN a dog gets his head fastened in a fence, it is unsafe to extricate him, unless you enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

THE story of a man, who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a hoax.

THE latest Irish bull we read of is the case of an Irish gentleman, who, in order to raise the wind whereby to relieve himself from pecuniary embarrassment, got his life insured for a large amount, and then drowned himself!



PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

GRANDMAMMA. "Well, Charley, and what have you been Learning to-day?"

CHARLEY. "Pneumatics, Gran'ma!—and I can tell you such a Dodge!—If I was to put you under a Glass Receiver, and exhaust the Air, all your Wrinkles would come out as smooth as Grandpapa's head!"

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—PART 6.

JUNE, 1856.

18½ CENTS.

DE LACY LOUVANE:

OR,
THE STAR IN THE DARK.

Commenced at page 257, vol. III.

CHAPTER V.

And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud.

GEN. IX.

ONE year and five months after the above event had come to pass, a not unnatural consequence had also ensued—and Noah Johnes, Esq., was a father. But the birth was not paraded so pompously as the antecedent celebration had been. Five shillings ready money was no longer a sum to be so lightly thrown away by the young couple,

and they did not inform the newspaper reading world of the event.

Neither was Noah Johnes any longer tenant of the poetical cottage at Somers Town—poetical, inasmuch as it was only a cottage at all in imagination. To most beholders it was a little dingy brick house—one of a long row of such—before which a few dusty nasturtiums bloomed in summer, in a garden extensive enough to hold them and three bushes of withered laurel besides. The poet had shifted his quarters into the heart of the city, and was now an inhabitant of Little Britain.

In compliance with his wife's earnest entreaties—after a circumstance to be shortly mentioned—Noah Johnes had determined to turn practical for awhile, enter into business, make his fortune in a few years, and then retire to the enjoyment of a splendid competency, and all the zests refined

taste and cultivation could add to the luxuries of wealth! They would read his poetry then, he knew, when he could give good dinners to the critics to induce them to do him justice. At present, they did not even do him injustice! They had entered into a combination to ignore his existence altogether.

Mr. Johnes's father had been a printer, and in a very extensive way of business. He had failed, it is true, but he had failed for ten thousand pounds. Consequently, printing must be a good business—the very business in which to make one's fortune! Moreover, the progress of enlightenment was hourly rendering the press more and more essential to the wants of civilization, and the trade must be continually improving! Richardson, the great novelist, had been a printer! Consequently, it was not so much of a degradation for the author



INTERVIEW BETWEEN LADY LOUVANE AND NORA.

of "Cypress Leaves" to turn printer, perhaps, after all.

Noah's father had vainly endeavored to teach his mystery to his son, who was in the earliest strut of his supposed genius, and disdained all mechanical appliances whatever. The father had even used rigorous measures, which drove the bard into open revolt against what he considered a species of Philip the Second tyranny over an unfortunate son. He was not, for a wonder, abetted by his mother, who was a woman of a dismal, prognosticating character, and who always declared that her Noah was born for nothing but misery, and would fail in all he undertook. But he was supported by his own obstinacy and opinion that he was born for something very great, and far above any vulgar usefulness. His father gave up the contest finally in despair, and Noah was allowed to be as idle and desultory as he pleased for several years, until the old man fell into difficulties, and then he was obliged to bring his genius and acquirements to a practical test for a livelihood.

No very brilliant results had followed as yet; and his father and his mother's second husband being dead, Noah had a mother as well as a wife to support.

Nora's fifty pounds did not last very long in supplying the wants of this household, it may be thought. But while it lasted, the young couple had a very joyous time of it, and lived as if they were certain of a quarterly renewal, at least, of the like sum. This did not happen; and when the supply was exhausted, and Noah found himself obliged to resume his labors as copyist and amanuensis, the returns certainly did not keep pace with their scale of expenses.

He had used the interval of ease, like a sagacious bee of Hybla, to hive more poetical honey, in the shape of innumerable effusions in celebration of his wife's charms and of his own domestic bliss.

Luckily, aid came at a moment when it was exceedingly desirable, and difficulties had begun to gather round the fortunes of our young pair. Nora ventured to write to Lady Louvane, to remind her of her promise to intercede for her pardon with her old mistress, and stated where she was to be found, which she had hitherto neglected to do. And it appeared that her ladyship fulfilled the conditions on her own part as soon as she was reminded of them—for a few days after, Mr. Crashaw, the Earl of Falconborough's steward, presented himself at Myrtle Cottage, with a message from the countess.

Mr. Crashaw was a man of staid and demure demeanor, who wore a high shirt collar and had a conviction that the Earl and Countess of Falconborough were the two greatest personages in existence, and that he was their representative. He considered Nora as a person guilty of nothing less than the highest treason in having presumed in any manner to controvert the good will and pleasure of "The Family!"—under which designation he almost always spoke of his august employers. Nevertheless, he did his spitting as he was commanded, and it proved to be of a conciliatory description.

"On condition that Nora and her husband consented to renounce the name of Lacy, so far as in them lay—not to confer it on any of their children, if they had any, or otherwise to bring it into question in the sphere of life they had unhappily embarked in—(Mr. Crashaw did not trouble himself about the congruity of his metaphors)—THE FAMILY had authorized him to declare that they would bestow a portion of three hundred pounds on Mrs. Johnes, as a mark of their approbation of her conduct during the ten years she had been in their service."

It was understood what this meant. But the stipulation grated severely on Nora's pride, while, on the contrary, it seemed to give her husband satisfaction. He associated the name of Lacy chiefly with an idle, drunken, rollicking old Irishman, who occasionally annoyed him and delighted his wife with a visit from an obscure lodging in Bow Court, and whose claim to be the father of the peerless Myrtilla of his sonnets was anything but agreeable to the bard.

"Relinquish the name?—certainly! There was no occasion, that he could perceive, for so extraordinary a demand! Miss Lacy was now, of course, Mrs. Johnes! and as to calling any of his children Lacy—he had already arranged exactly in his own mind what they ought to be designated, and he was happy to say that Mr. Crashaw might set his mind most completely at rest on the point.

"It is not my wish—it is the wish of the Family, sir!" said Mr. Crashaw, with funereal solemnity. "I must have a written guarantee that the conditions will be exactly observed, as is always the case between landlord and tenant—between the contracting parties, I mean. And I shall have much pleasure in handing over to Mrs. Johnes a cheque for three hundred pounds on Messrs. Hoare & Co."

"To Mrs. Johnes!—And pray, sir, from whom is this cheque, that it is to be so punctually paid over to my wife only?" said Mr. Johnes, coloring up.

"It is from THE FAMILY sir!" said Mr. Crashaw, with dignified surprise.

"If that fellow, Lord Louvane, has put a penny in it—" began the indignant poet, when Nora playfully interrupted him.

"You need not be in the least afraid of that, dear! Lord Louvane hasn't got a penny to put in anything, just at present, I am sure!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Crashaw frowned wonders at the free-spoken ex-lady's maid, but contented himself with reiterating majestically that the gift was that of The Family, "collectively and individually," in one of his noble master's phrases.

It was finally accepted with the included conditions, but not without some degree of protest on the part of Nora. "If ever we had a boy, Noah," she said, with a blush, "I should so have liked to have called him Lacy!—it is such a genteel name!"

"And I suppose you think mine such a snob-bish one?" said the poet, peevishly.

"No, dear, no—not spelt with the *h*!"

The contract was signed, and Mr. Crashaw, who had only once before been in so unfashionable a part of the town, thought the air seemed uncomfortably fresh, and hastened back as fast as he could to St. James's Square.

The experience of her short married life had not been altogether thrown away on Nora; and now that they were placed in possession of the means, she had the good sense earnestly to advise her husband to apply his attention to some more practical means of earning a livelihood than by recourse to the inspirations of the Muse. Moreover, he himself could not but acknowledge his verses did not sell. "Cypress Leaves" had been published, but, excepting the copies the poet gave away among his friends, we are not aware that a single one was disposed of.

"You write the most beautiful poetry in the world, dear; but as people haven't the taste to appreciate it, would it not be better only to write in the evenings, and to work at something we can live upon a part of the day?"

The poet mused deeply. He tossed his hair aside on his high, poetical forehead—became silent and abstracted for several minutes. "You have vanquished, Myrtilla!" he then exclaimed, almost in the tone of Coriolanus sparing Rome at the entreaty of his wife and mother. "I will descend from the empyrean on this workday earth—earn what shall content our modest wants, and furnish a bower of the sheltering ivy, at all events, for our declining days! The roses of love will embellish it the while, Myrtilla; and when my toils are over, and I depart from the dusty arena of common life crowned with the victor's laurels, shall we not be happy then, dearest? And will they not be thy sweet hands that shall wreath the emblem of triumph for me?"

Myrtilla replied in general, for she did not know what the particulars meant too clearly, perhaps—that it should be so. And then like lovers, as they still were, they kissed one another tenderly, and in a few days Mr. Johnes made up his mind to become a printer.

"I did not sufficiently appreciate this wonderful art, when I served my time to it under my father. I looked upon it only in its mechanical point of view. I was idle, careless, indifferent. But the lessons of life have not been thrown away upon me; and as knowledge is power, I am determined to diffuse it as much as possible, in order that, in the end, power may pass from the hands of its present insolent possessors into those of the people, as they call us. The Johnes's belong to the people, Myrtilla, whatever the Lacy's may!"

"My father always says we belong to the aristocracy, but that is in Ireland, dear!" said Nora, simply; "and, besides, spelt with an *h*, I don't think you belong to the people either, dear!"

But Mr. Johnes was resolved to belong to the people, and his resolution was hardened by an un- wished for discovery which he shortly after made. And this was that Lord Louvane, instead of riding

in Rotten Row, and other proper fashionable places of equestrian resort, made it his business, or amusement, to go past Myrtle Cottage three or four times a day, mounted on a spirited horse, which he always made to prance and curvet before that poetical abode.

"We will remove as far as we can out of that fellow's way, into the very heart of the city! Especially, as I shall need extensive premises for my business, where the rent is not too high! What does he want parading before us?" said Noah. And accordingly, after very grave and cautious deliberation, he took a house in Little Britain.

And thither he removed, with his wife and mother, and all his household gods—meaning thereby a very moderate supply of furniture and other goods.

All the world has heard of Great Britain—but perhaps its minor correlative is not so universally known. Yet the world ought to know something about it, for it has been celebrated by no less brightly quaint a pen than that of the American Addison, Washington Irving.

Little Britain might be made to include a very large superficies of society, certainly. But in actual topography it is only a single street, though the writer mentioned above liberally applies the term to an entire district surrounding it, and which includes some of the best known localities of the city. Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield and Long Lane, Aldersgate Street and Newgate, the essayist assigns as the boundaries of the territory. We limit the term, however, in the true cockney sense, and say that the Little Britain in which the hero of our tale first saw the dull London light was the street of that name.

And there, in one of those large, old fashioned, tumble down houses, of two or three centuries ago, there is a cradle rocking, and a young mother sits gazing with speechless joy and delight over her first born's tranquil slumber.

The child is to be christened the next day, and the family group, gathered in consultation around the unconscious little one, are deliberating for the dozenth time—but it must now be final—what name to call it. Noah Johnes's mother—who had changed her name since her first husband's death, and was now a second time a widow, under that of Mrs. Blewjabber—being a woman of very Calvinistic principles—was of opinion that the infant ought to be called Wrath of God Johnes! He was given in wrath, she said, and his end would be wrath, she feared, as his mother persisted so obstinately in the "dreadful errors" of Catholicism!—as the old woman called and considered, not only the Romish, but all doctrines that differed from her own.

Noah Johnes, who had recently taken even a deeper tinge in politics, gloomily pressed his wish that the child should be called Peterloo, as a perpetual dedication to avenge that late shameful massacre of the people! And the mother sat secretly disliking both names, and wishing in her heart that she could think of some other that would express all the happiness and beauty of the thoughts that filled her soul, as she gazed on her little one.

In any other eyes this infant would not indeed have appeared such a marvellous emanation of all the loveliest and divinest essences of the immortal transfused into our earthly framework!

It was a well made child certainly, with all its limbs perfect, but with no particular beauty of aspect, if we except a singular brightness that played over its whole visage, like a jack-o'-lantern on the waters, even when asleep. Examine its features, and you might pronounce that they were by no means of chiselled elegance, and that their general effect must be unsatisfactory. The brow was rugged—the chin too thin—the complexion pale. But there was, as it were, an inexplicable aureole hovering round the brows of the sleeping infant, and something of suffering, sweetness and sensibility lingering on his little parted lips, that already appealed, like a spell of sympathy, to the heart of woman.

His little "nuss-gal," as she was commonly called in the neighborhood, certainly already loved him for that indefinite expression; and Mrs. Brandyballs, the monthly nurse, declared she preferred that baby's face "to the most regular features" she had ever "clapped eyes on!"

Nora was endeavoring to shape all this in her mind, and to find some name which should express in a degree the infinite love and sorrow and joy and longing in her heart, when—

But we must promise that although the month

was June in the calendar, it was April according to the caprice of our changeable island climate. And now it so happened, while the young mother was diving into her soul, and out of her soul, for some rich and glorious name that should express all that was yearning in her soul, and be a presage of her boy's future destinies, and of the fulfilment of those vague happy hopes aglow within her young mother's heart—that a shower was falling with pelting fury on the dark uneven pavement of the street below.

It was a corner house, and one from which the ever hanging balloon of the dome of St. Paul's was constantly visible, excepting in a very dense fog indeed.

And lo! in the midst of the pelting shower the sun suddenly broke out in great splendor, and immediately over the dome of St. Paul's a rainbow of extraordinary beauty and magnificence suddenly arched itself, with its radiant props resting as it were on the muddy pavement below!

"Look, Noah, what a beautiful rainbow!" exclaimed Nora, struck with the spectacle. "You often write about rainbows in your poetry, and—and—did not your mother call you Noah, because she said the earth ought to be punished with a new deluge, but that she hoped that God would at least save you and her? Now, after the deluge, on the contrary, mother!—you read it yourself to us the other night—did not God send the rainbow as a pledge that He would never again overwhelm the earth beneath the waters? And see what a lovely thing it is, Noah! and how its very tears are bright! Let us call the child, Rainbow!—Rainbow Johnes!—It sounds very well!"

"It is the tricolor of revolution!—Well, call him Rainbow, if you like, darling!" said Mr. Johnes, pretending to give himself a stern pretext for yielding—but with tears of love and tenderness in his eyes.

"Rainbow! Rainbow! The Rainbow was the sign of the Covenant between God and Man! What sign of what covenant can this child of yours be?" said Mrs. Blewjabber, in sharp rebuking tones.

"A sign of love and peace! Oh, Noah, let us call our child by that pretty name!"

"Rainbow Johnes he shall be called!" decided the father.

CHAPTER VI.

Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears like a sunbeam in showers.
MOORE.

BUT it was not destined our hero should receive his sun-and-shower-glistening name with the sanction of the proper authorities.

Who were they, in the first place? We have mentioned that Nora was a Catholic. Lady Falconborough had adhered to her conventions with the girl's father, at all events, very strictly in that respect. Perhaps the proud countess considered a difference of religion between her own noble *Lacy-ness* and the inferior order of her protégé's a desirable thing to preserve. Or else, her lord, being one of the most determined opposers of the Emancipation Bill, which at the time rent all England into furious parties, she ought, in consistency with the family tone, either to have discarded Nora, or have endeavored to wean her from the religion she had been reared in.

Nora understood little else of it, troubling herself in nowise to fathom the depths of doctrinal disputes between the churches. But she was not the less sincerely—even passionately—attached to her form of belief.

Noah Johnes, on his part, prided himself on being above such narrow prejudices altogether. He studied Voltaire, and accepted a liberalism in religious opinions, as part of his political principles, well nigh akin to having none at all. He rejected with scorn his mother's earnest exhortations, before the marriage, to stipulate that his children were to be brought up in what she called "Christian principles," by which, as he well knew, she meant neither those of the Church of England nor the Church of Rome, but the dark and merciless asceticism she had herself embraced.

It was, consequently, still a moot point whether the unconscious little sleeper in the cradle was to be a Catholic or a Protestant. Much—nay, all—seemed to depend upon the choice of the minister from whose hands Rainbow was to receive his fine hued name and the waters of baptism.

Nora pleaded most earnestly to have the child christened at the chapel which she herself frequented. It was so beautiful a place—the priest was so kind and good—and, as Noah said, they

would not force the poor little thing to be of any religion unless he liked it, and had formed his own judgment when he arrived at the use of reason. What could it matter where he was christened?

Mrs. Blewjabber speedily answered this question. She started, indeed, by declaring that christening a child at all, was a heathen, superstitious, and unnecessary rite. But she did not long stick to that text. She launched into a general diatribe against her daughter-in-law's religion, which finally drove Nora to tears, and Noah Johnes to propose a compromise.

"We'll christen our little dew-drop of hope, Nora," he said, in his usual poetical elevation of phrase—"at the parish church—merely as a safe registry of his birth, mother, in case any circumstances of a civil character should, at a future period, render an authoritative reference advisable; and so, my bright tulip of beauty! dry those gentle tears, for I promise thee loveliest, provided you don't interfere to obstruct the rays of universal enlightenment I intend to pour into his mind, you may bring the infant up, my Nora, in any mere form of religion you think proper!"

Nora was comforted, and acceded to the arrangement. And Mrs. Blewjabber, knowing that her son's obstinacy fully equalled her own, gave a grim, wooden smile, as if she partly agreed also to what was proposed. But in her own mind she determined it should not be her fault if the "poor little worm," as she mostly called Master Rainbow, was not fully instructed, as he grew up, in all the horrible fantasies which the sect she had embraced considered the only saving faith.

She satisfied her conscience, meanwhile, by predicting, in general, that no good could possibly come of a name which was so very far from expressing that the child, smiling with the light of the angelic innocence it had brought with it from the realms of uncreated spirituality, on its lips, in the cradle, was born an heir of perdition and misery.

Not that Mrs. Blewjabber had even taken the trouble to raise her black bead eyes, on her daughter-in-law's exclamation, to contemplate the splendor arched over the vast black cupola of St. Paul's—the miracle of nature over the miracle of art! Mrs. Blewjabber's religious principles rendered the aspect of the magnificent cathedral itself distasteful to her. Neither was she at all giver, like her poor Noah—over whom she was always groaning and lamenting—to *star-gazing* in any of its branches, which of course included rainbows!

It was a part of Mrs. Blewjabber's creed, which she herself understood—a small part, certainly—that not only was this glorious earth of ours fashioned as a place of trial and mortification for the elect, but also as one of fore-doom to the rejected—into which classes the charitable old woman divided all the sons and daughters of men, assigning each person his or her proper place under the two divisions, by certain rules of her own capacious mind. Irreversible decrees, no doubt!

But we cannot deny that, for different reasons from those profound ones detailed above, the name of Rainbow was not entertained for the child with much favor by several other personages, who considered they had a right to discuss the propriety of everything relating to him.

Lettice Lovick, the "nuss gal," for one, was opposed to it.

It was such a watery, wishy-washy sort of thing, a rainbow! And besides it was always crying, and she liked things that laughed and looked in good spirits. And you could not turn Rainbow easily into any nice, coaxing, short name, when you were sweet-hearting with a person!—and Lettice was sure that "lots of girls" would be after that little fellow when he was grown up to be a man! It would have been much better to call the little darling Tom or Harry. Tom would be the best, because he looked in his cradle exactly like that dear, dear Tom Jones, in the story book.—Lettice said she was sure, when he was found in dear, good Mr. Allworthy's bed, by that nasty Deborah! And then their names would be exactly alike, too!—Tom Jones. Oh, what a pity to call him such nonsense as Rainbow!

Lettice—who was a very well read young lady in all such light literature as she could by any means lay hands on, to beguile the tedium of her occupation—was not a very nice orthographer, nevertheless. The difference made by the *h*, so important to Honora Lacy, was as nothing to her.

When the christening party regularly assembled, there was, however, a considerable balance

of approbation on the side of the name determined on.

The intended godmother, Mrs. Dawson, the schoolmaster's wife over the way, one of the gentlest persons in the neighborhood, and of admitted—or, at least, strongly asserted—pretensions to refined taste and judgment, pronounced that it was beautiful! That it would do!—*emphatically*, THAT IT WOULD DO! It was *almost* as pretty as the name she had given her own sweet child, little Rosamund Alexandra! Only her "wingless cherub's" name, she said, with a fascinating smile at Mr. Johnes, and quoting from one of his own exquisite unpublished poems, as the glow of pleasure on his cheek immediately evinced—her own little "wingless cherub's" name was more "of the earth earthy;" Mrs. Dawson thus gracefully asserted her convictions that Rosamund Alexandra was a much more practical and up to actual life name, than that "her poor, gifted friend," as she frequently called Noah, had selected for his offspring.

Mr. Dawson always echoed his wife's opinions, and therefore it was no wonder he also tacitly admitted, when appealed to by that lady, "Rainbow was one of the sweetest, poetical" names ever imagined by a "gifted father" for his child.

Not, perhaps, that he always considered those opinions oracles of wisdom and knowledge of the world so exalted as his wife herself concluded them to be: but because he was a very fat and a very indolent man, and was, besides, the best-natured creature living. His Christian name was Dionysius, which as his wife frequently and pleasantly remarked, was a heathen one, after all! if one might trust in Lempriere—eh, Mr. Johnes?

But the poor man had served a long and hard apprenticeship, before marriage, to patience and quietism. He had run the gauntlet of the sciences, as an usher in schools, during a considerable portion of his natural life, ere he set up pedagogue on his own account, in the then uncultivated regions of Little Britain. He was the schoolmaster abroad *par excellence*, for there hardly ever was a more absent and insensible being in the world to most of the passions and impulses moving around him. Probably he would never—though a man of fair parts and learning—have conjured up self-estimation and resolution enough for the scholastic enterprise he had embarked in, but that he fell, in the decline of life, into the power of so energetic and go-ahead a personage as Mrs. Dawson.

Mrs. Dawson was a retired governess, who had chosen to retire with this good, and meek, and fat man in her possession, when she herself had also attained a ripe period of single blessedness. Rosa Matilda Warren was her name before she became Mrs. Dawson, and she was still all that such a name would announce. That is to say, she was the gentlest lady in Little Britain, where there were no women; and a person of the most superfluous literary tastes and general opinions. She admired Mr. Johnes's poetry—in fact, so much, and in such elegant set terms, that Mrs. Johnes was sometimes on the verge of being jealous. But when Nora looked at the fair critic she was pacified.

Inasmuch as she was not fair at all. Mrs. Dawson called herself a deep brunette, and her complexion was, undoubtedly, of some hues, neither of the lily or the rose. The saucy Lettice Lovick declared it put her in mind of nothing but of an old ironing blanket? Was that a brunette, ladies, or something much yellower, and more mottled in the hues? Rosa Matilda Dawson was also extremely lean and tall in the figure; qualities she declared to be essential to gentility of appearance, and which she had always observed in members of the high aristocracy. And her hair was grey. So that, on the whole, there was really only a pair of good bright, black eyes, set in two large rings of bluish brown, to vindicate Rosa Matilda Dawson's pretensions to have been once a lady of striking personal charms.

And yet she had her legend to tell of how, when in their first luxuriance, travelling with a family of distinction, whose *gouvernante* she happened to be at the time, in the Tyrol, she had fascinated an Austrian Archduke, hunting incognito in those mountains, whom she met by accident at the inn fire in a snow storm! She had played the part of Pamela to this imperial lover, it appeared—but not to the same purpose! Rosa Matilda was Mrs. Dawson now, and perhaps romanced a little when she told this story! Lettice Lovick, at least, declared she would as soon believe she had been carried off by Italian bandits, for the sake of her beauty, and let go again without a ransom!

This pair came accompanied by their little girl, an only child, and petted and spoiled in that capacity, quite as senselessly as if she had been a patrician heiress of the De Lacys, or other great people.

Rosamund Alexandra was about three years old at that time, and—more than could have been augured, except from her mother's reminiscences of her own loveliness—was in reality a child of remarkable beauty. She had a round, rosy-complexioned little face, full of variety, meaning, and vivacity, even in those early years. Her hair was quite black, and curled in flowing ringlets to her sable sash. Her features were good in general, though her nose was a little *retraussée*—to express one's-self in a polite language. But that only gave an air of livelier rebellion to all she said and did! For Rosamund existed in a state of constant social rebellion, if one may use so important a word to express the little creature's antagonism to all restraint and rule. And those opal gleaming eyes, whose color no one could ever pretend to determine, were as full of the same wild, wayward uncertain splendor as the erratic movements and varying impulses of the extraordinary career their possessor was destined to pursue.

Mrs. Dawson considered she had improved upon her own name, while preserving it as a radical, and displayed superb taste in uniting the beautiful with the sublime, when she announced to Mr. Dawson her selection of a combination between Rosamund and Alexandra to constitute that of her infant daughter.

Dionysius, the father, rather demurred—for almost the only time in his life—to his spouse's *ukase*. He had some reminiscences of another Rosamund mentioned in English history, whom, he thought, vaguely—as he always thought—it would not be desirable his little daughter should have suggested to her in any manner as a model.

He mentioned the objection to his wife. But she laughed at his absurd, puritanical notion, as became a woman of extremely modern, and enlightened opinions.

"Oh, you foolish, fat old fellow!" she exclaimed, with the playfulness of a not very youthful bride still—a quality, however, which always lasts much longer in that class than in the more juvenile. "Where are you rambling with your antiquated, musty-fusty, worn-out, nonsensical ideas? Why, nobody ever believes the story about Rosamund and Queen Eleanor at all in these days! Wake up old gentlemen, wake up, and find yourself in the nineteenth century! Niebuhr and other distinguished scholars—no, *he* demolished only the old Roman sing-song! But really it is quite absurd for you, Dion, my love, to go meandering back to the twelfth century for a reason to disagree in opinion with your poor wife! Rosamund, nowadays only means Rosa Mundi—Rose of the world! For shame! You a Latin scholar, and not to know that!—As for the name Alexandra," continued Mrs. Dionysius Dawson—(we forgot that she never called herself Mrs. Dawson *pur et simple*)—with the sigh of one who might have been great, but preferred humble virtue, "I may have my reasons for calling my child by an exalted—by an imperially allusive name, perchance! Rosamund might, perhaps—But you know my story, Mr. Dawson—I have concealed nothing from you! I had, indeed, no cause to reproach myself throughout that terrible phasis in my destiny! And I hope my child will never live to regret—will never be instructed in that episode in my existence, so as to have the power to say—'Mother, I might have been born in the purple, had you not preferred honor and my father to a splendid infamy!'"

Dionysius did not know how it could be said he had been so signally honored, as the whole adventure, if ever it occurred, occurred years and years before he became a pretendant to the hand of Rosa Matilda Warren. But the argument was not to be reasoned against; he submitted, of course.

Let us add that Dionysius was to be little Johnes's godfather, and we have done for the moment with the Dawsons.

We have now another individual to introduce to the reader, of some importance also, in our history.

The company were all assembled in the scantily furnished drawing-room of Mr. Johnes's, waiting the appointed hour to set off to the church, when the cheerful notes of a fiddle playing "St. Patrick's Day," with infinite glee and cordiality, were audible, ascending the stairs.

"It's old Cremorne, with that everlastingly

tedious violin of his?—My wife's father, Mrs. Dawson," said Noah, apologetically, and evidently much vexed.

"An original, I have no doubt, by the fanciful manner of his approach. Now, I dote on originals, Mr. Johnes! There is so little originality left in this crimped and cramped formula-fashioned world of ours, Mr. Johnes, enslaved as it is by senseless prejudice, that—"

The door was kicked vigorously open, to save the musician the necessity of discontinuing his enlivening performance at this precise juncture, and interrupted Mrs. Dionysius Dawson in an harangue against the established ordinations of society, which, in all human probability, would have debouched in a touching allusion to those arbitrary conventions that had prevented an imperial passion from being an honest one, and herself from becoming an Archduchess of Austria.

The music and the kick were followed up by the entrance of a rather curious addition to so elegant a company, in the shape of an old, ill-dressed man, dancing like mad to the delirious gaiety of the tune he had selected for his debut—who burst into the midst of the society assembled, performing all manner of double shuffle, backward and forward, round and round, whirl-me-and-I'll-whirl-you tricks, with feet, head, and shoulders all at once—with a left hand bow!"

"And yet throughout the whole of this frantic display—as the sober and genteel persons who composed the majority of the persons assembled in Mr. Johnes's drawing-room doubtless considered it—there was nothing to offend any true taste. Something of the ludicrous pathetic, mingled inextricably throughout the whole performance, undoubtedly there was, which might have puzzled the judgment. It was hard to say whether it was exactly the thing to weep or to laugh at the exhibition, it was at once so exalting and so sad to see old Cremorne, who ought to have been—(all instinctively felt it who ever saw him)—something so much better, and wiser, and nobler, and loftier—such a merry, merry old buffoon as he was!"

If Noah Johnes had been a true poet, he would have felt this—and he didn't. My Lady Louvane, perhaps your *Quarterly Review* was right, after all! Perhaps Johnes was chiefly a poetaster, and not worthy to be considered as a poet. He did not in the least comprehend this effusion of wild Irish love and joy and hilarity. He only felt ashamed of the tattered old plaid cloak fluttering in people's faces, as the old man whirled about the room—of the whole indiscreet and childish harlequinade! He turned with a disdainful apology to Mrs. Dionysius Dawson; but found that lady's attention was already delightedly absorbed, and her sympathies enlisted, in another direction.

Mrs. Dawson also intended to look exceedingly genteel and rebuking over the old Irishman's eccentricity. But on a sudden she perceived her own Rosamund Alexandra, the priceless little princess of her love, who had been sitting thus far, a sullen and pouting prisoner, on the knees of Mr. Johnes, glide down from that elevation, and join with all her little heart and soul in the old Irishman's demonstration.

It was wonderful to see them, the old man and the child!

The child seemed seized with some fever of emulation and frenzy of the dance as infected all things within its contagious influence, when the Piper of Hamelin commenced his celebrated magic strain. She imitated him exactly and yet simultaneously through all the extraordinary phases of his alarming jig. And with a matchless dexterity and gaiety that combined the most extraordinary mimetic power with an irresistible love of fun, and perception of it, and some deep inner core of sarcasm and ridicule, all equally marvellous in a child so young! Wonderful—and fearful too!

"She has never learned to dance—but look, how she dances, Mr. Johnes!" said the mother, in spite of all her folly and egotistic estimate of things, perhaps with some qualm of misgiving at her mother's heart.

Ah, mothers! your instinct never deceives you! Remember that, when you are disposed to stifle its warnings or reproaches at the suggestions of worldly policy and vanity!

"Well, but father! how can you—how can you be so ridiculous?" exclaimed Nora, who laughed until she had a pain in her side, though tears were running over her eyes all the time.

"Why, isn't it a day to be merry on, and natu-

ral on, and all manner of things I have no time to mention on, Nora Creina, dear!" returned old Cremorne, breathless, but not desisting for a moment from his out of the way demonstration. "And don't ye see that I have a little partner who would dance the life out of a man befores—before—if he was a man at all—he would give in and say—'Long life to you, my little darlin', but unless you mean to be the death of old Cremorne Lacy—and he has lived long enough—long enough, perhaps, for anything he is good for my sweet little pet now—'By the life of me I think certainly I shall dance my death with the little maiden! But when could a man die more to his mind than—If ever I saw the like of this even on the fair-ground of St. Stephen's—If ever I thought to see the likes of this! Why, it's a complete fairy, and—and—"

"The poor man grew too breathless to speak, but not to dance. And the whole astonishing affair lasted for several minutes longer.

"There now! I give in!—You've fairly beaten the best and the maddest dancer in all Connaught was once, Miss—I don't know your other name, but you're a jewel of a little one, you are!" said old Lacy, pausing at last in utter exhaustion.

"I'm Miss Rosamund Alexandra Dawson," said the child, with evident pride in the length and sonority of the name she gave forth, also pausing, but not as if spent, for she swung round on one little red morocco foot, describing a perfect circle in the air with the other.

"Well, you have the prettiest name, my darlin' and the prettiest ways about ye—I'll be sworn—of any half dozen in the room!" replied the old Irishman, glancing round the apartment, in which there were not many more than the number mentioned to be counted.

"O, father, dear! how can you say that, until you know what we are going to call our boy?" said Nora, reproachfully.

"Going to call will not interfere with whatever's already called, will it now, Nora Creina?" said the old man, pantingly. "Musha! I was never so danced out of the breath of me before! I should think, ladies and gentlemen, it would be a good thing if we could be danced out of our breath as merrily when it is to be for good and for ever!"

"Oh, don't say so, father! It's only the gaiety's put you sad, of coming in upon us to the old tune you used always to play to raise mother's spirits!" said Nora, gently, and drawing her father still more gently towards her by his ragged cloak—perhaps for fear she should tear it into worse eyelet holes. "Come, father, put off your hat and the old brown camlet—and take a little sup of something to refresh you and to drink the company's health before they go to the christening."

"I'll take off my hat with pleasure, if the company will be so good as to excuse the brim, which has left me long ago of its own accord, tired of keeping a poor man's company. And small blame to it for that same!" said old Cremorne, performing the suitable action with the grace and ease of a polished gentleman.

"Why, father, you have been poor this many a year—and nothing worth caring about has deserted you yet!" said Nora, tenderly.

"Nothing, however, that I cared much about, my poor child, since I lost your saint of a mother!" returned the old man. "She was a saint, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, addressing the company, "though she was a common stage singer, and even came down to sing ballads in the streets at last. More shame for those who could not or would not appreciate her finnius, poor, woman! For it wasn't talent merely, me friends! It was *finnius*! But I worked her to death to maintain me in idleness and pleasure—And she is gone and I remain, and her soul's passed into this fiddle here, for, as poor and vulgar a thing as mayhap it seems to ye, I could hear her weeping and wailing through all the merriment I was playing to you, to enliven your sperrits—as plain and clear as the Desmond banshees belonging to our race cries, when one of our ancient line is on the point of departure!"

"O father! the company here know nothing about banshees—or your fiddle—or my poor mother's soul—and all the fancies you have about that! And I have had masas after masas said to get her soul out of it, if you really suppose she is tormented still in it, father dear, for what went amiss between you!" said Nora, soothingly. "It's a fancy of my father's," she added, apologizing to the company. "But he's all right on every other point."

"A soul in a fiddle!" murmured Mrs. Dawson. "What do they put souls in fiddles for mamma?" said Rosamund Alexandra, who was accustomed to turn to her mother as to an oracle. "Oh, don't talk of such nonsense, child!" said Nora, rather pettishly. "And, father, let us speak of something that has a meaning to the present company in it! How do you like the name we have called my little boy—Rainbow?"

CHAPTER VII

Why should the fiery angel stand
Here with his uplifted brand?
This is no gate of Paradise!
No Eden flowers beyond this wall,
But clouds and darkness dwell o'er all,
And Fate and Chance sit playing there at dice!
ODE TO A NEWBORN INFANT

CREMORNE LACY considered full half an instant before he replied.

"Well, Nora," he then said, "I don't loike the name half at all! Not but what Rainbow's a pretty enough wurrud in itself!" he continued, in his strong Irish accent—which alone, of all his possessions, had not deserted him during the sixty and odd years he had been tossed up and down in the world. It mattered not, to remove this, that Cremorne Lacy was born a gentleman, and had been educated as one, according to the notions of the time, at an Irish college abroad. He had never been able to shake it off. Perhaps had always been too careless and indolent to try.

"Rainbow's all very well, to be what it is, itself! But then you see, Nora mavourneen, it's up in the skies such a height, my dear, people will never be able to understand what its namesake's doing down here, you see! And they'll take your boy for an allegory, Nora. You know what that means, if even she don't, Mr. Johnes! And what will that do for him, walking bustling London streets?"

"An allegory is——" began Mrs. Dawson, in a sententious, explanatory manner, when old Lacy interrupted her.

"Preceesely so, my dear madam; it is just as you explain it!" said the old fellow. "I hope I didn't interrupt you!—But that's why I object to the name, and don't think it a good one at all! I think it would not be pleasing to any jontleman's feelings to be addressed always as if he was something fine in the clouds, instead of a good solid flesh and blood fellow belonging to this world! Though I am no great admirer of it either!—Yet it would be a good enough place, perhaps, too, if it weren't for the people in it!"

"What sort of place is the world? And why don't you like it, old man?" said Rosamund Alexandra, unexpectedly joining in the conversation at this moment.

There are few things more startling than the remarks of children that have been brought up with elderly persons. Such old words on lips so fresh and unworn!

"Well, it's like our dance, Miss, that has put me clean out of my mind, so that you see I should almost be glad to take a little rest!" replied the old man, respectfully, as if addressing some one not much his junior in experience.

"I should never be tired of dancing to a merry tune!" said the child.

"But it isn't all a merry tune, my dear young lady!" replied the old man, a little puzzled.

"Rosamund! hold your tongue!" said her mother, imperatively.

"You hold your tongue, mamma! Nobody's speaking to you—and they are to me!" returned the child, with quick and petulant defiance.

"What a lively little wretch it is! isn't it, Mr. Johnes?" said the delighted mother, appealing to the poet.

"If it were mine, I would not suffer it to answer me so!" replied Nora, sternly.

"Ah, you demagogues! You are all such terrible despots in your hearts!" said Rosa Matilda, with playful truth.

"And besides, Nora," resumed old Lacy, after a pause, more cheerfully, "I had quite made up my mind that your boy should take our own good old family name, as a token to himself that he had got a little blood in his veins, to keep his head up for him in the world!"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Mr. Johnes, with a frown—for, like all other extremes, those of democracy and aristocracy touch, on certain points.

"Oh no, father dear, we couldn't do that!" interposed Nora. "We've promised it, you know!"

"Promised! What have ye promised?" said old Lacy, with sudden vivacity.

He was a fine looking old fellow still, although time had most unmercifully wrinkled and puckered him up in the visage. And there was a spirit and vivacity of feeling still breaking out in flashes of anger and violence, as well as of whim and merriment, in his temper which, somehow or other, compelled more respect occasionally than people in general thought it worth their while to pay to the poverty-stricken old fellow.

"Lady Falconborough made it a condition with us, that we should not give any of our children the name of Lacy! Which, for my part, I don't at all desire, and never did. I mean to give my children honest, hard-working names of their own!" said the practical poet—thinking more of his democracy than of his consistency at the moment.

"Then let me tell you, sir-r! you do them a great injury! Hardworking, indeed! Who knows they won't live to see better days than their fathers before them! And aren't there genteel professions, to put the children to, enough, without talking of harrud workh!" returned the Irish gentleman with vehemence.

"Fiddling, for example!" said Mr. Johnes, bitterly.

"Well, fiddling, sir-r! There's some soul at least in that! And if you don't get much money, what you do get is got pleasantly—and without soiling your hands with any kind of dirt at all! I wish that could be said even of the best professions, more properly so called—though I don't deny the fiddle is a profession, too, of itself."

"Come, papa, isn't it time to go to the christening?" interrupted Nora, eagerly, foreseeing a concussion.

"Why don't you put on your bonnet and shawl, then, mavourneen? And you won't be ashamed, will you, if your poor old father goes too, will you?—I've seen better days, and it's seen on me still, too—though I am in little better than rags, in the outside show, I confess!" said old Cremorne.

"No, father—baby's to be christened at the parish church!" said Nora, mournfully. "Only his father is going with him, poor child!—and Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, to make the promises for him!"

Old Lacy appeared fairly dumbfounded at this intelligence.

"Going to be christened at the Protestant church, and not to be called after one of the ould family names?" he muttered, at last.

"And, pray, what are the names you are thinking of, for the dear, sweet little innocent, Mr. Lacy?" said Mrs. Dionysius Dawson, with a supercilious smile. "You talk as if your grandson was descended from the house of Hapsburg, at least!"

"The Lacys came of as good blood as any in all Ireland, madam, barring our forfeiture in 1695!" replied the old man, passionately: "and as to names, there's as good a choice of them in ours, as in any house in the world—unless there be more in one of them that Cremorne Lacy knows nothing about! There's me own, which is Cremorne, and is as musical in any Christian ear as the blast of a trumpet at a funeral over some chief as he goes to his rest! There's me father, old Loftus Lacy's, name—who was as good a gentleman as ever spurred a horse against a high stone hedge after a pack of fox-hounds! And there's Desmond, and Redmond, and Brian, and Dermott, and Malachi, and—"

"I should as soon think of calling my boy after the howlings of a pack of wolves!" interrupted Noah Johnes, indignantly.

"Go away wid you then, wid your nonsensical Rainbow stuff, and make a whimpering little mooncalf of your choild, instead of a man!" retorted old Lacy.

"I shall make anything of him but an Irishman, I hope!" returned the rude son-in-law, heedless of the pain he gave his gentle wife; and rising he gave the signal for the company to form for their intended excursion.

Lettice Lovick, who had been anxiously waiting a summons, with her little charge, sometimes crying and sometimes laughing, in her arms, in the parlor below, promptly responded to a call, with the tiny hero of the day. Both in complete array.

Lettice, in her own opinion, and in that of a tall guardsman, who was paying honorable addresses to her, intending her to take in washing as an increase to his pay and comforts—was a good look-

ing girl enough. She was short, and as plump as a partridge, at all points; with saucy, leering, goggle eyes, and a face as firm and pulpy as an Orleans plum, the cheeks swelling up so as almost to round the little snub nose and eyes out of sight.

Knowing the eye of the public would be upon her, on this occasion, Lettice was dressed as smartly as a savage princess. An amber necklace, so tight that it dimpled into her fat round neck—a bosom ornamented with all kinds of decorations as richly as an altar-piece—sundry tawdry imitations of rich apparel, distributed in suitable localities over the rest of her person—entitled Lettice, certainly, to marked notice wherever she might go.

With this fine young lady as the centre of the group, the christening procession set off to the parish church, minus three persons who ought to have been part of it, if they had not themselves decided otherwise.

But first Mrs. Dawson earnestly recommended her Rosamund Alexandra to the care of her submissive hostess.

"I dursn't leave her at home in charge of a common attendant—though the young person I have is a very good, attentive young person, I dare say, too!" said the lady, solemnly. "But she has such extraordinary ways about her, Mrs. Johnes!—my daughter has! Quite a little genius in her way! This very morning she was amusing herself with snatching at the flames in the fireplace, and set her little pinafore all in a blaze. I was quite petrified, you may imagine, and she would have been burned to death if Mr. Dawson—who is so slow, in most cases, you know, my dear Mrs. Johnes!—had not caught her up and extinguished the conflagration! Pray keep her out of the fire, dear Mrs. Johnes! You promise me, do you not?" she continued with playful fascination. "For, remember, I have your own little darling as a hostage with me!"

Nora promised, with a sincere intention of keeping her word. But Rosamund observed sulkily, "I won't be taken care of! I will do what I please! And I will catch the flames, and make pretty little frizzling flounces for my frock of them. Not plain, nasty hoops, like mamma's!"

"How can you call them nasty, darling?" said Mrs. Dawson, drawing her faded, but once gorgeously hued shawl over her huddle shoulders, and surveying with much satisfaction her straight flounces of scalloped chintz silk, which, with her enormous bonnet, larger than a coal skuttle, would have made her the wonder of modern fashion?

"It's an axiom of mine, one don't look so tall—when one's perhaps a little too tall for the common ranks of society—if one knows how to make a judicious use of drapery!" she observed to Mrs. Johnes.

Rosamund laughed a strange, elfin, shrieking laugh, and ran to the window, where she mounted a high stool, and labored with all her might to raise the sash. Evidently, according to her mother's declared apprehensions, with the intention of throwing herself out of the window, in order to divert herself with the terrors and anguish of her friends!

Nora gave a hasty look of regret and tenderness at her own treasure, as it disappeared under convoy, and hastened to assure the safety of the refractory young lady in question, agreeably to promise, in person.

Rosamund saw her coming, and increased in the vehemence of her efforts at self-destruction. But, luckily, the window was bolted, and even if she had been aware of the circumstance, the desperate little creature could not have made any advantage of her knowledge. She was not strong enough to open the window under any circumstances.

She denied the suicidal imputation, however, altogether, on being caught in Nora's trembling arms.

"Oh, what stories mamma tells! I only want to see mamma going! Mamma has got on her archduke shawl, and I want to see it! It shines so beautiful in the sun! Oh, pray, let me see mamma in her archduke shawl!"

Nora consented, for she also wished to see what effect her darling would produce on the neighborhood when he emerged to public view in his white cashmere robe, which she had herself embroidered, through many an hour of troubled joy and expectation, in a flower pattern, fine enough for an infant prince to wear, so far as regarded the elegance of the work.

She took the little girl in her arms, and, suffering her to lean her face against one of the panes, in her eagerness to peer out, witnessed the emer-

gence of the procession from the door of the printing house below.

John Rugby, her husband's foreman—an honest fellow, who, under that title, did, in reality, all the real work of the establishment, and managed all the little business it had to do—stepped out into the street, and kissed the child as it wended forth on its way. The action went to the mother's heart. More especially as she discerned Mr. Johnes's attention was altogether absorbed in the lady godmother, who held on by his arm, and was prattling away with great vigor to him. Doubtless on more interesting topics—such as the famously neglected "Cypress Leaves."

Still it was not in Nora's sunny Irish nature to rest long in the gloom; and as soon as the glorified procession moved out of sight, she caught the child to her soft young bosom, and returned tripping and singing with it blithely into the room.

To her surprise she still found her father, usually much lighter and more inconsequential in his moods than his half English daughter, still in deep thought.

"I can't make it out at all Nora!" he exclaimed at last, seeing that she was looking at him. "What is it to her we are called Lacy, that she bothers on her head so much about us, and won't let you call your precious infant by the name? One would think there was some fine inheritance in the case, such as our great grandfather, the Knight of Connemara, lost at the battle of the Boyne!"

"She is so proud a lady!" said Nora. "And the names are so alike!"

"Well, now, I don't know how it is, but it sometimes comes back upon me, all in a dream like, Nora Creina! that we're somehow or other related to the proud old Jezebel herself, after all!" resumed the old man. "Yes! I certainly do remember hearing my father's father say—and before he fell into the dotage too—that if it hadn't been for the attainder in King James's time, we should have been very grand and wealthy English people ourselves, instead of being—But I wouldn't think shame of Ould Ireland either, or turn my back upon her, for all England in a lump!"

"Ah, father, you were always building castles in the air—and that's why, I suppose, the one you say our family had on the ground has gone all to rack and ruin!" sighed Nora.

"Can you build castles in the air, old man? Can you really now build CASTLES IN THE AIR?" said Rosamund, with an expression of incredulity, mingled with another of childish wonder and curiosity.

"Why do you want to know, fairy?" said Cremorne, restored to liveliness and gaiety at once by the absurdity of the little creature's question.

"Because I want to live in a castle, and to be a princess, and to be waited upon by lords and ladies!" replied the child.

"Then you must certainly take one of my castles to live in!" replied old Lacy, laughing. "But what will you pay me in the way of rent or quittance, darlin'?" You can't live in fine places, you know, for nothing."

"I will kiss you, and stroke your cheeks, and dance, and let you see my beautiful red shoes although you are so old and wrinkled, I can't bear to look at you!" was the reply.

"I am very much obligated to you, I am sure!" said Cremorne, rather testily—forgetting how mere a child it was that spoke, so sagely and ponderingly the words were uttered. "But if I were your mother, little lady!" he continued, "I would whip you for saying so! Though you all, I believe, in your hearts would do as much, without owning it so freely!"

"Father!" remonstrated Nora. And for once she was pleased with the arrival of Mrs. Blewjabber, who entered arrayed for the festive occasion in a kind of iron gown of black silk, which stood about her in immovable folds, relieved by a collar and handcuffs of the sternest sort of white linen ever manufactured.

No two persons in the whole world ever were or could be more opposed in every point of view than the half crazed, half inspired, all Irishman, little Johnes's maternal grandfather—and Mrs. Blewjabber, his puritanical grandmother on the father's side.

It so happened, too, that if Mrs. Blewjabber was profoundly skilled in doctrinal points, old Cremorne Lacy was an unskilled, but vehement partizan of his own profession of faith, which was that most detested and repudiated by the female theologian. Of course, under these circum-

stances, a wrangle was inevitable; and Mrs. Blewjabber knew how to introduce one seemingly, from the most innocent causes.

"This child's left with you, is she, Honora—while your own's gone with strangers?" said the old lady, with marked emphasis. "Deary me, deary me! What a sad thing this difference of religion is in a family! Though, indeed, I don't know whether I ought to give the name of religion to—"

"My daughter was a Catholic when your son came coorting to her, madam, I believe! And if it was the case that it didn't occur to him as an objection—"

"To him, poor fellow!—who has gone as far astray into the night of Egyptian bondage, in another direction!" groaned Mrs. Blewjabber, turning up her eyes until they became all of a stony white.

"Do you know what mamma calls that old woman?" said Rosamund, creeping up to Cremorne. "The Vinegar Cruet! But don't let us talk to her! Let's have a play ourselves. Ask Mrs. Johnes for some yellow and pink paper, and you cut me out a pair of wings, and I'll fly about the room."

Old Lacy stood divided between the opposite attractions of a theological faction fight and the charming amusement proposed to him by the child. But the former was irresistible to an Irishman; and Rosamund, neglected, retired poutingly into a corner, while the old woman and the old man burst into an angry altercation on subjects on which neither of them knew more than what just sufficed to make them both fixed as the mountains in the obstinacy of their ignorance.

Nora in vain attempted to make a diversion by proposing to her father to take a glass of cold whisky toddy. "Not hot, for fear it should scent the room."

Cremorne, indeed, mixed the refreshment with a liberal hand, on the bottles being handed to him. But it did not divert his attention from the argument. On the contrary, it braced him more efficaciously for the contest—and he and Mrs. Blewjabber were at words so high that they entirely drowned the gentle remonstrances of Nora, when the christening party made its re-appearance with most unexpected suddenness, and in a condition of apparent disorder.

The cause was soon explained.

The Rev. John Sticklemore, minister of the parish, had absolutely refused to christen the child by the extraordinary name which was declared to be the one Mr. Johnes wished to confer on his child.

It was not a Christian name, the reverend gentleman declared. It was not even a surname, was it? No. Then he should be no party to confer it on a Christian child, if Christian the child was intended to be! If Mr. Johnes found fault with his resolution, there were the proper tribunals to appeal to.

And Mr. Johnes had come away, furiously declaring that he would appeal to the proper tribunals and have justice done! But not until all the musty, antiquated engines of oppression into whose intricate wheels and crush Mr. Sticklemore doubtless thought he was going to thrust himself, were swept away with the besom of destruction! In other words, he had decided that the child should not be christened at all! And with this open declaration of his revolutionary principles, Noah Johnes snatched his first-born from the arms of the astonished Lettice, and, carrying it so awkwardly and angrily that it filled the whole sacred edifice with its screams and cries, he majestically headed the confused and amazed procession of his friends abroad into the open daylight again.

Nora burst into a passion of tears and lamentations or hearing this explanation; and taking her wailing child in turn from the father, flew out of the room to indulge in all the agony of grief and shame, so untoward an event naturally awakened in her fond young mother's heart.

She was interrupted in this occupation by one who stepped stealthily on tiptoe into the apartment.

"Nora, mavourneen!" said old Cremorne Lacy, with great emotion in his tones. "Don't be cast down for a little disaster like this, which is none at all, perhaps, after all! Rainbow's a foolish, shuttlecock name. But I know one that, put with it, will lift the Johnes out of the mud—where I wish, my darlin', you had left it, with all my heart, if it was only for the old witch's sake that sits withering everything about her below? You know I never took any pledge in the matter to

the proud old countess, who promised me to rear you up as a lady, and brought you up, instead, as a servant maid! And Father Maloney will do the trick for me in a minute, if you'll lend me the price of a coach and the fee till we're back again! What, you haven't got it dear? No matter. I'll pawn the old fiddle to get the child his christening! I did it to bury your mother with before, for all you know how she trate me! Wait only till I come back, and don't confess where we're gone till it's of no use to try to hinder us!"

In about half an hour, old Cremorne Lacy reappeared in triumph with the child, and, handing it over to its mother in private, informed her, in a burst of a joyful pathos, that its name was the same as "Me fathyr's—though he trate me so badly, too!"—excepting that it had the Johnes tacked to it! And Nora fully understood—though it was long before she dared to confess it—that her child's name, by secret imposition of a minister of her own Church—was LOFTUS LACY JOHNES!

CHAPTER VIII.

In my cottage near a wood,
Love and Rosa now are mine!

"WHAT a curious little fellow yours is, my dear Mrs. Johnes! almost as extraordinary in his little way as my Rosamund Alexandra in hers! I really do begin to think I must be something extraordinary myself! Everything about me, or relating to me, seems either to be so, or to become so! Just think what an amazing little wonder—what a prodigy of talent and attainment, I may say—my Rosamund is! And now just remark my godson's baby eyes! How they seem to notice everything!—to take in everything!—to understand everything! And yet he can hardly utter an intelligible sound!"

Such was Mrs. Dionysius Dawson's harangue, delivered with all the shrill pomposity of her peculiar tones, in the course of the party assembled to celebrate the first anniversary of the secretly named Loftus Lacy's birthday.

Mrs. Dawson's manner of utterance alternated the sharp treble proper to the voice of a female scold, with the sonorous roll of a scholastic pedant's of the opposite sex.

And Mrs. Dionysius Dawson loved well to hear herself speak—to prate with all the rhetorical swell of sound she could bring to bear on a subject. She did not greatly concern herself about anything else in her discourses. She was a mill whose proprietor is satisfied if he hears the clapper going—heedless whether it is grinding corn or merely wind!

It was a very fine party, too—though how the Johneses could afford to give it was the general wonder of the company.

Yet it was no great wonder, after all. Mr. Johnes was still in possession of the Aladdin's lamp of credit, in that early stage of his house-keeping. His business was improved greatly—no thanks to him, but all to careful and zealous and honest John Rugby, the foreman! Whom yet the aristocrat democrat, his master, did not imagine worthy of the honor of a seat at his table, and had only invited to share a distribution of festive cakes in the kitchen.

We must admit, however, that it was too genteel a party for John Rugby to be present at. It was so genteel, indeed, that Nora was not allowed to invite her own old rollicking, worthless, fine-hearted, Irish father to it! Whereas she was obliged to invite a personage she did not very greatly like—partly, perhaps, because her husband did!—to queen and rule it over herself and her entertainment, in the godmother, Mrs. Dionysius Dawson. Such a party could not do without the godmother, of course!

It was in vain to remind Mr. Johnes—as Nora ventured—that Mrs. Dawson could not be considered the child's godmother, as he was not christened on the occasion when she was so kind as to allow her services to be engaged in the capacity.

Noah considered he was entitled, as a poet and an ill-treated genius, to have a most irritable and arbitrary temper. And he fell to work instantly to declare that his wife thought only of crossing and annoying him in everything, so that Nora thought it best to give in at once on all the points he had set his caprice to carry.

In the arrangements for the party, Mr. Johnes also took care to display the affluence of her expectations rather than of his present means. He had always no doubt that he should shortly write something that would suddenly elevate him to the pinnacle of fame and wealth! Or something less equally fortunate would befall him—not even ex-

cluding a notion of the probability of a discovery of some long buried treasure in the coal cellar!

Mr. Johnes took all these domestic displays upon himself, and acted on his own liberal ideas, paying little or no attention to Nora's remonstrances and misgivings. He had early discovered—or his mother had for him—that Nora had been brought up a *complete lady's maid*, and knew nothing of any use to anybody out of that capacity. And, indeed, poor girl! she was fitter to make the confectionary of life than its daily coarse bread!

Accordingly, the Johneses gave a dinner with three courses—having to wait half an hour between each, while the knives and plates were washed for a renewal of service. And this, although they had engaged the extra aid of Mrs. Skrewett, the charwoman, and the little hero of the entertainment was condemned to the greatest neglect, on the part of the nurse, who was obliged to render assistance, also, during the agony of the dinner. This, although Mrs. Blewjabber herself—a notable housekeeper as well as theologian—personally superintended all, and was only to join the party in the drawing-room at dessert.

Then there were more people than there were chairs, and therefore a detachment of benches from the printing room was imperative. But Mrs. Dawson rather approved of the substitution, graciously noticing it. "They look almost like rout stools, *except* that they ought to be covered with red cloth!" she said, with a French shrug and a British shudder of disdain, and fashionable reminiscences of her own, combined.

She came, also, in white kid gloves, and wore them at dinner, "as she had seen everybody do when she was in *society*!" To the great alarm of the rest of the guests, who imagined themselves very far behind the age indeed, eating with their naked hands! A grossly indecent custom, certainly! Nora had only her white and delicate members either, for the use—who ought to have known better, one would have thought, in her capacity of ex-lady's maid—if she knew nothing else!

Lettice Lovick accounted for the phenomenon on her own principles. "The old cat was ashamed to show her nasty, skinny, yellow hands besides missus's!"

The company were now all seated at a handsome dessert, served in unpaid for porcelain, of a stylish pattern; drinking unpaid for wines, of very superior quality; with a hostess at the head of the table, in a very elegant gown of sky blue satin, and everything suitable to match, unpaid for; and a master presiding at the other, in a Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, suit of raven black, spotlessly new white shirt, with long white cuffs, and a gold chain and appendages—all unpaid for.

Mrs. Dawson had just concluded the speech from the throne, with which we commenced this chapter, on the occasion of the little year-older's arrival and introduction to the company.

Nora thought in her heart that her boy was at least ten times more extraordinary than Mrs. Dawson's little girl. Not in the way of personal beauty, perhaps—even the fond mother could not but admit that! But as she glanced, instituting the comparison, from her own sickly but smiling looking infant to the little beauty sitting beside her mother, pouting her rich lips with anger and impatience at being compelled to preserve "the decorum of a young lady" at the party—Nora thought her boy's indifferent looks were to be preferred, in all other respects! Especially when she remembered how Lettice Lovick declared Rosamund had attempted to *gouge* her eyes, for peering too anxiously into her own, with the purpose of deciding on their particular color!—which was one of Lettice's standing puzzles.

"A revengeful, bad little wretch!" Lettice called her. "And one that would never be no good to nobody that knew her!"

"You wanted to try and find out what made my eyes so bright, that you might try and polish your own like them! And I won't have servant girls' eyes look like mine!" said this little lady, who so narrowly—as the tale ran—escaped being a princess.

Baby—so little Loftus Lacy Johnes was universally styled in the house, his mother not having yet dared to acknowledge the name conferred baptismally upon him—was not, moreover, by any means looking his best at this juncture. He was just recovering from a conjoint and very severe attack of scarlet fever and hooping cough, and he was looking, of course, very pale and thin and withered. His hair was grown, but it was of no particular color. It promised, perhaps, to be of some dark hue, but at present it was a grizzled as

that of a young wolf's. There was no graceful curl in it. It hung damp and willowy. He looked like a Nelson in arms! Something of the same worn and pathetic expression marked all the lines of the child's visage that you may trace in the commonest delineations of the exhausted hero's!—an expression of impassioned sensibility—even thus early!

It was this that made Lettice often declare it made her heart ache to think what would become of that child, if ever he was crossed in love!

He would blow out his little brains, she was sure, or hang, or drown himself!—all which, in Lettice's opinion, were the proper remedies for disappointed love.

But at all events, the infant's eyes had gained wonderfully in intelligence and vivacity in this one year of existence. And it really was strange, as Mrs. Dawson declared, to remark with what attention and apparent observation they wandered from object to object, and dwelt on some with the earnestness and fixedness of a matured philosopher's, examining into the nature of things!

"Oh, yes, I can understand almost everything he means! We quite talk to each other at times!" replied Nora, her bright eyes swimming with tears of love and joy, as she gazed at her child.

"And so do I understand him, ma'am, I'm sure I do!—almost everything he says or does!" said Lettice, eagerly.

"You should not speak, young woman, unless you are more specifically addressed," said Mrs. Dawson, coldly and didactically. "It is not becoming to one's superiors. One should wait to be spoken to!"

Lettice gave her head a little toss, which she would have liked to have made a more extensive one—expressive of her disdain of the word in general, and denial of Mrs. Dawson's right to the eminence assumed, in particular. But she did not venture to do more before the company and her irascible master.

"Well, Johnes, and what have you made up your mind to call the boy, after all?" said Mr. Dawson, in his quiet, slumbrous tones. "You'll have to give him a name shortly, I suppose?"

"You haven't given up the Rainbow name, have you, Mr. Johnes!" said one of the guests in a disagreeable, snarling voice. "I thought you were not done with the parson yet about it!"

"No more I am, Mr. Bitters!" replied Noah. "So far, at least, as regards forcing him to acknowledge his illegal conduct, and to pay the expenses hitherto incurred. I told you, you know, I had applied to the bishop—I was determined, as you advised, to ascertain the whole humbug of the system—and I showed you all his lordship's letters in reply, with his fine seals upon them and flowing signatures. His lordship has treated me with great civility, I must confess, throughout the correspondence; but he declines to interfere, and has referred me to the proper tribunals, as he calls them. So, rather than be completely done, I have applied to the Gothic Archway Court for a decree to compel the bishop to do his duty, and then—"

"You will be farther off than ever!" said Bitters, with a sneer.

"And, besides, Sticklemore has brought a counter action against me for brawling in a church—as he calls my standing up for the poor woman about the burial fees—you remember, just before the christening was called for, Dawson!"

"Yes, and if you hadn't interfered there, Johnes, I should think it would all have gone right. And still, if I were you, I should have nothing more to do with it at all!" said peaceful Dawson.

"That would, indeed, be a base relinquishment of Mr. Johnes's right as a British subject, which no one who values his character as a consistent and thorough going Englishman would ever advise!" returned Bitters, a violent pot house politician, with whom Mr. Johnes had lately become acquainted, but with whom he was already most friendly and intimate.

"I only advised, as I thought it might be expensive to carry on suits in the Ecclesiastical Courts!" said Mr. Dawson, meekly.

Mr. Johnes gave an uneasily disdainful smile. His first steps in them had not certainly been unattended with expense. But he was lured on by the *ignis fatuus* of litigants—the hope of defeating his adversaries, and of throwing all the costs on them.

"But you don't intend—even if you win the case—to call him Rainbow, do you, Mr. Johnes?" said Mrs. Dawson.

Nora also looked at her husband with some anxiety on this question.

"You are already in my confidence on that point, you know, dear Mrs. Dawson!" said the poet, tenderly. "Indeed, it was you yourself suggested the one I have now chosen, on the occasion of my reading you my little poem, entitled 'The Star in the Dark!' Byron has done so much for the aristocracy, Mr. Bitters, in proving that they may have brains—and of rather a superior order, too—that I had determined to do as much for the common people of this great country. I had determined to prove that a poet—a great poet—perhaps the greatest of all poets—might spring from their rank! And in my little poem entitled 'The Star in the Dark,' which I read the other evening to Mrs. Dawson—and those hours of sweet intellectual interchange are the charmed spots of my existence—the great oases in life's sandy wastes!—I endeavored to allegorize the circumstances under which such a poet of the people must present himself to the gaze of the world, piercing the dark shadow of the aristocratic feeling so prevalent, I am sorry to say, in this country. And then it was that she said to me—Mrs. Dawson said, in her elegant complimentary manner—'These verses are alone sufficient to make you immortal, Mr. Johnes. You only need a *motive*—an *object*—to become the very poet you have delineated. And what can be a more beautiful, sublime, cheering aim of existence than the elevation of our children? Let us keep that steadily in view, whatever we may be, or must be ourselves. And as a sign that your dear boy is the object for which you devote yourself to be great, instead of your lackadaisical Rainbows, why don't you call him after this glorious poem of yours, *STAR*? Star Johnes, I am sure, a beautiful name—and easily pronounced—and everybody will see the meaning of it the moment they hear it!' And therefore, good people all!" continued the poet, in a lofty tone, "I have made up my mind to call the boy Star Johnes!"

Mrs. Dawson went off into an ecstatic simper of modest denials, and "No really nows—I never thought you took such notice of my nonsensical observations, Mr. Johnes."

But not so our Nora.

Now it is probable that Nora would not have objected to this name, or to any name which the father found so endearing and proper reasons for conferring on his child, but for one or two of her own. Women's reasons some, no doubt—among which must be reckoned a hearty secret dislike of Mrs. Dawson personally, and of her influence over her husband, however strictly moral and intellectual. Nora could not bear to hold the second place in his regard, on any point. But she had also this substantial reason, that the child was already privately christened by another name.

She had long wished for an opportunity to reveal this secret. And now her quick Irish blood was melted by her husband's want of consideration for her opinion on the subject, and with Mrs. Dawson's evident triumph. That intellectual woman herself certainly enjoyed and labored to increase her influence over the weak-minded poet by constant flatteries, and perhaps rather liked piquing Nora on the subject. The old feud between Minerva and Venus is by no means over in our days!

Accordingly, the provoked wife burst out:

"Indeed, Mr. Johnes, you will not be able to call your child by any more such fantastic names! I was tired and afraid besides to have him in such a way, so delicate as he is!—so I had him christened by Father Maloney, at the chapel I attend, and by my grandfather's name! The boy's name is Loftus Lacy, Mr. Johnes—and that's all about it!"

And she took the child in her arms, glancing round the astonished company with the air of a young tigress caressing her cub, which she suspects there is an intention to take away from her.

"Loftus Lacy! That's an aristocratic name with a vengeance, isn't it, Johnes?" said Bitters, with his snaky gleam in the eye.

"I don't care what it is! But, by Heaven, Mrs. Johnes, have you really dared—"

"What was the harm, Noah?" said Nora, a good deal alarmed at the menaces and excited look of her spouse.

"Dear me, Mrs. Johnes! I would not have done such a thing without Mr. Dawson's consent on any account!" said that gentleman's Xantippe.

"Father Maloney!—Poor worm, poor worm,

poor worm! What will become of him?" groaned Mrs. Blewjabber, in the deepest distress.

"But hear my words!" said Noah, rising with theatrical majesty. "Hear me, Mrs. Johnes!—hear me, the whole company! I nullify and make void all you have done, and I declare solemnly before Heaven, I will never call the child anything but Star—Star Johnes! or suffer him to be called anything else while I breathe the breath of life! So help me!"

"Don't swear, Johnes!" interrupted the sardonic Bitters. "We are not to require oaths to keep our words, you know, in our model republic!"

"Well, don't be so angry, Noah, dear!" said Mrs. Johnes, terrified by this violence. "I meant it all for the best! It is so genteel a name, and may get him into property some day!—Indeed, it may!"

"Property!—what property is comparable with the inheritance of mind and poesy I had purposed for him? But I see how it is, Honora," pursued the bard, involuntarily mollified by the gushing of the tears in his wife's bright eyes; "it is your old madman of a father has put you up to this extraordinary disobedience, or rather complete flying in my face—of giving my boy a name without my knowledge or consent! An Irish and aristocratic name too! The things I most detest in nature! But if ever his shadow darkens my door again!"

Unluckily, at this precise moment, everybody's attention was called by the sound of a violin in the street, which came so pat upon the occasion that all were convinced it must be old Cremorne himself at work. And Nora knew her father's touch, after a moment's attention, playing in the open place below, as a common street musician. And he was playing "The last rose of summer" with such exquisite tender mournfulness, that she knew it was meant as a reproach to her for not inviting him to the festival.

But what could she do? Her angry husband would, most certainly, only have insulted, and, perhaps, have attempted some personal maltreatment of the old man, if she had asked him in at this juncture. She made no movement, therefore, to that effect. But during a considerable portion of the subsequent evening she had the sorrow to hear the old violin resuming its wailing melodies outside in vain! Until at last, Cremorne, perceiving that his plaintive *russ* was without effect, retired more broken-hearted than his wont to his comfortable lodgings in Bow Court.

To be continued.

"Sandy," the Dog of the Sappers and Miners.

THIS Dog, who has obtained such notoriety from his adventures in the Crimea, and been decorated with a medal, is the property of Lieutenant George R. Lempriere, R.E., the Adjutant of the corps, who bred him—the sire being a thorough-bred Scotch terrier, the mother a thorough-bred English bulldog. Sandy is now seven years old, and has travelled almost everywhere with his master. In 1850 he went to Gibraltar, whence he took constant trips into Spain. He then came home again; and, after going to several English stations where Lieutenant Lempriere was quartered, embarked with him and the men, at the commencement of the war, for the East, and was constantly with them at Malta, Gallipoli, Constantinople and Varna—at the latter place being found useful in foraging expeditions, and a great guard to his master's tent against the natives, whose honesty is not proverbial. From Varna Sandy went to Sinope, Trebizond, Redout, Kalch, Charakee, and many other ports along that coast where the Adjutant was

stationed with the Turkish army from time to time. From his being a most excellent water-dog he made (which is quite an uncommon thing) great friends with the Turks and Bashi-bazouks; he also greatly distinguished himself on two or three occasions when, in going off to different vessels, the boat was swamped and capsized, by rushing into the most fearful seas and rescuing coats, oars, &c. Thence he went to the Crimea; was present at the battle of Inkerman; received a bayonet-wound, which caused him to go on three legs for some time; from the effects of this wound, although now nearly recovered, he is unable to take long-continued or violent exercise; and, as will be seen from his portrait, it slightly affects the gracefulness of his seat in repose. His master being compelled from ill health to leave the army, Sandy was taken care of by some of the officers, and returned home some months after on "urgent private affairs," to the great delight of his master, who never expected to see him again. At one place in particular, where the corps were short of supplies, poor Sandy had a narrow escape; serious thoughts were entertained of devouring him—a fate from which he was only preserved by the arrival of supplies—although nearly starved himself.

Sandy always marches out at the head of the men, to whom he has become so attached that he will not follow those of any other regiment. He is well up to all the bugle-calls, especially those for dinner, breakfast, and supper, at which hours he generally makes off to one of the barrack-rooms.

A FRAGMENT.—Alone, on the rocks which rose abruptly from the vast ocean, sat the exile of St. Helena. Stern was his look, as in days gone by, but mingled more often with sadness. Perhaps memory, with her magic wand, was tracing on the sea-weed and mosses each scene of his eventful life. Now were the battle-fields of Marengo, Arcoli, and Lodi pictured before him, when, with youthful ardor, he led the chosen legions of France over the plains of Italy, and made the knee of the Pope to bend in submission before him. Now was he tramping over the burning sands of Egypt, and causing the wild Arab to tremble before the onset of his invincible soldiers. Now Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, Eylau, and Echemuhl, flashed before him, with their blood-stained, but well-

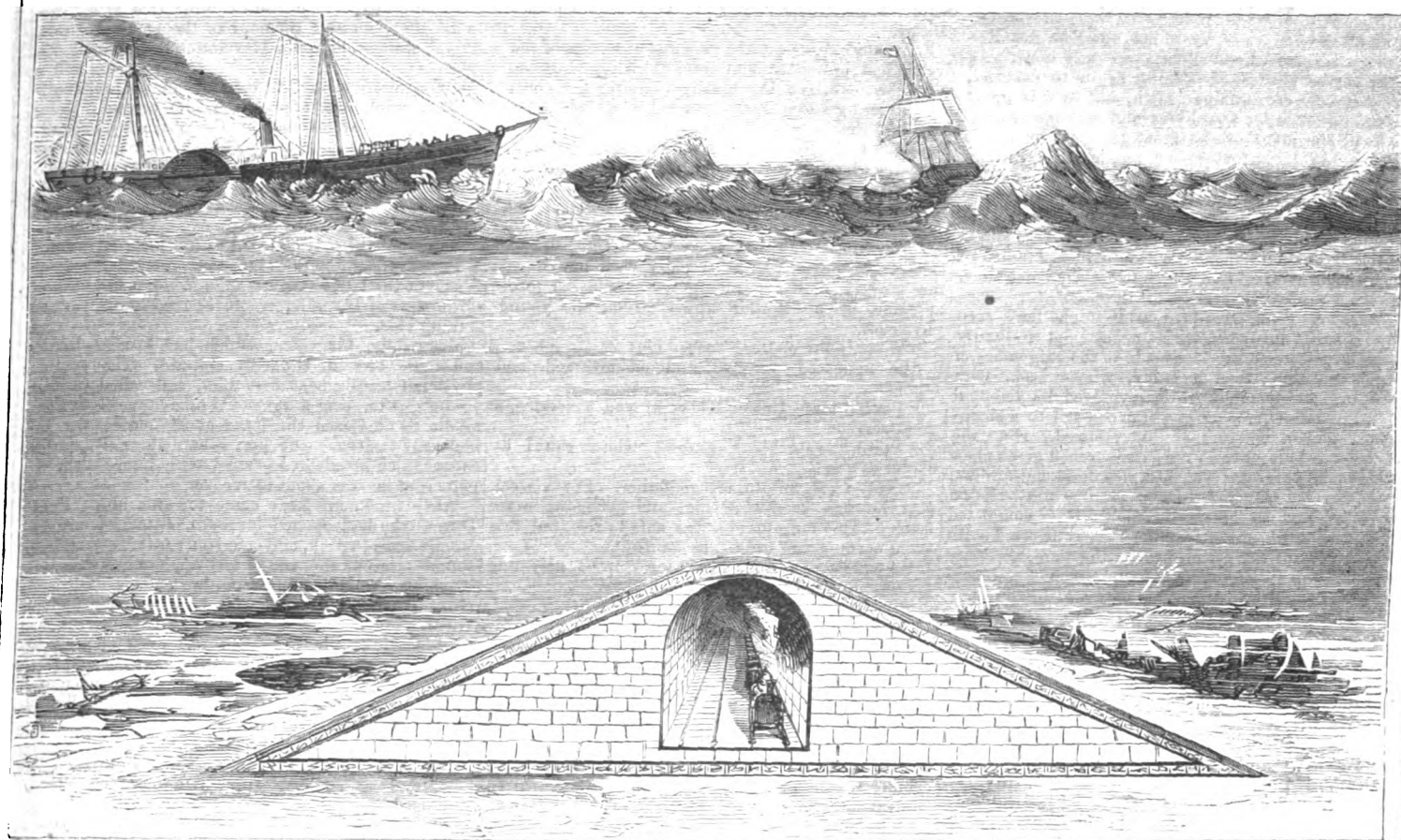
earned, fields. Now he heard the shouts and applause of France ringing in his ears the words, "Vive l'Empereur." Now was he leading his hosts amid the frozen regions of Russia, still a conqueror: now retreating before the iron obstinacy of the Cossack, and the severity of a polar winter. Now the last great struggle—the death-doom of his hope and ambition—the cloud that hid the star so long in the zenith—fatal Waterloo—chilled his heart. Thus, with memory and solitude, passed the days of the exile: his proud spirit could find no companionship with the inhabitants of the isle; books gave but little delight, and amusements none. And now the last great change which comes to all, arrived. Closing was the day, and the dews of death were fast gathering on his brow. Not in the sweet sleep that knows no waking passed away the spirit of the great man; but amid the din and noise of battle it fled. He seemed to hear, in the storm which rocked his dwelling, the cannon's roar—and saw, in the lightning which flashed so brightly, the battle's fire. His first thought in life, his last thought in death, was the field he should win!

THE CONTAMINATION OF IRON.—It would seem as if the stable was not the only temple of dishonesty. At one time rogues and horses apparently ran together. No sooner did a man have anything to do with a horse, than from that moment he was either making for the Old Bailey, or else starting boldly on the road to ruin. But lately it would appear as if the four-footed monopoly of robbery had become forfeited in favor of railways. Is there anything immoral in the touch of iron? Is there a rust in the metal that a person's character acquires the moment he comes in contact with it? And yet we could enumerate the reputations of certain railway kings and other potentates that have become exceedingly rusty from the habit of fingering too freely railway iron! We suppose the contamination only follows in the proper order of things, for as railways have superseded horses, it was but natural that the rogues of the one should in time supplant the rogues that formerly was so closely connected with the other. And as a steam-engine goes much faster than a racer, it was only to be expected that railways, in the race of dishonesty, would certainly run considerably ahead of horses.

His who wants ought not to be called rich; nor he who wants not poor.



"SANDY," FROM THE CRIMEA, THE DOG OF THE SAPPERS AND MINERS.



THE PROPOSED SUBMARINE TUNNEL.

Proposed Sub-Marine Railway.

MR. DE LA HAYE—who we understand to have first proposed the idea of uniting France and England by means of a sub-aqueous roadway—has submitted to us his plan, which, on examination, seems by no means fraught with those difficulties with which at first sight it would appear to be. "A very little reflection," says he, "will suffice to show that however gigantic such a work may be, it can far more easily be accomplished than the constructing of breakwaters in exposed situations. In the latter, the whole work has to be done in spite of the violence of the waves; while in the case of the submarine tunnel, the work can be all but completed on land; for instead of *boring*, as of old, it can be built; and when placed *in situ*, is infinitely safer, as a means of traveling, than is the best ship, exposed to all the chances of the wind and the sea."

The channel which separates the two countries being little more than one hundred thousand feet wide, instead of tunnelling the bed of the sea, it is proposed to tunnel the sea itself, by means of an iron tube, constructed in one hundred divisions. Each of these divisions is to be one thousand feet in length; and as they all, according to Mr. De la Haye's calculation, could be constructed within the period of five years, his idea might readily be realized, and the two greatest capitals of Western Europe brought within six hours of each other.

The mode in which this great work is to be accomplished is, by the construction of an outer tube or shell, composed of sheet iron, one inch thick, one hundred feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. This is to be slightly arched in the centre, so as to form a gradient towards the edge of the tunnel floor. Each division is to be lowered on the bed of the water, and an inner tunnel of the ordinary form constructed in the centre of the outer tube, and the space within the two built up with stone-work. The safety of the inner tunnel would thus be independent of the outer tube, which would be required chiefly to exclude the water while constructing the tunnel. Every available means, however, is to be used for protecting the outer tube, by coating it in the same way as iron ships are done, and covering it with tarred canvass and oak planks, the joints of which are to be caulked as they are done in vessels constructed with timber. The form of the outer tube is to be such as would allow the waves easily to flow over it, particularly near the shores, where a greater breadth would be required than in deeper water.

"The importance, however," says Mr. De la Haye, "of a great breadth of beam cannot be denied, as it would allow a larger space for stonework,

which would add greatly to the stability of the structure, and render it almost as enduring as the bed of the channel itself of which it would, as it were, become an almost inseparable portion."

The cost of this structure is estimated not to exceed ten millions sterling, exclusive of approaches and stations, which it is suggested would have to be built on a scale of magnificence in accordance with the submarine railway, of which each would be the terminus. Each station, in fact, might be viewed in the light of the portal which opens to the kingdom to which it belongs. The idea is great, and its realization may yet be achieved.

STORY OF A HIGHWAYMAN.—Not many years ago, an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demands made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was eminently unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to extremity, and took the highway convenient, where he was likely to find a heavy purse. A jolly old farmer came jogging along, and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting his pistol, he demanded him "to stand and deliver." The poor fellow forked over fifty sovereigns, but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged one to take him home, a distance of some miles. The request was complied with, accompanied by the most patronising air. Old Acres was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it. "Is it to sell the pistol? Sowl, and it's that same thing I'll be afther doing. What will ye be afther giving for it?"—"I'll give you this sovereign for it."—"Done! and done's enough between two gentlemen. Down with the dust, and here's the tool for you."—The bargain was made by immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the weapon, he ordered Pat to shell out, and threatened to blow his brains out if he refused. Pat looked at him with a comical leer, and buttoning his breeches pockets, sung out—"Blow away, ould boy! divil take the bit o' powder's in it." We believe the old fellow told the last part of the story but once, and that was by the purest accident.

WHAT IS COAL?—A somewhat curious trial has lately taken place at Edinburgh before the Jury court. The proprietors of an estate rich in mineral productions had permitted certain tenants to work it, on the condition of paying a specified amount as lordship on the ironstone, coal, and lime so wrought. The tenants, instead of working the forementioned minerals, turned their attention to a bituminous

shale abounding in gas, by the sale of which to the gas-makers they obtained large profits, a very small portion of which came to the proprietors in the name of lordship or seignorage. The proprietors have brought an action against the tenants, as having no right to meddle with the bituminous shale, as not being a coal. The damages were laid at \$50,000. The most eminent chemists, geologists, and mineralogists of England and Scotland have given evidence on the subject, and great names are found on both sides of the question, whether this shale is a coal or not. As in the case of Mr. Hales's rocket mixture, of which it was disputed whether it could be called gunpowder or not, the present trial has been decided according to the meaning attached to the word "coal" in any mercantile transaction. The judge put aside the conflicting testimony of the *savans*, and left the decision to the common sense of the jury, who gave a verdict in favor of the leaseholders.

SOCIETY FOR THE EXPLORATION OF NINEVEH.—We are glad to learn that it is in contemplation to form an association for the purpose of carrying on with energy and spirit the excavations which have been so nobly begun. Mr. Layard is of opinion that he has, so to speak, only scratched the surface of the Assyrian mounds, and that the most ancient people have not yet been reached. The Government not being disposed to afford more money, and the Museum not having funds for the purpose, it is evident that if we are to secure these valuable historical memorials, it must be the work of private enterprise. The project of a society for the purpose has met with the sanction and support of Prince Albert. Subscriptions to a large amount have already been contributed. We are glad to see that in the prospectus issued by the Assyrian Society, the object of the exploration is urged as having "especial reference to biblical illustration."

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The Mediterranean Electric Telegraph Company, destined to unite England with Africa, the East Indies and Australia, by way of France, Corsica, Sardinia, and Algeria, is at length constituted, with a capital of £300,000, divided into 30,000 shares.

STATISTICAL CONGRESS.—A general statistical congress is about to be held at Brussels, at which many of the most eminent statisticians of Europe, and deputations from the learned societies, are expected to be present.

It is announced by the *Paris Presse* that measures have been taken to expel from the Bourse women who, to evade the rule against the admission of females, have lately been in the habit of going there in men's attire.

The Physician's Secret.

Like all the streets of Versailles, the Rue des Reservoirs is deserted and silent at an early hour. As soon as the shades of evening begin to descend, doors are closed, curtains drawn, and in this broad street, designed for the drives and hunting expeditions of the court of the great king, one perceives only a few tardy foot-passengers, hastily returning to their lodgings.

One of the latter had just reached a low cottage situated almost at the extremity of the street. He opened it himself by means of a little key, and a feeble light soon appeared within, which, kindled in the basement, traversed the interior for some time, as if for the last inspection for the night.

Whoever could have followed it might have seen first a parlor furnished with that attempt at luxury which indicates a sacrifice made to the exigencies of one's position; then a study, whose desk, with shining and spotless surface, proved its habitual utility; finally, a narrow stairway led to a sleeping-chamber, where the light stopped. Here the economical elegance of the basement had given place to visible poverty. The bed, low and curtainless, was covered with faded cotton; a few straw chairs, a table, and an old-fashioned secretary completed the furniture, whose insufficiency, contrasted with the luxury of the parlor, proved the hard necessity imposed on all beginners in a profession of retrenching on comforts what they expend on superfluities.

Such was, in fact, the position of Auguste Fournier, then lodger in the cottage of the Rue des Reservoirs. Admitted to the practice of medicine after studies which had absorbed the principal part of the inheritance left him by his father, he had employed the rest in establishing himself comfortably enough not to repel confidence. Condemned to an apparent ease, which masked cruel privations, he was awaiting success under the guise of prosperity.

But during the year in which he had inhabited Versailles, with his eyes fixed like those of sister Anne on the horizon, he had seen, like her, but the dust of the present and the green hopes of the future. His resources were being exhausted without bringing him the patients always dreamed of and always invisible.

Meanwhile, the necessity of success became each month more pressing. The young physician, goaded by anxiety, had sought around him patronage, and had found only praise. People talked of his education, his zeal, his scrupulous delicacy; but they stopped there: to render him justice exempted them from rendering him service. As a last resort, he had solicited, with much perseverance and effort, the employment of physician to a hospital founded in the neighborhood by the legacy of a benevolent man; unfortunately, those who might have supported his claims did not care to use their influence; some promises had been made him, some hopes held out: then each returned to his own affairs, and the young physician had just learned that a fellow-student of less merit, but with more efficient friends, had succeeded in obtaining the situation.

This last disappointment redoubled the sadness which had for some time past overshadowed his mind. After having cast a discouraged glance over the barrenness of his sleeping-room, and busied himself with those domestic arrangements habitually required to students, he approached one of the windows, and leaned his forehead pensively against the moist pane.

In this direction lay a common court, upon which opened the cottage of the young doctor, and an old ruined mansion inhabited by a retired door-keeper named M. Duret. The latter, known throughout the neighborhood for his avarice, was the proprietor of the two houses, as well as a deserted garden, separated from the court by a worm-eaten, wooden fence. A poor girl, whose godfather he was, and whom he had adopted when a child, kept his house. He thus secured for himself, under the appearance of benevolent protection, a sort of domestic without wages, who gratefully shared his voluntary poverty.

Rose had neither become stupid nor hardened in this rude condition; far from this, her soul, repulsed by the real which wounded it, had, so to speak, taken flight towards the lofty regions of the ideal. Always alone, she had peopled the solitude by reflection; ignorant, and with no means of learning, she had resigned herself to repeated perusals of the few books which chance had placed in her hands, and from which she had extracted the honey and the perfume.

Meanwhile, since the arrival of Auguste Fournier, the circle of her reading had been somewhat enlarged. The young man had lent her some classics which had strayed into his medical library, and these loans had become the occasions of neighborly inter-

course, restricted, however, to very brief conversations.

For many years past, the personal anxieties of the doctor had prevented him from thinking of Rose, when he perceived her hastily crossing the court and directing her steps towards his cottage. On reaching the little back gate, she raised her head, recognised M. Fournier at his window, made a sign to him, and pronounced some words which he did not hear.

The young physician hastened to descend and open the door to her.

Rose, whose wan and weary look seemed to contradict her name, was even paler than usual, and the poverty of her garments was rendered more apparent by a disorder which struck the young physician.

"What is the matter?" asked he.

She appeared agitated and embarrassed, and replied—

"Pardon me. I come to ask of you a service, a great service."

"Speak," said M. Fournier; "how can I be useful to you?"

"Not to me, but to my godfather. For a week past he has been suffering, and becoming more feeble. This morning he was able to rise, but this evening, on going to bed, he fainted."

"I will come and see him," interrupted the young doctor, stepping forward.

Rose detained him by a gesture.

"Excuse me," said she, stammering, "but my godfather has always refused to call a physician."

"I will present myself as a neighbor."

"And under what pretext? You might, for example, ask the price of the stable and the little carriage-house; both will become necessary when you keep a cabriolet."

A sentiment of bitterness crossed the heart of the young man. Formerly, in the early days of his illusions, he had, indeed, cherished this hope.

"So be it," said he, in a brief tone. And, closing the door of the cottage, he followed the young girl to the ruin inhabited by Père Duret.

His conductress begged him to wait a few moments at the door, and to enter only after her, that her godfather might suspect nothing.

He therefore paused on the threshold, heard the sick man ask Rose if the garden gate was fastened, if she had extinguished the fire, if the bucket was taken from the well; to which queries the young girl replied in a manner to quiet his miserly anxiety. Meanwhile his dry and husky voice had struck the physician. He decided to enter noisily, like a visitor who wishes to announce himself; but he was suddenly arrested by the darkness.

The only room which formed the lodgings of the old door-keeper, and in which he was then in bed, had no other light than that of a street-lamp, whose distant gleam transformed the night of the ruin into visible darkness, to which the eye needed to become accustomed. That of the sick man immediately recognised his young tenant. He raised himself on his elbow.

"The doctor!" exclaimed he, with effort; "I hope he does not come here for me! I did not send for him; I am very well!"

"I come not as a physician, but as a tenant," replied M. Fournier, groping towards the bed.

"A tenant!" repeated the old door-keeper; "your term has then expired? I did not know it. Then you bring money? Light a candle, Rose, quick!"

"Pardon me," said the young doctor, who had at last reached the bedside of Père Duret; "my term has scarcely commenced, and I only come to know whether you can, if I need it, find a place for a horse and carriage."

"Ah! you wish to inquire respecting the stables," resumed the old man; "it is well. Sit down, neighbor! we have no need of a candle, Rose; the lantern is sufficient; we can converse better without a light. Only give me my tea."

The young girl brought him a large cup, the contents of which he swallowed with all the breathless eagerness of fever.

The physician asked what he was drinking.

"My usual remedy, doctor," replied the invalid; "a tea made of sorrel. It is more healthy than all your drugs, and costs only the trouble of gathering the herb."

"And you drink it cold?"

"That I may not have to keep a fire; fire is oppressive to me; then, wood is so dear. When one has to make both ends meet, one must know how to economise. I will not do like that rascal Martois, by whom I lost so much."

Martois was a debtor of the old door-keeper, who had once failed. Père Duret had been entirely reimbursed; but he did not the less repeat thence-

forth that Martois had ruined him; this was for him an inexhaustible theme, like the small-pox to ugly old women, and the Revolution to moneyless nobles.

M. Fournier appeared to coincide in the opinion of the invalid, and approached him nearer. His eyes becoming accustomed to the obscurity, began to distinguish the countenance of the old man, which wore the hue of fever. As he continued to speak to him, he took one of his burning hands, listened to his irregular respiration, and acquired the conviction that his condition was more dangerous than he had at first supposed. He wished to draw the attention of Père Duret to it, in order to suggest some remedies; but the latter was engaged in the detail of the advantages of his stables, and seemed interested in nothing else.

Meanwhile, his voice, which had become more and more broken, suddenly stopped. The young physician hastily bent over him, and called to the young girl to bring a light. While she hastened to kindle it, he raised the head of the old man, who had only fainted, made him inhale the perfume of salts, which he always carried with him, and soon perceived he was about to recover his senses.

At this moment Rose came towards him. Père Duret, who had opened his eyes, stretched out his hand, tried to speak, and could only utter inarticulate sounds; but as the young girl approached with the hope of comprehending him, he made a desperate effort, raised his head, and blew out the candle which she held.

Meanwhile, the physician had seen enough to satisfy him that prompt assistance was indispensable. He took leave of the old door-keeper, recommending repose, and promising to call again. Rose followed him to the door.

"Well?" asked she, anxiously.

"His symptoms are serious," said Fournier; "I will write a prescription, which must be strictly followed."

"Does he need medicine?" observed the young girl, uneasily.

"A little; it will be sufficient to present my note; the apothecary will give it to you."

Rose seemed embarrassed; the young man divined the cause.

"Do not be uneasy about the price," continued he; "all will be furnished in my name, and I will settle the matter afterwards with Père Duret."

"Thank you, sir," said the young girl, her eyes beaming with gratitude; "but my godfather will understand that this medicine must one day be paid for, and I fear he will refuse it. If the doctor will allow me to say that it has been furnished by him gratuitously, I will find a way to pay for it by my own earnings."

"Be it so," said Fournier, who suffered from the blushes and embarrassments of the poor girl; "do whatever you think best; I will assist you."

To render this account more probable to Père Duret, he sent the young girl back to his bedside, while he went himself for the medicine.

In order to persuade the old door-keeper to take it, he was obliged to repeat several times that it was a pure neighborly gift. Persuaded at last that his cure would cost him nothing, he took with docility whatever the physician ordered.

But the disease had already made such progress that the efforts of science were useless. Between alternate fever and faintness, the old man declined daily, and Fournier soon saw that he must give up all hope. Consequently, he renounced the application of ineffectual remedies, and allowed Père Duret to follow his own inclinations. The latter profited by this liberty to express a thousand desires, and form a thousand projects; but, at the moment of execution, avarice always came to extinguish the desire and prevent the realisation of the plan. Vaguely feeling the sources of life drying up within him, he exaggerated the necessity of foresight, indulging in the illusion of a long future life.

A fortnight passed away thus. Rose continued to manifest the same patience and self-denial. Subjected for ten years to this yoke of voluntary poverty, she accepted it without a murmur; she pitied her godfather instead of accusing him, and had never desired wealth but that he might enjoy it. At each visit the young physician discovered some new treasure in this soul, which asked of others only the happiness of devoting itself to them.

The increasing interest which he felt in the young girl extended itself to the old door-keeper, the only friend remaining to her on earth. But what was to become of her after his death? She had nothing to expect from the fortune of her godfather; for the latter had a cousin, Stephen Tricot, a rich farmer living in the neighborhood, with whom he had always been on the best of terms. Tricot, who,

from time to time, paid a visit to Père Duret, in order to measure the distance which separated him from his inheritance, arrived with his wife exactly at the most dangerous crisis of the disease. He was one of those sharp-witted peasants who are coarse in order to seem frank, and talk loudly to impress others with the truth of what they say.

At sight of his dying cousin, he commenced lamentations, which the latter cut short by declaring that this was nothing, and that in a few days he should be well. Tricot looked at him with uneasy hesitation.

"Indeed!" said he; "I am glad to hear it. You feel better, then?"

"Much, much!" stammered Père Duret.

"You have had a physician, perhaps?"

"He comes every day."

"And what does he say?"

"That I am doing well."

"Ah! is it so?" resumed Tricot, disconcerted; "in fact, you have a strong constitution, cousin, and it is only a cold you have taken."

"Yes," replied Duret, "I have lost my strength, but I shall soon regain it."

"And we have brought you something for that," interrupted Perrine Tricot, drawing from her basket a goose and three full bottles. "Here is a fowl, fattened especially for you, cousin, with a specimen of our home-made wine; taste of it, it will strengthen your stomach."

Duret cast a glance on the bottles and on the goose. Allured by the idea of a repast which would cost him nothing, he summoned Rose, showed her the provisions, and declared that he would sup with the farmer and Perrine. The young girl, accustomed to passive submission, and strong in the entire liberty permitted by M. Fournier, obeyed her godfather without making any objections.

Very soon the perfume of the roast goose filled the room of the invalid, whose stomach, weakened by long privations, craved the nourishing food. He grew animated with the hope of a feast without expense, had the table set at his bedside, and found in his appetite, so long unsatisfied, sufficient remains of hunger and thirst for this unexpected good cheer. Tricot filled his glass, which he emptied with a trembling hand, that it might be filled anew. Wine and food, far from increasing his illness, seemed at first to revive his exhausted strength; he raised himself more firmly. A half intoxication seemed to impart lustre to his eyes; he began to talk loudly of his plans, to press the hands of his cousin and cousin's wife, repeating that they were his true relatives, and giving them counsels what to do with his poor heritage. Tricot and his wife wept with tenderness. At last, when they had left the old door-keeper for some indispensable errands in the city, it was with the promise of coming to take leave of him before they went home.

Fournier arrived at the moment they went out. He saw the old man follow them with a sly look beyond the threshold, finish his glass, then smile sarcastically.

"Well, neighbor, it seems you are better?" said the astonished physician.

"Better!" stammered Duret, half drunk; "yes, yes, much better, thanks to their dinner. Ah! ah! they are paying court to my property with geese and new wine! I accept all. It is polite to accept."

"So you think their generosity interested, do you?"

"An investment of funds, neighbor. They think me their dupe, because I drink the wine and eat of the goose, fattened especially for me, as the woman said. Ah! ah! we shall see who will laugh last."

"Do you plan to disappoint their expectations?"

"Why not? The little that belongs to me I suppose I may dispose of as I please; and in case I should wish to favor a poor girl!"

"Mademoiselle Rose!" interrupted the young man, hastily. "Ah! if you do that, Père Duret, all good people will approve."

The old door-keeper shrugged his shoulders.

"Bah! what care I whether they approve or not? What amuses one is to have deceived that clown and his wife."

At this idea, Duret burst into a laugh; but this convulsive laugh was soon followed by sudden suffocation, which made him fall backward. Fournier hastened to give him all the aid required by such an accident. He recovered, began to speak, and fell back in a new spasm, more violent than the former. The excitement to which he had just been exposed had hastened the crisis of his disorder. The young physician saw with alarm that these spasms must terminate in death. Duret himself began to think them dangerous.

"Ah! Monsieur Fournier, I am ill, very ill," said

he, in a faint voice. "Is there any danger? Before I die, I have a secret to tell."

"Tell it now," replied the young man.

"It is then time," resumed Duret. "There is no more hope, none! I must then renounce all I have amassed with so much labor; leave all to others—all—all!"

The miser wrung his hands desparingly.

Fournier attempted to calm him by speaking of Rose, who was at that moment absent.

"Yes, I wish to see her," murmured Duret; "poor girl! They would take everything from her; but I have provided for her; she has but to search—"

He stopped.

"Where?" asked Fournier, leaning over the bed.

"Ah! there may yet be hope," sighed Duret.

"Say, is it not weakness?"

"Where must your goddaughter search?" repeated the young man, seeing that the eyes of the dying man were becoming glassy.

"Open the window," murmured the door-keeper; "I wish to see the light. Go to the garden—below there—behind the well—the great stone."

The voice became extinct. The young physician saw the lips move still, as if they essayed words which were inaudible; a convulsive tremor agitated the face, then all was still. Père Duret was dead.

Rose soon after returned. Her grief, on learning the death of her godfather, was silent, but sincere. He was the only protector she had ever known.

Cousin Tricot and his wife found her kneeling beside the dead man, her face resting on one of his hands, which she was bathing with her tears. They had just learned that the door-keeper was dead, and had come to secure the inheritance. They began by taking possession of the house and seizing the keys; then Tricot left his wife to take care, and hastened to fulfil the formalities necessary for the funeral. Rose vainly expected from the peasants a word of sympathy or encouragement; they left her desolate beside the corpse, until it was taken away for burial.

The young girl had the courage to follow the procession to the cemetery; but, when she returned, her strength and energies were exhausted. Tricot and his wife had commenced the inventory of the property: chests were opened: the furniture was in disorder. Rose felt her heart swell, and seated herself on the stone bench near the door. With her hands clasped, and her head cast down, she suffered her tears to flow in silence. At the sound of her name, she raised her eyes and recognised M. Fournier. The latter had perceived her return, and, touched at her desolation, came to console her. Rose could at first reply only by her tears. The young man gently asked her why she remained thus without, and encouraged her to brave the sorrowful impression she must receive on entering.

"Affliction is like a bitter draught," said he; "it is better to drink it at once; pauses and delays multiply the grief by dividing it."

"Pardon me, sir," said Rose, "it is not to spare my sorrow that I remain here; but if I enter, I shall be a restraint upon my relations."

"They have then come?" asked the young man.

"With M. Leblanc."

"The old notary condemned for dishonesty."

"Take care; he may hear you."

Fournier cast a glance within, and saw cousin Tricot and his wife occupied in emptying the chests.

"They will take all!" he exclaimed.

"They have a right to do so," replied Rose, gently.

"That remains to be proved," resumed Fournier, crossing the threshold.

The ex-notary, who was looking over the papers of a large pocket-book found in the chest of the deceased, turned.

"Stop, sir," exclaimed the young man; "you have no right to examine those papers."

"Why not?" asked M. Leblanc.

"Because they concern the heirs."

"Well! are we not the heirs?" exclaimed Tricot.

"How do you know that you are?" replied Fournier; "Père Duret may have left a will."

"A will!" repeated the peasant and his wife, looking at each other in alarm.

"Perhaps this gentleman is the depository of it?" asked Leblanc, in a polite tone.

"I did not say that," replied the physician; "but the deceased has positively declared his intentions."

"And the gentleman is doubtless his legatee?" said Leblanc, with the same ironical politeness.

The physician blushed.

"It is not myself that is in question, sir," replied he, impatiently; "but the goddaughter of Père Duret."

"Ah! it is for Rose?" interrupted Perrine Tricot,

in a harsh voice; "the gentleman is then her relative, since he is so much interested for her."

"I am her friend, madam?"

The two Tricots interrupted him with a coarse laugh.

"Then the gentleman has doubtless a power of attorney?"

"I have the fixed resolution to use every means in my power to cause her rights to be respected," said Fournier, avoiding a direct reply; "although a stranger to the study of the laws, I know, sir, that they ordain, in cases such as this, certain protecting formalities which cannot be dispensed with. Before entering into possession of the estate of a deceased person, it must be ascertained to whom it belongs."

"And if, in the mean time, we take it?" observed M. Leblanc, continuing to search among the papers.

"Then you may be called to an account for violation of the law."

"By means of a process, is it not? But a process is expensive, and your protégé will have, I fear, some difficulty in paying for it."

"That is to say, you take advantage of her poverty to encroach upon her rights!" exclaimed Fournier, indignantly.

"We only avail ourselves of it to preserve our own," replied M. Leblanc, tranquilly.

"Well, then, I will myself demand the execution of the law. The deceased has received from me attentions, remedies, assistance of every kind; as a creditor, I demand that the payment of this debt be guaranteed, and I claim for this purpose the apposition of seals."

Here the Tricots, who had already twenty times sought to interrupt him, uttered loud exclamations. M. Leblanc calmed them by a gesture.

"Be it so," said he, with a smile, turning towards the young man; "provided you can prove the lawfulness of your claim! Can you present his books for your visits, his receipts for your aid, written proofs of your administering remedies?"

"Sir," said Fournier, embarrassed, "a physician does not take such precautions with his patients; but you can ask Mademoiselle Rose."

"You are right," replied Leblanc, smiling; "you testify for her, she testifies for you; it is but a just reciprocity. Unfortunately, the tribunals are not influenced by these marks of sympathy or gratitude, and until the gentleman has regularly established his rights, he will allow us to exercise those of relationship."

"What has our cousin done with his money, for he had some? I saw it."

"And as they were alone in the house when our cousin died, it is just that they should be held accountable for that which is missing."

"Wretches!" exclaimed Fournier, beside himself at this infamous suspicion, and raising his hand to strike Tricot.

At this moment Rose entered, threw herself between them, and attempted to draw the physician away. The latter hesitated an instant; but at last, mastering his emotion, cast a scornful glance on his insulters, and followed the young girl from the house. It was only at the door of the cottage that both stopped. Rose clasped her hands, and, lifting towards Fournier her eyes, red with tears, said—

"Pardon me, sir, for what you have endured for my sake. A poor girl like myself can never repay you for the services you have rendered me; but be assured that I shall remember them as long as I live."

"And what is to become of you now, Rose?" asked the young man.

"I do not know yet, sir," replied she. "To-day I am so sad, I can think of nothing. I will give myself until to-morrow to acquire courage. A neighbor will give me a lodging for the night, and afterwards—God will take care of me."

Fournier took her hand in silence; she responded faintly to his clasp, bade him adieu in a low voice, and went out.

The heart of the young man was full with indignation. Returned to his room, he paced it with agitated steps. In vain he asked himself how he should assist this poor forsaken girl. If Père Duret had indeed left a will, undoubtedly M. Leblanc and the Tricots had suppressed it; but how was this suppression to be proved? On the other hand, the will might have escaped the researches of the interested parties; for the words of the dying man intimated that it was concealed. He spoke of having provided for Rose; he had directed search to be made. But there his revelations had stopped; death had prevented his saying more.

The young man, with a kind of feverish excitement, lost himself in suppositions. Evening had come, and, with his forehead resting against the window, he saw the cousins of the deceased and

their counsellor leave the house with the papers and valuable articles. He had cast his eyes, by accident, on the forsaken ruin, the deserted court, and the uncultivated garden, when they suddenly rested on an old ruined well at the extremity of the latter, and against a wall still ornamented with the remains of a cornice. This sight suddenly recalled to him the last words pronounced by Père Duret. "*In the garden—behind the well—the great stone.*" This was a ray of light for him! There was, perhaps, the secret of the dead man!

Animated with sudden confidence, he hastily descended, crossed the court, opened, after several attempts, the garden-gate, and reached the well. The half-decayed curbstone displayed here and there large fissures filled with broken plaster, which he first examined and attempted to sound; but he could discover nothing. The back of the well, beneath the fragment of the stone which had formerly supported the cornice, was the only spot entirely closed; the stone, solidly laid, had retained its original position. After having examined the orifice within and without, Fournier was ashamed of his credulity. How could he have adopted the romantic idea of a deposit concealed in an old wall, and take the last words murmured by a dying man as an indication of this? He shrugged his shoulders, cast towards the well another glance of disappointment, and returned to his cottage.

Nevertheless, in spite of himself, his mind retained an involuntary doubt. As he was about to quit the garden, he turned, and again perceived the well, the wall, the curbstone.

"That indeed is the spot designated by Père Duret," said he to himself; "but near the wall there is nothing; the curbstone is in its place."

Here he hastily paused.

"In fact," thought he, "there is but one stone which is solidly sealed."

This simple reflection made him retrace his steps. He examined anew, with more attention, the hewn stone, perceived that it had been recently consolidated by little pebbles, and that all the interstices had been filled with earth. He attempted to shake it by tearing away these supports, and at last succeeded in displacing it. A cavity then appeared in the masonry, from which he drew, with great effort, an iron-bound coffer.

After having disengaged it, as he was taking it in his hands, the coffer fell to the ground, and a sound of metal was heard, which betrayed its contents. Fournier, seized with a sort of dizziness, filled with earth and pebbles the crevice which had served as a place of concealment, restored the stone to its original position, and, collecting all his strength, carried the precious casket to his dwelling.

On reaching his room, he deposited it on the floor, and attempted to open it; but it was closed by a lock of which he had not the key. After several useless attempts, he sat down, with his eyes fixed on the coffer, and began to reflect.

What was to be done with the treasure fallen into his hands by chance? The idea of appropriating it to himself did not once enter his mind; but to whom should it be given? The law designated the Tricots; natural justice and his inclination pointed out Rose. Evidently this had been the provision made for her by her godfather, as he had himself declared in his dying moments. His last will, clearly expressed, had been to withhold his property from the avidity of the cousin, to endow with it his adopted daughter. If he had left a will, had it not been found by the relatives in their search? And if so, how was he to ascertain the fact, and recover it?

The night passed away in these deliberations, and morning had thrown no new light on the subject, when some one knocked timidly at the door. He opened it, and found himself in the presence of the young girl. The latter apologised, trembling, and with downcast eyes, for having disturbed him so early. Fournier invited her to enter and be seated.

"Excuse me, sir," said she, remaining standing near the door; "I come only to take leave of you."

"You are going, then?"

"To Paris, where I have had the promise of a service."

"You?"

"I have no alternative. Thus, at least, I shall not be a burden to any one, and may hope by industry to satisfy my employers. Only, I could not depart without thanking the good physician, and asking one favor of him."

"What favor?"

"The heirs of my godfather have refused what was your due! It is a source of great regret to me, at whose request you attended upon the sick man; and if I could ever repay you as I ought—"

"Ah! do not talk of that," hastily interrupted Fournier.

"No," said Rose, "for my will to do so is now powerless; but before I go, I hope the doctor will not refuse the only *souvenir* I can leave with him."

As she murmured these words with tenderness, mingled with bashfulness, the poor girl had drawn from the pocket of her apron a packet carefully enveloped in paper; she unrolled it with a trembling hand, and presented to the physician one of those little silver plates presented to infants on their baptismal day.

"It was the gift of my godmother," said she, gently; "I beg of you not to refuse it, sir; it is all I have ever had of my own."

There was in the voice, in the gesture, in the present itself, a simplicity so touching that the young man felt his eyes moisten. He seized the hands of Rose in his own.

"And what would you say," exclaimed he, "if I should make you at once richer than you had ever dreamed?"

"I?" replied the young girl, looking at him with astonishment.

"If I had here for you a treasure?"

"A treasure?"

"Look!"

He rapidly drew her into his room, showed her the coffer still on the floor, and related all that had taken place.

Rose, who at first had scarcely comprehended him, could not support such joy; she fell on her knees and burst into tears. Fournier in vain attempted to calm her; the transition had been too sudden: the young girl gazed at the casket, laughed and wept with joy. But, suddenly looking at the young man, she clasped her hands, and exclaimed, with an impulse which seemed to come from her very heart—

"Ah! you will then be at last as happy as you deserve!"

"I!" said Fournier, recoiling.

"You, you," repeated Rose, enthusiastically.

"Ah! think you I have not remarked your necessities? That I have not divined your anxieties? My poverty is less oppressive than yours, for I am accustomed to it. Take all, sir; all is yours, all is for you!"

And the poor girl, bathed in tears of love and joy, attempted to raise the coffer, in order to place it in the hands of the physician.

The latter, first astonished, then softened, would have stopped her with thanks.

"Ah! you cannot refuse," continued she, more earnestly. "Is it not to you that I am indebted for this fortune? I would have all the world know it, and especially those who have been so unjust to you."

Fournier exclaimed that it was useless; but Rose would not listen. She had just seen the new heirs arrive, and ran to summon them. The physician, alarmed, seized her arm.

"Would you then lose what a fortunate accident has placed in your possession?" exclaimed he.

"Lose it!" repeated the young girl, without comprehending him.

"Have you not divined that these people may claim the coffer, and that, although your godfather undoubtedly destined it for you, you have no legal title to its possession?"

Rose turned pale; but neither her looks nor voice betrayed any hesitation.

"Then this deposit is not mine," said she, "and all this happiness was but a dream. The laws must be obeyed."

As for Fournier, a kind of reaction had taken place in his soul; admiration had succeeded to tenderness. All the paradoxes invented by his mind the night before gave way before this simple conclusion, and his soul, won over at once to the claims of right, suddenly returned to its noble instincts. Without replying by a single word to the young girl, he went in search of the heirs, summoned a notary, and deposited the casket in his hands. A little key, which the Tricots had found suspended to the neck of the deceased, opened it, and a quantity of old silver, mingled with thousands of gold pieces, appeared. The peasant and his wife wept for joy. Rose and Fournier were calm. The notary first counted the specie, beneath which he found a pile of bank-notes. When all was counted, the sum amounted to nearly three hundred thousand francs.

Tricot, half bewildered, approached the table, took the empty coffer, and shook it; another paper, concealed between the wood and the lining, dropped out.

"Here is something more!" said the peasant, raising the paper and presenting it to the notary.

The latter opened it, cast his eyes over it, and made a movement of surprise.

"It is a will," said he.

"A will!" exclaimed all voices.

"By which M. Duret chooses as universal legatee Mademoiselle Rose Fleuriot, his goddaughter."

Exclamations of surprise, joy, and disappointment were uttered! Tricot would have seized the paper, but the notary held it fast. The disappointed couple left the house uttering threats and maledictions. M. Leblanc, whom they hastened to consult, had some difficulty in making them understand that their misfortune was remediless, and that all the lawsuits in the world could not put them in possession of the estate of Père Duret.

As to Fournier, he soon became the happy husband of Rose, who was not only a companion, but an adviser. A stranger to the customs of society which harden the soul, the young girl had retained the most delicate and gentle instincts of her sex, and continued to be to her husband a sort of invisible conscience placed at the door of his heart to drive from it weakness, error, and evil passions.

Choice of Papers for Rooms.

MANY elegant patterns are displayed on colored grounds: the effect may please in one room, which in another will be displeasing; yet the cause will be inexplicable: light, more or less, will account for the difference. Colored grounds, however pale, will always be too gloomy in rooms which have not much light. In the city, this is an essential matter for consideration; even in the country, the aspect and number of windows will produce a surprising difference in the general effect. Nor ought any erroneous idea to be entertained, that a paper with much white in it will quickly soil, and therefore must be more extravagant; for if white soils, colors fade. A room, then, scantily supplied with windows, ought never to be papered with a colored ground; for the same reason the doors and other wood-work should invariably be white. Apartments well supplied with light may rejoice in a less confined range of colors. Another failure in effect—little suspected in the choicest of colors even where light can be commanded in an unlimited extent—is the want of consideration of the hue that will best light up. Exquisite as is the pale blue in itself, it is heavy in a mass; and even where sparingly introduced, ay, even in small portions, among gilding and pure white (as in large concert-rooms), it dulls the whole. A blue dress by candle-light is unsatisfactory: and a room with blue-grounded paper and paint to correspond, will never light well at night; an apartment similarly decorated with buff or "flesh" color would require but six wax candles to produce a cheerful and sufficient illumination, if blue, would swallow up the light of eighteen candles, and then not produce an agreeable impression. Pale flesh, pink and buff, are very charming hues, but are ill for the complexion; few persons look in health with much of these colors about them; and blue is trying; white, with a hint of blush, or tint of stone, is good. The most perfect—or rather the nearest approach to perfection—is a paper with a pure white ground, and running pattern of shaded slates, and white paint, "picked in" with slate to correspond. Rooms hung with or painted scarlet are rich, but very dismal, and invariably look less than if adorned with a light tint. They require also to be illuminated more, and much earlier in the evening, than those with pale colors. Towards dusk, scarlet appears black; let any person doubting this try the fact, by wearing a scarlet cloak or shawl, and look at it as the shades of twilight advance. Yellow, and buff, and pink, can be scarcely better discriminated by candle-light than can blue and green.

BEAUTY AND THE KNOT—The Princess Lapuchin, one of the most beautiful women of the court of the Empress Elizabeth, was condemned to the knot, as participator in a conspiracy. Without knowing anything of the sentence, she was led to the place of punishment, when terror at the preparations made for her torture almost deprived her of her senses. A hangman tore her little cape from her bosom. In a second, she stood naked to the waist, exposed to the sight of a gaping mob, which thronged to the scene of blood. A second hangman seized her, and raising her on the back of his comrade placed her in the position most suitable for the punishment. He then seized the long knot, stepped back a few paces, measured the requisite space for the blow, and the knot, whizzing through the air, tore away a narrow strip of skin from the neck along the back. These blows he repeated, until the entire skin of the back hung down in rags. Immediately after, her tongue was plucked out, and she was sent to Siberia.

The Avenger.

"Ah! I have caught thee at last, thou fiend in human shape, and at one of thy old tricks; as I have long felt fully assured, although I never before had ocular proof on my own part, or by any eye-witness of thy pilferings to my damage. And having now got thee by the heels, I'll drag thee out from thy covert, soundly pull thy already long ears, and give thee a wholesome drubbing to the bargain with my good cane; for once taking the law into mine own hands."

It was thus that the strict and severe Lord Maberly addressed the elder son of one of his neighbors, old Hiram Stackhouse, both being extensive landed proprietors, and having their residences on the skirt of Epping Forest; as his lordship dragged the young scoundrel out of a dense hedge that surrounded a well stored orchard,—the fruit-stealing stripling having not only contrived to worm himself into a thicket of the *fencing* bushes where he made sure of being able all day long to remain concealed from detection, but where the fruit-tree branches, pendant with their autumnal riches, bent in abundance within an easy stealthy reach.

Jack had not counted on having ever been suspected by the lordling, numerous as the rascal's similar depredations were; neither did he suppose that a sagacious four-footed animal, in the shape of a mastiff, would be employed to scent him out. It was therefore as if he had been struck by a bullet that Maberly's salute smote on his ear, this being before the thief had got a sight at that turn of the speaker. But if the menacing words fell upon his hearing with astounding effect, the pulling and pinching to which the outward appendages of the auditory organs were subjected were far more formidable—the extreme usage bringing two copious streams of blood; while the purpose to which the walking-stick was put, the belaboring across the shoulders, did not cease until the castigator, for want of strength, could not well much longer wield his weapon. Maberly, after all, however, was somehow dissatisfied with the result; not merely because he had failed to force a tear in testimony of the lad's agony from him, but because when his lordship at the close of the scene said he believed he had given his young neighbor something to remember, the stern-hearted boy responded, with apparently a perfect self-command:

"Yes, and what you will never dread to think of while you breathe."

The two separated and took their different ways; the youngster, with characteristic obduracy, resolving never to make the slightest allusion to any one concerning the chastisement he had sustained, or of the vengeance which he stored in his bosom in return for the extremity of the pain inflicted; while his lordship kept casting in his mind that probably the undue stretch of his proceedings might redound with double fury at some future day upon himself. At any rate he divulged not to any one, even of his own family, the misgivings he had experienced, nor what he had done, keeping the whole affair within his own breast, a course which proved fortunate for Master Stackhouse, as we shall at length learn; an event taking place in a week or two from the period of the pulling, pinching, and shoulder drubbing scene which might have very considerably affected the character of the sturdy urchin, and even his personal liberty—disclosing too how fell and sure was his vengeance. At his age to be so vindictive and wicked, so merciless and cruel, indicated not only an unusually grim heart, but a studied villany that had much method in it.

This boy, old Hiram's elder son—who happened, however, to be only certain degrees, and in various particulars, more to be feared and disliked than his brother, Brandlin—was, as hinted, both by nature and training, more of the barbarian and savage than is often to be found even in a half-civilized state of a community. Inheriting his unpopular, hard-hearted, and miserly parent's avarice, the youth, motherless since his childhood, added thereto such a vindictive disposition, that he never allowed a pain which he endured, inflicted by another than himself, but as demanding something far worse than mere retaliation in kind and degree—punishment stern and memorable. Physically powerful as a bear, having the bull-dog temper within him; cunning as the serpent, and fierce when it fitted him as a prowling beast of the forest, he was most dangerous when he bit before he barked; there being not a bowel of compassion within the powerful and ponderous ruffian by the time he reached the maturity of his manhood. But we have for a little longer to keep to the period of his boyhood, and that which was coeval with the detected orchard-plundering incident; a passage in his history that will be found to

have proved remarkably illustrative of his temperament and practices.

We have already stated that Lord Maberly and Hiram Stackhouse were neighboring landed proprietors on the border of Epping Forest; it may now be added, that although little intercourse, and still less familiarity had existed between them, there was no known animosity to the other on either side—the paths of the two, their tastes and avocations being quite apart. It was, however, a condition of matters which suited well the disposition of old Hiram's sons, especially the senior, who for a course of time had successfully, by stealth, made himself acquainted not only with every corner of the Maberly estate but mansion also.

Maberly Manor was an old-fashioned house, even for the period to which our story belongs,—a straggling assemblage of erections, beset with gable ends and surrounded by numerous high stacks of chimneys. It was one of a class of mansions which have well nigh disappeared from the country; far more bulky than roomy,—covering a large space of ground, but having its main apartments as furnished and used in the time of the Lord Maberly mentioned, frequently very much apart, being connected by means of long and sometimes tortuous passages, unoccupied galleries, and tasteless corridors. In fact, the dates of the numerous piles and erections might be taken at any time between the reign of Henry VII and Charles I, the last addition having been made by the existing owner,—the merciless castigator of the orchard plunderer; the style of the building being strictly Elizabethan, and therefore more antiquated than his era. It was besides the most considerable and spacious of any of the several fabrics which entered into the cluster; the only other circumstance which requires to be noticed in this part of the narrative being the fact of his lordship, who prided himself, not only on studying the proprieties and discountenancing concessions to his inferiors in rank, but on keeping himself aloof from all familiarities, unless coming from a higher sphere, reserving his peculiar portion of the straggling residence to himself personally and individually, almost to the exclusion, excepting through special leave asked and given, of the members of his own family.

It may here be stated, that although the home of Hiram Stackhouse was a fabric of much smaller dimensions and greatly less pretension than that of his ennobled neighbor; and, although the residence of a family, the head of which held a place in society distinct from that of yeoman, yet scarcely aspiring to take his seat on the bench beside the magistrates and squirearchy of the same county; still the handsome estate that appertained to the Stackhouses had been in their possession for a much longer period than could with truth have been said of the Maberlys having been known or heard of; nay, what is more, while the representatives of the titled race for several generations had been improvident, the other family had proved themselves hoarders. It is not easy, however, to say which were the better or more amiable members of society; the Stackhouses being misers and grinders of the poor, while the others were profligates and evil examples.

The time had come, thought Jack Stackhouse, on his receiving the extremely severe castigation which the neighboring nobleman inflicted on him, for his retaliating on his lordship; the young scoundrel having entertained and hugged a secret presentiment that the period might arrive when the peer of the realm would have to tremble at the youngster's presence and appearance. The lad knew his lordship's habits, his prideful exclusiveness in respect of the section of the mansion he himself had caused to be erected; and, in fact, everything relating to the peculiarities and practices of the absurd noble with a minuteness such as the baron's valet might be supposed to possess.

The autumnal night having set in on which the young scoundrel meant to carry out in full his diabolical revenge—he having also provided himself with all the apparatus and articles necessary for the accomplishment of his purposes,—he stealthily repaired to the quarter of Maberly mansion which was the *sanctum* of the peer,—the most retired and screened portion of the habitation, being beautifully shaded by ornamental growths. His lordship's dormitory happened to be at no great distance from the ground,—it being so arranged in respect of external accessories that the proud and luxurious owner could step out from any one of a suite of apartments which faced the south upon a beautiful and extensive terrace.

This terrace readily served Stackhouse, so as to enable him to enter the baron's sleeping apartment; the rascal immediately, on getting so far, secreting himself under the grand bed of his lordship, which, with its canopy and ponderous curtains with rich

and heavy fringes, afforded a spacious hiding place and concealment. Here the villain snugly secreted himself for hours, to the midnight period, in fact, at which Maberly usually repaired to it in search of slumber; his addiction to the bottle rendering him peculiarly drowsy and torpid by the time mentioned. Like as was his custom, no sooner had the sottish peer got within his chamber than he locked and barred the door; his fear being, especially when the wine had got the better of his very ordinary common sense, lest his valet or some of his domestics might clandestinely enter his private apartments when he was asleep, and plunder him,—perhaps murder him outright. He had another silly practice when dosed with strong drink, and this was to think aloud, keeping talking to himself till the process assisted in lulling him to a sleep so sound and subduing that it might well be called a dead slumber.

"I shall begin to economise," were the first words that fell from the intoxicated noble, after having secured the door against all intruders in that direction. "I must curb that son of mine, who is destined, I trust, to be my successor in respect of title and estate. I have nothing to say against his gallantries, for such form much of the gracefulness and privilege of our order, only I cannot stand the expenditure. Yes, I must economise, but when and how to commence are questions. Let me see."

After having talked away in this silly fashion, without coming to any definite conclusion, until he had undressed and thrown himself into his bed, he once more resumed his deliberations in an audible form, repeating that he would forthwith begin to economise.

"Why, there are my noble gardens and orchard!" exclaimed he, as if quite a new idea had entered his muddled brain, on finding himself upon a downy couch, "the produce of which for abundance and excellence cannot be surpassed by any similar source of riches in the kingdom, but which riches I, like a most generous lord, have hitherto either wasted within the walls of my expensive mansion, or gifted lavishly away to princes and peers through their charming ladies. This is folly, the like of which no stately neighbor ever thinks of imitating towards Lord Maberly. I'll be wiser for the future, and send my exquisite fruit to the London market, where they are sure to bring regularly, whether in the shape of kitchen stuffs or orchard productions, high prices."

"Orchard productions!" repeated he, after a brief pause; "but I must first secure myself against that wholesale depredator, young Stackhouse, by so cajoling his stupid old father, that the mischievous scoundrel shall be sent to America, or somewhere far beyond the seas, under the belief that with my patronage, he will soon make a large fortune. Once away, it must be my care that the obdurate rascal do not soon return to be a pest in this neighborhood. Nay, to-morrow shall not pass without my going vigorously into the matter with old Hiram."

Such were the last words of his lordship with which he closed the cogitations of that night, without ever once having thought of recommending himself to the protection of heaven, or of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; at the same time that the avenger chuckled in spirit over every word which the maudlin fool uttered, in connection with his resolutely hugged and wicked purposes.

The sot once asleep, as announced by a continuance of loud and heavy snoring, the concealed villain cautiously began to take a survey of his intended victim, fortunately for his purpose aided by the light which had been left upon the table. Somehow it helped to increase the satisfaction and self-gratulation of the young scoundrel, that the very same cane, with its golden head, which had so recently belabored his shoulders, stood within his ready grasp.

Having ascertained that the peer was fast locked in the arms of sleep,—having laid himself down on his right side, afraid, from certain forewarnings, of being smothered by the fumes of wine, should he stretch his carcass out upon his back,—Stackhouse placed immediately beneath the insensible party's nostrils a suffocating or sulphurous substance, which, when kindled, took away all apparent signs of breathing, and even of vitality from the peer; the lad quickly thereupon not only manacled the hands of his victim and fettering his feet,—fastening the latter to the bottom of the bed,—but throwing a noose around his neck, and then bringing the stern rope so around a head-post, as to enable him at any moment to strangle the baron. Having effected all this, the next step was to remove the suffocating substance, and to bring as speedily as possible the man to his senses, and to a full appreciation of his helpless position. As soon as he came to some degree of understanding, he began to mutter what were his feelings and belief.

"What a nightmare has been afflicting me!" with difficulty he breathed; "I must hereafter stint myself at supper, and especially in respect of swallowing over-generous wine."

"You may save yourself the trouble, Maberly, of resolving for the future," interjected Jack; "for it is all up with you, and you cannot but remember for what. See you this cane of yours, and know you in whose hands the sturdy weapon is?"

The peer had been rapidly recovering the use of his reason, so that it required only what he now heard and beheld to fill him with dismay,—with a conception and presentiment of what was intended him. He naturally essayed not only to raise his head and body, but to prepare for uttering a mighty shriek; these efforts being instantly arrested by a strenuous pull of the strangling noose, until indeed the eye-balls of the doomed one started from their sockets, and his tongue shot forth in a horrid manner from his mouth.

But we will not prolong a description of the scene, —only subjoining that the avenger relaxed the tightness of the noose in order the better to suit his appalling purposes, the moment that his helpless victim came to some measure of consciousness; belaboring him with the cane, and filling him with ideas of what was still to follow.

"I'll fix the noose so as to silence your tongue, Maberly, and at last set fire to your bed," said the young monster, "so that you will be burnt to death rather than strangled."

And the gross demon was as good as his word, to the consuming of the unhappy peer, and to a conflagration that laid the entire mansion in ashes; the perpetrator of the matchless enormity escaping to his own home and bed without a soul's suspicion attaching to him, either as a murderer or incendiary.

Years elapsed, and at length the grim avenger was in his manhood.

Two events particularly distinguished the period in John Stackhouse's life, when he reached the years of majority. First, through some unaccountable freak upon one or the other side, if not upon both, he allied himself by marriage to as lovely, as gentle, and as amiable a young lady as ever graced a gentleman's fireside, whom, however, he lost, after a twelvemonth's union; she bequeathing him at the same time a cherub who grew up to be in every way her mother's copy, until the wonder prevailed how such a daughter could ever have been born to the bearish terror of the district to which he belonged.

But, secondly, while between the stern and vindictive ruffian and his penurious, miserly, and task-exacting father there never had existed any genial sympathy,—any apparently real reciprocal affection,—there at length occurred to the younger party the idea that it was high time for the elder one to retire completely from the world, and to hand over the management of the family estate to him. Now this was a suggestion which Hiram was as little disposed to relish, as ever miser had been to part with his bags of gold; the very first sounding of the sentiment putting the old man to his mettle. John clearly perceived that whatever end he was to accomplish for his early aggrandizement, must be accomplished through duplicity, intrigue, and stratagem. He laid his schemes with an extensive foresight, and also with a determination that nothing should balk them.

This forecasting embraced such a successful cajolery of his parent, whose dotage at times rendered the aged miser an easy victim,—especially in the absence of Brandlin, the other son, who was much given to vulgar pastimes and coarse sports,—as to obtain clandestinely the making of a new latter will, in the place of one of years' standing, which was of a fair and equitable nature. As might be expected, the latter document was greatly partial and in favor of the plotter.

The next proceeding was to get Hiram put as effectually out of the way as possible, without the employment of actual personal violence. The period being that of the earlier part in the reign of Charles I.—that prerogative loving king—the brute contriver, who affected great devotion to the royal cause, determined to ruin his parent in the estimation of a tyrannical government, and succeeded by means of false information and forged writings to have him cast into prison, as not only a secretly inclined traitor to monarchy, but such an overt conspirator against the life and rights of the reigning individual, as ought to bring the enfeebled old man to the block. One step farther was meditated by the monster avenger. If he did not succeed in soon killing his father by imprisonment, or by getting the reckless rulers to put him out of the way for ever, a last and effectual resource occurred to him.

It was soon after the miserly and really disreputable Hiram had been unjustly and despotically incarcerated in a wretched country prison,—the grim and merciless son being now a person of thirty-seven years of age, that his son visited him in his dungeon, followed by two servants of African breed, as if thereby the better to work upon, and the more surely to affright the wretched old man,—in order to extort from the victim all that the ruffian claimed,—when a scene of threatening, curses, and horrid predictions ensued, such as has been seldom witnessed between father and a descendant.

"I'll have you stark starved to death, old dotard and drivelling cumberer of the ground," said the son, holding up his clenched fist with most menacing gesture towards the wrinkled visage of the aged miser, as the latter listened from behind a clustered pillar in his cell to the savage threatener. "I'll have your flesh torn from your bones by red-hot pincers, rather than you'll longer baulk me; nor shall the mighty powers that be at head-quarters, whose partisan I am, call me to strict account for ridding the world of such a pestilent traitor to the royal cause, and deceitful intriguer with the round-heads."

"Ay, ay!—all very like thee, Jack," returned the old cynic. "Thou hast managed to forge papers, and to plant them in my repositories, to my present undoing, but yet thou art ignorant that I can clip thy big wings by this same sort of paper indicting trick. Go to! thou art a fool, who knowest not when thou dost overshoot the mark. True, thou mayest murder me, but know, when I am no more, thy stipend from Stackhouse estate vanisheth also, and that thou shalt be poor as a pauper, having nothing to support thee except as thou carriest thyself as a ruffian in the halls of spendthrift cavaliers, or a braggart in the bowers of the voluptuous, unless indeed thou canst traffic at court with the beauty of thy baby-faced daughter, the yet innocent Alice."

In less than a week after the occurrence of this unseemly altercation—the snarling old man having known well that he could not wound his son more deeply than by some offensive allusion to the beautiful girl, who, now some fifteen years of age, had been taken into the queen's service as a sort of juvenile tire-woman,—in less than the lapse of that week, Hiram was found dead in his miserably damp and killing cell, which had happened to be visited the day before his death by his two sons in company.

The two sons of Hiram Stackhouse—those coarse and bad men, who at heart had long hated one another with a growing malignity, and whose mutual jealousies were ever becoming more exasperated—were, of course, sent for, as soon as the gaoler, in whose custody their father had been placed, was made acquainted with the old man's decease. It may be thought remarkable at the time that they were not suspected of foul treatment to their parent, considering how recently they had been alone with him in his cell. At the same time the incarcerated wretch's health had been so manifestly broken down, and so much of the aspect of death had been supposed to be in his wrinkled face and his tottering gait, that the accusing idea never seems to have occurred to any person who had lately seen him alive, or who looked upon his corpse. Besides, the medical gentleman who was called in to view the body, so promptly and positively declared that the aged miser's dissolution was the natural and inevitable consequence of a general decay of the system and a prostration of spirit, aggravated by his imprisonment; that nothing more was needed to pave the way for his early interment.

It was known, we may subjoin, that the brothers were far from entertaining the usual amount of fraternal affection towards one another; and, perhaps, had the slightest suspicion existed anywhere that the imprisoned one had been murdered, the answer which would instantly have arisen to such a surmise must have been that the men were far too jealous of each other, and both too ready to ruin his rival, to have a united hand in a deed where the principal contriver and actor would be greatly at the mercy of the less guilty accomplice. Both were bad men, coarse and brutal—John being the more ferocious, daring, and vindictive. Still, Brandlin was a disgrace to his sex, and especially considering the rank and respectability to which he ought to have aspired; for he was grossly ignorant, mean in his habits—a cowardly and cunning contriver; his ambition, like that of the other, being to amass wealth.

The reading of a will is rarely an edifying scene to be present at; and seldom could persons who have had any knowledge of the deceased and of his survivors that happen to have been nearly akin to him, at the same time that they look to have his wealth divided between them—rarely could such be

more loth to appear in a parlor than on the occasion alluded to. It was already ascertained by the brothers that their father had not executed the threatened disposal of his property, of which, with a sort of triumph, he spoke in prison. Indeed, they had not allowed the frail and ailing old man to accomplish his menace; so that they looked to the disclosures which were about to be made, each with assuring and self-solacing, although not with equally accurate prescience; Brandlin having his views and hopes wholly fixed on a document which both brothers had seen, and of which they were perfectly cognizant; while John's anticipations were more special and peculiar.

"Mr. Grafton," said Brandlin Stackhouse, speaking with considerable glee, and very unlike a mourner, addressing the attorney who had written old Hiram's will—the deed, we mean, of which both brothers were equally cognizant—the professional individual named, with two witnesses to verify their own signatures to the document, being the only persons present, besides the sons of the deceased—"Mr. Grafton, you will proceed to read my father's settlement as to how the property was to be divided at his death. John knows as well as I do that he wished you to take care of it."

The attorney did as requested; the document declaring the elder son heir to the whole of his landed property, as well as to the family mansion, the furniture, plate, &c., belonging properly to the same; while to the younger of the pair there was bequeathed an inn, which, as hitherto kept, was a money-making concern,—several messuages in a neighboring hamlet, and fifteen hundred pounds wherewith to set himself up in business, making him also the residuary legatee in respect of every article of personal property, not excepted in the bequests to John.

"Better to be the younger than the elder brother, according to the read will of the old driveller!" grumbled the grim and vindictive John, a peculiar expression of malignant triumph mingling with his resentment and hatred. He did not, however, manifest any more of his usual violence of action when thwarted, than to throw out his muscular legs with a jerk,—not deigning to rise from his chair,—dig his hands into the pockets of his nether garment, and harshly growl a few words which were astounding to his brother and surprising to Mr. Grafton.

"That's not the last will of my father," contemptuously said he,—the two brothers looking upon each other with deadly hate. "I have done things fairly, and not allowed the old man, who was this forenoon put into his grave, to be worked slyly upon by either a rival or an attorney. My father knew his own intentions, and was the best framer of his own will. Take that key, Mr. Grafton, and go to the desk where you know the deceased kept his most important papers, having your two men with you. Meanwhile there shall come hither another pair of witnesses, so as to put a speedy end to this disagreeable business, as soon as you have brought from the pigeon-hole the document to which I allude, and whose envelope will tell you at once of the nature of the contents."

Mr. Grafton did as requested, but with no graceful feeling, speedily returning with a will which had been executed only two or three weeks prior to old Hiram's having been thrown in prison. The deed was speedily pronounced by the attorney to be in all respects regular and legally constructed, being vouched for as strongly by the newly produced witnesses in regard to the accuracy of their signatures, as had the document that was earlier read. In short, there was no objecting to this last will, but only by Brandlin's allegations of the vaguest nature, that his father, "the old driveller, as my robber of a brother has called him," had been worked upon basely and with a guilty secrecy. And unquestionably the charge was well founded, although the accuser had no means by which to establish in legal form its justice; so that the fellow had to content himself with getting the inn, already referred to, and one hundred pounds to set himself up in a business a publican.

It is not easy to describe the scene that instantly ensued between those two unnatural and brutal brothers; Brandlin's words being the more cutting, while John's physical strength was the more powerful.

"You have done the part of the villain, the hypocrite, and the barbarian to the last, Jack," cried the younger party, grinding his teeth and gnashing his jaws as he spoke; "but by all that is good or bad, I'll have my own—I'll wring from the robber my rights, even although it may need the noose to make the monster squeak;" the fellow suiting the action to the idea intended, and uttering a sound like that to which he alluded.

"Do thy worst, thou reptile!" returned the grim and ferocious brother; "I shall be beforehand with such a paltry fool in any way thou canst name. Now out of mine house and to thine own, from which thou mayest send for the hundred pounds as soon as thou dost please; there will be no occasion for employing a second messenger."

Brandlin hankered, although he might have known, from his savage brother's character and practices, it was all in vain, to look for any better terms from him than those already stated—nay, that the daring bully would not have hesitated a moment to enforce in the rudest manner his mandate. Still, it was but natural for the junior party to have lingering recollection of the place where he had been born and bred; and with moisture in his eyes he mutely gazed around for a few seconds, unthinking, no doubt, of farther evil at the instant.

"Thou wilt not obey and submit, but art meditating, like a coward, what thou canst add to thy insult and false insinuations," cried the elder son in a voice that made the apartment ring. "But I'll treat thee as I usually do such hounds."

"I will not remain to be the witness of the consummation of murder," exclaimed Mr. Grafton, greatly shocked,—"a murder, too, in such circumstances! Depend upon it, John Stackhouse, you will not be gathered to your fathers even with the scant respect which was this day manifested to Hiram Stackhouse. Nay, should I hear of your brother's early death after what I have seen, I will not hesitate to stand forward and describe your monstrous behavior to him."

"Oh! leave me not within the murderer's reach, Mr. Grafton," cried the still writhing Brandlin. "The villain will think nothing of finishing me where I lie!"

The attorney succeeded in having him conveyed beyond the reach of the deliberate murderer of their father,—refraining at that time from saying a word in allusion to the vague and mysterious threats which the wronged individual had thrown out, but yet treasuring them in his bosom, together with certain ideas with which a kind of intuition seemed irremovably to have inspired him.

There seemed to be nothing left Brandlin Stackhouse, after the death of his father, but to establish himself in the tavern that had been bequeathed by the old man, where, before many years had expired, habits of drinking drove him from under a roof of his own, and brought him to the verge of beggary.

Nay, so mean did the impoverished brother become, so weak and nerveless, that with the most despicable servility would he approach Sir John when abroad, which was usually on horseback, and with hat in hand soliciting the paltry gift of a few coppers,—never once, however, receiving any other return for his abject petitions than a response by means of the knight's riding whip.

Upon one occasion the knight made no more ado than fall to belaboring the starving wretch with his heavy thong; and as the ground was open and the road unenclosed where the brothers met, there was no escaping for the younger. Some good Samaritan came at length to the succor of the victim, so as to have him carried to the wretched abode which he had been for some time occupying.

"There is a something within me, Mr. Grafton, which tells I will be as great a criminal as my brother, if not greater, if it remains unrevealed," said the miserable Brandlin, addressing himself to that worthy attorney, some two or three days after the last grievous usage he had received at the hands of Sir John. "If I speak at all, I must speak the truth, and the whole truth; otherwise the death which seems to be near me, even on this bed, will be more dreadful than if I perished on the scaffold. Yes, he was wicked than I, for he planned my father's murder for weeks; making the false accusations to the old man's imprisonment a step to the fulfilment of the great crime. I knew nothing of the intention of the murder until the day of its perpetration; when, by means of strong drink, and the temptation of a fair share of the old gentleman's wealth,—needy as I thought myself to be cruelly kept,—I consented to be a witness of the murder; thus, as John thought, silencing me forever. But it was he who prepared the dose,—it was his hand that administered the same."

"I am glad and thankful, unhappy man," returned Mr. Grafton, "that you have at length come to some measure of right sense as to your duty to God and to society. It would be a dreadful thing to die with such a heinous crime on your soul unrevealed, as that in which you confess yourself now to have been an accomplice many years ago. You are bound forthwith to state all that you have at this interview told me to a magistrate; and I venture to say that however long or short your sojourn on

earth is to be, you will never experience such days and nights of misery as tortured you while you harbored the appalling secret of your father's manner of death in your guilty bosom."

Too much had been said and confessed to such a man as Mr. Grafton,—all in corroboration besides of his long cherished suspicions and shrewd guessings,—for him to tarry over the information. We do not think that it was anything but natural in him to entertain the reverse of a tender sympathy in behalf of Sir John Stackhouse. As must have been felt by all right minded men to be the proper and necessary step, he at once proceeded to the nearest magistrate, carrying that gentleman to the bedside of Brandlin, the self-admitted accomplice in the parricidal deed, in order that the guilty man's deposition might be taken; the attorney's fear being that the sorely injured wretch might not long survive. Nor was it remarkable that the monstrous knight obtained a glimpse of the lawyer and his official companion as the pair neared the hovel in the forest where the ailing sinner languished,—the circumstance at once knelling him with a foreboding such as he had never experienced before.

He galloped like a distracted person homeward. He entered his more private chamber, and then filled his pockets with a portion of his hoarded wealth; then hurrying off to London by as little frequented a road as he could think of, supposing that he might there bury himself for several days, and again as he neared the metropolis, with his wonted judicial infatuation, beginning to dream that soon the reported story of his father's manner of death would blow over, when he should return to his shunned home to be as happy as ever.

The monstrous parricide's looks and features were too well known and remembered, not to have already led to the publication of his likeness. No artist who had ever seen him, it is declared, could possibly miss taking such a portraiture of him as that he who runneth might identify it as that of the savage."

He unsuspectingly obtained a passage in a trading vessel to America, and having once set foot upon trans-Atlantic soil, he shot away into the State of Virginia, thinking that he must have outrun report in the New World. But alas, for the monstrous knight! the tale of his matchless enormity was traversing the colony into which he had dived, just as it did the sequestered spots of the Old World; it being his misfortune to be at an early period identified by means of the pictures and descriptions which had been published of one whose aspect as well as history was so remarkable.

It was well for him that a magistrate was the first to accuse him in America, for he was thus saved from the vengeance of an infuriated mob.

It was manifest enough that the monster was not prepared to face his eternal judge at a few hour's notice; so that influence was used to get the execution of the sentence of death postponed for a few days; a diversity of concurrent evidence having been marshalled against the miscreant, of which we have not deemed it necessary to make mention.

We have refrained from describing the distressful scene of the unrepentant sinner's ignominious end. Ere he was flung off from the fatal ladder, he cried aloud these remarkable words: "Vengeance has overtaken the Avenger at last!"

Brandlin breathed his last before his brother was brought back from America, and if his contrition was not genial and sincere, his remorse seemed to be torturing as the hour of his dissolution drew near. The family property of the long established Stackhouse race, with the accumulations of the arch parricide, was forfeited to the State.

REPUBLICANS.—True and intelligent republicanism clearly points to a state of society in which the private possession of great pecuniary wealth ought to be a comparatively unimportant matter, because it should yield to its possessor but little more real comfort, or even luxury, than can be readily acquired by every industrious man. Complete protection from the weather in healthy, well-ventilated, comfortably-appointed, and tastefully-arranged apartments, good food, scientific cookery, an ample supply of artificial light, appropriate clothing, pretty furniture and draperies, delightful books engravings, and works of art, may all be obtained at little cost, by a skilful combination of liberal economy and wise management. Ignorance, not poverty, is the barrier to be surmounted; and the richest man in the world can scarcely realize more than this, though he may, of course, carry out the idea on a more magnificent scale. But even here, his advantage need not really be worth mentioning; for public baths, gymnasiums, thea-

tres, music-halls, libraries, lecture-rooms, parks, gardens, picture-galleries, museums, schools, and everything that is needed for the liberal education of an intelligent freeman's children can easily be obtained by the genuine republican, if he will only take the trouble to want them. All, and more than these sources of gratification, lie folded up in his industrious palm.—*Exchange.*

THE BEAR'S RETREAT.—Along Grizzly-bear River we shot four elks, twenty-two deer, two otters, two beavers, and three black bears, without stepping out of our way. But the bears were poor, and the only cause we could assign for it was the scarcity of berries and fish; for these animals generally frequent fruit and fish countries; and we did not notice any fish in the river. Tracks of wild animals, wherever the ground was soft, were abundant, crossing the road in every direction. In one of the thickets, as we passed along, our guide took us a little out of our way to show us what he called a bear's haunt, or wintering den; where that animal, according to Indian story, remains in a dark and secluded retreat, without food or nourishment, for months together, sucking its paws! There was nothing remarkable in the place; the entrance to the lair or den, was through a long and winding thicket of dense brushwood; and the bear's hiding-place was not in a hole under ground, but on the surface, deeply imbedded among the fallen leaves. Over the den the snow is often many feet thick, and the bear's hiding-place is discovered only by an air-hole resembling a small funnel, sometimes not two inches in diameter, through which the breath issues, but so concealed from view that none but the keen eye of the savage can find it out. In this den the bear is said to lie in a torpid state from December till March.—*A. Ross.*

THE PORTUGUESE are rather short in stature, and thick set; but, otherwise, generally straight and well formed. Dress coats are rarely seen, except at parties. They are fond of military show, and most of the men wear a sort of "fatigue jacket," trimmed with braid, when about their ordinary. The nights and morning are quite cool; and, and, whenever called out late, I have found the short Spanish cloak, usually worn here, exceedingly comfortable. The taste of the ladies is somewhat theatrical—light fancy silks being worn on almost all occasions. They are fond of jewelry, and wear immense earrings of gold and filigree, studded with carved coral, and tricked out with little blue turquoise drops. They are passionately fond of "foreigners," and bestow on such their sweetest smiles. They are justly proud of their very small feet, and love dearly to be flattered. You couldn't possibly do them a greater favor than to look straight into their languishing, dark eyes, and tell them how pretty they are. And then such white teeth and ruby lips. Dear me! but don't venture on a kiss unless you fancy garlic! —*Burchell.*

WOMAN.—Woman is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is there is a paradise; where she is not there is a desert. Her smile inspires love, and raises human nature nearer to the immortal source of its being. Her sweet and tender heart gives life and soul to dead and senseless things. She is the ladder by which we climb from earth to heaven. She is the practical teacher of mankind, and the world would be a void without her. Man is a wreck wanting her—miserable and unhappy—his daily existence a walking shadow of humanity. Man would be hard unpolished granite but for woman. In her, what a warm and loving heart, in which springs such a well of affection that no age can freeze! She is more a celestial than a terrestrial being—charming and amiable as a girl, dutiful as a wife, and glorious as a mother. She is the balsam of man's life—and his faithful counsellor and pillow. She can impart all the pleasures of his cares of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and all the sweets of life. She is the comforter and supporter of man under misfortune, and the bitter blasts of adversity.—*Kelmer.*

A CROOKED RAILROAD.—The *Pottsville Journal* says that one dark night last week an engineer of a lengthy freight train on the Catawissa Railroad, to his horror, perceived a light rapidly approaching, as he thought, upon the track. He sounded the alarm, and the brakes were at once applied, when he discovered that it was the signal upon the rear car of his own train, which, from the great curvature of the road, shone full upon him. It is related of a railroad somewhere in Virginia, that the engineers give themselves no uneasiness when they run off the track, confident that they will come upon it again before a dozen rods. Perhaps this is the same road.

Lieutenant-General Liprandi.

LIEUT.-GENERAL LIPRANDI, whose name has become familiar to most of our readers, takes a high rank amongst the Russian Generals who have distinguished themselves in the present (we were about to say the late) war. Of his antecedents much is not known. Brought up from his earliest years to the profession of arms, he gradually rose to high command, and enjoyed in an eminent degree the confidence of the late Emperor Nicholas, on account of his cool courage and great strategic qualities.

When the Russians crossed the Pruth, in 1853, and invaded the Danubian Principalities, General Liprandi was sent with a strong division to prevent the Turks occupying Kalafat. In this he did not succeed. Despite all his efforts the Turks seized upon the island opposite Widdin, and on the 17th October 1853, intrenched themselves there. Kalafat was soon afterwards fortified. General Liprandi attempted to carry it by a *coup-de-main*. He was, however, compelled to retreat. The energy displayed by the Turks in converting the open village of Kalafat into a stronghold of vast strategical importance convinced General Liprandi that the force, under his orders was inadequate to show front against an enemy upon a line of battle which extended from Kalafat to the Pruth. The chief command of the 4th Corps d'Armée, to which General Liprandi's division was attached, was entrusted to General Dannenberg, under the supreme orders of Prince Gortschakoff.

In the campaign on the Danube the Russians had the worst of it. Achmet Pacha had rendered Kalafat impregnable. The battles of Citate and Oltenitza had proved to the Russians that the ancient Turkish valor still burned in the heart of the Moslem.

The evacuation of the Principalities having been resolved upon, for strategic reasons, Gen. Liprandi was intrusted with the task of covering the Russian retreat. The raising of the ever-memorable siege of Silistria was the signal of this retreat. There are few sieges on record where the lives of so many men and superior officers were sacrificed in an attack upon out-works. The loss in attempting to carry the Arab Tabia alone is something incredible.

The siege of Silistria was raised on the 26th June, 1854. General Liprandi concentrated his troops in Moldavia. He covered the Russian retreat in a manner which fully justified the opinion entertained of him by the Czar. The Russians recrossed the Pruth; on the 8th of August the Turks entered Bucharest. They in their turn evacuated the Wallachian capital to make place for the Austrians under General Coronini, who entered it on the 6th September.

Russia, shielded, as it were, by the Austrians, was enabled to send large reinforcements to the Crimea, which had become the real theatre of war. The Fourth Division, under General Liprandi, was among the first sent.

It is from his command in the Crimea, rather than from his previous career, that Liprandi has acquired a great reputation in Western Europe. His energy and daring soon displayed themselves. It was General Liprandi who planned and carried out the attack on Balacava, the consequences of which to the Allies, had it succeeded, would have been almost irretrievable.

SELF-IGNORANCE.—Men carry their minds as for the most part they carry their watches, content to be ignorant of the constitution and action within, and attentive only to the exterior circle of things, to which the passions, like indexes, are pointing. It is surprising to see how little self-knowledge a person, not watchfully observant of himself, may have gained, in the whole course of an active, or even an inquisitive life. He may have lived almost an age, and traversed a continent, minutely examining its curiosities and interpreting the half-obliterated characters on its monuments, unconscious the while of a process operating on his own mind, to impress or erase characteristics of much more importance to him than all the figured brass or marble that Europe contains. After having explored many a cavern or

dark ruinous avenue, he may have left undetected a darker recess within, where there would be much more striking discoveries. He may have conversed with many people, in different languages, on numberless subjects, but having neglected those conversations with himself by which his whole moral being should have been kept continually disclosed to view, he is better qualified, perhaps, to describe the intrigues of a foreign court, or the progress of a foreign trade; to depict the manners of the Italians or the Turks; to narrate the adventures of the gipsies, than to write the history of his own mind.

SUPERLATIVE SINGING.—A lady who had an excellent voice and great taste in singing, on being one day entreated to oblige the company with a proof of her ability, declared that she could not sing: she could not positively. "That we are all very well aware of," said Miss Edgeworth, who was present, "for we know, my dear madam, you do not sing *positively*, but *superlatively*."

HUMAN DEPENDENCE.—Although God has a large family of children, yet not one of them can go alone.

TOLERATION.—We are none of us tolerant in what concerns us deeply and entirely

LOOKERS ON see more than players



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LIPRANDI.

The American Aloe.

The peculiarities of the American Aloe seem to obtain more attention and excite more interest in other countries than in the one which produces it.

The chief peculiarity of the aloe is said to be, that it flowers only once in a century; and such was the interest excited in London (Eng.), a short time since, that the nobility assembled at midnight to witness the first appearance of a flower.

In 1820, an aloe blossomed at Woodville (Eng.), which attained the height of twenty-seven feet, and produced forty-two flowery branches, bearing sixteen thousand flowers.

In 1832, another aloe flowered, and reached the height of twenty-eight feet.

In 1842, another came into bloom, which, instead of throwing up a central flower stem, which is the usual manner of those plants when flowering, it shot out seven separate stalks from different parts, the principal of which were about ten feet high. The one we illustrate attained the height of twenty-five feet. The small engraving is one of the flowers which form the clusters at the end of each branch, and is of the full size. The color is a delicate pale green.



SCENE ON THE JORDAN.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S DEATH AT CORUNNA.—Sir John Moore received his mortal wound soon after the action commenced. A cannon shot lacerated his left shoulder and chest, while he was in earnest conversation with Captain (now Lord) Hardinge, and struck him to the ground. With the help of some Highlanders and Guardsmen, he was placed in a blanket, and moved slowly to the rear. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavored to unbuckle the belt to take it off; but he stopped him, and said with true soldierlike feelings, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me." He was conveyed to his quarters in Corunna, where he lingered for several hours in intense agony, but still retained his habitual

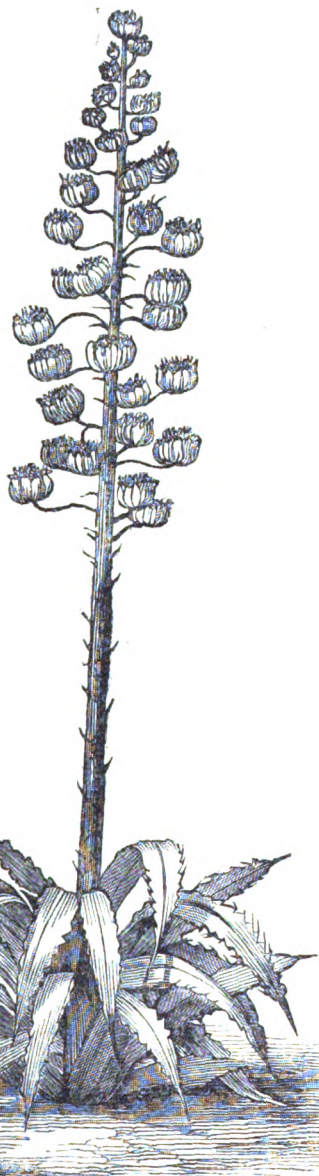
calmness and presence of mind; spoke kindly to all who approached, declared his satisfaction at the defeat of the enemy, and yielded up his spirit with the firmness of a soldier, a hero, and a patriot. As he had expressed a wish to be laid where he fell, the rampart of the citadel of Corunna was chosen for his resting-place. A working party of the 9th regiment turned up the earth, and before dawn, his remains, wrapped in a military cloak, were consigned to the grave by the officers of his staff. The burial service was read by torch-light, and the distant guns of the enemy formed an appropriate accompaniment. It has been sung in poetry, and repeated in chronicle, that Sir John Moore was buried without a coffin. That he was not arrayed in the usual habiliments of the grave, and that his "martial cloak" was substituted for a shroud, are admitted facts; but a living officer of high rank, who was present, has been frequently heard to declare that the remains of the lamented general were certainly enclosed in a coffin. There does not seem to be any sound reason to suppose the contrary. He died in a fortified town, occupied by his own troops; artificers and materials could undoubtedly have been found, if required, and the funeral did not take place until several hours after his decease. It is in the elegy by Wolfe that the line appears—"No useless coffin enclosed his breast."

IMITATION.—Amongst the causes assigned for the continuance and diffusion of the same moral sentiments amongst mankind, may be mentioned imitation. The efficacy of this principle is most observable in children; indeed, if there be anything in them which deserves the name of an instinct, it is their propensity to imitation. Now there is nothing which children imitate, or apply more readily than expressions of affection and aversion, of approbation, hatred, resentment, and the like; and when these passions and expressions are once connected, which they soon will be by the same association which unites words with their ideas, the passion will follow the expression, and attach upon the object to which the child has been accustomed to apply the epithet. In a word, when almost everything else is learned by imitation, can we wonder to find the same cause concerned in the generation of our moral sentiments!

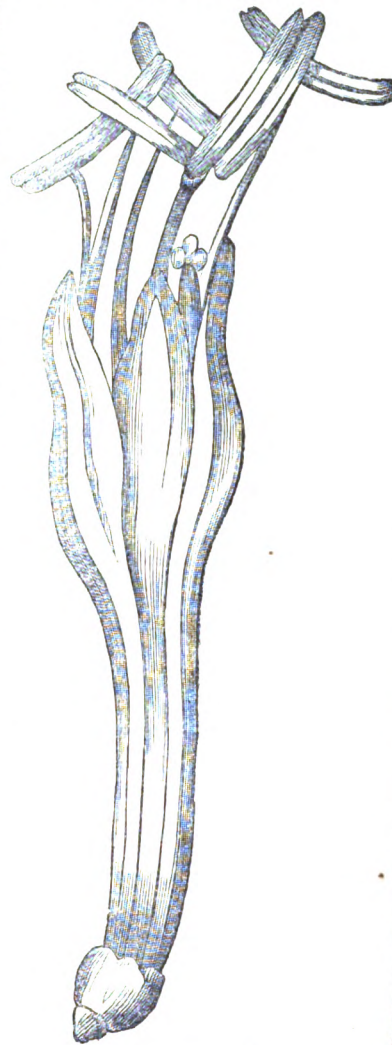
THINKING.—Thinking leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases: yet he will never know anything of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much, if I say that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away thought from man's life, and what remains.

The fortune left by the late Marshal Prince Paskiewitch is above \$10,000,000. In Russia and Poland it had been generally estimated at a higher sum.

LITTLE and often fills the purse.



ALOE IN BLOOM.



FLOWER OF THE ALOE.

The Postage Stamp.

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

UPON what small events does the happiness, and even existence, of individuals often depend! Some years ago there lived in a small interior town in Ohio, a young woman, then but fifteen years of age. She was the heiress of a large fortune held by trustees. The will of her father strictly enjoined upon her, that she was not to marry until she had terminated her twenty-first year. He had enforced this injunction by strong and earnest appeals to her affection, and by reminding her of the untimely deaths of her two elder sisters, who had married young, and had died childless shortly after. But, with almost prophetic judgment of her future lot, he had added a still stronger inducement to obtain her compliance with his request. He had stipulated that in case of her death or marriage before attaining the prescribed age, the trustees should, by deed, convey all his estate to some distant relatives. The young and handsome girl soon found herself the attractive object of the attentions, the devotions, and the importunities of a score of young men of the neighborhood. She was aware of the provisions of her father's will, and honestly intended to comply with his so fervently expressed wish; but soon, indeed, was that injunction to appear harsh, unkind, unfortunate, unreasonable.

Three years after her father's death, she then being eighteen years of age, she became acquainted as a festive party with an individual upon whose honor, faith and manliness, her destiny was from that hour to depend. He knew her as a fair, accomplished girl, and as an heiress of half a million. He was but a visitor at that town. He remained there but a few weeks, but during that time succeeded too well in leaving a highly favorable impression of his worth upon the heart of the lady. He returned in one month, announcing his intention to reside in the village. The vanity, not criminal, but natural vanity of the woman was gratified; she recognised in this voluntary abandonment of his former home and friends, to take up his residence there, a tribute from his heart to her own personal and mental attractions. He failed not in soon confirming that belief, and in protestations of deep affection, and urging the inevitable life of wretchedness he would endure in case of her rejection, as well as by the display of all the outward accomplishments and bearing of a gentleman, he won her love and obtained from her a promise of marriage. These proceedings had been secret, and were entirely unknown to her guardian, with whom she resided. The betrothment was soon followed by an urgent request for speedy marriage. In her hours of blissful communion with her lover, she had almost forgotten her father's command. It now came upon her with sudden and bitter force. She answered the proposal by stating that her father's dying command was that she should not marry till twenty-one. This is met by ridiculing the fears and superstitions of a too anxious parent, and holding out to her the alternatives of obeying an unreasonable request of a deceased parent, made when she was a child, and when her capacity for forming a proper alliance could not be determined—or the distress, ruin, madness, of a true and honest heart, which could not exist if separated from her.

Her next objection met with more serious consideration. She told him that she could not obtain her property till she was of full age. Though this was unexpected, and did not at all agree with the hopes and aims of the suitor, he was too well skilled in deceptions to betray his disappointment. He therefore promptly interrupted her in her explanations of the conditions of her father's will, by the most solemn assurances that with him her fortune had not a feather's weight; that he loved her, and that love would be as pure, and as devoted, and as strong, had she been reared in poverty, instead of in the expectancy of wealth.

Again and again she sought to explain to him that with her marriage before the period fixed by her father, she would sacrifice all her expected wealth; but with the blindness which often overtakes and misleads avarice, and the other base passions of human nature, he assured her that he knew all; that he was aware of everything, that he had enough for both, and was prepared to remedy, to the extent of all he possessed, any inconvenience she might suffer, peculiarly, from disobeying her father's request.

In telling her that he knew all, he meant no falsehood; he had made carefully disguised inquiries, and by every one whom he addressed he was told that "Miss C. would inherit her father's fortune at twenty-one, but not before."

It did not suit his designs to unmask his motives, and in disguising with indifference his questions, he

failed to ascertain the whole truth. Supposing her father's will was framed to prevent the fortune falling, in any way, however remotely, under the control of her husband before she reached that mature age, he desired by marriage to secure it ultimately. He had good cause for speed; with him a prompt and secret marriage was essential; for, penniless, he could not much longer maintain appearances, or pay his debts, for which he was largely in arrears.

His apparent disinterestedness at length prevailed over the daughter's obedience. A false statement that her guardian had forbid him addressing her, with incessant urging that business required his presence in New York for several months, swept away all further objection to an immediate and secret marriage. They were married privately at a neighboring village, and to the bride's surprise, he advised her return to her guardian's house for a few days. He returned to his own lodgings, and at once publicly and everywhere, and to all he met, announced his marriage.

In a few hours he called at the house of his newly wedded wife, and as he entered it, her guardian, who had just heard of the marriage, also entered. He was sternly questioned as to the truth of the report; and he boldly avowed it, making no apology for the unauthorized act, but assuming the attitude of one who was entitled to admiration for a most successful manœuvre. He demanded permission to see his wife; she was called, and in their presence the guardian bewailed the imprudence of their conduct, and, for the first time, the heretofore daring groom learned that by her marriage his bride had forfeited the entire fortune of her father.

Baffled, disappointed, cheated, the late ardent wooer stormed and raved; he turned upon the poor, trembling woman, to whom but a few hours before he had pledged eternal love, and charged her with basely deceiving him. Overcome with grief, she fainted, and before she recovered he had left the house and the place. She heard no more of him for years.

During all that time, with the incomprehensibility of woman's devotion, she had loved him. His name, which for many months had been coupled with reproaches and contumely, never passed her lips. She would not believe him the mercenary villain he had been represented. She still clung fondly to the hope that all the love he had professed was real. Weak and broken in spirit, that hope seemed to keep her alive.

During March of last winter, the courts had set aside her marriage on the ground of fraud; and, no one contesting her right, she became possessor of the magnificent fortune. The case was noticed in the papers, and some weeks after there came a letter to her. It was from her lover and husband.

He had seen that notice of the annulment of her marriage. That was a relief to him, for he was on the eve of marrying again. But, as money was his main idea, disguised, he had visited the place—had heard her story repeated with no favorable references to himself; had heard it more than hinted that she still retained an affection for him; but, more than all, he ascertained that she was now the sole possessor of that fortune which had so strongly tempted him to wrong. He returned, and addressed her the letter we have mentioned.

It was full of repentance; it proclaimed that his life, since he had left her had been one of continuous misery. He professed to be unacquainted with what had passed, and with great humility tendered again his love, declaring, that as he had been the cause of her losing her wealth, justice required that he should share with her the fortune he had amassed in the growing city where he lived.

Unknown to any one, she answered that letter, accepting his love, forgiving and venturing excuses even for his past conduct, and informing him she was now prepared to give him that inheritance which to them had been the source of so much unhappiness. That letter of hers was destined never to reach him. To avoid any conjectures which might arise, if seen to deposit a letter addressed to that name, she induced, by a liberal reward, a neighbor's servant, whom she knew could not read, to take the letter to the post-office. This servant, to get leave of absence, took with her one of her mistress's children. To amuse the child, she allowed it to carry the letter; and the little one, pleased with the red stamp, as they walked along, succeeded in removing it. The letter was deposited in the office without a stamp, and never, of course, sent.

A few words more close this brief history. A month later, the lady's former guardian, who was a politician, received a Chicago newspaper, which had been sent to him because it contained a political speech delivered in this city; after reading it, he

laid it down, with some remark about the extraordinary growth of the city in which it was printed. The name of Chicago was heard by the lady; she took the paper, glanced over it, and with a shriek fell fainting to the floor. In a week she was dead. In that paper was the announcement of the marriage of her destroyer.

Railways for Mountains.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Henfrey has taken out a patent, in Piedmont, for a very ingenious method of carrying railway trains over Mont Cenis, or any other similar mountain pass. The extreme simplicity of the means employed rivals that of the celebrated discovery of the way to make an egg stand on end. A railway, of the usual description, will be laid down in a direct line from the bottom to the top of the ascent. The acclivity in the case of Mont Cenis will be from one in ten to one in twelve. Between these two rails a canal is to be dug, three feet nine inches in width, and about thirty inches in depth, which is to be lined and made completely water-tight with iron plates of the description called by engineers "boiler-plate." The motive power to be employed is a stream of water, about a foot deep, flowing, or rather rushing, down this canal. It is clear, therefore, that an abundant supply of water on the summit to be reached is a necessary condition of the scheme. Mont Cenis, however, affords every facility in this respect. On the outside of the railway another cogged rail will be laid down on either side. On the arrival of the train at the bottom of the hill, the steam-engine, which has so far brought it on its journey, will be exchanged for a machine of very simple and far from costly construction. In the middle of a frame, about the size of an ordinary steam-engine without its tender, a water-wheel, adapted to the above-described canal, will be fixed, having a diameter of twelve feet. On the same axis will be fixed two cogged wheels, to work in the cogged rails, of six feet diameter. With this apparatus it seems clear, that the descending stream must force the water-wheel to make revolutions towards the top of the hill, and to carry round with it the cogged wheels in the same direction. As the diameter of these is to be half that of the water-wheel, the rate of ascent will, of course, be half that at which the diameter of the water-wheel moves. It is calculated that the latter speed will be ten miles an hour, and the former therefore five. It is further calculated, that a machine of these dimensions will carry up the proposed acclivity a weight of from fifteen to twenty tons, or say from sixty to eighty passengers. Should it be required to transport a greater weight, as many other such engines may follow each other, at intervals of one hundred and fifty feet, as may be required. Reckoning the ordinary present rate of travelling up the mountain at two miles and a half an hour, and considering that the direct rail will, between the bottom and the top, traverse a space not more than half the length of the winding post-road, it will be seen that the ascent will be achieved in one quarter of the time now occupied. For the descent, the water-wheel, moving through and against the stream, will act as a restraining force to moderate and regulate the speed. Experiments are now being made in the valley above Susa. In all this we see "no enemy save winter and rough weather." But, judging by our experience of the amenities of the hoary old mountain, we should fear that, unless the plan embraces some provisions against the obstinate foe, King Frost, the field would have to be abandoned to him for three or four months of the year.

THE WEDGETAILED EAGLE.—This is the fiercest of the family, and is frequently to be met with in Australia. James Backhouse gives an instance of a woman having been chased by one of these birds for some distance, and obliged to run to a house for shelter. He was told by the wife of a settler that she one day was struck with the action of a horse in an enclosure, galloping rapidly backwards and forwards, chased by two eagles. The horse at length fell, when one of the birds pounced on its head; she then called for the assistance of some men, who drove away the ferocious birds. In Van Diemen's Land this species not unfrequently carries off living lambs, and is, in consequence of its ravages, much dreaded by the colonists.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.—About thirty years ago, a new city jail was built at Norwich, (Eng.) A gallows was made by a man of the name of Stratford, to be used when required over the gateway. Within a few years this Stratford was hung on it for poisoning, and there has never been any occasion to use it since. He thus became his first and last victim.

Tyre, and the Tyrian Purple.

TYRIAN PURPLE, a dye the most splendid of its kind, derives its name from the once great emporium of commerce (situated on the coast of Syria in Asia, under 34 degrees east longitude, and 32 degrees north latitude), and furnishes striking evidence of the instability of human affairs, seeing that a paltry village, composed of a few wretched huts, giving shelter to some fifty or sixty families, chiefly those of fishermen, now occupies the locality where the magnificently built Tyre once proudly reared her head. This justly celebrated city is supposed to have been built 2760 years previous to the birth of Christ, and then consisted of two separate parts; one situated on the continent, called Palætyrus, the other on an island about half a mile from the shore, called Tyre, the circuit of the latter occupying about four miles, the circumference of the whole, including Palætyrus, extending nineteen miles. This wealthy mart possessed such gigantic resources, that it resisted the Babylonian forces under Nebuchadnezzar for thirteen years, at the end of which the wearied inhabitants resolved to place the sea between the enemy and themselves, and retired to the island. This, which might be called the new city, withstood the prowess of Alexander the Great for seven months, and then he, in order to take it, was obliged to fill up the strait which separated it from the continent. It afterwards fell a prey to the Arabs, was subsequently captured by Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, and finally destroyed, 1289, by order of the Sultan of Egypt; it is called Tsur by the Orientals.

Its harbor crowded with shipping for nearly four thousand years, is now almost choked up, and the once opulent Tyre merely a matter of history; her riches have passed away, her citizens sleep with their fathers, and her commerce is no more.

The superior brilliancy and durability, together with the richness of the Tyrian Purple (which, according to Pliny the naturalist, resembled that of coagulated blood) was such, that, added to its scarcity and the length of the operation in preparing it, a pound of wool, so dyed, could not be purchased for so little as thirty pounds, in the time of Augustus Cæsar; consequently its use implied Patrician birth with great wealth, and was employed as a means to distinguish exalted rank and high dignity; the robes worn by the magistrates of Rome were of this color. Practice and experience, however, after a season, began to diminish its scarcity; when, to prevent it from becoming common, a law was passed, by which, under pain of death, it was forbidden to be worn by any but the Roman emperors; hence the phrase, "aspiring to the imperial purple." The priests, notwithstanding, laid claim to the privilege of wearing it, canonized it as a color peculiarly agreeable to the gods, and adopted it for the clothing of their hierarchs.

The fish from which this royal purple was extracted was called by the Greeks conchyle, probably from the turbinated form of its shell—that is to say, it is twisted spirally from a broad base to a narrow apex or top. Aristotle and the elder Pliny, who have furnished almost the only rational account of this animal, describe the proper fish as the *univalve*, or one-shelled. Pliny, in whose time (about the commencement of the Christian era) this dye would seem to have reached its zenith of perfection, divides it into two species.

To the first, which he describes as the smallest of the two, he applies the name of *buccinum* or *whelk*. The juice, which was quite colorless, was found in a small vein in the body; when broken it also contained a very minute quantity of a red liquor with a black tinge.

The second, which was of a larger size, he denominates *purpura*, or the purple. The coloring liquid was contained in a vessel in the throat; the portion, however, was so small, that only one drop could be obtained from each fish. When a sufficient quantity of the coloring juice was collected, a certain portion of marine salt was added; it was then macerated for three days, after which it was mixed with five times its bulk of water. This mixture was kept in a moderate heat, and the animal parts were separated from it from time to time as they floated on the surface. These operations generally lasted ten days, after which the liquor was examined as to whether it had taken the required degree of color; this was effected by dipping into it a piece of white wool. It would appear that the *buccinum* did not afford a durable color of itself, but that it greatly increased the brightness of the *purpura*, and added considerably to its beauty.

In the lapse of time, however, the purple dye was extracted from various kinds of shell-fish, although those were still deemed to yield the best and most admired color that were found near the coast of Tyre. The fishery, however, was carried on in

other places in the Mediterranean. In modern times, snails possessing the same coloring property have been found in various parts of the world. John Nieuhoff informs us that there are abundance of purple snails found in the islands over against Batavia. It would also appear that the Chinese have a custom of eating these animals, first picking out of the middle a purple-colored substance, which they use as ink. From Dr. Peyronnel we learn, that a naked snail, producing a rich purple, is found in the seas of the Antilles or Caribbee Islands, and is considered precious for the great beauty of its color; this juice is emitted in the same manner as the black ink from the sepia or cuttle-fish, which, when in danger, surrounds and hides itself with a viscid, bitter, black fluid, which was used by the Romans, and is said at this day to form the basis of the Chinese or Indian ink.

Dr. Brown, in his "History of Jamaica," gives a description of two shell-fish, frequent in the American seas, which, when touched, send forth a considerable quantity of a clammy purple liquor, which so thickens and colors the water, that for a time the animal is scarcely visible: the larger he calls the sea snail—the lesser, the purple ocean shell. These juices stain linen with a beautiful dark purple, but may be readily washed out; in which respect it differs from the Tyrian whelk.

It was stated in the "Philosophical Transactions," some time since, that either a permanent purple, or carnation color, can be obtained from the common hawthorn caterpillar, with the addition of lye, or water impregnated with alkali; also, that the heads of beetles afford a carnation equally fixed; that the eggs of the *cimex* or bug, if bruised upon white paper, communicate, of themselves, without the aid of lye, a lively and brilliant vermilion color; further, that a most beautiful durable amethyst color may be obtained, by means of lye, from the amber-colored insect *scolopendra* or centipede.

It would appear from these observations, that the method of obtaining Tyrian purple and similar dyes is not lost; that if it has not been attended to in modern times, it is because colors equally beautiful have been procured in greater abundance, at considerably less expense.

When dyeing the Tyrian purple, they began with the juice of the *purpura*, then a second dye was given with that of the *buccinum* or whelk; from this circumstance Pliny calls it "twice-dyed purple." By varying the proportions in which these juices were used, a great variety of shades, some resembling the violet, was obtained. We have the authority of Plutarch for the fact, that some of these dyes were very durable, and preserved their color for a great length of time. In his life of Alexander, he states that the Greeks found large quantities of purple in the treasury of the King of Persia, the beauty of which had not diminished in the long space of 190 years; the stuffs still retaining all their pristine brilliancy.

A French chemist has recently recovered this color; he obtains it from Guano.

Notes in Natural History

Few insects live more than a year in their perfect state, but often much longer in their larva state. Their first state is the egg, then the caterpillar, then the chrysalis, or pupa, and finally the perfect and procreative form. But in these changes there are infinite degrees and varieties of transition, all which constitute the pleasing and very instructive study of Entomology.

Insects have lymph instead of blood, and no bones, but hard coverings to which the muscles are attached. They have no vertebrae. They do not breathe through the mouth or nostrils, but have air vessels along their sides, called *spiracula*, and connected with other vessels called *bronchie*. They have the organs of sense, and make all the discriminations which accord with their physical powers and wants.

A single female house-fly produces in one season 20,080,320!

Leuwenhoeck reckoned 17,000 divisions in the cornea of a butterfly, each of which he thought a separate crystalline lens. Spiders, &c., are equally provided for.

Mole-hills are curiously formed by an outer arch impervious to rain, and an internal platform with drains, and covered ways on which the pair and their young reside. The moles live on worms and roots, and bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.

The bones of birds are hollow, and are filled with air instead of marrow.

Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having 1000 holes; and the fine web is

itself the union of 4000 threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth has been destroyed, they seize on the webs of others.

A fish in Java, called the jaculator, catches flies and insects by squirting from its mouth some water, and seldom misses its aim at the distance of five or six feet, bringing down a fly with a single drop.

A toad was found at Organ, in France, in a well, which had been covered up for 160 years. It was torpid, but revived on being exposed.

The Angora cat has one eye blue and the other yellow.

Wild asses in Tartary and Thibet live in troops, and keep sentry; being very vigilant, and if attacked, swift in escape.

Black rats are tamed in Germany, and a bell being put about their necks, they drive away other rats. The economic rat of Siberia lays in a stock of winter provisions. The hamster does the same, and to assist him has pouches on each side the mouth.

Mice will live entirely without water; for though, says Dr. Priestly, I have kept them for three or four months, and have offered them water several times, they would never taste it; and yet they continued in perfect health.

Dr. Gall relates an anecdote of a dog which was taken from Vienna to England, escaped to Dover, got on board a vessel, landed at Calais, and after accompanying a gentleman to Mentz, returned to Vienna.

One pair of pigs will increase in six years to 119,169, taking the increase at fourteen times per annum. A pair of sheep in the same time would be but 64.

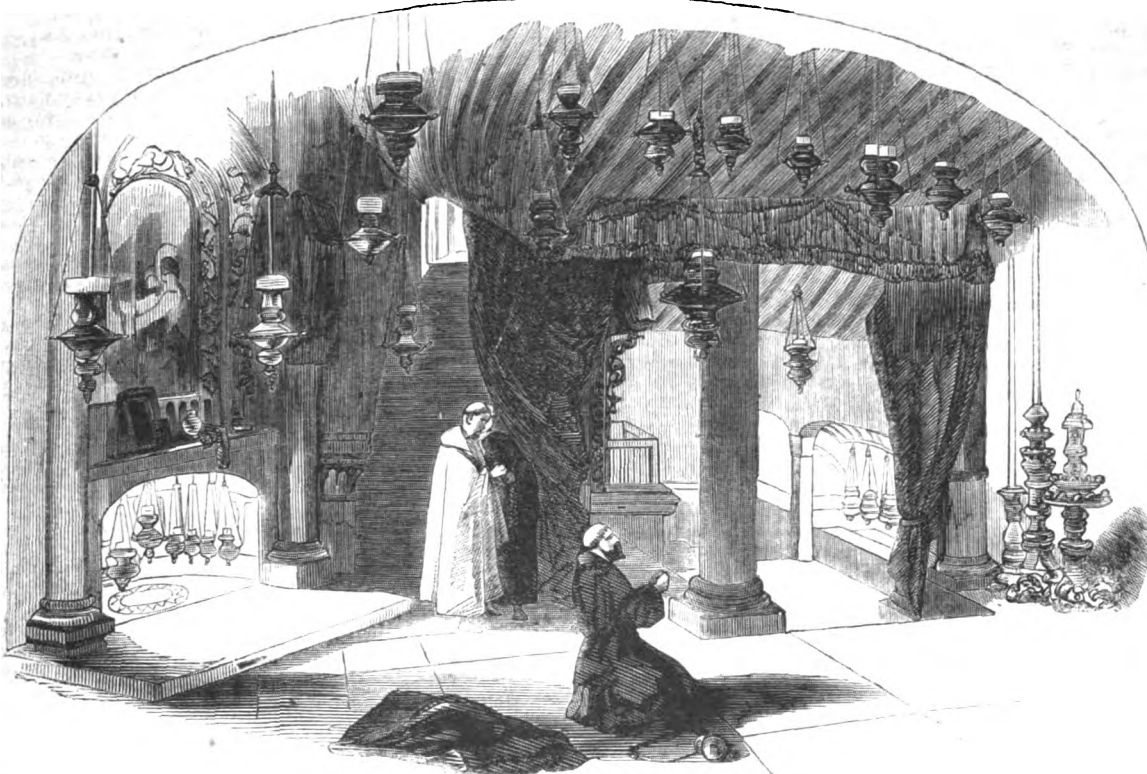
The Aloe.

THERE are several varieties of the aloe plant, some of which are not more than a few inches, whilst others are thirty feet and upwards in height. They chiefly grow in hot countries, to the inhabitants of which the larger kinds are of great importance. The leaves are bent with strong spines, and form an impenetrable fence. The negroes of the western coast of Africa make ropes and weave nets of the fibrous parts of these leaves. The Hottentots hollow out the stems of one of the kinds into quivers for their arrows. In Jamaica, there is an aloe which supplies the inhabitants with bow strings, fishing-lines, and materials from which they weave stockings and hammocks. The aloe which grows in the kingdom of Mexico is applied by the inhabitants to almost every purpose of life. It serves to make hedges for inclosures; its trunk supplies beams for the roofs of houses; and its leaves are used instead of tiles. From this plant, also, the Indians make their thread, needles, and some of their clothing; whilst, from its juices they manufacture wine, sugar, and vinegar. Some parts of it they eat, and others they apply in medicine. The stem may be made into paper, and the prickles, or ends of the leaves, were once used as pins.

On the interior table-land of Mexico, through a vast extent of country, the eye rests only on fields planted with aloes, expressly for converting their juice into a spirituous liquor which is called pulque. The aloes are planted in rows, and, between the ages of five to fifteen years, according to the soil, they are fit for tapping. At the moment the plant is about to commence blowing, the Indians cut down the flower-stalk, and form a sort of cup in its place, by raising and fastening round it the side leaves. Into this hollow place flows all the juice which would have nourished the stalk loaded with flowers. This spring keeps running for two or three months, and enables the Indian to draw from it three or four times a-day. Thus, in twenty-four hours a plant yields eight pints, of which three pints are obtained at sunrise, two at mid-day, and three at six in the evening. A very vigorous plant, though scarcely five feet high, will sometimes yield about seven quarts per day, from four to five months. This juice is of an agreeable sour taste, and easily ferments in three or four days. It then resembles cider, is fit to drink, and is considered as very nutritious and strengthening to lean persons. Vast quantities of brandy are likewise distilled from pulque.

A BROKEN FORTUNE.—Ovid finely compares a broken fortune to a fallen column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such, that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but should his wants be such, that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum.

A GREAT TRUTH.—By education men become easy to lead, but difficult to drive—easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.



INTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

HOW COAL WAS MADE.—Geology has proved that, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterwards covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognise as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding, when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark color. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal—which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay, or other earthly impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly. From distinct isolated specimens found in the sandstones amidst the coal beds, we discovered the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms (horse tails, club mosses and ferns,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate, and even the Polar regions. The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly-heated mass, gradually cooled down, until, in the carboniferous period, it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create dense vapors, showers, and rain; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations and deltas. Thus, all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature, and every circumstance connected with the coal measures points to such conditions.

THE HEART'S MECHANISM.—The human heart is

a wonderful piece of mechanism; a steam engine is a clumsy contrivance compared with it. Man has two hearts, and each of these is double, so that he may be said to have four hearts. Two of these are for bright red blood, and two are for purple or dark blood. It is usual in books to call red blood arterial, and the purple blood venous; but each of these two double hearts has its own set of arteries and veins; and the arteries of the one are always filled with red, and the arteries of the other with purple blood. The veins, in like manner, of each are in inverse order—the veins of the red heart being purple, and the veins of the purple being red; for if the blood goes out red, it comes back purple, and if it goes out purple, it comes back red. It always goes out red from the heart on the left side, and comes in purple to the heart on the right side; and it always goes out purple from the heart on the right side, and comes in red to the heart on the left side. And thus it makes its everlasting round, being converted from purple to red by passing through the lungs. Each heart has its going and returning series of vessels, infinitely numerous and intricate, and the blood is forced through them in such a way, that it must go forward, and cannot return, except by going round the circle; for these vessels are all supplied with valves that open only one way and shut the other; and therefore were the blood to make an effort to return, the valves would close immediately and stop it. The elastic nature of the blood-vessels, also, is such that they squeeze the blood in undulations or pulsations along, closing upon it, and then opening to let more forward; and all this they do spontaneously and regularly; the will of man having nothing to do with it, and no power over their movement.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is certainly an institution calculated for a constant scene of as much delight as our being is capable of. Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own sake, keep things from outrage with the utmost sanctity. When this union is preserved, the most indifferent circumstance administers delight. Their condition is an endless source of new gratifications. The married man can say, "If I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and carresses of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there; that very sorrow quickens her affection."

A FUNCTUAL man can always find leisure—a negligent one never.

BEAUTIFUL ORIGIN OF SWAMPS.—Vast regions of our globe are covered with these remnants of once bright, blooming flowers. The table lands of the Cordilleras, in South America, the boundless plains of Siberia, one-tenth of all Ireland, a large portion of Germany, part of Scotland, Jutland, and Norway—even the sides and valleys of the Alps, abound with such moors. The Polar circles are not free from them; there, also, mosses and algae still grow, and so closely and thickly that they form, as it were, but one great mass of woody fibre. Their growth is peculiar; they add every year new elements to the upper extremities, whilst the lower as constantly die and change, when dry, into rich humus, but, when kept moist, into peat. Thus the famous Tundra, the giant morass of Siberia, is an almost inexhaustible storehouse of this most valuable material. In the United States, it is well known, swamps of enormous extent abound in the south, overgrown mostly with cyperuses, and containing large peat bogs, into which man can only venture at the peril of

his life. Almost inaccessible in days of yore, haunted by ghastly spectres, and illumined only by the treacherous light of will-o'-the-wisps, these dreary but valuable regions are now cut through by railways and canals. For miles and miles the traveller in Europe passes through the midst of countless gigantic heaps of peat. Here and there, miserable huts are half hidden; stunted, squalid children, play around them in dogged silence; in the distance a cross, formed of white birch poles, rises high in the air, and, before it, lies prostrate their mother, buried in anxious prayer. Beyond it, you see long rows of laborers, strong, swarthy men, breast high in the swamp, digging with eager haste, whilst others carry huge masses, well balanced on their heads, to the drying house.

UTILITY OF PLANTS.—Modern science has revealed to us, of late, a higher duty and a nobler purpose in the life of plants. Working in masses, they regulate the numerous and comprehensive physical processes of the earth. Theirs is the duty to keep the atmosphere dry or moist, as may be required. On them depends the warmth or the coldness and the fertility of our soil; they alter the climate, change the course of local winds, increase or diminish the quantity of rain, and soften the rigor of the seasons. It is not merely that whole countries and regions look to certain plants for their sole support, or that the life of entire nations is bound up with that of a single tree, like the Mauritius palm, but whole races of men, through numberless generations, can live only where it pleases, under Providence, certain plants to grow and to prosper. By far the noblest and most exalted purpose for which plants live is, however, to adorn the surface of our beautiful earth, and thus to make manifest to us, in their very existence, and in all their thousand wonders, the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth. It is in this aspect only that plants, the types of nature, acquire their highest significance. They become then, not our friends and supporters only, but our kindly teachers also. Whether we look down upon soft mosses that creep over the rugged rock, and humble lichens weeping with slow oozing, or gaze up at the giant tree of the forest, everywhere our mind is lifted up, in awe and wonder, to that Intelligence which watches over the destinies of the universe, and gives us here already a faint glimpse of the great plan of creation and its great author.

EFFECTS OF WINE.—Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

PASSIONS.—A man can always conquer his passions if he pleases; but he cannot always please to conquer his passions.

Hummugees and their Assistants.

NEXT in importance as contributing to the comfort and luxuries of European and native residents in Syria, and only second to the horse and foot messenger, we accord rank in our sketches to Abdoul Bereki, head hummugee of the Turkish bath at Brilan, and his seven or eight assistants.

The old proverb says, that cleanliness is next to godliness. In Syria, beyond a doubt, cleanliness is life and health; but, besides this, cleanliness was a source of luxurious enjoyment, consisting of several branches of healthful recreation; for instance, we had the cold shower-bath and bathing in the sea, the swimming-bath, and bathing in the river; but all these fell far short of the Turkish vapor-bath, though perhaps, for the time being, afforded more enjoyment: the results were precarious; cold, and even fevers, were often the result of other baths, never the result of the Turkish hummum.

In addition to the importance of hummugees in general, in connexion with the various baths they superintend, these men, amongst the natives of the land, enjoyed distinct notoriety, and commanded additional respect from exercising a peculiar influence over the deep rooted and infatuating superstitions of the people; they were all more or less looked upon in the light of eminent physicians, skilled in sorcery, and particularly strong in the charm department.

None that we encountered in our frequent journeyings and long sojourning in the East, possessed greater influence in the latter respect than old Abdoul Bereki, the hummugee of Brilan; and in portraying this individual functionary, and the various callings which he professed to exercise, we shall give the reader a very fair specimen of the generality of bathmen in Turkey, and also a sample of the domestic habits and customs, their public character, and their peculiar *modus operandi*.

Our hummugee, Abdoul Bereki, was verging upon the shady side of fifty, when it first fell to our lot to make his acquaintance, and fall into his powerful and muscular clutches, as, after passing through the intervening and necessary preparations, we entered the innermost and most stifling apartment of the vapor-bath at Brilan, and were simultaneously seized upon and resistlessly dragged away to the further end of that room redolent with soap-suds and stifling atmosphere, to undergo the operation of being scrubbed with a horse-hair glove. A shiver yet seizes upon our frame as we call to mind the sufferings of that first ordeal which was to initiate us into the mysterious "kief" and enjoyment, loud and long-talked about by Turks and other bath frequenters, but the enjoyment or relish of which seemed then yet a mystery enveloped in acute sufferings, to say nothing of the natural hazy suffocating effect of the atmosphere; full well do we remember the groan of determination with which we resigned ourselves to the hands of the operator, determined at all costs to endure everything for the sake of the results; how we started and almost shrieked with pain, as the ruthless old man forced us into a sleeping posture upon the fiery brick floor; how he bellowed exclamations of surprise and indignation at our apparent pusillanimity, whilst his voice found a hundred thundering echoes in the vaulted and almost empty compartments of the bath; how the wretch, callous to our feelings and sufferings, poured bucket after bucket of water, hot enough to scald a dead pig, and then grinned a demon's grin of satisfaction as he lathered up the soap-suds, with a handful of oakum; and how, with lightning rapidity he besmothered us from head to foot, and from the extremity of the great toe back to the crown of the head again; how we opened our eyes to see what fresh torments were about to be inflicted upon us, when straightway they were filled with soap, and the agony was excruciating, how we opened our mouths imploringly and shut them again instantaneously full of abominable suds; how we struggled, vainly endeavoring to free arms and legs from the patent vice set upon them by the hummugee's powerful limbs, who, with one knee firmly planted upon our breasts, laughed horrible defiance at our puerile efforts; how, when hopeless and exhausted, we had resigned ourselves to the not very tender mercies of this terrible ogre, he suddenly darted away from us, and as suddenly returning, scattered our already bewildered senses, and regularly electrified the nervous system, by slashing buckets of cold water over us, which fell like liquid ice upon our limbs, and seemed altogether to petrify them; and how, finally, when all hope of succor was extinguished, and pleasure and comfort in this life seemed to be at an end, cup after cup of agreeably lukewarm water brought back gently and agreeably the natural circulation of the blood, and we ventured to rise up into a sitting posture, and opening

half one eye cautiously, discovered to our indescribable delight, that torture was at an end; the tormentor gone (occupied in tormenting a new victim), and we ourselves gradually awaking as though from some terrific dream to a keen sense and appreciation of a full glow of perfect health; how the spirits rose, light as the early lark, and the body felt purified and fresh and invigorated, and how, inspired with the strength of a young giant, we sprang to our feet, and seeking our ruthless tormentor with schemes of vengeance, changed wrath rapidly into mirth—discontent and suffering into luxurious enjoyment; and how pity only exploded in a merry burst of laughter, as we watched the same ogre operating in the selfsame style upon another novice.

All these, we say, are carefully packed up in the portmanteau of memory, and locked with the key of past recollections, only to be opened and brought forth (as upon the present occasion) for the amusement and instruction of our auditors or readers.

Our bathmen, in common with all other professionals of the same peculiar calling, might have been classed as an amphibious animal; he lived as much in the water as out of it, and in neither case seemed ever to be removed from a congenial element. From four o'clock in the morning (the hour when all the hummum fires are lit) to midday, and from after four in the afternoon till half an hour after midnight he filled his post, which was by no means a sinecure; so that about seventeen hours out of the twenty-four he was being perpetually exposed to a cooking process, which kept him in a violent perspiration, except just at intervals of a few minutes, when duty required his presence in the entrance-hall of the bath, where the atmosphere was always, even in the height of summer, verging upon freezing, and where a fountain spouted up a terribly cold stream of water—the sudden transition from extreme cold to extreme heat, and *vice versa*, was enough, one would have imagined, to injure a whole government, leave alone a solitary, weak, mortal man. With our hummugee, however, it seemed to have a directly contrary effect; he grew fat and healthy upon it, with brawny sinews, and the strength of a hercules. No pat of butter exposed to the fiery heat of an oven melted more freely than did Abdoul Bereki under the smoking influence of the hottest vapor-bath; no water froze faster under the influence of the severest winters than he did when exposed to the keen, damp atmosphere of the entrance-hall; his blood, like the rivers of unhealthy and uncertain climes, thawed and froze perpetually, and his constitution was exposed to as many changes, without protection from or precaution against any, as a poor man experiences during such weather as we have been lately subjected to. In my humble opinion, no rhinoceros, or hippopotamus, or sea-cow, or seal—no, nor yet any of those strange antediluvian monsters, ever had a more impervious hide, or a stronger constitution, than that possessed and enjoyed by our old hummugee: his skin, like carefully prepared parchment, resisted and kept out heat and cold; and

within, like salmon in a tin canister, he kept flesh and health carefully and hermetically sealed up.

It was not every customer that Abdoul Bereki condescended to take under his immediate patronage; long experience had taught him to distinguish, almost at the first glance, the quality and dispositions of those visiting the bath under his charge, and with him, as with many other mortals, gold and silver exercised an all-powerful influence—without it, or stinting it, you were at once classed as a plebeian, and accordingly handed over to any of his six or seven assistants; with it the fortunate possessor was in his eyes metamorphosed into a sultan, a veritable *adasha*, whose generosity became an after-thought of conversation or angry argument, and the amount of whose donations, duly registered in Abdoul Bereki's fertile memory, served as a check to the ambition of those who, presuming themselves possessed of generous dispositions, sunk into comparative avarice under its ordeal, or else it was used as a foil to keep off and parry the clamorous demands of the poorer classes who frequented the bath, all of whom thought it a high distinction to be tortured by the head ogre, who, however, seldom condescended to comply with their demands under a sum exorbitant for that class.

Europeans were game birds to the old bathmen; they bled freely from their purses, and were more liberal even than pashas, so that no argument could bring him to understand that we, considering his rough method of handling his victims, would rather be excused the honor he intended us. What! not be rubbed, and not have all your joints cracked by me, the head hummugee? Not have your head wrenched nearly off, your ears and fingers cracked, and your nose pulled straight—impossible! you are only joking with me; and straightway he would seize upon a victim, and carry him off struggling to the inner recesses of the bath, whence issued occasional groans, which gave ample testimony of the process of the hummugee and the sufferings of his victim. At last, by dint of often refusing, and by several mutinies in the bath, which nearly came to blows, we made the old man understand that really and in earnest we would rather do without him. Then was his astonishment and indignation unfeigned; such people as the English had never been heard of or read of in the East. Not be scalded, not rubbed and scrubbed into an inflammatory fever, not be converted into an icicle, and feel every bone in one's body gradually snapping and breaking! Why this was the height of kief and enjoyment? Money silenced the old fellow's arguments, and pacified his anger: we were permitted to consign our bodies to whomsoever we chose amongst his assistants; to have water as hot or as cool as we chose; to be scrubbed with horsehair brushes or let alone, as the whim or inclination seized us. But to this day, if the old man is alive, we are to his mind an incomprehensible enigma; for the idea of frequenting a Turkish bath without subjecting oneself to his cunning manipulations, classed us with the hopelessly insane lunatics.



HUMMUGES AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.

Without denying the peculiar talent of Abdoul Bereki, we declined availing ourselves of it; nevertheless, the Turkish bath became a perfect luxury, and as he found us more regular frequenters now that we are free to practice our own discretion, he silently pocketed increasing fees, but always insisted in being present in the hummum, till at last he himself condescended to adapt his method of performance to our new-fangled ideas, and he actually let us off without even attempting to crack the joints of our fingers, though he sometimes begged earnestly to be allowed the privilege, and sometimes, taking us unawares, nearly pulled our fingers out of their sockets.

In the modified system, the Turkish bath was certainly a glorious luxury: restless nights, of heat and mosquitos, found us pallid and exhausted at the usual hour of rising, from lack of necessary and health-contributing sleep; languidly we rose, unfit for any active calling of life: even the cool morning breeze hardly served to fan away the drowsy effect from our feverish system. Breakfast, though constituted of the most enticing ingredients, had no charms for us; on the contrary, we loathed the idea of eating—a tasteless cup of coffee, a pipe, and a headache. No inclination to read or write, or walk, or ride, or shoot, and an incessant thirst as though the wretched clay that clothed our humanity were a burning lime-pit, ever thirsty and never satiated. Luckily we had only some hundred yards to go to pass into the portals of the hummum; thither we crept, dejected, feverish, and weak, whilst our servants brought towels and necessary linen, and the cook, well acquainted from experience with the results, rushed off to the bazaars and brought enough ingredients to constitute a first rate *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

On entering the bath, the cool humid atmosphere seemed to chill and disincline us for its experience. Practice, however, had taught us to persevere: we crawled up the damp stone steps on to the damper stone platform that surrounded the circular entrance hall; the roofed dome was open at the top, and admitted freely the glorious light of summer; across from the ceiling to the flooring were a number of tight ropes, from which hung suspended sheets, turbans, and palampores, of every variety of color and size, and in the various stages from wringing wet to well-aired and dried, all ready waiting for the emergencies of the hummum. Upon the stone platforms already alluded to were spread carpets and cushions for the use of frequenters to the bath, and on these, at all hours of the day—excepting from twelve till four in the afternoon and later of a Saturday, when males are excluded and the women take possession of the baths—I say at all other hours, might be encountered in this hall of entrance the most grotesque and absurd figures in every imaginable and inconceivable position, from the man who has just entered and pauses to take a survey of the place, to the one who has bathed and completed his toilet, and who, having paid the usual fee to the bathmen, sweeps out in his long flowing and aromatically-scented robes, in all the conscious pride of health and cleanliness. We seat ourselves upon a vacant carpet, and, before submitting to the officious office of the attendant bathmen, lean back on our cushions and take a survey of the scene around us. Bathmen are clambering up perilously rickety ladders, to hang out wet clothes that have just been used, or to fetch down well aired ones for the convenience of fresh arrivals. In the centre, by the fountains, are several braziers, with charcoal fires, on which coffee is rapidly boiling, and from which the numerous pipes and narghalies of the visitors are being frequently supplied with live coals; half a dozen barbers, with as many assistants, hover over a huge caldron of boiling water, from which they draw their supply for shaving purposes; and, considering that nine out of ten of their customers shave their heads as well as whiskers and beards, their calling is of a truth no sinecure. Around on the various carpets are groups in all the different stages of bath enjoyment; or kief heads, peeping out behind sheets held up before them, indicate new arrivals preparing to enter the hummum. Next to them are those one stage in advance, who, having doffed their apparel, and carefully enveloped themselves in palampores and sheets, are trying on cuss-cuss, or high pattens, those hateful encumbrances which invariably threaten to throw the uninitiated and break every bone in your body against the hard, smooth, slippery, marble floors of the bath. Next to these again are those who, having got them on, find the greatest difficulty, without being held up on either side, to move an inch without slipping and breaking their necks; beyond these again is a group who, having undergone purification, are warmly wrapped up with huge turbans on their heads, and

half a dozen sheets and palampores swathed round them. One is having his head shaved, another is quaffing lemonade, a third inhaling with evident gusto the fumes of his pipe, whilst all are in pursuit of kief, reclining luxuriantly against cushions, comfortably warm and comfortably cool, with a glow of health in their veins, and a keen relish of enjoyment, which seemed foreign to their natures and constitutions when they came in some hour and-a-half ago. Then again we see groups, who, having completed their toilet, give no indication of a desire to leave the bath in a hurry, for they have brought music, and eatables, and drinkables, with them, to say nothing of tobacco, and sweatmeats and fruit. So there, seated, they are enjoying the good things of life, and making a mockery of good music by grating and discordant yelling, which is quite painful to our more civilized tympanums, and which hurries us on with our disrobing, so as to get sooner beyond the reach of their discord.

Now hold us firmly, ye stalwart sons of hummugees! for the cuss-cuss are perilous and the flooring slippery, yet without them we durst hardly pass over the central rooms, where the heat would sting our tender feet unmercifully.

Guided by these two, we navigate the slippery floor and pass from the hall of entrance to compartment No. 2. A heavy door, covered with green baize and rendered almost air-tight, bangs heavily to as we pass in, raising a hundred echoes under the vaulted domes. Here we are all in the dark, and the temperature is a few degrees warmer than the outer hall. Seated upon a carpet, spread upon a stone bench, are some half dozen invalids, who are fearful to graduate too rapidly from the extreme heat of the central hummum to the cold damp atmosphere of the outer hall.

We pass on to No. 3, with another door and another hundred echoes, and if we had tumbled through the earth, falling in at Paris and coming out in Africa, the change of climate could not be more perceptible; all superfluous covering are now laid aside. Wrapped in one loose flowing sheet, like the ghost of a Roman senator, we kick our wooden sandals aside and stalk on to the next compartment. The door shuts slowly, and we have entered No. 4. Simultaneously the echoes of groans and bursts of merriment assail our ears, all evidently proceeding from the bathers in the next and hottest compartment. No. 4 is still very dark, and perhaps twenty degrees hotter than No. 3, but both sink into insignificance when we enter the fifth and last room. If any man was to put himself into his own heated oven instead of the joint he intended for dinner, he could not quicker become sensible of the mistake than we do of the intense, intolerable burning, suffocating atmosphere of this place. The whole of the domed roof is pierced with holes, which admit of light through green glass at the same time they exclude the air. Vapors hang heavily in wreaths about the room; we pause in consternation and uncertainty of mind, to stare at the scarecrows that are stalking about or undergoing the process of a thorough purification; suddenly all our pores are opened and the perspiration bursts forth unrestrainedly; this at once acclimatizes us to the room; we seek one of the many fonts which are placed round the room, and scooping out the ready-mixed warm water with a dried gourd, pour it over our bodies as rapidly as we are able. We now breathe freely, and can contemplate objects around us with greater ease and enjoyment. Our hummugee, like another old man of the seas, with his head and shoulders one mass of soap-suds, issues out of a dark corner where there is nothing but smoke and a loud splashing of water, and tenders his services, which are accepted under stipulations. In the centre of the bath is a square stone bench, intended originally as a seat for such of the bath frequenters as were compelled to await the leisure of the hummugees, or who, having bathed, chose to amuse themselves by watching the operation as undergone by others.

How anything made of flesh and blood could even sit upon that bench was always a source of mystery to me; a baked brick or a red hot iron was only one degree hotter than this place, for the main pipe that carried hot water to other parts of the building passed directly under it, and the very place steamed again with heat.

Coming out from the hummum was a very different and far more agreeable affair. By the time all ablutions were completed, invigorating health and strength seemed to have re-possessed our frame, and with them comes back appetite. We never patronized the Oriental *dolce far niente* kief of hummum frequenters, but speedily enveloped ourselves in nicely aired, warm, dry sheets with turbans that would have added grace and dignity to a

very mogul, hurried through all the compartments to the one usually lingered in by invalids, which answered our purposes admirably as a dressing-rooms.

From the bath homeward the elasticity of our steps declared the efficacy of the remedy used, and a princely breakfast added its testimony to the efficiency of the cure. Once a young midshipman accompanied us to the bath, but falling into the hands of our old man of the seas, the lad was nearly terrified by the screams and grimaces of this singular old oddity, whilst he in his turn was equally enraptured and surprised at the extreme fairness and delicacy of complexion displayed by our young countryman.

"Of a truth," exclaimed the old hummugee, "I have found a being so fair, that it is impossible that the sun could have ever shone upon him!"

Our hummugee inside of the bath was quite as much at home as a hippopotamus at the bottom of a muddy stream. He ate, drank, and slept within its precincts, only being a sojourner with his own family during those brief hours when the bath was either shut up for the night or frequented by females. During this latter period, his wife presided over the noisy and mirthsome crew, ruling them, as report said, with a firm and iron rule.

When outside of the bath, Abdoul Bereki was either presiding at some betrothal or marriage festival, else occupied in visiting his sick and superstitious patients, to whom he administered severally medicine, consolation, or charms, as their necessity and superstition urged, or as their liberality argued a rich harvest.

Once he came to visit the child of our own cook, a weak and credulous individual, much addicted to petty larcenies in the culinary department; a very fragment of humanity was his fever-stricken, dropsical, attenuated child, born like the frogs of Alexandria, which he painfully resembled in shape and color, to breathe the pernicious atmosphere of the marsh-girded village, Scanderoon.

The old hummugee predicted a wonderful cure. Placing the child within the limits of some cabalistic figures which he had drawn upon the earth, he wrung a chicken's neck and sprinkled the blood around; the chicken was forthwith plucked and cooked into some palatable broth, which the sick child swallowed down greedily. This naturally renovated its strength for a while, and the reputation of the hummugee rose fifty per cent.; fifty anxious mothers entreated his interference, and bought of him countless bits of broken glass and papers with hieroglyphics—all of which were said to possess charms of the exact nature of which even the learned Abdoul professed utter ignorance.

Some years children would die, and then bathman's reputation was decidedly at a discount; at other seasons they thrived amazingly, and all was attributed to the magical influence he exercised. Amongst his superstitious and credulous patients he had never numbered a Turk; he confessed to this himself one day, when we bearded him in his own den—to wit the bath—and called him an arrant impostor.

"Well, well," said he, "there may be much truth in what you Franks call superstition; I possess none of it myself—I only administer it to others. There is one thing, however, which you cannot dispute, and that is, that I am really efficient in my own calling as a bathman or hummugee."

This point we cheerfully ceded to him, whereat, being highly gratified, he composed himself for a ten minutes' nap upon the floor of the hottest of the hot vapour baths, his head resting upon a parbaked slab of marble, his feet carelessly immersed in a puddle of cold muddy water; a veritable specimen of Turkish hummugees in general, amphibious, imperious, and callous to all noise around him, or the most sudden changes and opposite extremes of temperature.

I HAVE observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind: for there are so many fools whom the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to reflect that share which is allotted to himself.—*MacKenzie*.

THE bread of repentance we eat is in many instances made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

THE wrinkles of the heart are more indelible than those of the brow.

Miscellaneous.

THE world may make a man unfortunate, but not miserable, that is from himself.

SECRET WORTH.—It often happens that in the loose, thoughtless, and dissipated, there is a secret radiant worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation; that the spark of Heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may, by the breath of counsel and friendly exhortation, be kindled into flame.

A MORAL character is attached to autumnal scenes—the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives—all bear secret relations to our destinies.

PRESERVATION OF WOOD AND IRON.—Messrs. Rey and Guibert, of Marseilles, have invented a composition to preserve wood and iron, called a submarine and preserving coating. This composition is formed of ten parts of sulphuret of copper, two of sulphuret of antimony, and from five to thirty of the best varnish. These matters are ground together like paints, and applied like them to wood or iron.

A CURIOUS PENNY.—A person belonging to Grangemouth, in getting change for a shilling, was struck with something uncommon in one of the pence. On examination it was found that the obverse and reverse of the coin were divided, but united with a fine screw. Being opened, a halfpenny was inclosed, which was also divided; being opened, a farthing was inclosed, and also divided; and being opened, a half-farthing was inclosed. This elaborate penny is the same as the heavy old penny of George III.—date, 1799.

THE PEON AND THE COBRA.—A peon, in the Tannah, near the College Bridge, observed a rat run across the floor. He stooped to look after it, having his turban off, and his back hair loose. While in this position he suddenly felt as though some one was tugging him back by his hair. He put his hand up, and, to his horror, found there was a large cobra on his back, struggling to free its teeth from his hair, in which they had got entangled. Probably the reptile had also observed the rat, and had dropped from the roof, imbued with as keen a love of hunting as the peon himself. Be that as it may, the snake ultimately succeeded in getting loose, and escaped to a hole without inflicting any injury on the man. By the orders of the chief magistrate, the place was pulled down the next day; and there, sure enough, was the snake, with the rat in his stomach, half digested.—*Delhi Gazette.*

AVANCHES.—In the year 1740, the whole village of Rueram, in the canton of the Grisons, in Switzerland, was covered, and at the same time removed from its site, by an avalanche of this description. But this change, which happened in the night time, was effected without the least noise, so that the inhabitants were not aware of it, and, on awaking in the morning, could not imagine why daylight did not dawn. A hundred persons were dug out of the snow, sixty of whom were still alive, the interstices between the snow containing sufficient air to support life. Not many years ago an instance occurred of a family buried under one of these avalanches, and who continued in that situation for above a fortnight, remaining all that time in utter darkness, and inclosed in a body of snow several hundred feet in thickness. A massy beam supported the roof against this enormous pressure, and a milch ass which happened to be thus incarcerated with the people, furnished sufficient nourishment for the support of life, until they were at length restored to the light of day.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.—Had people but resolution enough to be not absolutely indifferent to, or cynically regardless of, but less solicitous about what others may think of their concerns—of what a load of trouble might they at once relieve themselves! At least one-half of the toil, the anxieties, and the fatigues of life, is occasioned by the struggling to cut a figure in that great *œil de bœuf*—the eye of the world! It may appear strange, but it is undeniably true, that the regard we universally pay to other people's eyes puts us to more trouble and expense than almost anything else. What sums of money are squandered away, whether they can be afforded or not; what trouble, what toil, what fuss, what vexation are submitted to, for no better reason than because our neighbors possess the power of looking at us! And if other people's eyes did not already tax us sufficiently in the way of what is called "keeping up appearances!" Many even double or treble that tax, in order to exaggerate appearances, and show themselves to the world in an expensive masquerade, till, perhaps, they end by becoming really poor—merely through the pains

they take to avoid the imputation of being thought so; or rather through the misplaced ambition of being considered far wealthier than they really are. The keeping up of appearances is laudable enough; but the art of doing so is not understood by every one. For instead of regulating appearances according to a scale which they can consistently and uniformly adhere to, a great many persons set out in life by making appearances far beyond what they can afford, and what they can "keep up" at all—at least not without constant effort, pain, or apprehension. Society abounds with such tiptoe people—as they may well enough be described, since they assume the uneasy attitude of walking upon tiptoes, which, though it may do for travelling across a Turkey carpet or a hearth-rug, is ill-suited for journeying through life on a road which, though rugless, is nevertheless apt to be found rugged, and requires to be trodden firmly if we would keep our footing.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—We learn that the Hudson's Bay Arctic expedition in search of Franklin has returned, after reaching the place where Franklin's crews were reported to have perished. Dr. Rae's report was fully confirmed. They met Esquimaux in that vicinity who had seen the whites, and gave much valuable information. On the island were discovered the remains of a boat, which had been partially destroyed by the natives for the sake of the wood and the metal fastenings, although there was sufficient left to identify it as having belonged to the Franklin expedition; one fragment of wood (now, as well as some other small relics, in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Lachine) having the name "Terror" branded on it, while another piece cut upon it; this latter being part of a snow shoe, evidently of English manufacture, being made of oak, a species of wood no man accustomed to get snow shoes would ever select for the purpose. No papers or books, and no human remains, were found. The Esquimaux were very friendly, and freely displayed all their treasures obtained from the boat, or found near it, and these consisted principally of the oars, used by them as tent poles, the bent kettles, the empty preserved meat cases, &c., but no papers; and the natives stated, with every evidence of sincerity, that none had ever been seen or found; everything portable was secured and brought back.

SHIP-TIMBER.—To give an idea of the enormous quantity of timber necessary to construct a ship of war, we may observe that 2,000 tons, or 3,000 loads, are computed to be required for a seventy-four. Now, reckoning fifty oaks to the acre, of 100 years' standing, and the quantity in each tree at a load and a half, it would require forty acres of oak-forest to build one seventy-four; and the quantity increases in a great ratio for the largest class of line-of-battle ships. A first-rate man-of-war requires about 60,000 cubic feet of timber, and uses 180,000 pounds of rough hemp in the cordage and sails for it. The average duration of these vast machines, when employed, is computed to be fourteen years. It is supposed that all the oaks now in Scotland would not build two ships of the line. In Sweden all the oak belongs to the king, or the proprietors of estates can only dispose of it to government; so that, when not wanted for the navy, it is often left to decay, and, indeed, is generally much neglected. Teak is stronger and more buoyant than oak. It is said even to be more durable; and, unlike the oak, may be put in use almost green from the forest, without danger of wet or dry rot. The oak contains an acid which corrodes and destroys iron, while teak possesses an essential oil which preserves iron. Beech and elm are good timber for the lower keels of ships (as also for the piles of bridges and harbors), because, when under water, they are extremely durable; though neither stand well the effects of the atmosphere.

THE BATTLE NOT TO THE STRONG.—A very cruel experiment was once tried as to the strength or courage of various animals. A dragoon's horse and a bull were turned into an inclosure, where a tiger, a lion, a wolf, and a bear (which had all been previously kept in great hunger) were also let loose. Immediately on the entrance of the first mentioned animals, the tiger crouched along on his belly, and then, making a spring, leapt on to the bull's back, and brought him down. This was the signal for a general fight, in which the bull, the tiger, and the wolf were the first to fall. The lion and bear then fell to in a desperate contest. With his teeth and claws the lion severely handled his rough antagonist; but the bear's thick coat and strong hide served him in good stead, and his wounds were not deep or serious. On his side, too, the bear displayed great caution; and, at length, took the lord of the forest

at an advantage, got him within his grasp, and gave him a squeeze which deprived him of life. Bruin, being now master of the field, flew upon the horse, which had kept aloof all this while; but, turning his heels on his ferocious assailant, he gave the shaggy brute a severe kick on the side. Furious from the pain of this blow, the bear dashed to the attack again; but this time fared worse. The horse's heels now came with tremendous effect upon the bear's head—felling him to the ground, a dead Bruin. Thus, contrary to all expectation, the most harmless and inoffensive of the whole half-dozen combatants came off the victor, and untouched.

DENSITY OF DIFFERENT SEAS.—Surprise has been expressed that vessels which go direct to Sebastopol take a smaller cargo than if they were only to go to Constantinople, or that they diminish their cargo in the latter port before entering the Black Sea. The reason is this:—The density of the water of different seas is more or less considerable, and the vessels which sail in them sink the water more or less, according to that density. The density arises from the quantity of salt contained in the water, and, consequently, the saltier the sea is, the less a vessel enters it. As, too, the more salt a vessel carries, the deeper she penetrates the water, it follows that the more the water is salt, the greater is the quantity of salt that can be carried. Now, the Black Sea being nineteen times less salt than the Mediterranean, a vessel which leaves Toulon or Marseilles for Sebastopol, must take a smaller cargo than that which only goes to Constantinople, and a still smaller one if it is to enter the Sea of Azoff, which is eighteen times less salt than the Mediterranean. It is known that the Mediterranean is twice as salt as the Atlantic, once more than the Adriatic, five times more than the Caspian Sea, twelve times more than the Ionian Sea, and seventeen times more than the Sea of Marmora. The Dead Sea contains more salt than any other sea. It is asserted that two tons of its water yield 589 lbs. of salt and magnesia.

BANK NOTES.—Bank of England notes have so many peculiarities that their genuineness is easily tested. In the first place, the paper on which they are printed is of a peculiar white, and such as is not used for any other purpose, nor can it, indeed, be purchased; and it is so thin that the printed portions can neither be erased or washed out by any chemical process without making a hole in the paper, or so increasing its natural transparency as to render the fraud detectable on the instant. Secondly, there is a crispness and toughness which no other paper possesses; so that the particular feel of a note is soon known by those who are in the habit of handling them. Thirdly, the wire marks which are given when the paper is in a pulpy state, and which is easily distinguished from a mark made after the paper is manufactured. Fourthly, the three "deckle edges." The mould in which the paper is made contains enough for two notes (placed lengthways), which are cut asunder in an after stage of the process; thus leaving three edges rough, from contact, in a pulpy state, with the deckle or wooden frame of the paper mould; the peculiar roughness of these edges cannot be successfully imitated after the pulp is dry, and the paper made. And lastly, the paper is of extraordinary strength, being made, not from old rags, but from new linen and cotton.

A SURE SHOT.—In the autobiography of W. Jerdan we find the following paragraph:—Lord de Tabley was the surest shot I ever saw in the field. His piece was rarely raised but to kill, and twenty snipes in succession have fallen in proof of his accuracy of aim. And with the pistol he was still more wonderful. The head of a swallow peeping over a cornice of the old tower was a sufficient object for a bullet about the size of a pea. A wagtail hopping and chipping on the lawn was a gone bird if I asked for another specimen of skill, though he was out of practice since the time he fired for a wager of a thousand guineas laid upon him by the Prince Regent, the evidence of the winning of which bet was testified by a card with two holes in the centre, resembling the ace of clubs, and which had been perforated in that way at the duelling distance of twelve paces. He would have stood a poor chance in a duel who ventured to meet Lord de Tabley. The loading of the pistol was a bit of minute science which amused me. The gunpowder was carefully measured in a ramrod with a funnel end to receive it, and smoothed off by a fine card; the pistol was inverted over this, and being reversed, every particle was deposited in the breach. The rest of the loading was equally precise, and, as his lordship never missed, I was brought to the conclusion that three or four of the finest grains of powder, more or less, made all the difference in hitting or missing.



THE PICTURESQUE CHALETs OF THE VAL DES ORMONDS.

Excursion to the Val Des Ormonds.

I WAS once present at a most amusing discussion, which took place among a party of tourists bent upon seeing something of the beauties of Switzerland, the head-quarters of the party being the Hotel de la Couronne, at Geneva. We had just returned from Chamouni, where we had spent a week of great enjoyment, seeing all the splendid points of view in that celebrated spot, with every advantage of the finest weather; and we might therefore be supposed somewhat fastidious in the matter of sight-seeing. The party consisted of no less than eight persons, with tastes as various as could well be conceived. We were assembled at breakfast, and some rather alarming clouds in the horizon seemed to affect in some degree the spirits, if not the tempers, of most individuals composing the party. We were troubled by one of that class of persons known by the name of *laquais de place*. Though a good specimen of his class, he was very opinionated, and at least one-half of the members of our party placed so entire a faith in him, that they were almost incapable of seeing with any eyes but his. His opinion being asked as to what we were to do during the next two days, he gave it very positively in favor of Vevay, urging many good reasons in support of his advice. I saw immediately that no other scheme would be listened to by his adherents, but I did not feel disposed to coincide, for I had other views which I was anxious to carry into effect. Next to this great authority, whom we will call André, sat a gentleman who had travelled a good deal, and who gave it as his opinion that "to go to Vevay was very common-place; it was no more than every traveller who visited Switzerland was sure to do; there was nothing original in it," and so on. His advice was to proceed to far-famed Chillon, where he knew good accommodation could be found at the inn, and where they could spend the time delightfully, rambling about the castle, or visiting all the remarkable places in the neighborhood. A very romantic young lady present, instantly gave her opinion in favor of Chillon. There still remained one of the party who had not spoken, besides myself, and this quiet and by no means enterprising individual suggested going to Mernese, a very pretty village, with the advantage of a most comfortable pension, and a garden, from whence one of the finest views of Mont Blanc could be obtained. No one seconded this idea, and I was silent, having determined that my quiet friend should be the companion of my own excursion, provided, of course, I could not persuade the party generally to adopt my views.

Matters were in this unsatisfactory state, when I ventured to open my lips and state that I had been assured that the Val des Ormonds was better worth

seeing than any other sight in Switzerland. I had no sooner spoken than André began making the most violent objections; he said there was great difficulty in procuring proper carriages, that the inns were bad, the roads rough, and so forth. As I had no wish to influence an unwilling party to undertake an expedition that might have its difficulties, I proposed that for these two disputed days the party should divide—the Vevay portion taking up their quarters at the hotel there, under the auspices of André, and that they should indulge the gentleman and the romantic young lady with a day at Chillon, while myself and my friend should proceed to explore the Val des Ormonds. All parties were pleased with this proposal; the very ominous clouds were no longer observed, while even André condescended to say, "It is to be hoped that madame will be amused."

Thus it fell out that I gained my object, and visited the Val des Ormonds; and as I am persuaded that many persons, if acquainted with the attractions of the place, will be most anxious to follow my example, I propose to give a few plain hints that will enable even those not accustomed to travel, to spend a month's holiday in the midst of some of the grandest and at the same time the most lovely scenery to be found in Switzerland.

Leaving our tourists to make their way to Paris by one of the several routes now available, they will pass on thence to Strasbourg, which will occupy twelve hours by rail. The travellers could either sleep there, and proceed to Basle the next morning, or start at once, if trains suited, to Basle. Arrived here, they have a choice of two modes of proceeding; either to go direct by diligence to Geneva in thirty hours, or, what I should decidedly recommend, go by diligence from Basle to Berne, in eleven hours, and then to Lausanne in twelve hours. Thus, leaving London on Monday morning, the travellers would on Thursday be at Lausanne, within a very short distance of Aigle, which I should recommend as head-quarters. But now to continue the narrative of my own experience.

My companion and myself very quickly made our preparations, and at twelve o'clock we left the hotel, and embarked on board a small steamer. The weather was by no means promising; thick heavy clouds, hung down low over the mountains, so that they were entirely invisible, and by the time the steamer arrived opposite Vevay, a small drenching rain began to fall. As our friends took leave of us, they evidently regarded us with profound compassion; but we were not to be daunted; our minds were made up, and we pursued our damp and misty way with courage and hope. We had one companion in our trials—a young Englishman, who, judging by his extreme simplicity, could never have

left his home before. He had a guide, who seemed to have the complete management of him in every respect. On our arrival at Villeneuve, where we were to land, he and his guide were of the greatest possible use to us, (being both of us females,) for getting from the steamer into the small boats sent for us, was no easy or pleasant matter, as the rain was now coming down in torrents. On arriving at the inn, there seemed some difficulty as to carriages; there were more people than could well be accommodated; but we were very fortunate, inasmuch as two very civil Germans gave up their places to us in a very tidy carriage, contenting themselves instead with two outside places. A friend of theirs retained his place, and proved a most intelligent and agreeable companion.

Nothing can be cleaner or more comfortable than the little inn at Aigle; the charges are most reasonable, the people are very civil and anxious to please, the food is good, and the accommodation such as to satisfy any one not over-fastidious. It is a most agreeable resting-place, as there are endless beautiful excursions in the neighborhood, and the views from the windows are most striking. The valley of the Rhone, and the lake of Geneva are seen to the greatest advantage from the little garden belonging to the inn, the situation of which indeed is picturesque in the extreme.

During the time devoted to rest and refreshment, we were cheered by seeing the clouds breaking and the rain decreasing in violence; but in spite of this amendment, we were rather startled at seeing a small open carriage come to the door, without hood or apron, or any other means of protecting us against the fury of the weather; but being assured that there was no alternative, we reluctantly submitted. Our forebodings were but too quickly realized, for we had not left the inn a quarter of an hour, and were just beginning the ascent up the splendid road leading to Sepey, when down came the rain in a way unknown to those who have not experienced what rain can be in these mountainous regions. The clouds, in large white vapory masses, filled the whole mountain ravine, and enveloped us, as it were, in a watery torrent. Plaids, cloaks, capes, rugs, and indeed everything else, were soon soaked through, and our very umbrellas seemed incapable of any longer affording us any shelter. Thus we moved slowly on in a most gloomy miserable state. My friend was too kind to reproach me, and yet I felt as if in her heart she must wish herself with the party at Vevay. We heard no sound but the plashing of the rain on our soaked umbrellas and dripping garments, and the roaring of the torrent as it dashed itself from rock to rock, far down below. Now and then, as in despair, one or other of us raised our umbrellas to see if there was any relenting in the ceaseless down-pour, when we caught glimpses of scenery quite answering to all I had been told, and thus our situation was rendered even more tantalizing and hopeless. Still we sped on our way till at length the driver pointed with his whip to a cluster of dark brown chalets, dimly visible through the mist, and said, "Voila Sepey, mesdames."

Yes, we were indeed arrived, and I do not ever remember, in any of the vicissitudes to which travellers are subject, having experienced a more agreeable change than when we found ourselves in a comfortable room, with a good warm stove, our soaked garments exchanged for dry ones, and a very pleasant intelligent girl exerting herself to promote our comfort; and, above all, a steaming hot cup of coffee on the table beside us. We soon revived under such agreeable treatment, and after receiving from Annette the comfortable assurance that "to-morrow the weather will be splendid—no doubt of it," we were not sorry to retire to rest.

On awaking next morning I shall not easily forget my delight at seeing a cloudless blue sky, the sun shining upon the dazzling snowy peaks, all the more brilliant for the newly-fallen snow, and that indescribable freshness and brightness always seen in these mountain valleys after a days' rain. The foliage was in all its vivid freshness and beauty. A most glorious morning had succeeded to the broken weather of the day before; and, had we seen nothing more than the village of Sepey, as we strolled through it after a very early breakfast, we should have felt ourselves amply rewarded. I was never more struck and delighted than by this most lovely spot. It is a large scattered village, situated in a retired mountain valley, the chalets dotted here and there over the verdant green slopes of the mountains,

* This, however, may easily be obviated by writing from either Basle or Berne a line to the landlord at Villeneuve, to bespeak the kind of carriage required, when they will allow you to retain it during the whole of your stay in the Val des Ormonds.

backed by fine pine forests rearing their sombre heads in strong contrast with the ranges of snowy peaks, and the glittering glaciers forming the background.

All travellers know how picturesque are the chalets in these Alpine villages; but none that I have ever seen can be named in comparison with the chalets at Sepey. They are of the richest dark brown wood, and all the projecting roofs, the pretty low galleries, which run entirely round the dwelling, and every spot where ornament was possible, were carved in the richest manner. Many of them are adorned with texts from the Bible, or quaint old verses cut in elaborate old letters, adorned with scrolls, wreaths of leaves, birds, and many a fanciful and elegant device. We visited the most remarkable of those dwellings, which are all the work of the peasants, who are trained up to this beautiful workmanship from father to son, some families seeming to have a peculiar gift for the art. The name of the carver and the date of the erection may be seen in the front of every dwelling. They employ the long winter months in this elaborate work, as it can all be done under shelter, and afterwards the different pieces are fitted into their places.

Directly after our walk through the village, we mounted two strong, sure-footed horses, to commence our ride to Combal, which is a mountain path accessible to horses; or, if preferred, to those commodious conveyances called *chaises a porteur*.^{*} It is difficult to do justice to the scenery we passed through: but, as my object is to induce others to follow my footsteps, I must make an attempt at description. The views were grand and lovely by turns; the path now leading us through a gloomy forest, where the sun could scarcely penetrate, and anon through the most smiling glades, rich in the most luxuriant pastures, carpeted with wild flowers, and adorned by orchards of cherry-trees in full blossom. Cascades, falling in the midst of these mountain gorges, added to the variety of the prospect; while the most magnificent snowy peaks towering up into the blue sky, completed the wondrous grandeur of the scenery. The Dent du Midi and the Vallaian Alps are some of the highest of these glittering peaks. The little village of Combal is 3500 feet above the level of the sea, and the snow often lies in the valley as late as the month of June.

Never did I behold a more magnificent scene than that which greeted me when, winding round the last turn in our path, we came upon the picturesque little inn of Combal, lying buried amidst these mountains, a lawn-like bank, smooth as velvet, and greener than any one can imagine, sloping down in front of the inn to a luxuriantly wooded glade that stretched far away into the mountains, and a stream running far below, dancing, and sparkling, and foaming, at though chafed at its narrow bounds. We gazed till we felt almost bewildered with such excess of beauty; and then, turning aside for a time, we entered the saloon of the inn. This pretty apartment had windows on three different sides, giving a complete panorama of these glorious prospects, while a covered gallery with commodious seats ran round the house, where we might sit and dream the hours away, while gazing at the ever varying scenes before us—now seen in the soft light of the early morn, now in the glowing light of the mid-day sun, now with the roseate tints of sunset coloring all those snowy peaks, and then again with the silver moon rising behind those wooded banks, and shedding a solemn radiance on the scene, the nightingale making the air vocal with his sweet melody.

We found a large and very amusing party assembled in the saloon. I do not think that any ordinary pen could do justice to their various eccentricities. I certainly shall not make the attempt, but proceed with my sketch. We found that even this secluded spot is in some repute amongst foreigners, for certain mineral springs, supposed to be very efficacious in strengthening those who, from whatever cause, have

been much debilitated. I should be disposed to attribute a great deal of the benefit to the delicious air, the healthy life, early hours, and simple diet, that form the regimen in this retired mountain village.

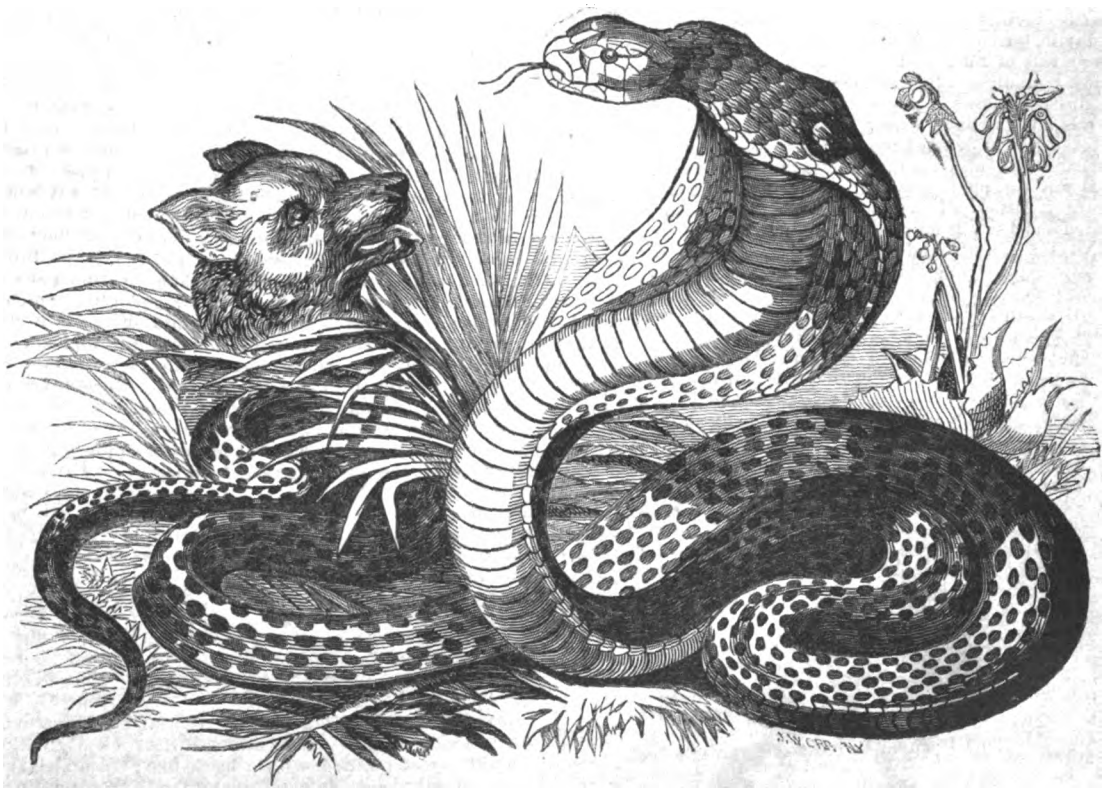
The inn is really very clean and comfortable, with nice airy bed-rooms, and the food was sufficiently good to satisfy any one who was not a regular epicure—more especially when the good appetite resulting from the mountain air is taken into consideration. You may get good bread, delicious milk, cream, and butter, abundance of strawberries and raspberries, good eggs, very fair coffee, and plain, wholesome meat—a bill of fare that does not leave much room for complaint. Those persons intending to take my advice, and spend a month in these lovely mountain solitudes, would do well to go first to Aigle, and from thence write a line to the very civil landlord of the inn at Combal to bespeak rooms, or otherwise they would run the chance of finding the house full.

After dining, and rambling about all the lovely ground on which the village stands, we mounted our horses and rode down the mountain path, which showed, perhaps, to even greater advantage than in the ascent. About midway we halted to rest both ourselves and the horses, for the descent is far more fatiguing than the ascent. We made choice of a delightful spot, where the soft green turf was covered with wild flowers, among which were the deep blue gentian, the crimson mountain pink with its delicious scent, the Alpine ranunculus, bright tufts of yellow fox-glove, while the richest colored mosses and lichens adorned the trees and banks with their brilliant hues. After resting awhile, we continued our ride, for time pressed, and followed our path, now through the woods that clothe many of the steep slopes, and now through verdant meadows. Sometimes the path was so narrow that the precipice went sheer down many hundred feet, while across the wooded gorge one might see the solitary eagle winging his flight to the mountain range far away in the distance.

I have never seen finer Alpine scenery—very seldom as fine—all things considered: it was most enjoyable. We soon came upon some beautiful meadows, sloping down towards Sepey; and the change from the grandeur of the forests and snow-clad mountains to these wooded meadows, enamelled with flowers and adorned with blossoming fruit-trees, with the picturesque chalets scattered all about them, was striking in the extreme. The peasants of the Val des Ormonds are reckoned some of the hardestiest of the Swiss mountaineers; the costume of both men and women is more characteristic than one meets with in these days in the more frequented parts of Switzerland. The men are reckoned the most expert rifle shots in the canton, and I was told almost incredible stories of the immense distances at which they could take sure aim.

After our splendid ramble, we were not sorry to find ourselves again at Sepey, resting on the pretty balcony, and enjoying some delicious strawberries and fresh cream. The calm retirement of the valley here is most refreshing. It does not seem as if anything could ever have altered or disturbed its profound tranquility. There lay outspread before us, those beautiful meadows, dotted over with fine groups of walnut trees, and scarcely a flat bit of ground to be seen, for these pastures are on the slopes of the hills, stretching up to the magnificent woods: beyond, the eye rests on the dark hue of the fire; and the snowy peaks, now rosy with the rays of the setting sun, rear their majestic heads far up into the sky; while, near to us in the foreground, stands the quiet village church, with its well-kept church-yard, filled with the simple tombstones of generation upon generation of primitive people who have been born and bred in this deep seclusion, knowing no other life, worshipping there where their fathers worshipped, and, their quiet lives over, taking their last long rest with those who have gone before them. It was a prospect most striking in every point of view. The mixture of the simple every-day life of the peasantry, the home scene around their picturesque dwellings, with the tokens of all their daily avocations, contrasted with the sublime grandeur of that magnificent Alpine scenery, produced upon one's mind a most soothing and subduing effect; and it was with feelings of deep regret that I gave the order for our carriage to be got ready for our return to Aigle.

The magnificent road leading down to Sepey is one of the finest specimens of engineering that can be seen; the distance is not more than three leagues and in three-quarters of an hour you reach Aigle. No road in Europe can surpass it in construction, or in the difficulties presented by the ground over which it is carried. It was commenced in 1836, and the idea was to carry it on through Combal and so to Chateau d'Oex, there to join the main road to Thun, Interlachen, etc.; but the expense of the first construction was found to be so enormous, and the needful repairs in winter, owing to the avalanches and immense falls of rock, so frequent and costly that it caused a stoppage in the works, and the road was carried no further than Sepey. It is marvellous to witness the gradual and easy way in which it is carried round the face of a mountain upwards of 3,500 feet in height. The engineer was a Monsieur Pichard, a Vaudois by birth, and it is said that his death was caused by his ceaseless exertions in this arduous undertaking. Far down below rush along the Grandes Eaux, forming a succession of mighty cascades and torrents. Immense walls of rock rear their stupendous heights above the road on one side, while a precipice as deep falls sheer down on the other; but the road is well secured, so that there is nothing to alarm even the most timid traveller.



COBRA DE CAPEL

^{*} To those ladies who do not feel equal to undertaking this ride, I would recommend their remaining at Sepey, which is quite as enjoyable a place as Combal, and is in the very centre of beautiful objects for excursions.

We could not help contrasting our rich enjoyment of the splendid scenery which we were now passing, on a glorious summer evening, with the dripping, half-drowned, and most desponding state in which we hastened over the same ground only so short a time before. These, however, are the vicissitudes that travellers in mountainous regions must expect to meet with. Borne with good-humor, they are of small consequence, and the remembrance of them is soon obliterated by the first agreeable day one spends; but, if dwelt upon and magnified, they become real evils, destroying the very great and profitable enjoyment which travelling is capable of affording.

And so we returned to Vevay; and, without triumphing unduly over those who had remained stationary, it was impossible not to feel that we had had the best of it; and, as we did not leave Vevay till late the ensuing day, we had ample time to sit in the lovely garden, and to enjoy the enchanting views of the lake, and while doing so to reflect upon the delightful day we had spent in the Val des Ormonds—a spot seen by so few English travellers.

My sketch is finished; and if any English family should be assembled for the purpose of discussing how to spend a month's holiday in travelling abroad to the greatest advantage, and in the midst of their perplexity this sketch should chance to fall in their way, I can only say that they may rely upon the general accuracy of the information here given; and that, should they start on their excursion, carefully following my directions, in so doing I can promise them that they will never repent the step, for they will assuredly behold more lovely and magnificent scenery than such of their friends and acquaintance as are content to keep close to the beaten track. With this advice, and wishing them all success and all enjoyment, I take my leave.

Cobra de Capello.

It was dark—very dark. The sudden and brief twilight of our Indian climes had come and gone while I remained in the underground hut, which, indeed, I found to be on the borders of the plain, hidden amongst the last thicket of the jungle. We had not gone a mile of the six which I was told I had to proceed, before my little guide, tumbling over something in the narrow pathway, fell, cutting his right knee against a stone. I had fortunately the East India sportsman's usual supply of diachylon about me, which I applied to the wound; but as the poor child walked with difficulty and seemed anxious to return, I made him describe the direction I was to pursue and dismissed him, enriched beyond all former experience—in the possession of a rupee. He told me I had but to follow the straightforward track to reach my place of encampment, and I did not think it likely that I could diverge from the one limited plain into one more rugged and unbeaten. There was no moon as yet, and the wide open plain, here and there intersected by slight gravelly ravines, the summer dried beds of the mountain torrents in the monsoon, and here and there a tuft of bushes or a clump of trees, seemed almost boundless. Behind me I could still define the dusky shadows of woods and hills, but in front all was level vacancy, except far in advance, where twinkling light denoted the night fire of a pilgrim, the habitation of a man, or the shrine of a faquir. This was the point given me to march upon, and whilst it lasted, all went well; but soon it disappeared and I saw it no more.

All the sounds and sensations peculiar to an Asiatic night were gathered around me, as I slowly proceeded. The air was agreeably cool, a myriad of insects, born to darkness, filled the atmosphere; the fetid green bug stuck in my hair, mosquitoes buzzed hungrily about my ears, and large white-winged moths, with obtuse pertinacity, mistook my eyes for some luminous food; crickets and grasshoppers chirped loudly around; occasionally a night owl hooted across the waste; and as I crossed a small runnel of water, a flock of huge white herons, called paddi-birds, from their frequenting the wet paddi, or rice fields, rose simultaneously from their drink, looking, as they flew lazily away, like a troop of ghosts in snowy shrouds. There was the boom of a bittern, and the croak of many bull-frogs; and by-and-by, beautiful in the pitchy darkness which precedes the rising of the moon, the sky was thronged with fire-flies.

They danced and gleamed and glittered around me like floating gems; they decked the trees of a toy or grove through which I passed, till every branch seemed festooned with fairy lamps, every leaf dewed with drops of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; and I paused in mute admiration to look at them.

Suddenly, as suddenly as they had appeared before, and as if swayed by some inscrutable policy of their own, they vanished, and all was again obscurity. Indeed, it was now so dark, that I knew the moon must soon rise; and feeling a certain security in remaining still, I resolved to wait till the night became lighter. I had descended a slight sandy delf, and was seated on a bank, near the little rill, which in breadth was not a yard across. The delicious coolness of the breeze, the rich odor that came wafted from the golden blossoms of some baboos (gum arabic trees) near me, the disappearance of the annoying insects, and considerable degree of fatigue, combined to drowse my faculties, and I was supinely yielding to the irresistible clasp of slumber, when all at once something hurried past me, a whirling sort of noise was heard, some sharp substance struck me painfully on my extended leg—a sound as of the clattering of many rods struck together in quick succession followed, and all was again silent. In violent terror I put my hand to my leg, and found that, in truth, something had pierced through my pants, for blood was running from the wound.

I could see nothing from the ground. Could it be an arrow? Nay, it was the newly-dropped quill of a porcupine. The animal, so rarely seen, had come to drink, and, in an unexpected contact with my leg, had been deprived of a quill—one of those beautiful dotted quills, of which the expert natives of some parts of India make such elegant work-boxes.

It was still dark, though the pitchy darkness of the atmosphere had subsided. I, however, deemed it advisable to remove from the proximity of the water, and creeping upon the plain, threw myself down upon the dry, crisped grass, where I contrived for a few moments to keep awake, but alas! just as I was conscious of a coming grey to the skies, the god of sleep was too strong for me, attacked me, and I succumbed.

No doubt of it; I slept soundly, sweetly; no doubt of it. I have never since then slept in the open air either sweetly or soundly, for awaking was full of horror.

Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew there was a shadow creeping over me beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the coils of a living chain; but as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movements of them or sinew, I knew not till I was awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs up to the knees.

"My God, I am lost!" was the mental ejaculation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might arouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of my sleeping, and I again lay paralysed. It slept, or at all events lay motionless; and how long it so remained, I know not, for time to the fear-struck is as the rising of eternity. All at once, the sky cleared up, the moon shone out, the stars were over me; I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, from whence I dared not move it, nor dared I look downwards at the loathsome bedfellow which my evil stars had sent me.

Unexpectedly a new object of terror supervened; a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart raps on the ground, put the snake on the alert; for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upwards to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile. There was a shrill cry from my new assailant, a loud appalling hiss from the serpent; for an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, upon my body; in the next they were beside me on the turf, in another a few paces off, struggling, twisting, fighting furiously.

I beheld them—a mongoose, or ichneumon, and a cobra de capello. I started up, and watched that most singular combat, for all was now as clear as day. I saw them stand alone for a moment, the deep, venomous fascination of the opponent; I saw this duel of the eye exchanged once more for closer conflict; I saw that the mongoose was bitten, that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant, whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake-bites.

As it returned in sight, I saw the cobra de capello, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto erect position, with a battle-hiss; whilst the wonderful victor, indulging himself in a

series of fierce leaps upon the body of his antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat.

Little graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet mongoose,—the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all favorites.

I very soon found my way to my tent, where there were some strange surmises about my absence. Need I tell you how much I enjoyed my curry and rice that night, late as it was? or how I countermanded the marching orders the next morning? or how soundly I slept after this "midnight adventure."

MR. HUNT, recently lecturing, thus enumerated the several counties of England and Scotland in which mineral wealth is known to exist, and also the whole of the minerals and metallic deposits found in each county: from which it appears that there exists in Cornwall, iron, copper, tin, lead, antimony, zinc, nickel, silver, bismuth, &c.; in Devonshire, coal, iron, copper, tin, lead, silver, manganese, zinc, and gold; Somersetshire, coal, iron, and lead; Gloucestershire, coal and iron; Herefordshire, coal; Shropshire, coal, iron, and lead; Staffordshire, coal, iron, copper, and lead in a small degree; Worcestershire, coal and iron; Warwickshire, coal and iron; Northamptonshire, iron; Leicestershire, coal; Lincolnshire, iron; Nottinghamshire, coal; Derbyshire, coal, iron, and lead; Cheshire, coal; Lancashire, coal, iron, copper, and lead; Yorkshire, coal, iron, lead, and silver; Durham, coal, iron, and lead; Northumberland, coal, iron, lead, and silver; Cumberland, coal, iron, copper, lead, and silver; Westmoreland, coal, iron, copper and lead. In Wales, coal and iron were found in Pembrokehire; in Monmouthshire, coal and iron; Glamorganshire, coal, iron, and lead; Carmarthenshire, coal, iron, lead, silver, and gold; Cardiganshire, copper, lead, silver, zinc, &c.; Brecknockshire, coal and iron; Montgomeryshire, coal, lead, silver, and zinc; Flintshire, coal, lead, and silver; Denbighshire, coal, lead, silver, and iron; Merionethshire, coal, copper, lead, silver, and gold; Carnarvonshire, coal and lead; in the island of Anglesea, coal, iron, and copper. In Scotland, there are found in Dumfriesshire, coal and lead; in Kirkcudbrightshire, lead, iron, copper, and coal; Wigtonshire, lead; Ayrshire, coal, iron, and lead; Renfrewshire, coal; Dumbartonshire, coal; Lanarkshire, coal, iron, lead, silver, and gold; Stirlingshire, coal; Linlithgowshire, coal and iron; Edinburghshire, coal and iron; Peeblesshire, coal; Haddingtonshire, coal and iron; Fifeshire, coal and iron; Clackmannanshire, coal and iron; Perthshire, coal, lead, and copper; Argyllshire, lead and coal. The rarer metals were not named, but many are disseminated through the other counties.

SINGULAR ANTIPATHIES.—The antipathies of the human mind are very extraordinary, and their effects are involuntary, irresistible, and unaccountable. Out of the almost innumerable cases of this affection of the nerves on record, we here subjoin a few of the most remarkable. Thus, for example, Vladislaus, King of Poland, used to become almost frantic if apples were put in his sight. Henry III, of France, could not stay in a room where there was a cat; yet this king was at the same time so absurdly fond of dogs, that he would often walk about his palace with a basket of puppies dangling by a piece of blue ribbon from his neck. Scaliger could not look at velvet without a violent shaking of the whole body. Marshall d'Albert could not endure the presence of either a wild boar or a sucking pig. Boyle used to fall into convulsions at hearing water running from a tap. M. la Motte de Vayer, though he could not bear music, yet was delighted to listen to the roar of thunder. James I, of England, could not bear the sight of a drawn sword; and Sir Knowles Digby narrates that his majesty shook so violently in knighting him, that he would have run the point of his sword into the eye of the knight elect, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided it across his shoulder.

A DIVINE benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence. Thus, the servant employed in making and blowing of the fire (though sent away thence as soon as it burneth clear), oft-times getteth by his pains a more kindly and continuing heat than the master himself, who sitteth down by the same; and thus persons industriously occupying themselves, thrive better on a little at their own honest getting, than lazy heirs on the large revenues left unto them.

THE NATURAL WOMAN.—Men are not attracted by highly accomplished women, so much as by truly natural and artless women—women sufficiently well educated to be able to speak and write accurately, and sufficiently childish not to despise common things.

Menageries.

A SHORT time since one of the most remarkable auctions that have taken place for years as held in Surrey Zoological Gardens. All the birds and beasts were to be sold off, and were "going, going, going," all day long. Lions, tigers, bears, snakes, leopards, cockatoos, storks, apes, and elephants, were put up and knocked down in lots, exhibiting a very curious spectacle—perhaps the most curious that was ever presided over by an auctioneer. A zoological collection possesses remarkable interest, and although we may not observe a lion, for instance, to the same perfection in a menagerie as in his native wilds, it is considerably pleasanter to have iron bars between the animal and ourselves. About menageries a few words may not be out of place.

The first notice of a menagerie in England occurs in the reign of Henry I., who had a collection of "strange beasts," including several lions and leopards, at Woodstock. Henry III. removed the animals to the Tower, and during his reign several important additions were made to the collection: three leopards were presented by the Emperor Frederick II.; an elephant, the first ever seen in England, or even on that side of the Alps, was presented by the King of France; and mention is made, in a Close Roll of the period, of a white bear. Paul Hentzner, a German, who was in England in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says in describing his visit to the Tower: "On coming out, we were led to a small house close by, where are kept a variety of creatures, viz: three lionesses, one lion of great size, called Edward VI., from his having been born in that reign; a tiger, a lynx, a wolf, excessively old; a porcupine, and an eagle. All these creatures are kept in a remote place, fitted up for the purpose with wooden lattices, at the queen's expense."

The common phrase of "seeing the lions" in the Tower appears to have been almost literally correct, for, during several centuries, few other animals were kept there. Howel tells us, in his "Londinopolis," published in 1657, that there were then six lions in the Tower; and makes no allusion to any other animals as being confined there. In 1708 there were, according to Strype, no fewer than eleven lions, two leopards, or tigers (the worthy chronicler was not naturalist enough to determine which), three eagles, two owls, two "cats of the mountain," and a jackal. Maitland gives a catalogue of a much larger collection as existing there in 1754, and this list is still further extended in a pamphlet published in 1774. In the year 1822, however, the entire collection consisted of an elephant, a grizzly bear, and one or two birds. A gentleman named Gops was then appointed keeper of the lions, and by his exertions the collection was increased in seven years to more than sixty quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles. The establishment of the Zoological Society's Gardens in the Regent's Park,—by the way, a most admirable exhibition—the comfort of the animals being considered, as well as the convenience of the visitors, and the removal of the menagerie at Exeter Change, in the Strand, to the gardens at Walworth, constituted such an immense advance towards the popularisation of zoological knowledge, that the Tower collection was given up as no longer necessary.

The first approach towards the establishment of a menagerie in France was made by Louis XIV., who enriched the park at Versailles with several interesting animals from distant climes, which had been presented to him by foreign potentates. The collections were not kept up, however, and at the period of the revolution, when St. Pierre, the intendant of the Jardin des Plantes, proposed to establish a menagerie there, it contained only a fine lion, brought from Senegal in 1788, with which a dog was living on terms of intimate friendship; a rhinoceros, imported from India in 1771; a quagga, brought from the Cape of Good Hope in 1784; a bubal antelope, presented by the Dey of Algiers in 1783; and a crested pigeon, brought from the island of Banda, in the Eastern Archipelago, in 1787. The commotions of the revolution prevented the project of St. Pierre, previously recommended by Buffon, from being carried out earlier than 1794, when the Procureur-General of the commune of Paris seized all the small collections then exhibiting, on the ground that they encumbered the public places, and were dangerous to the public through the carelessness of their keepers. The proprietors received their value from the government; and the animals thus obtained formed the nucleus of the present superb collection. Among them were two white bears, a leopard, a civet-cat, a tiger-cat, a raccoon, several monkeys and agoutis, two eagles, and a vulture. Of the animals at Versailles only the quagga and the antelope remained; these were re-

moved to the gardens, besides two dromedaries, which had formerly belonged to the Prince of Ligny.

The Committee of Public Instruction had stated the objects of the menagerie to be "the scientific study of the organisation and habits of the various classes of animals, and the acclimatisation of useful species." To carry out these objects, it was necessary for the domestic animals to be represented. Rainay becoming the property of the nation after the execution of the Duke of Orleans, its park added a camel, and a number of fallow-deer and roes, to the new collection, which was placed under the direction of M. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire. Steps were taken to obtain indigenous animals from the national forests, and an elephant and a fine lion were purchased of an exhibitor at the Rouen fair. After the conquest of Holland, in 1798, two other elephants, male and female, were added to the collection from that of the Prince of Orange. Two years later the menagerie was reinforced by the arrival of a tiger and tigress, a pair of lynxes, a mandril, a leopard, a panther, a hyena, and some birds, which had been purchased in England. An axis-deer, a gnu, and some kangaroos and merino sheep were added about the same time. In more recent times the Jardin des Plantes has been indebted to the Emperor of Morocco, Abd-el-Kader, and the Pachas of Egypt for gifts of several remarkable and interesting animals.

THE POISON OF THE VIPER.—I have found the nitrate of silver to be a complete neutraliser of this poison. A pigeon pricked with a needle imbrued with the pure poison dies in three or four minutes. Mix the poison with a minute quantity of scraped nitrate of silver, and apply it in the same way; great inflammation ensues, but not death. The poison of a full-grown viper amounts in quantity to more than two large drops, one contained in the sheath of each fang, which is very similar in construction to that of the claws of the cat. This poison is of a yellow color, and of the consistency of cream. The fangs are two in number, placed on the roof of the mouth, inserted into two bones, which form an angle opening towards the back of the mouth. They are joined at the base, so that, when not called into use, they lie down immersed in the poison bag. Besides being hollow like a horn, and a hole near the point for the exit of the poison, they have a groove along their whole length, to aid in the same providential arrangement. Upon causing a viper, on which I had placed my foot, to bite my boot, the more violently he pressed his fangs against the leather, the greater was the issue of poison, which I could plainly see flowing from the hole, near the point of the tooth and along the grooves, so as to cover a surface of my boot equal to the size of a sixpence. Behind the main fangs, on each of the bones above spoken of, there are five other fangs, diminishing in size as they recede from the main ones. These take and supply the place of the latter in case of rupture or extirpation; so that any person depending on the fact of having broken or extracted the fangs of a viper, would soon after find, to his cost, that they had been renewed. Taken internally, the poison of the viper is not injurious—at least to any violent degree. I swallowed the poison extracted from two full-grown vipers, amounting in quantity to about four large drops; the weight I cannot state. It caused no new sensation whatever. The viper is the only poisonous serpent existing in Europe. There are two varieties—the red and the brown. They may be distinguished at a glance from any other snake, by their small length in proportion to their thickness, and the abrupt termination of their tail; by their flat, heart-shaped head, thin neck, and square, cocked-up nose. The back is covered from head to tail with rectangular, oblong, square, black spots—those of one side the spine being in contact with the others on the other side at the angles, just like the black squares on a chess-board. But the most certain feature is the eye, the pupil of which is a rectangular, oblong square, instead of round, as in all other European serpents. The vipers do more mischief in the Maremma (Italy) than is generally known. In the month of October, when sharp weather begins in the mountains of Abruzzo, large flocks of goats are brought to the low, warm regions of the Maremma, where they remain the winter. Before, however, they are taken back again to the mountains in the spring, the goatherds assure me that they lose a dozen or more from the bites of vipers. The legs of goats are particularly "clean," as horse-jockeys call it; and a viper can hardly stick in his tooth, without penetrating some vessel, which speedily conveys the poison through the system. The same occurs to cows, calves and dogs; when bitten in the leg

they often perish, while in other parts the effects are comparatively nothing.

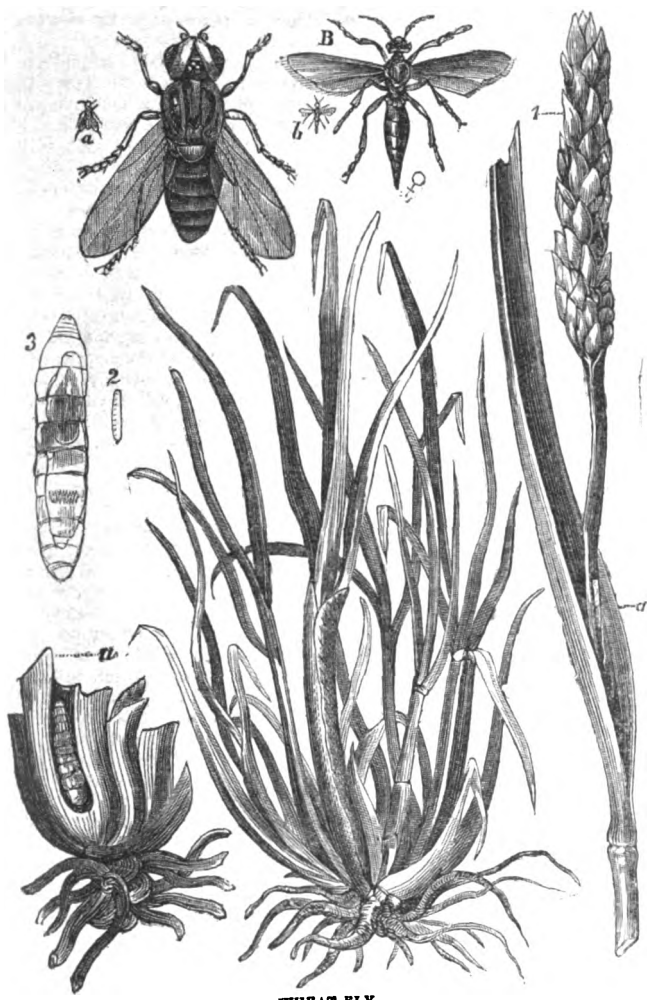
NEEDLES.—The manufacture of needles in ancient times, or among uncivilized nations at the present day, exhibits a rude attempt to form, in bone, ivory, or bronze, an instrument by which the sewing or stitching together of garments could be effected. The esquimaux women, with their clumsy needles of bone, and with thread formed of the sinews of the reindeer, or the swallow-pipe of a species of seal, split into different sizes, manage to sew and stitch together with considerable neatness their deerskin dresses and their watertight boots and shoes. A rude kind of needle or bodkin, either of bone or ivory, has been found in British barrows: while needles of bronze, both for sewing and knitting, are preserved in museums, and are mentioned by Pliny as having been in use in his day. The introduction of fine steel needles, called "Spanish needles," and their manufacture in England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, by Elias Crowse, a German, are chronicled by Stowe, who also states that, in Queen Mary's time, "a negro made fine Spanish needles in Cheapside, but would never teach his art to any." After the death of this negro (who by another writer is called "a native of India"), the art appears to have been lost sight of, but was again recovered in 1650 by Christopher Greening, who settled, with his three children, at Long Crendon, in Buckinghamshire. It must not be supposed, however, that the articles then called "fine steel needles" were more than a rude approach to the form and perfection of needles at the present day.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MOSCOW.—It was on the 16th of September, 1812. At midnight, Napoleon, in utter exhaustion of body and of mind, retired to rest. The gales of approaching winter shrieked portentously around the towers of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the east, immense volumes of billowy smoke, pierce with flame, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mines scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders as of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A score of buildings were thrown into the air. Flaming projectiles, of the most combustible and unquenchable materials, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravages. Earthquake succeeded earthquake—volcano followed volcano. The demon of the storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets. Mines were sprung, shells burst, cannon were discharged, waggons of powder and magazines blew up, and in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flames. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayoneted them, tossed them into the flames; but still, like demons, they plied their work.

DISEASES OF HORSES, AND HOW TO CURE THEM.—Cough, or Colds, are best treated by cold bran mash, with half-a-pound of linseed, and one ounce of saltpetre each mash. Gripes, or Colic.—In the absence of a veterinary surgeon in this dangerous complaint, the following is the best remedy for a horse:—Pint and a half of linseed oil, ounce and a half of laudanum, given in a little warm gruel. Some persons assist the operation of the above with a glyster, composed of half a pound of Epsom salts, half a pound of treacle, dissolved in three quarts of warm water. Powder Alternative for Diseased Skin or Surfeit:—Mix together half a pound of sulphur, half a pound of saltpetre, quarter of a pound of black antimony. Give a large tablespoonful night and morning in their corn. Strains and Wounds.—Mix one ounce of Goulard's extract, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, one ounce of spirits of wine, one pint of the strongest vinegar. Rub this by the hand, or a piece of tow, gently on the part affected.

AN HONEST MEANS OF GETTING A LIVING.—There seems to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth; the first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbors—this is robbery; the second by commerce, which is generally cheating; the third by agriculture, the only honest way, wherein a man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favor, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry.

ARTLESS WOMEN.—Men are not attracted by highly accomplished women, so much as by truly natural and artless women—women sufficiently well educated to be able to speak and write accurately, and sufficiently childish not to despise common things.



Wheat-Fly.

We have alluded in a previous article to the dismay which has occasionally arisen from the appearance of countless hosts of flies injurious to corn; but we are not aware that there is anywhere on record an account of any such appearance in a city. In a paper, however, recently read before the Academy of Science at Paris, M. Guérin-Méneville made the following singular statement.

Happening, on the first of October last, to visit a house at Fleury-sous-Meudon, he was struck, on entering a room on the second storey, with the dark color of the ceiling and cornices, and on closer examination discovered that it was occasioned by myriads of small flies come thither for shelter. Not only was the ceiling darkened by them, but the window-panes, the curtains, the bed, and the walls were equally covered. They must have taken up their abode on the 29th of September (Quarter-day, by the way, in England), for on the previous day none were visible. On entering the room after the departure of a lodger, who had occupied it during the intervening night, the housemaid was horrified at the multitude of insects assembled to add to her labors. With such arms as housemaids delight to wield, she endeavored to sweep them away—a hopeless task—the dingy multitude only shifted their quarters; so that, entirely baffled in her attempt, she was obliged to content herself with the expedient of leaving the windows open from the Friday till the Sunday morning, in the hope that the cloud of intruders would vanish as simultaneously as they had appeared. But neither was this hope destined to be realized, for on Sunday morning the number was greatly augmented, and recourse was again had to the broom and duster, with the same success as on Friday. Finally, at the request of the naturalist, she was induced to suspend hostilities, in order that he might study them at his leisure.

The innumerable insects occupied on the ceiling a surface of about thirty-five yards, the room measuring seven yards by five. Besides this extent, the walls, exceeding nine feet in height, and the hangings, were also covered, but not so densely as the ceiling, where they appeared everywhere to touch one another. No less than sixty individuals were counted on a square centimetre, somewhat less than the fourth part of a square inch! A number so surprisingly great, that a calculation founded on it would give a result almost too marvellous to be credible. The observer acknowledges this, and pre-

fers to confine his remarks to what he noticed of the habits of the insects, together with what he had learnt respecting them from other sources.

The room contained two windows, one towards the south, the other towards the west. The flies that had alighted on the ceiling, walls, and curtains, remained motionless; but those which were on the window-panes were constantly running about, and sometimes flew to a short distance, especially after the sun was well up. On the ceiling they were as close to each other as they could possibly be, and in certain spots they even clung to each other, forming little clusters. Scattered among those on the windows a considerable number of small parasitic hymenopterous flies of different species, belonging to the tribe of *Chalcidites*,* creatures produced to set a limit to the increase of other insects, which, without this or some similar corrective, would soon cover the globe. These parasites are, in short, destined by Providence to be a destroying scourge to this mischievous little fly, in order to prevent it from depriving man of his main sustenance—the corn which he cultivates by the sweat of his face to form his daily bread. By far the greater part, however, were identical with the flies produced from the destructive maggots often found in the stems of the cereal grasses, wheat, barley, oats, and rye.

What proved that both flies and parasites had resorted to the room to shelter themselves from the autumnal chill, was that they were exclusively females. Several taken at random were dissected, and found to contain a quantity of fatty matter, fit for supporting life during winter, and for nourishing the eggs when spring should arrive, the season of their development. Those near the south window were awakened by the warm rays of the sun; they flew about in front of, and in and out of the window, gamboling in all directions, and the hum which they created, multiplied by the large number of individuals, was distinctly audible, and resembled the effect produced by a swarm of bees, only sharper in tone. Those which the rays of the sun did not reach remained in their places, there being but a few of them only which just fluttered to a short distance and alighted again. Those on the glass, at times when the temperature was high enough to restore them to complete animation, moved about in quest of food. When one was crushed on the glass, a number collected round the spot and sucked up the moisture left by their dead companion. As for the parasites, they ran to and fro among the flies, occasionally taking a short flight, but never going to any distance. They were, proportionally, few in number, perhaps not more than one or two per cent, when compared with the flies. When put into a glass bottle, they immediately collected on the side nearest to the light, and if the bottle was turned half round, they removed without delay to the sunny side. Towards the middle of the day, as it grew warm, several hawk-flies made their appearance, and began to make great ravages among them. They traversed the crowded ranks and scattered them right and left. The flies were evidently aware of the murderous propensities of their pursuers, and often succeeded in eluding their terrible mandibles by taking the short flights described above; but not always, for many a one was in a short space of time reduced to a dry, shapeless skeleton.

"The carnivorous propensities of these hawk-flies," says M. Méneville, "have long been known to me, and I have often watched them engaged in hunting the common house-fly, by darting on it when it was settled somewhere. I had often observed the disappointment of these flying hunters at

a moment when, darting on a fly which seemed totally unconscious of the impending danger, they have grasped the air, and the intended victim has nimbly moved off: but I had never seen them present at such a banquet as this, leisurely traversing a throng, and devouring right and left, without fail or hindrance."

The fly itself is well known, and is described as being one of the most mischievous of all the insects which infest the cereals. Linnæus and Berkander long ago studied an allied species, if indeed it be not the identical one imperfectly described, and have shown that its larva, or maggot, lives in the young plants and stalks of rye. They gave it the name of *Musca pumilionis* (fly of dwarfishness), to denote that it is the cause of the disease in rye which keeps it in a dwarf state, bearing leaves but no ear.

M. Guérin-Méneville, with that patient attention which characterizes the investigator of truth, and not the mere professed naturalist, cultivated wheat in pots, in order that he might have constantly beneath his eye living plants infested by these insects, and watch their daily progress in the work of destruction. He states that the insect was first described by Linnæus, under the name of *Musca lineata*; he himself calls it *Chlorops lineata*. It breeds twice a-year. The first brood universally attacks, while in the maggot state, young plants of wheat. The worm gnaws the pith of a stalk, keeping always close to the crown of the root, and often to that part of it which is buried beneath the soil, and thus sets up an irritation, the result of which is an unhealthy flow of sap, causing an unnatural development, and checking the efforts of the plant to produce ears. The flies which come from these maggots are not long before they lay their eggs in the substance of the stalks which enclose the rudiments of the ear; for towards the end of spring there is found in the green straw, between the last joint and the ear, a maggot precisely similar to those previously observed near the root of the young plant; these, however, instead of gnawing the centre of the stalk, attack one of its sides, between the straw and the sheathing leaf below. This destruction of one side of the stalk paralyzes all the organs of vegetable life on that side, and causes abortion of all the corresponding grains of the ear, thus causing a loss of half of the produce of the stalk attacked; frequently, too, the whole ear is lost from not being strong enough to surmount the leaves which sheathe it. Providentially the parasites which live on the fly are so numerous that its ravages are much limited, it rarely happening that more than a seventieth part of the crop is affected; but into this calculation the amount of mischief done by the first brood does not enter. If, by studying the habits of the fly, we could discover any method of encouraging the propagation of the parasites, a large quantity of wheat might annually be saved.

At the close of winter, in the tufts of wheat yet in the blade—and in spring, in the hollow way eaten by the grubs between the last knot of the stalk and the ear—M. Méneville often found other small worms busily occupied in sucking the juices of the fly-grubs. These worms exhaust and weaken their victim without quite killing it, leaving it just strength enough to construct the covering under which it was destined to pass the pupa stage of its existence. This completed, they bring its existence to a close, and undergo their own transformation under the shelter prepared by and for another. The insects which come from these parasitic worms are those described above as feeding on the perfect fly, being sent, no doubt, by a wise superintending Providence to check the ravages of an insect, which, unless liable to some such visitation, would increase to an alarming extent. So numerous, however, are they, notwithstanding this limiting cause, that we must look further for enemies to keep them under, and these we find in the perils to which they are incident from the severity of our winters. To escape these perils it is that the flies traverse the air in swarms, in order to find some sheltered place where, protected from cold, and yet more from damp, they may await the return of genial weather. The cloud of insects described above, having found the windows of the room open at the elevation of their flight, and being instructed probably by their instinct that the aspect of the room promised them a sufficiently mild temperature for the winter, took up their quarters there, and there, undoubtedly, would have remained had they not been disturbed. Driven from their retreat, they will seek other places of shelter, like myriads of their fellows, which in the wide expanse of the atmosphere we cannot detect. Many will perish, some will live to the commencement of another year, by taking refuge in the cracks of walls, and under the rugged bark of trees, and will thus perpetuate their kind. But as their parasites will

* "Burnished parasites," two-winged flies, the maggots of which inhabit and feed on other insects in all stages, particularly the caterpillars of moths and butterflies.

have followed them, these will begin again their work of destruction, limited, however, by the Divine will, so as not to cause the annihilation of their own kind by exterminating that which affords them sustenance.

The cut (p. 442), represents the principal incidents in the life of the *Chlorops lineata*. The figure in the centre represents a plant of wheat, of which one stock, containing a grub of the fly, is swollen to an unnatural size; by the side is a section (a), of the same stock (magnified), showing the worm in its self-excavated dwelling. Fig. 1 is an ear of wheat rendered partially abortive by the ravages committed by a grub belonging to the second brood. Figs. 2 and 3 represent the pupa, or chrysalis, of the natural size, and magnified. Figs. a and A represent the perfect insect, of the natural size and magnified. It is yellow, with a black triangular spot in the head, and marks of the same color on the back. Figs. b and B represent the female parasitic fly, *Pteromalus micans*, which preys on it; it is of a beautiful emerald green, with yellow legs and iridescent wings.

In the year 1847, the same fly appeared near Warsaw in such myriads as to defy calculation. In one room, when an attempt was made to estimate their numbers, they were supposed to amount to 17,971,200 individuals.

The Leaf-Insect.

OUR attention has been called to the peculiarities of the leaf-insect, by the publication in the last number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, of an interesting paper recently read before the Royal Physical Society, Edinburgh. The leading facts

connected with the introduction of the insect, and the popularity it has attained in the "Modern Athens," are so well told by Mr. Murray, the author of the paper referred to, that we prefer giving them in his own words:—

"A living specimen of one of the species of leaf-insect has, for nearly eighteen months, been an inmate of the hothouses; and the curiosity of the public to see this interesting animal had latterly become so engrossing, that Mr. McNab, the curator of the gardens, to whose care and judicious management the prolonged life of the insect is entirely due, found it necessary, for the health of the insect itself, to forbid its being shown on more than four days in the week.

"For the greatest period of its life, it so exactly resembled the leaf on which it fed, that when visitors were shown it, they usually, after looking carefully over the plant for a minute or two, declared that they could see no insect. It had then to be more minutely pointed out to them; and although seeing is notoriously said to be believing, it looked so absolutely the same as the leaves among which it rested, that this test rarely satisfied them, and nothing would convince them that there was a real live insect there, but the test of touch. It had to be stirred up to make it move, or still more commonly was taken off the plant, and made to crawl on the finger of the attendant."

On the young insect being hatched, considerable difficulty was felt about its food. The first thing thought of was the leaves of the guava tree, on which it feeds in India, but they did not suit; either because the leaves were plucked, or because



MONKSHOOD, OR WOLFSBANE.

some time must elapse after its *eclosure* before the insect begins to feed. It was ultimately found that the common myrtle suited it best; and the specimen here represented, never sought to leave the plant on which it was placed till it was full grown, and furnished with wings.

Of the specimens illustrated in our engraving, the one represented with its wings outspread is the male, the other the female.

Monkshood (*Aconitum Napellus*).

NUMEROUS cases of poisoning with aconite having occurred at different times, under a variety of circumstances, it appears desirable to guard the public against it. With the view of more fully accomplishing this object we have engraved the plant, and add a few particulars of the scientific and general history of the plant.

The Wolfsbane, or Aconite (the latter is its more ancient and classical name, as readers of Ovid will know), is one of those plants not uncommon in a wild state in Britain, but which appear to have been originally introduced from other countries, and disseminated from the gardens attached to religious houses in early times. Its name of monkshood, by which it is most familiarly known, no doubt originated in this circumstance, combined with the singular hoodlike form of the upper part of the flower.

The whole order—*Ranunculaceæ*—to which the aconite belongs, consists of poisonous plants; but in some the deleterious properties are only very slightly developed. Buttercups, the Christmas rose, the larkspur, and other familiar flowers, belong to the same order; and there is, therefore, much need of caution. The aconite is a showy flower, and has long been a favorite ornamental plant in gardens. When once introduced in a garden it is difficult to eradicate.



THE PHYLLEUM SCYTHÆ, OR LEAF-INSECT.

Two Hours with a Boa-Constrictor.

THE hot summer months still confined us to the hospitable Spaniard's villa where we could enjoy ourselves, and not be subjected to the intense heat of Manila. A cool breeze from the river, night and morning, revived our drooping forms, and a bath at sunrise was something to be wished for, were it not for fear of the alligators. About thirty miles up the Pasig, I have known the huge monsters to carry off native women while sitting by the river's bank washing clothes; and although an alarm is usually given immediately, there are no hopes of a rescue. The alligator sinks to the bottom with his prey, and perhaps shares his meal with the other denizens of the spot.

Soon after breakfast, one forenoon, and while we were enjoying our cigars, and speculating upon the arrival of an American ship in which I was to take passage for home, a servant entered the room hastily, exclaiming, "*El serpiente, señor, el serpiente!*"

"Indeed!" cried Don Arturo, our host, dropping his cigar, and staring at the man with surprise.

"A serpent, señors, a monstrous serpent, has just been discovered about five miles from here. His body rests in a mango tree, and his head sweeps the ground in search of prey. The inhabitants have left the village near which he has taken up his quarters, and ask protection of the valiant Don Arturo, whose skill with the rifle has spread far and near."

"*Diablo!*" muttered the Spaniard, turning towards me for counsel: "it must by this fellow's account, be a boa-constrictor."

"A boa-constrictor?" I repeated with delight; "I have longed to see one, and now I shall be gratified."

"I do not think your wish reasonable, my young friend," the Spaniard said, lighting a fresh cigar, with all his former coolness.

"And why not, pray?" I asked.

"Because there is some danger in approaching too near the monster. Many a native has been crushed in their folds without warning, and with not even time to mutter a prayer to the saints for mercy. No, no, I go not near boa-constrictors. The day is warm, and I feel very comfortable at home."

"But the natives expect you to assist them, Don Arturo."

"And there is where they are mistaken, my friend. I am not a Don Quixote, that I should rush to relieve every one in distress. Let them send for a company of soldiers—they will despatch the reptile without troubling us Christians."

"But there certainly cannot be any harm in standing at a distance, and looking at the serpent sport among the trees. We can go on horseback, and run at the first appearance of danger."

"Danger!" repeated the Spaniard, drawing himself up, and looking proudly towards his wife; "when did a native of Spain ever fear danger? It is not for myself that I care, but you must remember that I am accountable to my correspondent at Hong Kong for your safe return."

"Nonsense," I replied, with a laugh, "don't distress yourself on my account. I am not afraid to trust myself within fifty yards of the boa, when I know that you have a good rifle, and are by my side. Come let us have the horses saddled, and be off."

"I stir not out of the house to-day, my friend; and let me also advise you to remain within doors. It is all very well to have a great reputation as a marksman; but what is the good of it, if I am called upon to fight half the battles of the natives, and endanger my life every day of the year? My wife would soon be a widow, and my child an orphan."

"But you may, with a lucky shot, kill the serpent, and thus save many from suffering," Dona Teresa said, looking at her husband's rather flushed face.

"I might," the Spaniard replied, in a musing tone.

"Think of the honor of killing a boa-constrictor," I cried.

"But the danger, my friend?"

"Is nothing compared to facing a dozen alligators," Teresa exclaimed.

"Besides, we shall be able to run upon the first appearance of hostilities," I said.

"True, the Don muttered, moving uneasily in his seat.

"Senor Allen," cried the servant, entering the room, and thus announcing an English friend.

Of course we were glad to see Charley; and in a few moments he was making himself comfortable, with a strong cup of coffee in his hand, and a lighted cigar in his mouth, which he only removed to sip of the former.

"What is it I hear about a boa-constrictor?"

Allen asked, after handing the empty cup to a servant.

"Then you have also heard something concerning the serpent?" I said.

"Certainly. As I galloped from Santo Mesa I met about fifty Metis who were going near the place where the constrictor is lodged. They will not venture very near, you may be sure; but still, with somebody to head them, they would lend a helping hand to capture or kill the reptile."

"Don Arturo has half made up his mind to do so," I said, with a quiet wink to Charley.

"He is just the person to inspire confidence in the hearts of the natives. I thought of the Don leading us to the assault, as I rode along," Allen cried, with a grave face.

"Then you contemplate seeing this scourge—this monstrous boa-constrictor who has alarmed a whole village, and even shaken the nerves of our brave host?"

"Of course I do. The instant I heard the news I rode back to the factory and got my rifle, and now I only wait for Don Arturo to give the word, when we'll be off," Charley answered.

"Go, husband," Dona Teresa said.

"It appears to me that you are all determined I shall end my days very speedily," the Spaniard cried, with a rueful look.

Of course we all disclaimed any such intention; and by administering a slight dose of flattery, we managed to obtain the Don's consent that he would accompany us immediately. The horses were ordered; and with two or three servants, we galloped off to get a glimpse of an animal that I had heard so much about during my residence in Manila, but which I never met even in my numerous excursions into the country.

I had always considered the stories which the natives told concerning the strength and daring of the boa, too highly colored for belief; but now I was to witness the antics of the animal, in all his native freedom and grace. I hurried my companions along; and although the day was warm and trying to the horses, we reached the village, near where the boa-constrictor had stationed himself, in less than an hour.

We found a large crowd of natives assembled, debating what course they should adopt to rid themselves of the monster. As usual in such cases, every one was trying to be heard, and all were speaking at once, so that the noise they made sounded like the chattering of a council of enraged monkeys.

"Long life to Don Arturo!" the men cried, when they caught a glimpse of the Spaniard.

"We are safe now," the women repeated, pressing forward to hear what advice Arturo would give.

"You see what it is to have a reputation for bravery," the Don said, turning to Allen.

"I see you are held in high esteem," Charley replied, with a quiet smile.

"Well, my lads, what do you expect me to do?" the Spaniard asked, turning to the natives.

"Kill the serpent!" they cried, with one accord.

"But I shall endanger my life by so doing," the Don said, glancing around uneasily.

"There can be no fear for you, sir, when you have your fatal rifle; the man who can kill an alligator need not dread a serpent," the crowd exclaimed.

"D— that alligator!" I heard the Don mutter between his teeth.

"Come," cried Charley, "we are wasting time; will you ride with me until we get a sight of this monster?"

"Willingly. Lead the way, if you please."

The natives pointed to the spot where the constrictor was supposed to be quartered; and two or three of the boldest volunteered to accompany us to within a short distance of the grove, so that we could not possibly fail of seeing the serpent. With the prayers and benedictions of the natives, Charley and myself, followed by the Don, rode forward, after looking to the priming of our rifles. To say that I did not feel nervous, would be stating that which was untrue. I cast frequent glances around, and took care not to pass under the shadow of a tree, or even within fifty feet of one. I had heard of the boa's darting upon unsuspecting travellers, and crushing their lives out, without warning; and I thought I would be upon my guard.

Charley laughed at my fears, and appeared quite at his ease. As though to convince the Don and myself that there was no danger, he rode under every tree that he came to, and declared that before sundown he would make the natives happy, by giving them the dead body of the constrictor, so that they could extract the oil from the fat, which they say is a certain cure for rheumatism and stiff joints.

The Spaniard hung back, and was rather reluctant to proceed; but the encouraging voice of Allen, and the praise of the natives, urged him on in spite of himself. I rather sympathized with the Don, and did not think it was such good fun as I had anticipated.

"There," said the natives, stopping suddenly, and pointing towards half-a-dozen mango trees, which were covered with yellow fruit,—"there is where the constrictor is concealed. Go not too near, señors, or you meet with certain death."

The mango trees were situated in a large field of open ground, which had formerly been used as a paddi-field, but was now occupied by cattle as a pasturage. The animals had all been driven from the place, however, to save them from the terrible folds of the boa. This was the second day since the serpent had taken up his quarters in the trees, and as he was probably in search of food, there was not much prospect of his leaving until his appetite had been appeased. Allen rode slowly forward, and checked his horse when within fifty feet of the trees. I called to him to know if he saw anything; and while I was asking the question, his steed suddenly bounded aside, nearly throwing Charley to the ground, and then dashed madly towards us, snorting with terror, and trembling in every limb.

"What is the matter with your horse?" I cried, when he managed to check him.

"The poor brute caught sight of the constrictor as soon as myself," Charley answered.

"The serpent is there, then?" the Don asked, turning his horse's head, preparatory to running.

"Yes, Don Arturo, he is there, and a villainous-looking brute he is. If you wish to get a good sight of him, you must dismount, and approach the tree on foot. The horses are too frightened."

"May the saints never forgive me if I do," muttered the Spaniard.

Finding that Arturo could not be prevailed upon to approach any nearer, Allen coaxed me to accompany him. Leaving our horses in charge of one of the natives, we walked slowly forward, and halted within fifty feet of the trees. For a few minutes we stood there without noticing any appearance of life amongst the green leaves of the mangos. Suddenly the branches commenced moving, as though agitated by a gust of wind, and while we watched our eyes were dazzled by the sun shining upon the scales of the boa; and then we saw the monster's head thrust out from among the foliage, and gaze at us with eyes that glistened like diamonds, while his tongue darted back and forth, as though impatient for a feast.

For nearly half an hour did we watch the boa as he sported amongst the trees, sometimes coiling his long body around the trunk of the tree, and swinging his head back and forth, yet never removing his bright eyes from our forms in all of his numerous changes. There was something terribly fascinating in watching the evolutions of the constrictor. His colors were so variegated—sometimes shining like burnished gold, and then changing to a light peagreen, which was succeeded by a deep crimson. It was an awful spectacle, and I shuddered as I gazed.

"Try the effects of a shot, Charley," I said, in a whisper; for the life of me I could not speak aloud.

"It would be useless," Allen answered; "the ball will have no effect, except to irritate, and cause him to cut some queer capers."

"That is what I wish to see," I replied.

Charley waited until the boa raised his head, and then fired. The trees were shaken, as though battling with a hurricane; the rich mangos dropped to the ground like hailstones; and then we saw the terrible tail of the constrictor uncoil itself from the trunk of the trees, and snap like a coach-whip, as it beat the air with rage and pain. In a few minutes all was quiet. The coils were again restored to the trunk of the tree, and nothing but the waving back and forth of the boa's head gave tokens of life. A few dark drops of blood fell to the ground; but the eyes still sparkled and watched our movements as keenly as ever.

"Come," said Charley, "we can do nothing with our rifles; let us return to Don Arturo."

"And give up all thoughts of capturing or killing the constrictor?" I cried.

"By no means; we will yet kill him," Charley answered; and, without asking more questions, we retraced our steps to where the natives were waiting us.

"Well," cried Don Arturo, "did you kill the monster?"

"No; but I have a plan that I think will succeed," Charley answered.

The natives crowded around to listen to his proposition, while even the Spaniard manifested some anxiety.

"My plan," said Allen, "is to drive half a dozen calves towards the tree, and let the constrictor take his choice. If he but gorge himself, we can easily approach and despatch him with our rifles, or capture him alive."

"But who is to pay us for the calves?" cried one of the natives.

"Peace, you mercenary wretch!" Don Arturo exclaimed; "if we rid you of the presence of the boa, can't you afford to contribute a calf?"

"We are poor men, señor," the native said.

"Drive the whole herd towards the trees!" shouted the Spaniard, without waiting to hear further remonstrance.

Those natives who owned no cattle joyfully complied with the order, while the possessors, knowing that it would be useless to remonstrate, and hoping that they would get pay for their animals, lent a helping hand. As the buffaloes, with their young, were driven towards the mango trees, we again mounted our horses, and rode after them, to witness the manner in which a boa-constrictor strikes its prey. The poor brutes were unconscious of the presence of the serpent; and as the day was warm, they headed for the trees, where their enemy was concealed. There was no sign of life as the herd slowly approached the shade; the boa had carefully concealed his many folds among the branches, and silently awaited the moment when he should dart forth and destroy. At length the cattle halted, and sniffed the air, as though suspicious of danger. The calves, however, pressed on, when suddenly there was a movement among the branches, and the next instant we heard the faint bleat of the poor victim, as coil after coil was wound around him with the quickness of lightning. The herd scattered in an instant to a distant part of the field, but the mother of the calf boldly darted forward to the rescue, and strove to injure the boa with her short, crooked horns.

All at once the crushed remains of the calf were released. The mother uttered a low of fury as she licked them, and tried to call back life. While she was so engaged, we saw the tail of the constrictor once more flash in the air, and then a low bellow from the cow proved she too was destined to become a victim. Nobly did she contend with her scaly assailant. She stamped the ground as though she would cut in twain the folds that bound her, and struck fiercely with her horns; but it was of no avail. The pressure grew stronger and stronger—the struggles of the poor animal fainter and fainter, and nearer and nearer was the body drawn to the tree, until at last the folds were released, and the cow fell to the ground, a helpless mass of broken bones and bruised flesh. For a few minutes the constrictor paused, as though to take breath after the battle. He rested his head on a large branch of the tree, and looked down upon his victims, as though uncertain which to devour. But if the head of the boa was motionless, the tail was not. It waved gently in the air, and sometimes trailed a moment upon the ground; the next instant the trunk of the tree would be encircled with half-a-dozen folds, and then with the rapidity of lightning the coils would be removed, and the monster hid amid the leaves of the trees.

Suddenly the boa descended to the ground, and moved the body of the calf near to the trunk of the tree on which he had rested. We kept at a respectful distance, and watched every movement with interest. The animal had ceased to pay any attention to our movements. He seemed to be wholly engrossed with the body of the calf, whose form was placed upright against the tree, and held in the position until the terrible tail was wound around the trunk and calf, and once more submitted to a pressure which left not a bone unbroken. The boa appeared to be satisfied with that last embrace, for it slowly uncoiled its tail, and suffered the body of its victim to fall to the ground. Then the constrictor glided down the tree, and with flashing eyes and glittering scales, commenced covering the calf with saliva. For nearly half-an-hour the reptile did nothing but turn the carcass over and over, and lick it with its forked tongue. At length it seemed satisfied that the body was ready for digestion, for it suddenly opened its huge mouth to its widest extent, and commencing at the head of the calf, began to swallow the carcass whole, and apparently without the least trouble.

"Wait until the monster swallows the body, and then a child can play with him," said Allen.

"Will he be so inactive?" I asked.

"Until the body is digested, he will be hardly able to move. It is a penalty he pays for his gluttony, and one which often costs them their life. How say you, Don Arturo," Charley continued.

turning to the Spaniard, "shall we capture the boa alive?"

"No, let us destroy the monster, and stuff his skin as a trophy. I have long wished for one to send to my uncle at Cadiz."

"As you please," Allen replied. "But come; we can advance with safety now; for, see, the body of the calf has disappeared, and the boa is stretching himself in the sun for a nap."

We advanced very cautiously until we saw the snake was almost incapable of motion. Then the savage passions of the natives broke out, and they sought to be revenged for the fright which he had caused them.

"You eat my best calf, eh?" shouted one, striking the boa a blow upon the head with a stick, and then springing back out of danger.

The monster opened his eyes, and they fairly caused me to start back with terror, so diabolical did they look. Rage and hate were all expressed in that one glance, but he was powerless to inflict further injury; although he did make a desperate effort to shake off the drowsiness which was just overcoming him.

"Let us waste no more time," cried Don Arturo, boldly approaching, and placing his rifle close to the monster's eye.

Before we could say a word in remonstrance, he had fired. The boa gave a convulsive spring, reared his powerful tail in the air, and lashed his sides in agony. Then all was quiet—the mouth opened—the uninjured eye was closed, and the mighty boa constrictor was dead.

"Long live Don Arturo, the fatal marksman," shouted the natives.

"Another triumph for the Spaniard, Charley," I whispered.

"And one that he will improve," Allen said with a smile.

"Away with you, 'villains!'" shouted the Don, who had mounted his horse again, and now assumed the whole direction of affairs: "away with you, and bring ropes to trice the boa up, so that we can remove his skin. Be quick, or not a particle of fat shall you have."

This threat was sufficient to hasten the movements of the natives; and while they were gone, we stretched the boa to his full length, and took his measure. He was thirty-five feet six inches and a half in length, and two feet four inches in circumference. This, of course, did not include that portion of the animal where the calf reposed in an undigested state.

As soon as the natives returned, we triced the boa up to the limb of a tree, and set the men to work taking off the skin. As the operation was slow and tedious, the Spaniard proposed that we should return home and let the natives bring the trophy at sundown. To this all willingly consented, and in an hour's time we were seated at the Don's well-furnished dinner-table, and heard him recount his day's adventure to his wondering wife.

The Eddystone Lighthouse.

THIS lighthouse is erected on one of the rocks of that name, which lie in the English channel about four miles S.S.W. from Portsmouth. Many a gallant ship which had voyaged in safety across the whole breadth of the Atlantic, was shattered to pieces on this hidden shore of destruction, as it was nearing port; it was therefore very desirable that the spot should, if possible, be pointed out by a warning light. The task was undertaken by a Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, a gentleman of some property, and he began to erect a lighthouse in 1696, and finished it about four years after. On the 23d of November, 1703, he was in the lighthouse superintending some repairs, when there came one of the most terrible tempests ever known in England. Next morning, not a vestige of the building was to be seen. It had been swept into the deep, as was afterwards found, from the foundation. Such was the fate of the first Eddystone lighthouse. Soon after, the Winchelsea, homeward bound from Virginia, was lost on the rocks, when the greater part of her crew perished. An act of Parliament was then passed for building a new lighthouse, on a lease granted to a captain Lovell, for ninety-nine years; and Lovell made choice of a Mr. John Rudyard, a silk-merchant on Ludgate-hill, a man of general sagacity, as his architect. He began the building of his lighthouse in July, 1706; and in 1709 it was completed in all its parts. It differed from its predecessor, being built of wood; its entire height was ninety-two feet. Unfortunately, on the 2d of December, 1756, a spark from some of the twenty-four candles having probably ignited the woodwork, the building caught fire,

notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of the three men who had the charge of the lighthouse, who were with difficulty rescued from their perilous situations by some fishermen. The proprietors having applied to Lord Macclesfield, President of the Royal Society, to recommend to them a person whom he considered most fit to be engaged to rebuild the lighthouse, his lordship immediately mentioned Mr. Smeaton, who had recently been a mathematical instrument maker, but had relinquished that trade, and taken up that of a civil engineer. Once more, therefore, the Eddystone lighthouse was destined to have a self-educated architect for its builder. On the 22d of March, 1756, the architect set out for Plymouth, where he remained until the 21st of May, repeatedly visiting the rock. At length on the 6th of August, the workmen began digging for the foundation; and on the 12th of June, 1757, the first stone was laid: from that period the work proceeded with great rapidity, until the 9th of Oct. 1759, when the building was finished without loss of life or of limb to any one concerned in it, or accident by which the work could be said to be materially retarded; and there it stands, a noble specimen of splendid talent, and unrivalled architecture.

Tattooing.

THE New Zealanders tattoo their faces in a very singular but elegant style. The operation is thus performed: the instrument being dipped in the Ngarhan, or black pigment (which, being kept in hard balls, has been previously moistened with water), is placed on the skin, and smartly struck with a piece of wood; the blood which flows is wiped away with a piece of muca or flax, so that it might not impede the view of the operator, and cause him to form the lines irregularly. After the operation, the parts swell; and if the tattooing has been near the eye, the integuments around become so tumefied as to impede vision for the space of nearly four days, and the tattooed parts fester; on account of the great irritation attendant on this operation, a small portion of the figures can only be done at one time. The custom of ornamenting by puncturing the skin and inserting a coloring matter, is widely diffused over the globe; it is found existing at most of the Polynesian Islands; among some of the South American tribes, &c., a difference of the manner in which the tattooed figures are formed, is existing among them. The New Zealanders tattoo the face in circular or curved lines; the figures over the face of the Marquesian were more varied; at Tongatabu and the island of Rotuma the face is not tattooed, but the arms, legs, and thighs, and also the abdomen, are tattooed in straight, angular, and waved lines; but at Tahiti, the figures formed over the body in stars, trees, &c., surpass all productions of the art in the Polynesian Archipelago. The females in most of the islands are tattooed, but in a very slight degree.

RELIGION.—It fares with religion as with a shuttlecock, which is stricken from one to another, and rests with none. The rich apprehend it to have been designed for the poor; and the poor, in their turn, think it calculated chiefly for the rich. An old acquaintance of mine, who omitted no opportunity of doing good, discoured with the barber who shaved him, on his manner of spending the Sabbath, which was not quite as it should be, and the necessity of his having more religion than he seemed at present possessed of. The barber, proceeding in his work of lathering, replied, "that he had tolerably well for a barber; as, in his opinion, one-third of the religion necessary to save a gentleman would do to save a barber."

AVERSION TO OFFENCES.—From original temperament, from early education, from experience of personal inconvenience, and from various other causes scarcely known to ourselves, we all of us feel a stronger aversion to some offences than to others. One man is alarmed at public robbery, another takes fright at private stealing, a third startles at heresy as bordering upon infidelity, a fourth kindles at republicanism as teeming with treason; and each, if it were in his power, would wreak the utmost of his vengeance upon the offender. But can it be right that the life, or the liberty, or the fortune of any human being—should be dependent upon the greater or less degree of these moral idiosyncrasies.

REVOLUTIONS.—Great revolutions have usually been achieved by men of great abilities; but their success in turbulent periods is to be imputed to previous circumstances, and those circumstances gradually arise from the want of wisdom in persons who have directed the affairs of government in seasons of apparent tranquility.

Nature.

How much of purest happiness does the man lose who has no eye for the beauties of Nature; but passes through his life harassed by business, ever increasing rather than relaxing his thirst for gain—striving always for that which in his narrow sense is useful or profitable—but never casting a thought to that which is lovely, which is good: To many men the face of Nature is confused, expressionless, unmeaning—composed, to be sure, of various features; yet, as a generality (and few see it other than in generalities), it is a necessary combination of things which to them has no beauty, no merit, no joy. But the man who can go forth from the excited world of business into the calm stillness of Nature's pure laboratory, and, passing by fields of waving grain or through the forest, and find no food for thought there—who feels no "chord responsive" in his own bosom, as he thus beholds the wealth of Nature laid bare to him—this man cannot be said, truly and naturally to live, for he is devoid of a necessary element of life. His animal life may be fully developed, and worthily; but God made him with a soul, intellect, sympathy, a life, of which he is now miserably destitute.

The same Deity who made the fields, the flowers, the forest, the cataract, placed a soul in man, fitted, abundantly fitted to appreciate the beauty, the joy, the thought, and boundless mystery which they all contain. In the true mind, uncontaminated by the artificialities of society's life, there is a desire for natural beauty, a pleasure in its gratification, and a discontent under opposition. "Few men see Nature," said Emerson, and he said rightly; meaning that they look upon, but fail, in any way, to understand or appreciate it.

Especially is this true of the English middle-class mind. Filled with enterprise, tireless in the pursuit of wealth, and making happiness but a secondary aim, the man of business goes forth to the field or forest with his mind continually turning to his ledger, thinking only of the surrounding objects as capable of improvement in value or availability. He passes along the hill-side or garden, and beholds the stately oak, and tramples on the tiny violet at his feet; in careless mood plucks an occasional leaf or stem, or listens to the music of the birds, alike without an emotion of pleasure or thought of happiness.

How little does such an one get of the poetry of life! But here and there is found an untrampled spirit, who has so preserved his simple appreciation of the beautiful and good, that he has truly a love of Nature, and turns often to her broad and spacious temple, that he may perform fitting worship there. To him her solitude is less lonely than the crowded street; for there he meets a whole tribe of harmonies with a joyous welcome, and in her glorious communion forgets all save that of himself and his God. Nature to him is a royal mistress no less loved than feared; and, whatever his state or position, she opens her regal treasury with freedom to him, showing wonders which shall delight, inform, comfort, and correct him.

Is he proud and elated with the dignity of his own character, fancying himself a very god, she leadeth him forth to her valley and mountain—his vanity shall be tempered by reflection, and he shall see his own imperfections in debasing contrast with the unapproachable loveliness and perfection of Nature, as she reflects the goodness and majesty of her author. And is he in sorrow under God's afflictive hand? Let him no longer stay in the crowded city, where the bustle of busy life shall destroy each holy thought and aspiration of the human soul; but let him go forth to the kindly embraces of Nature, and lift his soul in adoration to the Great Disposer, who

has prepared for him a panorama so rich, so cheering, so free—and tinge his own sadness with the influence of smiling Nature. For to you, ye mourning ones, she comes with bounteous hands, laden with a cup full of consolations, showing you the purling brook, the smile of Jehovah; the myriad stars, the gems in His vast coronet; the dewy drops of the morning, the joyous tears of Nature; and the flower-scattered, grassy plains, the carpeted play-house for her children; and thus, in pleasant paths she leads you onward and upward in gratitude and love to the Giver.

And think not that summer suns and fields alone are joyous. In all seasons alike should man be moved to look beyond the present and the visible. Thou, O man, seeking for pleasure and happiness, turn your longing gaze to Nature; and, studying it aright, it shall increase your joy, moderate your unnecessary griefs, remove or gratify your wants, and satisfy your soul by turning your thoughts inward to yourself, onward to the future, and upward to your God. Listen to her teachings and enjoy!

CURIOUS CASES OF PERSONAL RESEMBLANCE.

A young gentleman, articled to an attorney in London, was tried at the Old Bailey on the 17th and 19th of July, 1824, on five indictments for different acts of theft. A person, resembling the prisoner in size and general appearance had called at various shops in the metropolis for the purpose of looking at books, jewelry, and other articles, with the pretended intention of making purchases, but made off with the property placed before him while the shopkeepers were engaged looking out other articles. In each of these cases the prisoner was positively identified by several persons, while in the majority of them an *alibi* was as clearly and positively established; and the young man was proved to be of orderly habits and irreproachable character, and under no temptation, from want of money, to resort to acts of dishonesty. Similar depredations on other tradesmen had been committed by a person resembling the prisoner; and these persons proved that, though there was a considerable resemblance in the prisoner, he was not the person who had robbed them. The prisoner was convicted upon one indictment, but acquitted on all the others; and the judge and jurors who tried the last three cases expressed their conviction that the witnesses had been mistaken, and that the prosecutors had been robbed by another person resembling the prisoner. A pardon was immediately procured in respect of that charge on which conviction had taken place. Not many months before the last-mentioned case, a respectable young man was tried for a highway robbery committed at Bethnal Green, in which neigh-

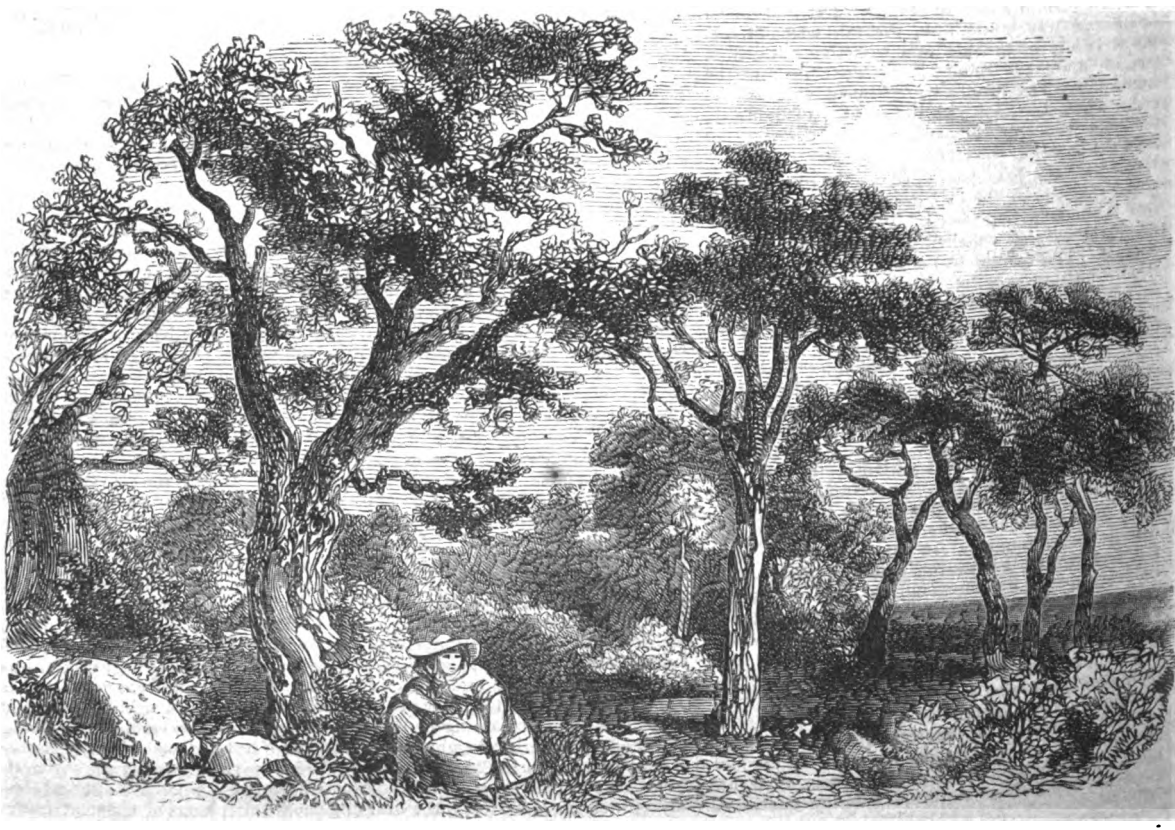
borhood both he and the prosecutor resided. The prosecutor swore positively that the prisoner was the man who robbed him of his watch. The counsel for the prisoner called a genteel young woman, to whom the prisoner paid his addresses, who gave evidence which proved a complete *alibi*. The prosecutor was then ordered out of court, and in the interval another young man of the name of Greenwood, who awaited his trial on a capital charge of felony, was introduced and placed by the side of the prisoner. The prosecutor was again put up in the witness-box and addressed thus: "Remember, sir, the life of this young man depends upon your reply to the question I am about to put. Will you swear again that the young man at the bar is the person who assaulted and robbed you?" The witness turned his head towards the dock, when beholding two men so nearly alike, he became petrified with astonishment, dropped his hat, and was speechless for a time, but at length declined swearing to either. The young man was, of course, acquitted. Greenwood was tried for another offence, and executed, and a few hours before his death acknowledged that he had committed the robbery with which the other was charged.

"SPARE THE ROD, SPOIL THE CHILD."—In Dr. Dibdin's "Bibliomania," 1811, we find the following:—"A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Suabia, who, for fifty-one years, had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,600 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with a ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6,000 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a perverse educator!"

A PARENTAL HINT.—When an accident occurs, learn whether it was through misfortune, carelessness, or wilfulness, before you pass sentence. Accidents are frequently of great service, and children often learn more cautions and real information from their occurrence than from fifty lessons. Be it remembered that the perfection of science is owing to the occurrence and remedy of its early accidents.

EPITAPH IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.—The following lines were found written in pencil on a tomb at Harrow (Eng.) They have been ascribed (erroneously) to Byron:—

"Beneath these green trees, rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies;
A time shall come when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all."



NATURE.



LEILA: OR THE STAR OF MINGRELIA.

BY GEORGE W. N. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 303, vol. III.)

CHAPTER XVII.

TUNAR AND KYRI KARAMAN.

WE must now return to Tunar. Almost immediately after his interview with the Princess of Mingrelia, he issued forth from the mansion; and threading several streets, at length reached one of the lowest and poorest quarters of Tiflis. There he knocked at the door of a very humble habitation; and an old blear-eyed female at once gave him admission. She evidently knew him—for she spoke not a word; but having carefully closed the outer door, at once conducted him to an inner room, where a man was seated in a profoundly thoughtful mood. The woman left Tunar alone with this individual, whose raiment was of the meanest and most sordid description, and the redundant masses of whose dark hair, hanging in disorder, partly concealed his pale care-worn countenance. But as he raised his looks with something like startled rapidity, the instant he became aware of Tunar's presence, the intense brilliancy of his eyes flashed forth with a strange sinister lustre.

"Is it you?" he fiercely ejaculated. "You are my evil genius!—to you I am indebted for all the miseries that I am now enduring!"

"It is not well on your part to accuse me thus," responded Tunar. "I repeat to-day what I said yesterday—that the failure of everything must be ascribed partly to the cowardice of your men who suffered themselves to be defeated by Aladyn—and partly to the unfortunate death of the Lady Myrrha."

"Mention not her name!" ejaculated Kyri Karaman vehemently. "She gave back the ring to Leila! Faithful to me in her life, she was faithless in her death!"

"In good sooth," interjected Tunar, "there would have been little avail for the Lady Myrrha to keep it when she found herself dying, and knew at the time that in a few minutes death would intervene to prevent her from making use of it."

"You are right, Tunar!" rejoined the Guerilla-bandit, an expression of anguish sitting over his countenance. "I ought not to blame her who loved me so fondly and so well! But I am half-distracted—and I know not what I say. Alas, poor Myrrha!" continued Kyri Karaman, whose voice sank from petulant vehemence into profoundest mournfulness, "it was but natural that in her su-

preme moments she should study to make her peace with heaven, and have a regard for the welfare of her soul. Oh! when I knelt by the side of her corpse, I felt as if I were an altered being.—But tush!" he suddenly interrupted himself; "I must not give way to such a woman's weakness as this!"

"No," said Tunar: "I myself am surprised at you."

"Then you shall be surprised at me no longer!" exclaimed the Guerilla-bandit vehemently, as he put back the dark masses of his dishevelled hair from over his brow. "Tell me, is there aught now to be done? How stand you in respect to your master? Does he entertain a suspicion—?"

"Not a scintillation of one *as yet*," rejoined Tunar. "Of this I have just assured myself. I boldly sought an interview with the Star of Mingrelia; and by a mass of skilfully woven verbiage I elicited sufficient to convince me that hitherto Mansour suspects nothing. But that the Princess herself is not altogether satisfied with me, I have good reason to believe. I have already told you that she bent upon me a strange searching look at the moment of her arrival, the day before yesterday; and again to-day, during my recent interview with her, I caught her eyeing me in the same penetrating manner, though she fancied that I perceived her not."

"How could she suspect you?" demanded Kyri Karaman. "You all along took good care to provide for your own safety. You delivered the letter and ring to Leila—the letter and the ring to Aladyn likewise! These proceedings were in direct opposition to my counsel and wishes. Did I not say to you, that since it was arranged between us that I and Myrrha should personate Aladyn and Leila, and present ourselves to Mansour as those who were to receive from his lips the revelations which he had to make—did I not say, I ask you, that it were far better for you at once to consign the rings to our keeping, than to follow out the tortuous course which you yourself had originally planned? Answer me this!"

"Once more, illustrious Chief," said Tunar, "will I vindicate myself on all these heads; and then, I pray you, let the bygone matter rest—for we must think of the present and of the future. I beseech your attention. When first my master, Mansour, spoke to me of the journeys which I should have to undertake with all possible rapidity to Kars, in one direction, and thence to Kutais, I propounded my plans to you. It is true that you desired me to leave the journeys unaccomplished, and come straight to your mountain-abode to bring you the letters and the rings so soon as they should be entrusted to my keeping. But had I not a right to take care of myself?—was I not justified in conducting the plan

with a view to my own eventual safety in case of failure? Let us suppose that I had fallen into your views, and straightway brought you the rings:—yourself and the Lady Myrrha would have journeyed in due time to Tiflis—you would have presented yourselves to Mansour as Aladyn Bey and as the Princess of Mingrelia. But what if Mansour had detected the imposture?—what if you, who are some four-and-twenty-years of age, should have failed to pass yourself off as Aladyn, who is but one-and-twenty?—what if the Lady Myrrha should likewise have failed to make her twenty years seem no more than Leila's seventeen? These points, you recollect, seemed from the very first to constitute the main difficulties against which we had to contend. Well then, I say, suppose Mansour had from those causes discovered the imposture which it was sought to palm off upon him—he would at once have turned round upon me and charged me with complicity in the cheat. Yes—and then, mercilessly, might he have handed me over to the grasp of the law: and the punishment would have been death!"

"I have already said," observed Kyri Karaman, sneeringly, "that you took excellent care of yourself."

"It was a part of my agreement with you, Captain, that I should do so," replied Tunar, calmly. "But, with your permission, I will finish these explanations—or rather recapitulations; because there is nothing like a proper understanding in all matters between those who are acting in concert. To proceed, therefore—I insisted upon so far fulfilling my double mission from Mansour, as to convey the letters and the rings respectively to Aladyn at Kars and to Leila at Kutais. But to each did I, with the seeming good intentions of fidelity and trustworthiness, indicate the particular route to be pursued from Kars to Tiflis on the one hand, and from Kutais to Tiflis on the other. You were to take care of all the rest: your men were to intercept Aladyn on the one road and Leila on the other: you were to obtain possession of the rings—and you were to hold the young couple in safe custody until after our objects were served and their prisonage was no longer needful. If everything had succeeded, yourself and the Lady Myrrha would have arrived at Tiflis. By the most ordinary expedients it would have been easy for me to avoid falling in with either of you inside the walls of Mansour's dwelling; and thus, if the imposture had then been discovered, Mansour could not have charged me with having been cognizant of the fact that two persons quite different in appearance from that young Bey and that youthful Princess to whom I had originally delivered the rings, had contrived to get possession of them, and were thereby endeavor-

ing to elicit the grand secret which the old man had to reveal."

"Yes," said Kyri Karaman, still in a half-sneering, half-scornful manner; "I remember full well it was agreed betwixt yourself and me, that in no case was I to betray you."

"Assuredly not," rejoined Tunar, still with self-sufficient calmness: "I had a care for my own life. Suppose that all our plans had succeeded to the extent that Aladyn and Leila were in your custody—that yourself and the Lady Myrrha had obtained possession of the rings—and that ye had presented yourselves with those tokens of identity to Mansour—then, if the plot had been crowned with success, well and good: the secret of the paradise in the Caucasus, with the immense treasures that it contains, would have been our own. But if, on the other hand, Mansour had suspected the imposture—of which there was little likelihood, purblind as he is with age—but if he had suspected it, I say, and had summoned me into his presence to declare whether those to whom I had delivered the rings stood before him,—I should have been guided by circumstances in respect to the answer to be given. If I had seen that one word of mine would set his doubts at rest, I should have boldly proclaimed the affirmative—"

"But if, on the other hand," interjected Kyri Karaman, "you had found the cheat to be fully discovered, myself and my beloved wife in custody, and your presence merely required as that of a witness against us—you would have as boldly proclaimed that we were impostors—that we were not those into whose hands you had respectively delivered the rings and the letters—and you would have affected bewilderment and indignation at the attempted fraud?"

"Assuredly so," again rejoined Tunar, still with an air of self-sufficient calmness: for all this was part and parcel of the convention betwixt yourself and me. And was it not fair enough? I placed you in the track to become possessed of one of the grandest secrets that could possibly be entrusted to mortal keeping: but therein I left myself at your mercy. You might afterwards have turned round upon me and refused to communicate the secret to me likewise: or you might have kept the lion's share of the treasure for yourself. It was you, after all, who on the one hand were to have the main advantage on your side:—it was but just and right on the other hand that you should incur all the risks.—"If the plot succeed," I said at the time, "deal with me fairly: if it fail, at least let my own safety be ensured, and let me retain my position in the service of a good master, who lets me want for nothing."

"After all," said Kyri Karaman, in a musing strain, "there is justice in your observations. I must not blame you more!"

"I am glad you have made this admission," ejaculated Tunar, "for thus my recapitulations have not been altogether without their uses. It is well that there should be a right understanding betwixt us. And now one word in respect to the Lady Myrrha. Has her interment taken place?"

"Wherefore this question?" demanded Kyri Karaman.

"Simply," rejoined Tunar, "because I would fain learn whether your mind is in a fitting mood for the consideration of certain matters?" or whether it be pre-occupied with your own private affairs and personal afflictions?"

"Immediately after the deplorable death of my loved and beautiful Myrrha," answered the Guerilla Chief, in a voice of profoundest melancholy, "her corpse was brought by her faithful dependants, under circumstances of befitting secrecy, to the dwelling of a near relative of Myrrha's in this city of Tiflis. For a few moments only have I knelt by the side of that corpse!—for an instant only was I permitted to press my lips to the marble brow of the beloved and lamented deceased! Those who are in attendance upon her remains dread lest it should be discovered that the husband for whose sake she originally left her own happy and respectable home in Southern Georgia, is none other than Kyri Karaman. The aged relative beneath whose roof her corpse now lies is unfortunately aware of that stupendous fact; but she has sworn to retain the secret from Myrrha's parents on condition that I visit her house no more. She is fearful of my capture there—fearful, likewise, that all the degradation of such an exposure would more or less redound upon herself. Therefore this evening will my poor Myrrha's remains be consigned to the cemetery—and thither I must follow them not! I have looked my last upon the countenance of her whom I loved so well! She is gone—and here am I, her unhappy husband, compelled to wear a disguise of loathsome meanness—lurking in this wretched hovel—"

"Be not dejected, great Captain!" exclaimed Tunar. "Your fortitude, and your energy, your love of freedom amidst your wild mountains, and your hatred for the Muscovite invader, will not be buried in the grave of your lost Myrrha."

"Ah!" exclaimed Kyri Karaman; "you know not all the evils that have overtaken me!—and every misfortune is to be ascribed to this deplorable enterprise into which I have been led by you! You call me *Captain*. The title is a mockery! How can I be regarded as a leader without a band to lead? What is a general without an army?"

"I understand you not!" exclaimed Tunar in astonishment.

"The explanation is only too easily given," rejoined Kyri Karaman with bitterness. "All my once faithful followers have deserted me, with the exception of a single individual. The villain Khazi has turned round upon me—he has availed himself of recent failures to make certain representations to my brave men; he has charged me with incapacity.—with a love of luxury—with a weakness that is easily beguiled and worked upon by attachment to feminine beauty, as personified in my lamented Myrrha—and, in a word, he has become the chief of my band. One only, as I have said, remains faithful—and that is a gallant fellow of the name of Djemzet. He came to me last night; he told me everything that had occurred. And now you comprehend the state of almost abject helplessness to which the once formidable Kyri Karaman is reduced!"

Had the Guerilla-bandit been examining Tunar's features while he thus spoke it might have occurred to him that the young page was not altogether so distressed and annoyed by this intelligence as his informant might have expected. But Karaman had his eyes bent downward; and his hair had again fallen in dishevelled redundancy over the upper part of his countenance.

"If Khazi have proved thus treacherous," observed Tunar, after a moment's reflection, "are you not afraid of remaining in this place of concealment?"

"Khazi," ejaculated Kyri Karaman, with sudden vehemence, "would scarcely be culpable of that crowning infamy! No, no—he would not do it! His ambition is gratified in becoming the chief of the band; and in displacing me he is sufficiently avenged for whatsoever taunts I threw out at him at the time on account of his disgraceful defeat and failure in the expedition with which he was charged against Aladyn Bey and his two Turkish followers. No, no!—Khazi would not stealthily give that information which should in a moment arouse all Tiflis against me! He knows that I am already sufficiently degraded and humbled. The riches possessed by the band, have fallen into his possession; and beyond a few coins of gold and silver in my purse, I myself am destitute."

This intelligence seemed to produce an additional satisfaction in the mind of Tunar; for the youth's eyes flashed for a moment with that extraordinary and sinister brilliancy which has before been noticed as characteristic of him. But still Kyri Karaman perceived it not: his head was supported by his two hands—his elbows resting upon his knees, as he bent forward in mournful posture upon his seat.

Again there was a brief interval of silence; and then the Guerilla-bandit suddenly demanded, "What is now to be done, Tunar!—have you any plan in view? Methinks that this is the information which you ought to have given me at the very first moment of your appearance here to-day, instead of wasting so much precious time in needless recapitulations and idle discourse."

"There is nothing to be done in respect to the late glorious and magnificent plans which we had in view," answered the young page. "All those bright visions have melted away as if they had never been!"

"Tell me," said Karaman, again speaking with abruptness, "how was it in the first instance that you obtained any insight at all into the circumstances of that stupendous secret?"

"From my earliest infancy I was brought up in the household of Mansour," replied Tunar; "and ever since I can recollect he has undertaken occasional journeys under circumstances of more or less privacy. These absences were sometimes limited to four or five days—sometimes (though rarely) extending to two or three weeks. Every one, however, believed that those journeys were connected trading pursuits; and this impression I likewise entertained—thinking indeed but very little upon the subject—until a short time back my suspicion that there was some mystery in the case was first excited by hearing Mansour one night speaking in his sleep when I had occasion to enter his chamber

to take something which I had previously forgotten. What I then heard was, however, of the vague kind—but yet sufficient to inspire me with an ardent curiosity to know more. At length, a few weeks ago, I perceived, by the usual indications, that Mansour was preparing to set out upon one of his mysterious journeys; and I cast in my mind whether it were possible to follow him stealthily at a distance. I attempted the enterprise—but it speedily failed; and I narrowly escaped being suspected of the endeavor that I had made. On this occasion Mansour's absence extended to a fortnight; and on his return home to Tiflis he seemed profoundly dejected. Indeed, I overheard him mutter to himself, while tears ran down his cheeks, that he had just lost his best and dearest friend. To whom he alluded I knew not then—and know not now."

We may here as well inform our readers that this was the occasion—though Tunar knew nothing of the circumstances—of the venerable Prince Danial's death.

"Shortly after my master's return home," continued the page, "he shut himself up in his own apartment, and devoted himself to much writing. I was now ever on the watch for some fresh clue to the discovery of a mystery which I knew to exist. One day opportunity served me for a few moments. Mansour quitted the apartment accidentally omitting his usual precaution of locking the door; and I glanced at a document which lay upon the table, and in the composition of which he had been busying himself. It was a description of a paradise in the midst of the Caucasian mountains, hemmed in by a circular chain of heights inaccessible from without or from within. It spoke of the loveliness of that Vale of Gulistan where summer ever reigns, and into whose peaceful solitudes the tempest cannot come. But what was more wondrous and dazzling still, the document described the illimitable wealth in precious metals and priceless gems which that valley contains. I dared linger to read no more—for I was fearful that Mansour might return; and I glided away from the apartment. Oh! you may conceive—"

"Enough?" interrupted Kyri Karaman, bitterly: "that terrestrial paradise is lost to us! I merely questioned you in respect to the precise means by which you had obtained a knowledge of its existence, in order to ascertain whether every hope of penetrating the mystery be indeed extinguished. We will talk no more upon the point. And now, Tunar, tell me—what have you to suggest? what plan have you in your mind? what scheme can you offer me for retrieving my fallen fortunes?—for I see that you have some special object beyond the mere purpose of conversation in seeking me now. I am a desperate man—and if it be possible, I have two aims to achieve."

"And what are those aims?" inquired Tunar, whose secret satisfaction arose from the thought that in proportion to the desperation of the bandit's circumstances would he become all the more ready to enter into the plan which the youth had to propose. "What are these aims of your's?"

"In the first place," answered Karaman, "to plunge back again into active life, so that I may escape from the anguishing thoughts which the death of my beloved Myrrha has left in my mind; and in the second place," added the Guerilla-bandit, his voice changing with singular abruptness from a tone that was deeply mournful to one that became fierce and excited,—"in the second place, to collect together another troop of brave warriors, that I may take signal vengeance upon the perfidious Khazi!"

"And for this purpose," remarked Tunar, "you will need a considerable sum of money?"

"Yes," responded Kyri Karaman: "I require gold—much gold—to enlist men under my standard, to arm and equip them, and to purchase horses of the best breed. But you, Tunar—you have no gold! What then is the use of this discussion?"

"I will speedily demonstrate the use," rejoined the page; "and I will show you the means of readily obtaining the amount of gold which you require."

"Do this," exclaimed the Guerilla-bandit, his eyes flashing joyously, and his careworn yet handsome countenance becoming radiant; "and I will hold myself your eternal debtor!"

"A little of your wonted energy, daring, and courage," said Tunar, "and all shall be accomplished! But remember," he added impressively, "in the present instance, as in our former machinations, I am to study my own security: for now that those schemes have utterly failed, it suits me to remain in a service where I am well paid, well cared for, and where chances of good fortune may turn up."

"Be it as you say, Tunar," rejoined Karaman, with difficulty suppressing another scornful curl of the lips; your safety shall be duly cared for. Even if the enterprise which you are about to propound to me should fail, and mischief should overtake myself, I swear that I will hold you harmless!"

"'Tis well!" observed Tunar. "Can you command the services of that faithful dependant of your's—Djemzet I think you called him?"

"I can," answered the Guerilla-bandit: "he will be with me again this evening."

"Good!" ejaculated the young page. "Now attend to my instructions. Punctually at midnight must this Djemzet and yourself be at the back gate opening into the grounds belonging to Mansour's dwelling. I shall be on the watch. Do you give three gentle taps with your knuckle at the door; and it shall be at once opened. Leave the rest to me."

"These instructions shall be followed," answered Kyri Karaman. "But I pray you, Tunar, afford me some insight into your ulterior object. It is not that I mistrust you—"

"But experience has taught you the value of caution?" interjected the page. "You are right—and the explanation shall be given. Listen! I have already told you the Princess Leila evidently suspects that there has been something wrong in my conduct. She regarded me earnestly and scrutinizingly: she watched my countenance when she thought I perceived her not; she hinted at certain adventures which she had experienced—and then looked at me to mark the effect which her words produced. She was reserved and cautious in her observations; and if she proffered me a reward—a reward which from policy I declined—I could see that it was only because she has no positive certainty in respect to the justice of her suspicions, and in the natural generosity of her heart she is fearful of wronging me. But the spark of suspicion may blow up the entire train; and the slightest clue which the intelligent mind obtains, is often followed up till the whole truth be evolved. In my uncertainty relative to the source of Leila's suspicions, I am necessarily in the dark as to the means which she may possess of verifying them. This much is however beyond all doubt—that the only way in which during my recent proceedings I laid myself open to suspicion, was in sketching out for both Aladyn and Leila those routes, respectively from Kurs and Kutais, which they really ought not to have taken. And moreover I earnestly enjoined the Princess not to travel with any male retainers—though Mansour's instructions were simply to the extent that her retinue should be limited. All the advice I thus gave was, as you are aware, for the purpose of rendering Aladyn and the Princess the more easy to be pounced upon by your partisans. This is however the *one* weak point of my case; and in the course of conversation Mansour may discover from his guests that I in some sense misrepresented his instructions."

"And if that discovery be made," said Kyri Karaman, "it may associate itself with the suspicions already floating in the Star of Mingrelia's mind—and your ruin might ensue?"

"The matter stands as you have just presented it," replied Tunar. "I have little fear that the discovery will be made to-day—for doubtless Mansour and his guests will have too many subjects of a far greater importance to converse upon. But this, at all events, is something that I must risk; and if the present day should pass in safety for me, I will take care that to-morrow shall find me in no danger from the Princess Leila's suspicions."

Tunar then proceeded to explain the project which he had in view; but it is unnecessary for us to record it in this chapter, inasmuch as it will speedily develop itself in the progress of our narrative. Suffice it to say that Kyri Karaman at once approved of the plan—the more especially as it was one which better suited his bold, reckless, daring character, than any project in which multifarious combinations and tortuous manœuvres had to be followed out.

It was now about five o'clock in the evening; and Tunar, on taking a temporary leave of the Guerilla-bandit, issued from the hovel. Instead of immediately retracing his way to his master's dwelling, he passed out of the city; and at a little distance he approached an isolated building, which stood in the vicinity of a grove. It was a handsome structure, and consisted of a large dwelling-house, with a spacious court-yard, and a garden attached. An old Turk, with a very sinister countenance, stood at a gate opening into that court-yard; and to this man Tunar spoke a few words.

The porter—for such he was—bowed, looked sig-

nificantly at the young page, and then threw open the gate for him to enter. Tunar crossed the threshold: the gate closed behind him; and he found himself in the presence of a number of the most beautiful young damsels that ever with one overpowering blaze of loveliness burst upon the view, to dazzle the eyes or to bewilder the senses.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ASSEMBLAGE OF BEAUTIES.

In that spacious court-yard to which Tunar was thus admitted, there were fountains throwing up their crystal waters; the marble-paved floor was inlaid with small borders of earth, where orange or citron trees grew, or where the loveliest flowers formed variegated parterres. And, as we have already said, within the walls of this enclosure were a number of beautiful maidens, displaying all the varieties of feminine charms, and presenting a group most enrapturing to gaze upon. There were golden tresses shining as if with imprisoned sunbeams; there were auburn locks floating like flexible burnished gold, over alabaster foreheads, and upon snowy necks; there were glossy masses of raven hair gathered in bands to enframe as it were countenances of angelic beauty; and there were chestnut ringlets clustering in their rich growth and showering upon shoulders that seemed to be of polished marble. There were blue eyes, deep and languishing—azure eyes that appeared to have caught the hue of heaven—hazel eyes full of softness and tenderness—large dark eyes half veiled beneath the long jetty fringes of their lids. There were shapes slender and aerial as that of the Sylph—or full and luxuriant as that of a Hebe; and there were costumes which in their varieties denoted the different Caucasian races—the Mingrelian, the Immeritian, the pure Caucasian, the Georgian, or that of Schamyl's own realm of Daghestan. But notwithstanding the differences of hue in respect to the hair and eyes to which we have alluded, the complexions of nearly all these damsels were dazzlingly fair. There were but one or two whose skin had the slightest tinge of the brunette; and this was so exceedingly delicate, so barely perceptible, that an observer at a first glance would fancy that their countenances were merely seen in the shade, while those of the others were contemplated with the sunlight shining upon them.

Who were these maidens! why were they assembled in this place? what was the nature of the place itself? and wherefore had Tunar come thither after his interview with Kyri Karaman, and before he returned to Mansour's abode? We cannot at present answer these questions which must have naturally suggested themselves to the minds of our readers. In pursuance, however, of the thread of our narrative, we may observe that amongst the dozen terrestrial hours there assembled, there were but two or three whose looks were pensive and on whose cheeks the glistening tears might be surprised by the glance of a beholder. All the rest seemed to be gay and happy—in joyous spirits, as if indulging in bright hopes, or as if conversing together upon brilliant anticipations which might at no distant date be fulfilled. Some were carolling blithely as the birds in the neighboring trees, whose delicious untutored melody they seemed to be emulating with their own silvery voices: or on the other hand it might appear as if the liquid flow of these voices awakened and sustained a continuous series of musical echoes amidst the trees themselves.

Having crossed the threshold of the court-yard, Tunar stopped short, ravished by the perfect blaze of beauty which burst upon his vision; and then he slowly devoured with his eyes all those varied feminine charms which were thus detailed before him. It seemed as if every specific style of woman's loveliness had its representation at this congress. The damsels themselves, having casually glanced at the youth when the door opened to afford him admission, continued their discourse, their warbling, or their reverie, as the case might be—and took no farther heed of his presence.

After having lingered for some little while to feast his gaze upon that bevy of loveliness, Tunar passed round the court-yard—skirting the wall so as to maintain a respectful distance from the ladies themselves; and in a few moments he reached a little kiosk, or painted summer-house, situated in a corner of the enclosure. There he found an elderly man seated upon an ottoman, indolently enjoying his chibouque, and his half-closed eyes denoting that condition of mind in which the thoughts hover between dreamy repose and roseate reverie. He was languidly revelling in the luxury of his reflections under the semi-narcotic influence of the fumes of his pipe. His apparel bespoke him to be a

Mussulman; and he had the strongly marked aquiline profile of a Turk. When, on beholding Tunar, he assumed a business-like look and posture—opening his half-sleepy eyes and raising himself from his half-reclining position—the youth observed that there were hard lines upon the brow of this man, a certain sinister expression of countenance, and a strong compression of the lips, which indicated hardness of heart, as well as a soul warped and indurated by the nature of the avocation which he pursued.

"God be with you, Mustapha Yakoub!" said Tunar, bowing as he thus gave the usual salutation.

"Allah be with you!" responded the Turk; and then he continued to puff his pipe for nearly a minute in silence, while he surveyed Tunar as if to ascertain beforehand what the nature of his business might be, or to acquire some idea of his character that he might the better regulate whatsoever dealings were to arise from his presence.

Tunar, who knew the Turkish disposition well, sat down at a little distance from Mustapha Yakoub, and waited till it should please that individual to open his lips again.

"What news do you bring?" at length asked the Turk, putting a common question, which must not however lead the reader to suppose that they had ever met before; for this was the first time they had, to their knowledge, seen each other in their lives.

"There are no news of a public character," answered Tunar. "May you live many years, Mustapha Yakoub!"

"Well said," rejoined the Turk: but he could not reciprocate the wish, because he saw that his visitor was a Christian: he therefore gave utterance to the next best complimentary saying which suggested itself:—"I see that your humor is good."

"Good," answered Tunar. "And your's?"

"Well found," rejoined the Turk. "What do you do?"

"I am a page in the service of Mansour," replied Tunar: for the query put by Mustapha Yakoub was one which, though singularly and curtly worded, was the common interrogatory by which an Osmanli elicits the station, position, or calling of a stranger.

"Mansour is a great merchant, and a worthy one," said the Turk, continuing slowly to inhale the fumes of his pipe. "He has acquired great riches. His sons and his daughters have all married well, and are settled in different parts. Allah has been merciful to Mansour, although he is but a Christian."

There was another interval of silence, during which Mustapha Yakoub surveyed Tunar with a calm attention; while the youth appeared to be unconscious that he was thus the object of his gaze.

"May Allah bless the business that has brought you to me!" the Turk at length said; and this was the signal that the young page might enter upon the explanation of his visit's object.

"We have spoken of Mansour, the worthy merchant," he said; "and now I have to inform you that at this moment there is beneath Mansour's roof a young lady of the most exquisite beauty—seventeen years of age—with the countenance of an angel, and a figure so perfect that no statue can compare with it."

"There are matchless beauties," said Mustapha Yakoub, waving his hand in the direction of the bevy of damsels grouped at a little distance in the court-yard.

"If I had never seen the young lady who is now beneath Mansour's roof," responded Tunar, "I should say that the world could produce no equal to the brightest of those beauties who are assembled yonder. But they are veritable Ethiopians in comparison with the charming creature of whom I am speaking; they are as the dust beneath your feet in comparison with precious stones!"

"Look again, young man, at those angelic damsels," said Mustapha Yakoub: "and then confess that you are exaggerating the charms of this young lady of whom you are speaking."

"I have already surveyed your group of maidens yonder," rejoined Tunar, "and I swear unto you, Mustapha Yakoub, that beautiful though they be, they bear no comparison with the lady beneath Mansour's roof."

"Since you speak thus confidently," remarked the Osmanli, "I am bound to give some degree of credit to your words. Yet look once again at those maidens! Observe the coral lips of her who is now smiling so sweetly!—mark the pearly teeth—and feast your gaze upon those tresses of golden glory

which with her lily hand she has just put back from their intrusion over her forehead of polished ivory! Or observe the figure of that one who has just risen from her seat and is advancing towards the fountain. Study that admirable slope of the shoulders—look at that willowy elasticity of the form—see how gracefully the arching neck carries the well-shaped head, which resembles a flower upon its stalk! And then behold those feet and ankles!—are they not of sculptural symmetry?"

"All this is true enough, Mustapha Yakoub," replied Tunar; "and I am glad that you have pointed out to me those exquisite charms, because the view thereof enables me to proclaim all the more emphatically that they are neither transcending nor peerless. Pearls have their varieties; and thus the teeth of her of whom I am speaking are more beautiful than those of that smiling damsel yonder. The heroine of my description carries her head with more grace—has a finer slope of the shoulder—a more elastic elegance of the form—ankles more delicately rounded—insteps more highly arched—and feet more shapely than those of the maiden who now approaches the fountain. In a word, Mustapha Yakoub, these are but human creatures—while I am speaking to you of an angel!"

"Allah is great—and his works are marvellous," said the Osmanli. "But what wore of this angel of your description?"

"There is only one slight drawback to all the ravishments which invest that fair creature," responded Tunar, assuming a mournful aspect: "but that fault has naught to do with her personal beauty. It is here:"—and he significantly touched his forehead.

"I understand," answered Mustapha Yakoub: "her reason is unsettled?"

"Very slightly—and only on one special point," rejoined Tunar. "She is highly educated, and possesses a thousand accomplishments. She speaks divers languages—is skilled in music—can draw in pencil and paint in water-colors—is well-versed in the history and poetry of all the Caucasian districts. Her language is choice, elegant, and fluent."

"Allah! Allah!" ejaculated the Turk, who had been listening with increasing interest and wonder: "What more would you have? Such a being is perfection itself. Where lies the fault? where can it possibly have existence?"

"It is a mania," answered Tunar. "Her name is Leila; and she has been so accustomed to receive praise for her wondrous beauty, that without being either vain or conceited, too much flattery has turned her head in one particular sense, and she fancies herself to be none other than the Star of Mingrelia, whose Christian name is likewise Leila."

"If this be all, it is nothing," observed Mustapha Yakoub. "Let her give way to her fancies; they will do no one any harm; and provided she be rational in all other respects—"

"Completely rational, as I have already assured you," interrupted Tunar. "The worthy Mansour has endeavored gently to reason with her against this monomaniac belief which she cherishes—but all in vain. The pertinacity with which she declares herself to be a Mingrelian Princess is truly astonishing; and her language on this point has such an air of truthfulness and sincerity—she advances so many arguments to prove that she is veritably the Sovereign lady of that province—that a stranger hearing her for the first time, would assuredly be deluded by her representations."

"Such would not be the case with me," answered Mustapha Yakoub; "for, as a matter of course, I am well aware that the Princess of Mingrelia cannot possibly be an inmate beneath the roof of Mansour, the Georgian merchant."

"I see that you are a wise man," responded Tunar.

"Yes—we know many things," said the Turk, complacently; then, after another brief pause, he exclaimed, somewhat abruptly. "And now to business!"

Tunar drew himself closer to Mustapha Yakoub; and they went on conversing in a lower and more serious tone than before. For nearly half an hour did their discourse thus continue; and when it terminated, they seemed to be upon the best possible understanding with each other. Tunar now took his leave of Mustapha Yakoub; he passed round the court-yard—advancing at a leisurely pace, so that he might again feast his eyes with the congress of loveliness assembled before him; and on reaching the gate, he gave three distinct raps. It was immediately opened by the ill-looking old porter, into whose hand Tunar dropped a fee of a few silver coins. He then hurried off towards the city, through the streets of which he rapidly threaded his way, until he reached Mansour's dwelling.

"Now," said the perfidious page to himself, as he entered the gateway, "I shall speedily ascertain whether aught has transpired to affix suspicion on myself. If so, I shall at once be summoned into my master's presence? but if otherwise, my projects will continue to work their way without interruption."

Tunar was soon convinced that nothing had arisen to justify whatsoever apprehension he might have entertained upon the point; and he now awaited with a deep inward satisfaction the arrival of the hour when his scheme was to be carried out. Time passed on; and within a few minutes of midnight, Tunar stole forth into the spacious garden at the rear of the mansion. As he threaded his way through the shady avenues, he stopped frequently to listen in order to assure himself that there was no one else rambling in the grounds at that hour. It was a beautiful starlit night, and Tunar muttered to himself, "I could have wished it had been darker for our purposes. But no matter! Kyri Karaman will manage everything for the best."

Tunar advanced toward the back-gate, which has been before alluded to; and he had not stationed himself there many minutes, when he heard footsteps stealthily advancing on the opposite side of the wall. Then three low but distinct taps were given at the door: and with the pass-key of which he had possessed himself, he at once opened it. Two individuals immediately entered: these were Kyri Karaman and Djemzet. The latter was a fine tall Circassian, endowed with no ordinary strength, and faithfully devoted to the cause of Kyri Karaman, even amidst the fallen fortunes of that Guerilla bandit.

Tunar closed and locked the door, giving the key to Kyri Karaman. The three then advanced in silence, until they reached the door communicating with the private staircase that led up to the bathroom of Leila's suite of apartments.

"Now use your implements," whispered Tunar to the Guerilla-bandit.

This latter individual thereupon drew forth from beneath his garments two small implements resembling the crowbars used by English burglars; and while he applied one to the side of the door, Djemzet used the other on the opposite side. The operation was not a long one: it was conducted also with as much noiselessness as possible; lock and hinges were all alike forced; and as the door opened outwards, it speedily fell forward so as to be caught by the hands of the two banditti.

"Now I leave you to accomplish the rest," whispered Tunar to Kyri Karaman. "Everything is arranged with Mustapha Yakoub according to my promise."

Having thus spoken, Tunar retreated from the spot, and glided amongst the trees bordering the avenue which led towards the back-gate of the garden. There he concealed himself, in order to watch the progress of the nefarious scheme which was being carried out.

In the meanwhile Leila and her handmaidens were sleeping, dreamless of all impending evil, in the chamber communicating with the bath-room. As we found them at the hostelry into which Kyri Karaman had penetrated for the purpose of abstracting the ring, so had those beauteous creatures now disposed themselves in the chamber of their present dwelling. Leila occupied the handsome couch: Emina slept upon a divan or sofa near the head of that superbly curtained bed: Zaida was reclining on a similar sofa near the foot. We should remind our readers that with Oriental ladies, Christian as well as Mussulman, the night-toilet is not so complete a disapparel as it is with females in European climes: it is merely the substitution of a light, loose, and flowing costume for the more precise and formal one worn during the day-time. In that lighter apparel did Leila and her maidens now appear; and they were all three sleeping soundly. A light was burning in the chamber as Kyri Karaman noiselessly opened the door leading from the bath-room; and though he and Djemzet, with linen gags ready in their hands, were prepared to make a sudden rush upon whomsoever they might chance to find awake, they perceived at a glance that there was no necessity for the exercise of any such preliminary step of violence.

It formed no part of the nefarious project now in operation to carry off Zaida and Emina:—against Leila only had the base conspiracy been devised. Stealing up to the couch, Kyri Karaman applied a small phial to the nostrils of the Princess: he then sped to do the same in respect to one of her handmaidens—while Djemzet lost not a moment in following this example with regard to the other. The phials contained a potent essence, which in less than a minute produced the desired effect by reducing

the lady and her two attendants to a state of unconsciousness. During that brief interval the two banditti remained standing perfectly motionless, watching how the roseate tinge gradually disappeared from the cheeks of the sleepers. Then they exchanged glances of triumphant satisfaction; and they proceeded to lift the Princess from her couch. They wrapt her form in the costume which she had thrown off when retiring to rest; and they bore her through the bath-room to the staircase. Kyri Karaman now took the burden entirely in his own powerful arms; and he began to descend the flight of steps.

But let us now return to Tunar, who had concealed himself amongst the evergreens to watch the issue of this adventure. He had not been many moments there, when the suspicion began stealing into his mind that he was not altogether alone in the garden: he thought he heard footsteps and the rustling of leaves at a little distance. He listened with suspended breath; and in a few more instants he became convinced that such was indeed the case. Who could be in the grounds at that hour? If it were Aladyn Bey, a desperate conflict might be expected: if it were Mansour or any one else, an alarm would be raised. Tunar himself dared not move: the footsteps were approaching—and if he attempted to retreat he would only betray his own presence there. The mind of the guilty youth was now tortured with a thousand apprehensions. Still the footsteps kept on advancing; and Tunar heard a voice speaking in a low tone as if the individual were yielding to his musings. And now Tunar recognised that voice—he beheld likewise the form that was coming slowly along the avenue: it was his venerable master, the Georgian merchant!

"What is it that renders me thus restless tonight?" said Mansour, speaking audibly. "Is it a presentiment of some evil? or is it a nervous excitement arising from the nature of the tasks which I have this day entered upon? 'Tis the first time that I ever recollect to have been unable to woo the approach of slumber at those hours when accustomed to enjoy it!—the first time that I ever felt the necessity of coming forth to seek the fresh air and to court the breeze of night for my feverish brows! Yes perhaps a few turns in the garden will tranquilize my mind; and I shall go back to my chamber to sink into a profound sleep."

It was thus that Mansour was giving audible utterance to his thoughts as he advanced along the avenue; and Tunar thence comprehended wherefore his master was now wandering in the grounds. There was a horrible fear in the youth's mind. He saw that it was almost inevitable that Mansour would meet the Guerilla-banditti while engaged in carrying off Leila. If such a misadventure were to ensue, the catastrophe might be a fearful one; for Kyri Karaman was not at all likely to be scrupulous in the mode whereby he removed an obstacle from his path. Thus Tunar endured the most poignant agonies of suspense, while not daring even to cause so much as the rustling of a leaf lest his own presence should be betrayed.

Mansour was continuing his way, when he heard the sounds of footsteps approaching from the vicinage of the private door communicating with Leila's apartments; and it was now the old merchant's turn to wonder who besides himself could be in the grounds at that hour of the night. He quickened his pace; and while he was still concealed in the shade of the avenue of trees, he beheld two men—one seeming to have a burden of some dimensions in his arms—rapidly advancing from the neighborhood of that private door. The Argentine lustre of the moon beamed fully upon those men; and Mansour gave vent to a cry of alarm, for he was smitten with the conviction that there was something wrong.

Not more quickly does the tiger spring upon its prey, than did Djemzet rush towards the old man. It was all the work of a moment! The merchant was hurled to the ground—the fingers of the Guerilla's left hand grasped his throat as if with an iron vice—the miscreant's right hand drew a dagger from its sheath—and the gleaming of that weapon in the moonlight was the last object that met the eyes of the unfortunate Mansour in this world. Deep down into his heart the sharp-pointed steel was plunged; and thus the dread tragedy was accomplished.

Immediately upon hearing the cry of alarm—that single cry which burst from his master's lips—Tunar rushed forth from his hiding-place; and with a wild terror he sped towards the house. He was at too great a distance from the scene of the tragedy itself to observe what took place: but as no additional cry came from Mansour, the youth was suddenly seized with another species of terror;

—he no longer thought of detection and exposure; he thought only that something dreadful had befallen his master. Wicked though he were, yet he was not so inured to crime as to be enabled to contemplate a deed of blood otherwise than with horror; and suddenly turning back, he flew in the direction of the spot where Mansour had encountered the Guerillas. There he beheld his venerable master stretched lifeless upon the ground, the blood oozing from a wound in his breast; while Djemzet and Kyri Karaman were already retreating rapidly along the avenue towards the back-gate of the garden.

The shade of the trees was not so deep as to prevent Tunar from catching a glimpse of the draperies of the Princess Leila as she was being borne hurriedly in the arms of Kyri Karaman; and the youth thus became aware that the enterprise was completely carried out. But a strong revulsion of feeling was taking place within him. The spectacle of his murdered master smote him with remorse; for he felt that he was the cause, though indirectly, of this hideous catastrophe. Quick as a flight of birds sweeping through the air, did a thousand recollections of kindnesses received from that old man troop into Tunar's brain. The venerable merchant who had taken compassion upon him in his infant orphanage—who had reared him in his household—who had given him the bread that he ate—was there stretched a corpse before him; and he, Tunar himself, the cause of the assassination! Groaning in an agony of spirit, the wretched youth threw himself upon the body of the murdered Mansour, and distractedly wound his arms about that departed friend whose immolation he had arrived on the spot too late to prevent!

Thus some minutes elapsed: but now another revulsion of feeling took place in Tunar's mind; for the horrible thought occurred to him that if he were found there, alone with the corpse, suspicion might point to him as the assassin. Tunar was in his heart a coward, as the reader has already seen; and now the sense of self-preservation became keenly alive within him. He sprang to his feet and listened—as the hunted deer, having outstripped the hounds, stops to assure itself that there is no indication of its whereabouts being discovered. All was still in the garden; and Tunar sped away from the spot. He re-entered the house by means of a central door, whereof the key was in his possession; and in a few moments he reached his own chamber. There he sat down, covering his face with his hands, and giving vent to all his harrowed, tortured feelings in a flood of tears.

This fit of weeping relieved his surcharged heart; and now he began to recover from the fluctuating phases of bewilderment through which he had been whirled. Leila was gone—Mansour was no more: was not he therefore entirely safe? Ah! a sudden idea struck him; and his eyes blazed with the sinister light of a culpable joy. Now that matters had reached such a point—an extreme indeed which he had never calculated upon nor expected, might he not avail himself of these circumstances? might he not gain possession of the grand secret for the attainment of which he had first of all begun dealing in treacheries and duplicities? Yes—it were utter madness to lose such an opportunity!

So thought Tunar. He listened—and all was still both within the mansion and without. Mansour's cry of alarm did not therefore appear to have been heard inside the walls of the dwelling. Again Tunar descended from his chamber; stealthily he glided down the staircase which led to the central door; and he passed out into the garden. He proceeded to the spot where the corpse of his murdered master lay; and as he approached the inanimate form, he exerted all the moral power of which he was possessed to steel his heart against any emotion that might be engendered by the aspect of the dead. Bending over the corpse, Tunar felt beneath the garments for the keys which the merchant was wont to keep secured about his person; and in a few moments the youth's hand clutched them. It was just at the entrance of the avenue that the corpse lay; and the moonlight beamed upon it, those slanting rays of argentine lustre playing upon the face of the dead. Just at the very instant the desecrating hand of Tunar clutched the keys, it struck him that Mansour's countenance gave signs of life—that the old man's eyes, which were wide open, threw up a half-fierce, half-reproachful look at the youth—and that the white lips wavered as if about to give utterance to some words of solemn warning or fearful threat.

It would be impossible to describe the hideous sensation that seized upon Tunar—how his blood all in a moment appeared to congeal in his veins—and how an ice-chill smote his heart. His hand quitted its hold upon the keys—he started up—but

as he flung another shuddering glance upon the face of the dead, he was simultaneously struck with the conviction that the source of his terror was all mere fancy on his part, and that the oscillating play of the moonbeams on the murdered Mansour's countenance had produced the effect which so much disturbed him. Tunar therefore bent down again: but this time it was with averted looks that he plunged his hand amidst Mansour's garments.

Possessed of the keys, Tunar sped away from the fatal spot, and again entered the house. He stole to Mansour's chamber: a light was burning there; and Tunar lost not a moment in opening the strongly constructed bureau in which the merchant was wont to keep his private papers. The page sought for those documents in the writing of which he had seen his deceased master occupied some three or four weeks back, and of the contents of which documents Tunar's piercing eyes had once for a few moments obtained a glimpse. He was not long in finding the objects of his search. The deeds were in sealed envelopes: but upon those envelopes were endorsements to the effect "that Mansour's executors were only to give those packets into the hands of a young Osmanli gentleman and a young Mingrelian lady who could produce counterpart rings of a particular workmanship, and each set with a single ruby graven with Mansour's own cipher." Thus Tunar had no doubt that these were the documents which he sought, and one of which contained the solution of the mystery in respect to the mountain-grit paradise of Gulistan.

Fain would the youth have tarried to tear open those envelopes and plunge deep into the glorious revelations which he knew that the contents might afford: but he dared not linger even for such a purpose as this. Though the house continued profoundly silent, and there was not the slightest indication that Mansour's cry of alarm in the garden had reached the ears of any of its inmates—yet was Tunar haunted by those terrors which even surround the evil-doer; so that his very shadow upon the wall was a subject of startling apprehension to the guilty youth. Securing the precious packets about his person, and taking the keys also with him, Tunar issued from the chamber. He was already decided what to do next; and again therefore did he descend into the garden. Again too did he approach Mansour's corpse; and he restored the keys to their place beneath the garments of the murdered man. Then the page sped to the tool-house; and procuring a spade, he dug a hole in the midst of a thicket of evergreens, where the presence of the gardener was by no means likely to be needed during the short interval of a day or two that might elapse before Tunar should consider it safe to repossess himself of the precious deeds. In that hole, therefore, he buried the papers; and having given to the spot an aspect which would prevent it from being suspected that the soil had been recently disturbed there, he restored the spade to the tool-house.

Having thus accomplished his work, Tunar was gliding back again towards the central door, when he suddenly beheld three persons emerging thence. He turned to flee, in order to conceal himself amongst the nearest trees: but the moonlight had revealed his form to those three individuals; and the suspicious manner in which the page took to flight, led them to rush in pursuit of him. These three were Aladyn, Ibrahim, and Hafiz. They quickly overtook the individual whom they had thus seen; and they were amazed on discovering that it was Tunar.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" demanded Aladyn: "wherefore did you fly from us?—why were you alarmed?—and what cry was that which some half-hour back—"

"Great Allah, it is blood!" ejaculated Ibrahim, who having seized upon Tunar in the first instance, had instantaneously let go his hold on discovering who he was; but feeling some moisture upon the hand which he had thus withdrawn from its grasp on the youth's raiment, Ibrahim had glanced at his fingers—and behold! there were deep sanguine stains upon them!

"Blood!" echoed Aladyn. "Just heavens! are you wounded, Tunar? What has happened? Speak! speak!"

But Tunar only gazed with ghastliest vacancy upon Aladyn; and Ibrahim, ever shrewd and suspicious, said to his young master, "There is something in all this which your Excellency must investigate."

At that moment an ejaculation burst from the lips of Hafiz, whose eyes had suddenly caught a glimpse of some object, which resembled a human form, lying upon the ground at the commencement of the avenue. Thither he at once sped; and the ejaculations of horror which burst from his lips, quickly led Aladyn and Ibrahim to the spot,—

the powerful grasp of the latter being again fixed upon Tunar, whom he thus hurried along also. The hideous truth was now apparent: the venerable Mansour had been foully murdered!

Tunar fell upon his knees, agonizingly and passionately protesting his innocence. In vehemently uttered, but broken sentences, he sought to convey the impression that he had heard a cry of alarm in the grounds—that he had descended to ascertain the cause—that he had discovered his master stretched bleeding there—that he had distractedly thrown himself upon the corpse—and that hence the blood upon his garments. It was further gathered from his wild exclamations, that he was speeding to the house to raise the alarm, when on perceiving three persons issue forth, he was seized with terror—his brain appeared to turn—he was horrified with the apprehension that suspicion might attach to himself—and his senses being as it were lost, he had turned to fly.

But all his aspect seemed to denote guilt; and Aladyn bade his retainers immediately adopt the necessary steps for invoking the aid of justice. On hearing these instructions given, the wretched Tunar fell down deprived of consciousness; and in this state he was borne into the mansion by Hafiz and Ibrahim. Meanwhile Aladyn, terribly excited with affliction and horror at the fate of the venerable Mansour, hastened to alarm the household, and make the domestics aware of the foul deed which had deprived them of their master. Thus in a few minutes all was consternation, confusion, and dismay within the lately peaceful dwelling: but it was not until about an hour later—when the officers of justice arrived, and an inspection of the premises commenced—that the private door communicating with the staircase of Leila's suite of apartments was discovered to have been broken out of its setting, and then replaced in its proper position again, evidently to deceive the eyes of anybody who might chance in the night-time to pass through the garden and behold that door. A farther investigation was quickly prosecuted; and it was then found that Leila was missing, and that her two handmaidens were only just beginning to awaken from a heavy slumber.

It appeared as if all the misfortunes of the world had suddenly fallen upon Aladyn's head: he had lost the venerable friend whom he already so much esteemed—he had lost likewise the object of his heart's devoted love. Whither had she gone? how could she have thus disappeared? who had carried her off? That the authors of the outrage, whoever they were, had sought to gain as much time as possible, was evident from the fact of their having replaced the door in its setting, so as to avert until the very last moment the suspicion that it had been tampered with. This idea inspired Aladyn with the wild hope that Leila could not as yet be very far off, whoever were her abductors. He accordingly set out, with his two faithful dependants, in search of her—having enjoined all the male domestics of the mansion to take horse likewise and speed in the pursuit.

As for Tunar, now restored to consciousness, and in the grasp of justice, he strenuously adhered to the declaration of his innocence; and thus no syllable came from his lips to throw any light upon the mysterious disappearance of the star of Mingrelia.

CHAPTER XIX

MUSTAPHA YAKOUB.

WHEN Leila awoke to consciousness, she found herself inside some vehicle which was proceeding at a rapid rate; and she thought that it must be a dream. Her last previous recollection was that of having retired to rest in her chamber at Mansour's abode, with her maidens occupying their accustomed places, one near the head of her couch, and the other at the foot. She could not therefore conceive how she could possibly have wakened up to find that she was actually and veritably elsewhere than in that chamber, and in circumstances so utterly different from those in which she had found herself when she retired to rest.

And yet it was assuredly no dream! She was clad in her night-toilet; but the costume which she had worn during the day, was with her inside that vehicle; the various articles of raiment had been thrown over her as if to keep her warm. She was alone in the *araba*, as that species of carriage was denominated. It was a sort of light cart, with an awning raised on poles, and with heavy curtains of coarse material drawn all round. To satisfy herself that she was awake—in a half bewildered, half frightened state of mind, Leila drew aside one of the curtains; and the powerful effulgence of the moonlight showed her that she was proceeding along a lonely road, where the trees, interspersed at short intervals, stood out in the bold darkness of

their relief against the blue sky. When awaking, Leila had found herself in a reclining position upon the cushions which formed a sort of bed in the *araba*; and having raised herself up to open the curtains and look forth, she lay back again, covering her face with her hands, and in a species of consternation, saying to herself, "Just heaven! can it be a reality? or is it only a dream?"

No! it was impossible to persuade herself that it was a dream. It was a reality!—but what did it all signify? A thousand ideas of treachery swept through her afflicted mind!—ideas amidst which the image of Tunar rose up, and the name of Kyri Karaman was upon the tip of her tongue. Even the venerable Mansour himself—than Mansour of whose foul murder she knew not—became for a moment an object of suspicion with the bewildered and distracted maiden, until her good sense and her natural generosity asserted their empire, and convinced her that on this point she was suffering her fancy to do an act of gross injustice against a worthy and excellent man.

But what could it mean? How was it possible that without for a moment awakening she could have been transported from her bed at Mansour's house into this *araba* that was journeying rapidly through the moonlit, silent night? Where were Zaida and Emina? In whose power was she?—what was her destination?—what object was there to serve in this mysteriously undertaken journey? Ah! all in a moment a wild hope struck her;—and yet it seemed to be far too favorable a solution of the present mystery; so that scarcely was the thought conceived when her heart sickened with the idea that she dared not contemplate it. Yet what after all if Mansour had adopted this course to convey her into the midst of those Caucasian wilds where the terrestrial paradise was situated,—that delicious valley in which her ancestor, Prince Danial, had for so many years found a refuge alike against the storms which agitate society and the tempests which come from heaven!

Scarcely daring to hope that such was really the case—yet clinging to the idea with the tenacity of one who saw that all else was dark and desperate—Leila again put aside the curtain and looked forth. A tall man, in a Turkish costume, galloped upon a proportionately colossal horse, to the side of the *araba*; and demanded, in the Ottoman tongue, "What do you require, maiden?"

The moonlight was so powerful that Leila could almost at a glance discern all the outward attributes of that man. He was coarsely dressed, but well armed; his age appeared to be about thirty: the expression of his countenance was harsh, stern, forbidding almost to repulsiveness. Leila's heart sank within her; for she felt assured that if Mansour were veritably, for some well-meant purpose, the author of this proceeding, he would not have chosen so ill-looking an individual to be either an escort or an attendant. Leila, nevertheless, was at length about to question him—when an elderly person, somewhat handsomely dressed in the old-fashioned Osmanli garb, and mounted upon one of the small, but fleet and powerful species of Turkish steeds, rode up from behind to the side of the *araba*.

"What does the young lady say?" demanded this individual, in a tone of authority, as if he were the master of the tall man whom he thus addressed.

"The lady has said nothing as yet," was the response. "I twice saw her put back the curtain, and I therefore rode up to see what she required."

"Fall into the rear," said the elderly personage, "and leave me to talk to the lady."

"You seem to exercise some authority," said Leila, full of the most painful and anxious suspense; "I pray you tell me wherefore I find myself in this position?"

"The question is easily answered, maiden," replied the elderly personage. "You form one of a bevy of some dozen of beautiful creatures whom I have purchased with my good gold."

The shriek that rose up into Leila's throat at this terrific announcement, was suddenly stifled by the paralyzing and astounding effect of the consternation that seized upon her. She sat up in the *araba*, gazing in dismayed and bewildered amazement through the half-opened curtain upon the elderly man who rode at a quick trot by the side of the vehicle.

"Allah is great! and the humblest of his servants who is now addressing you, has spoken truly," continued this individual. "It must be a high source of satisfaction to you, maiden, to learn that I gave for you thrice as much as I disbursed for any other slave in my possession."

"This is impossible!—the whole tale is monstrous!" exclaimed Leila, half in indignation and half in anguish. "I must indeed be dreaming!"

Do you know who I am?"—and now there was all the sudden assertion of the dignity of the princess.

"I know that you are the loveliest creature the sun ever shone upon," replied the elderly man; "and that he who first came to bargain for your sale, spoke as truthfully as the Koran itself, in all the representations he advanced concerning your features, form, and general elegance."

"Cease this insolence!" exclaimed Leila; "you know not to whom you are talking. But when I proclaim my rank, you will be ready to fall from your horse, and supplicate my pardon for this outrage—which is, notwithstanding, almost beyond forgiveness!"

"Allah! Allah!" said the elderly man; "what next?"

"Listen!" rejoined Leila. "Although dwelling for the time in privacy beneath Mansour's roof—and having for certain reasons of my own journeyed in comparatively humble circumstances into Georgia—yet know, whosoever you are, that I am the Sovereign Princess of Mingrelia!"

"This tale, madam, will not impose upon me," was the stern response. "Mustapha Yakoub is not to be deceived. We are shrewd and wise. Allah be thanked! we know many things."

"Ah, it is no wonder that you doubt me!" cried the unhappy princess; "for my tale may indeed seem extraordinary. And yet I take the Christian's God to witness its truth! I am the Princess of Mingrelia—Leila Dizila—the representative of a long Sovereign lineage; and if for another moment you retain me against my will, it will be at a dread cost to yourself."

"Allah! Allah!" said Mustapha Yakoub; "to think that such an addled brain should harbor in such a beautiful head! My poor girl!"

"Cease, I command you, this insolence!" cried the Princess, cruelly shocked and anguished. "You tell me that I have been sold as a slave! Who dared sell me?"

"It is not often," replied Mustapha, "that those sell who have no right to sell. The bargain, so far as I am concerned, was open and honest enough. A genteel youth, representing himself to be the page of the worthy Georgian merchant Mansour—"

"A tall youth—of about eighteen—with bright eyes—a clear complexion—and light brown hair?" exclaimed Leila eagerly.

"The very same," responded the old slave-dealer.

"Tunar!" murmured Leila faintly, while a sickening sensation took possession of her heart. "Yes! it was he after all of whom I was bidden to beware! Guardless creature that I was to neglect the warning!"

"What are you saying, maiden?" inquired Mustapha Yakoub. "But little it matters," he added, thinking that she might have recurred to the tale which by Tunar's insidious advice he was taught to believe to be nothing else than the offspring of mania. "The bargain," as I have said, "was arranged betwixt that youth and me, on behalf of your two brothers—"

"My brothers!" ejaculated Leila, more and more shocked and disgusted at what she heard. "I have none!"

"Allah is my witness," rejoined Mustapha Yakoub, "that the youth assured me he was negotiating on behalf of your brothers, who would bring you to me at a given hour. My gold was in readiness—and I paid the price. I have no fear of the law—and besides, in a few hours we shall be within the Ottoman territory, where no legal meddling can interfere to break the bargain."

The outraged, afflicted, and horror-stricken Princess saw that she had been rendered the victim of a hideous treachery: but there was yet one wild last hope that sprang up within her.

"Tell me," she said with feverish quickness,—"tell me what price was paid for this infamous bargain; and I promise you double or treble as the condition of my instantaneous release! A line from me to the worthy Mansour—"

"Will no doubt bring a squadron of horsemen in pursuit," added Mustapha Yakoub.

"You yourself shall read the billet that I will pen?" pursued Leila earnestly: "you can despatch some trust-worthy dependant who will bring you back the gold!"

"We are not to be thus deluded, young damsel, replied the Turk. "As our beard has grown grey, so has our soul increased in wisdom. Allah be thanked! we know many things."

"Just heaven, he refuses!" murmured the wretched Leila, her last wild hope apparently flitting away like a phantom that melts into the thin

air, "Name your own terms—specify the means by which they can be carried out! I am rich!—fear not to ask too much! Oh, if I had my jewels with me, they alone would constitute the ransom of a princess!"

"Allah! Allah! again this tale of a princess!" ejaculated Mustapha Yakoub. "But no matter! As I said to the good youth who came to bargain with me, the delusion hurts no one."

"Is it possible that nothing I propose can satisfy you?" asked Leila, her heart rent with the cruellest tortures. "Can the hideous idea be true?—have I been sold into slavery?"

"Do not make yourself unhappy, damsel," replied Mustapha, "When once the frontier is passed, you may safely be permitted to associate with the other maidens whom I have been fortunate enough to acquire. You will find them for the most part gay and sprightly; they are dreaming of happy destinies;—and transcending though your own beauty be, you will not have to dread the effects of jealousy or envy; for such is the inherent vanity of womankind, that each of those damsels will flatter herself she has as good a chance as you, lovely Leila, for being selected as the special favorite for the approaching occasion."

The form of Leila literally bounded upon the cushions of the *araba*, with the galvanic effect of a strong spasmodic agony which shot through her entire frame, at this announcement. It was all of a sudden a startling revelation to her mind. The tale of the Georgian widow swept into her recollection,—that sad, sad narrative of how the unfortunate woman's lovely daughter Ayesha was carried off by the ruthless, treacherous, merciless slave-dealer—and how the girl thus torn away, had become the favorite selected by the Sultana-Mother—as a present to her imperial son at the close of the Ramadan. Leila would have flung herself from the *araba* to make some desperate attempt to save herself by flight; but a quick reaction took place within her; and the strong convulsing spasm—the agonizing throes which had made her bound upon the cushions—was all in a moment succeeded by a faintness which, if it deprived her not of consciousness, yet so completely prostrated her that she sank back, powerless, crushed, and overwhelmed.

The *araba* continued its way at a rapid rate; but for a long time the unfortunate Princess remained in a species of waking trance—all her energies numbed—her soul so completely entombed in the abyss of blank despair that she could not even control her thoughts sufficiently for collected deliberation. The morning dawned; the sun gradually rose above the eastern hills, and at some isolated halting place refreshments were offered to Leila. But she refused them; though suffering from thirst she had not even the energy to partake so much as of a drop of water. The journey was resumed; and in a few more hours the Turkish frontier was gained. Still the *araba* continued its way for some three or four leagues, until the neighborhood of a town was reached; for Mustapha Yakoub feared lest any corps of Georgian horsemen that might perchance have been sent in pursuit, should hesitate not to cross the frontier and attempt the rescue of Leila even within the Ottoman territory.

We should here observe that though the slave-dealer had spoken so confidently to the Princess of the legality and straightforwardness of the bargain so far as he himself was concerned, he was nevertheless well aware that some foul treachery had been perpetrated. It was true he believed that Leila labored under a delusion when styling herself the Princess of Mingrelia—true also that he had given credit at the time to Tunar's representations that it was her own brothers who would surrender her into his hands, and who were to receive the stipulated purchase-money. But still Mustapha Yakoub knew full well that it was against Leila's own consent, and likewise without the knowledge of the Georgian merchant with whom she was staying, that she was thus sold into slavery; for Tunar had counselled him to adopt every possible precaution to bear her away from Tiflis with the least possible delay. The place where the interview had occurred between the treacherous page and the villainous slave-dealer, was a species of hostelry kept on purpose for the accommodation of those traffickers in human flesh, and likewise to serve as a market where bargains might be concluded. For the reader will remember the fact to have already transpired in the course of our narrative, that the damsels of the Caucasian race were, for the most part, only too willing to be sold into slavery; so that their unnatural parents had all the less compunction in these cases in parting with their daughters on such terms. Mustapha Yakoub was, of all the slave-dealers, the most celebrated purveyor for the Constantinople

market, as well as to supply the favorites for the Sultan's harem at the close of the fast of Ramadan. It was he indeed who had violently carried off the daughter of the Georgian widow; and he was now infinitely elate at having possessed himself of so lovely a being as Leila. Confident that she would be selected by the Sultana-Valida as the favorite of the Ramadan, he was inaccessible to every offer of double or quadruple ransom on the part of our heroine—though even if his avarice had been touched on this point, he would still have refused all such negotiation, for fear lest any billet sent to Mansour might only have had the effect of bringing pursuers upon his track. We should add to these explanations that precisely at the hour of midnight he had the *araba* in readiness to receive his expected acquisition; and a couple of fleet, powerful steeds, attached to the vehicle, had already borne it many miles from the slave-depot at Tiflis ere Leila, recovering from the soporific effects of the essence applied by Kyri Karaman to her nostrils, had returned to consciousness.

We have said that the Ottoman frontier having been crossed and left some leagues behind, the *araba* had halted in the neighborhood of a Turkish town in Asia Minor. There Mustapha Yakoub felt that he was now completely safe; for if pursuit had been instituted—and even if the pursuers should be bold enough to cross the boundary and penetrate thus far—a defensive succor could easily be procured to act against them, from the garrison of that town. There the halt was prolonged for several hours, until the other purchased slaves with their escort came up. Those damsels all rode on horseback; they were accompanied by some half-dozen well-armed men, and attended by three or four female menials. We should observe that they were all treated with kindness, gentleness and respect; while no expense was spared in furnishing the best kind of refreshments. Mustapha Yakoub well knew that the prices which his slaves would fetch, or the chances which they stood of furnishing from amidst their number the one who might be deemed worthy of becoming the favorite of the Ramadan, depended entirely upon their good looks; and he was therefore as careful in their treatment and maintenance as if he were driving so many sheep or cattle to a market where those that were in the best condition ensured the best prices.

When the main body of the cavalcade thus came up to the spot where the *araba* had halted, Mustapha Yakoub inquired of Leila whether she would prefer continuing to journey in the vehicle, or whether she would like to join the other damsels on horseback! The unfortunate Princess was aroused by the question from that torpor of despair into which for hours past she had been plunged; and she was about to decide in favor of the *araba*, when a thought struck her that if she were to journey on horseback she might succeed in obtaining some chance of escape which could not possibly present itself if she remained in the vehicle. She therefore signified her wish to join the bevy of damsels; and she now mustered all her energies to sustain her in the calamitous circumstances by which she was surrounded, and to enable her to seize upon the first opportunity which might present itself for escape.

The reader has already beheld proofs of the Star of Mingrelia's natural strength of mind; and though for many hours it had utterly succumbed beneath the crushing influence of the stupendous calamity that had overtaken her, yet it now once more recovered a portion of its lost vigor. A well caparisoned steed was at the young lady's service; and the journey was resumed by the entire cavalcade. The route lay towards the Turkish port of Batoum, on the Black Sea, at a distance of about seventy-five miles from the town where the *araba* had halted, as above described. Being now in a Mussulman country, all the maidens scrupulously covered their countenances with their veils; but at the places where they stopped for rest and refreshment, they enjoyed a sufficient seclusion to enable them temporarily to dispense with that ceremony. Leila was surprised at the assemblage of feminine charms amongst which she found herself thrown; and she had too little vanity to be aware of the fact that her own beauty was resplendent above all the rest. On the other hand, the generality of the damsels themselves were too elate with their own individual hopes, and had too much of the pride of their sex, to admit within their own hearts that Leila outshone them; and thus, as Mustapha Yakoub had predicted, the unfortunate young lady escaped those petty annoyances that might have arisen if she had been viewed with envy and jealousy.

She had learnt that it was to Tunar's vile perfidy her present misfortune must be ascribed; and when she was now enabled to review her first conversa-

tion with Mustapha Yakoub, she comprehended to what extent the cunning wickedness of that youth had reached by representing that the assertion of her rank as the Princess of Mingrelia was only a delusion of the brain. Perceiving therefore that this plea availed her nought—utterly destitute of the means of demonstrating its truthfulness—and afraid of provoking the laugh of scorn and ridicule by re-asserting it, Leila held her peace upon the subject when in the midst of her new companions. She found that for the most part they were gay, lively, and full of fervid hopes; and in the course of the journey she began to notice that those who seemed most contented at their lot, were less the objects of vigilance on the part of the male escort than the few who wept and were mournful. Leila knew that no tears, sighs nor entreaties would now benefit her; and therefore if she thought to avail herself of any opportunity that might transpire for escape, she must simulate a cheerfulness of countenance. It was hard for our young heroine thus to dissemble; but still she forced herself to do so; and in the course of the day's travelling, Mustapha Yakoub, hearing her converse in a tone that had every appearance of gaiety, with the damsels amongst whom she rode, complimented her on this improvement in her spirits.

But alas! inwardly, how tortured were the feelings of the Princess!—how harrowed was her soul! Ignorant of the tragic end of the Georgian merchant, she wondered what he would think of her disappearance—in what condition of mind must her faithful dependants Zaida and Emina likewise be! And her cousin Aladyn—or rather the young Prince Danial—Oh! what would he likewise think? Not for a moment did Leila fear that they would suppose she had voluntarily fled; but would they not be tortured with the idea that some terrible calamity had overtaken her? And in respect to that handsome young cousin of her's—the chivalrous-hearted kinsman whom but so short a time back she had been led to recognize as such—Leila experienced certain tender emotions—the emotions of a nascent love, the sense of which aggravated her affliction. But still, as a sincere Christian, she could not believe that heaven had altogether abandoned her; and as the journey was continued, she sustained her courage with the hope that some opportunity of escape would present itself.

Time wore on; and still that hope remained unfulfilled. At no town where the cavalcade halted, could Leila discover any means of communicating with the authorities; and nowhere on the road did she meet any body of male travellers to whose chivalry she might all in a moment appeal. Often and often was she on the very point of turning her steed from the line of procession, and dashing across the fields as the one desperate chance of flight which seemed left to her; but a quick glance flung through the folds of her veil, showed that some of the armed escort were invariably close at hand; and thus, in proportion as the distance to Batoum diminished, did the unfortunate Leila's hope decrease likewise.

At length, in the evening of the third day after the frontier had been crossed, that port was reached, and the night was passed at a private lodging-house where Mustapha Yakoub was accustomed to take up his quarters when periodically returning from his slave-trading expeditions into the Caucasian provinces. On the following morning the entire company embarked on board a large Turkish brig that was about to sail for Constantinople. A courier, whom Mustapha Yakoub had dispatched in advance to Batoum, had secured adequate accommodation for the bevy of beauties in this vessel. There were two stern-cabins of sufficiently commodious dimensions, and these were engaged for the purpose.

It was with a heart that seemed dying within her, that Leila stepped from the quay to the deck of the ship. In addition to Mustapha Yakoub's company, there were several other passengers bound for the Ottoman capital; and these likewise were now proceeding on board, in obedience to the signal-flag at the mast-head. The Princess was flinging her almost distracted looks through the folds of her veil, in the last wild hope of discovering some chance of escape, or some official to whom she might appeal—when all in a moment it struck her that she beheld a costume which she recognized. It was that of Thekla the wise-woman!

A cry of hope and joy was on the very point of bursting from Leila's lips, when Thekla, for she indeed it was—suddenly darted upon her, through the opening in her linen veil, a glance which enjoined her to silence. The Princess obeyed the signal; but she was now all quivering with suspense, for she felt assured that she was no longer utterly friendless.

She observed that Thekla was accompanied by

another female, of somewhat tall stature, but whose raiment hung so loosely upon her that it was impossible to judge from her figure whether she were old or young. As well as Thekla herself, she wore a thick linen veil over her countenance—and not the more transparent muslin which was in vogue amongst the females of the Caucasian districts. The glimpse which Leila, however, obtained of the lower part of this female's arms, as they escaped from beneath the folds of her garments, while her hands grasped the rails of the sloping plank from the quay to the deck, showed her that the complexion of that stranger was of a deep swarthiness.

Leila accompanied the other damsels to the stern-cabins prepared for their reception; while Thekla and her dusky companion proceeded to the inferior accommodations in the fore-part of the ship. The brig set sail, and first of all made for Sinope, where it remained for a few hours to receive some additions to its cargo. It thence continued its voyage to the Bosphorus, and after encountering two or three of those squalls which spring up so suddenly and so frequently in the Black Sea, and which render its navigation so dangerous at all times, the brig arrived in safety at Constantinople, on the afternoon of the seventh day after leaving Batoum. During all this interval Leila had only seen Thekla and her swarthy companion at a distance; inasmuch as the passengers of the fore-castle were strictly prohibited from approaching the after-part of the ship; while on the other hand Mustapha Yakoub and his male dependants kept a vigilant watch to prevent all communication between the maidens and the other persons on board. We pass over any farther description of the anxious thoughts—the hopes and fears—which agitated the Princess during the voyage; the reader can doubtless full well imagine all that the unfortunate young lady must have felt under the circumstances in which she was placed. Her only hope was now in Thekla, whose presence on board that vessel she could not attribute to a mere accident; while the significant glance which the wise-woman had thrown upon her at the moment of embarkation, appeared to the young Princess to be fraught with a promise of succor. It was like a single star shining upon her from the extremity of a long vista of darkness.

Constantinople was reached at about five o'clock in the afternoon; and when the brig had dropped its anchor, the boats were got in readiness to land Mustapha Yakoub's party first of all. Just as Leila was about to descend the accommodation-ladder, she flung a look towards the fore-castle; and there she beheld Thekla, evidently waiting for this opportunity to dart a glance of hopeful intelligence in return. Again did Leila feel that she was not altogether friendless: again were her spirits cheered by this recognition on the part of the wise-woman; though how Thekla could possibly hope to help her, defied all conjecture in the mind of our heroine.

Mustapha Yakoub's company soon landed on the shore of the Imperial city, and they repaired to the slave-dealer's house which was at no great distance. It was a handsome, spacious, and well-appointed abode: for Mustapha had acquired riches by the iniquitous traffic which he pursued. Immediately on their arrival, Leila and the other damsels were conducted to the baths belonging to the mansion; and on issuing thence, they were all provided with elegant changes of apparel, accompanied by costly jewels. For Mustapha Yakoub had lost no time in sending a messenger to the Imperial palace; and this emissary brought back a notification to the effect that the slave-dealer might conduct his bevy of beauties that very evening into the presence of the Sultana-Valida.

CHAPTER XX

THE SULTANA'S CHOICE.

THE ceremonies of the Ramadan, or Mussulman Lent, last exactly one lunar month. During that period every faithful Moslem is bound to fast from sunrise to sunset, and to abstain as much as possible from the avocations of business. Even the luxury of the pipe, and indeed the use of tobacco in any form, is denied during the sacred interval; and exceptions with regard to refreshments are made only in the cases of travellers, invalids, and children. However faint the stomach may be, or however sore the thirst, no one who is beyond the limit of that category may suffer even so much as a morsel of bread or a drop of water to pass his lips. The sentinel often sinks down through sheer exhaustion at his post; the porter who carries ponderous burdens of goods and merchandise upon his back, of succumbs beneath his load; and the arm of the rower in the caïque, on the waters of the Golden Horn, waxes faint as it plies the oar. Tradesmen recline

indolently in their deserted shops; and the wealthy classes dose away the time until the evening gun galvanizes the whole city into new life.

For the moment the roar of the artillery announces the complete disappearance of the sun behind the western hills, the day's fasting is over: tables are spread in palaces, mansions, and cottages; the doors of the coffee-houses are thrown open; and the Moslem population of Constantinople indemnifies itself for the long abstinence so scrupulously observed. Then the luxury of the chibouque is indulged in: gaiety and merriment succeed the lugubrious silence of solemn asceticism; and far into the night the revelry is sustained.

The ceremony of presenting the most lovely virgin that can be possibly found for the purpose, to the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, has already been alluded to in an earlier chapter of this narrative; and we may now observe that the ceremony takes place on the evening preceding the last day of the Ramazan. But the choice of the favorite is generally made by the Sultana-Mother, on whom the duty devolves, some days previously, in order that the fortunate damsel—as she is generally estimated, and as, with very few exceptions, she considers herself to be—may have leisure to recruit her strength, and renovate all the bloom of her loveliness after the journey which she has most likely accomplished: for in nine cases out of ten, the Caucasian provinces furnish the ladies of the Sultan's harem.

Accordingly, during the last fortnight or ten days of the Ramazan, the slave-dealers keep continuously arriving in Constantinople with their respective bevy of beauties; and these troops of charming creatures are successively marshalled in the presence of the Sultana-Valida: but her Imperial Highness rarely signifies her final choice until the Ramazan is so near its close that there is only just a sufficient interval remaining for the purposes of recruiting and renovation to which we have ere now alluded. The Sultana-Mother has an excellent memory in respect to the different beauties that are paraded before her; and it frequently happens that after some dozen of bevy have been thus exhibited, she refers to the most brilliant specimen which attracted her notice in one of the earliest groups. Although the Sultana-Valida usually plunges deep into political intrigues, and is jealous of the influence which she may exercise over her son, the reigning monarch,—yet she never seems to fear that this power and authority may be supplanted by the favorite whom she is about to introduce to the Sultan. She considers that the maternal influence will always last, and that it will not clash with any ascendancy which a wife may acquire over the monarch. Thus the Sultana-Mother hesitates not to select the most beautiful and fascinating creature as the favorite of the Ramazan: indeed she appears to take a pride in bestowing the choicest gift in this respect upon her son.

We have used the word *wife* in application to any favorite who might be selected for the occasion of the Ramazan's close; but we ought in strictness to observe that the Sultan has really no wives, in our acceptance of the term, inasmuch as no marriage ceremonies take place in respect to the monarch of the Ottoman Empire. The ladies of the imperial harem are thus mere mistresses; but their position is not held to be one of disgrace or degradation; on the contrary, it is looked upon as one of credit and honor. No stigma attaches to their name; and no idea of immorality is associated with their character. They do not all bear the title of *Sultana*; this lofty distinction is given only to those ladies whose connexion with their imperial master is blessed with offspring. Those who are childless, remain in the background, as it were, and may be said to occupy the position of mistresses; while those who are the mothers of Princes and Princesses, are regarded with as much honor, veneration and respect as are the wives of Sovereigns in other countries. Thus every year, at the close of the Ramazan, there is one heart which flutters with anxiety and suspense in reference to the future—one being who feels that she is entering upon a most important phase in her destiny; and this is the favorite selected for the occasion. If in the course of time she should become a mother, she will receive the sovereign title of *Sultana*; and her influence will thenceforth be felt amidst the destinies of a vast empire. But if, on the other hand, she should remain childless, she will sink into that obscurity from which for a brief space she was dragged—with this difference only, that instead of dwelling with her own family circle in her native far off home, she will continue to enjoy the sumptuous seclusion and luxurious indolence of an imperial harem.

We have seen that the damsels who accompanied Mustapha Yakoub from Georgia to Constantinople,

were, for the most part, not merely contented with their lot, but likewise elate with hope. And this was the case with the great majority of the charming creatures forming the bevy brought by other slave dealers to the Ottoman capital. They all felt that there was the chance of being selected as the favorite of the Ramazan, and of leaping with a sudden bound from a Caucasian habitation to the superb apartments of the imperial palace, with the additional probability of the rank of Sultana in the prospective. But even if this hope should be disappointed, then it was certain that whatsoever maiden had been deemed of a loveliness worthy of appearing in competition before the Sultana-Valida, would be readily caught up by some dignitary—Vizier Pasha, or distinguished functionary, or else by some wealthy merchant—and that a fine position, according to the notions of these fair ones, would thus be assuredly attained in one way or another.

Having introduced the present chapter with the above necessary explanations, we may resume the thread of our story. It wanted three days to the close of the Ramazan, when Mustapha Yakoub arrived in Constantinople with his troop of Caucasian houis, amongst whom was the Princess of Mingrelia. As we have seen, the slave dealer lost not a moment in making known that arrival to the Sultana-Mother; and her Imperial Highness consented to inspect his array of charmers that very evening.

The sunset gun had just fired from the guard-ship in the waters of the Golden Horn—the report being echoed by the artillery of the numerous batteries on the shores of the imperial city, and the thundering reverberations being heard amidst the hills of Anatolia—when Mustapha Yakoub's troop of closely veiled beauties were conveyed in several carriages to the Sultan's Palace. The doors of the coffee-houses in all the streets were then being thrown open; the call to prayer "God is great!" was chanted from the galleries of the thousand minarets of the imperial city; the sounds of music and of mirth, coming from the dwellings of the wealthy, were breaking upon the solemn mournful silence of a long fast-day; and from the lattices of harem windows roseate streaks of light were stealing forth upon the delicious gardens which those casements overlooked. The streets began to be thronged with persons repairing to the mosques or to the places of recreation and enjoyment; and Constantinople seemed to be awakening only at the hour when, as night approached, it would appear more suitable if the populace had been thinking of retiring to rest.

Through those streets which thus suddenly became the scenes of bustle and activity, the carriages rolled onward; and many a heart was fluttering, and many a fair bosom was agitated with suspense as the moment for the grand ordeal grew nearer and nearer. But there was one heart that was harrowed with the profoundest affliction; there was one gentle bosom which palpitated with indescribable woe. The reader will scarcely require to be informed that we are now alluding to Leila. The Princess was as free from vanity as the most artless and unsophisticated of human beings could possibly prove; but still she felt that there was the chance of her being selected as the favorite of the Ramazan. Indeed, Mustapha Yakoub had more than once assured her that such was his hope and belief; and she knew that his experience in such matters could not be altogether disregarded. Oh! while so many, many females felt beauty to be a blessing of which they might be proud, Leila now thought of whatsoever loveliness she might possess, as the greatest of calamities. Willingly, were it possible, would she have exchanged the ivory fairness of her skin for the swarthiness of the Ethiopian, and have bartered the rich masses of her golden hair for the woolly locks of a negress. The nearer the vehicle in which she rode drew towards the palace, the fainter became her hope that Thekla would be enabled to accomplish aught in her favor if she should have the misfortune to be selected by the Sultana-Valida. And now too, as she reflected on the probability of being chosen as a favorite for the arms of the Sultan, she thought with a deeper feeling of her handsome and elegant young cousin, whose kinship had but so lately been made known to her, and from whom she was so speedily separated after they had met. Amidst the painful and conflicting ideas which were agitating in her brain, she could not disguise from herself the true nature of her sentiments towards Aladyn; and she now for the first time became fully aware that she had learnt to regard him not merely with friendship, but with love.

Very bitter therefore were the reflections of the Princess, as she proceeded towards the imperial palace in company with the other damsels belonging to Mustapha Yakoub's troop. She thought of a thousand schemes to be adopted, in case the Sultana-

Valida should make a choice which others would deem so enviable, but which she herself would look upon as so fatal. She would haughtily assert her rank as a Sovereign Princess, and demand the intervention of the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople; or she would fling herself at the Sultana's feet, tell her tale, and implore the imperial mercy; or else she would indignantly refuse to accept the so-called honor which might be conferred upon her, and by this proceeding dare all penalties, and consequences, whatsoever they might be. But none of these, nor of the other wild plans which suggested themselves, appeared likely to prove of service to her; for if she were to proclaim her rank, the assertion would be met by the terribly insidious tale that she was a monomaniac on this point, and the Russian protectorate which was exercised over her Mingrelian Sovereignty, would find no sympathetic succor on the part of the Czar's representative at Constantinople. In short, Leila found, when arriving at the palace, that she had been able to settle her mind to no definite mode of proceeding; and as it is generally the case with persons who are involved in a maze of perplexities, she was still more bewildered than ever to decide upon that line of conduct which might prove the most probable issue from the labyrinth.

The carriages drove into one of the inner courts of that vast imperial edifice which bears the general name of the Seraglio: for many Christian readers are apt to confound this appellation with that of the harem itself. The bevy of maidens now alighted from the equipages; and they were received by a number of black male slaves specially appointed for the service of the harem. By these slaves the ladies were conducted into the building—whither neither Mustapha Yakoub nor any of his escort were allowed to follow. The procession of beauties passed up a superb staircase—through several spacious apartments, all sumptuously furnished—until the ante-chamber of the Sultana-Mother's reception-room was reached. Here the company was joined by the Kislal-Aga, or chief of the black slaves—a high functionary at the Ottoman Court. Though sable as an Ethiopian, and of a repulsive ugliness, the Kislal-Aga was nevertheless a personage of engaging manners, courteous in his demeanor, bland and affable in his speech. He addressed a few polite words to some of the damsels who were nearest to the side-door by which he had entered; and in a few minutes the large folding-doors at the extremity of the ante-chamber were thrown open. Then the Kislal-Aga motioned the procession of maidens to move forward; and they passed into the elegantly-appointed reception-room, where the Sultana-Valida was seated.

Her Imperial Highness—the mother of the reigning Sultan, Abdul Medjid—was then in her forty-eighth year; and she retained the traces of a loveliness which must have once been exquisite. She was tall and slender—with a pale dignified countenance, in the expression of which a certain pensiveness, amounting almost to melancholy, was blended, as if she had already felt in what critical and troublous times her son had been called upon to reign. She was seated upon a superb throne-like divan; and her costume was of the richest, as well as of the most elegant description. A little way off, on her right hand, a black slave was stationed, motionless as a statue: another was upon her left hand; and though these two menials appeared to have their looks respectfully bent downwards, yet were they in reality watching the Sultana's countenance with the most earnest attention, to anticipate her slightest wish, or to be in readiness to obey any signal that she might make. Magnificent chandeliers, suspended to the gorgeously-painted and gilded ceiling, diffused a rich lustre throughout the spacious apartment; and the light was reflected in the brilliant gems which decorated the garments of the Sultana.

None of the subordinate black slaves who had conducted the bevy of maidens up to the ante-chamber, entered with them into the presence of the Sultana; the Kislal-Aga alone accompanied them; for it was his duty to perform the functions of master of the ceremonies upon the occasion. Leila had purposely shrunk back to the uttermost rear of the procession: she would have remained altogether behind in the ante-chamber, had not the Kislal-Aga courteously waited until all the ladies had passed into the reception-room ere he followed; and then the folding-doors were closed. On being thus compelled to cross the threshold of that reception-room, Leila's first impulse was to rush forward, throw herself at the feet of the Sultana and implore her mercy; but the cold dignified appearance of her Imperial Highness struck with a chilling effect to the heart of the unfortunate Princess of Mingrelia;



and she remained transfixed with despair in the rear of the procession.

A deep silence prevailed in that reception room; the Sultana sat motionless in statue-like stateliness, on the divan, with a graceful yet haughty dignity; and when, on a signal from the Kishlar-Aga, all the damsels removed their veils, her imperial Highness did not sweep her regards over the bevy of beauties—but appeared patiently to await their individual presentation. Belia, whose mind was now in that species of torpid and benumbed condition which belongs to blank despair, mechanically followed the example of the rest by throwing back her veil. Yet she now looked neither to the right nor to the left: her eyes were fixed in vacant consternation upon the cold, motionless, dignified form occupying the divan at the further extremity of the room.

The ceremony of the presentation now commenced, and this was conducted in the midst of a continued silence. There were upwards of a dozen maidens in all; and the Kishlar-Aga began with those who by the order of the procession were stationed nearest to the divan. Taking the foremost by the hand, that high functionary generally led her to within a few feet of the *estrade* or *dais*, on which the divan stood; and the maiden saluted the Sultana with a respectful obeisance, the sable master of the ceremonies bowing also. The countenance of the Sultana underwent not the slightest change; her large, dark eyes settled their regards for a few moments upon the first candidate thus presented to her notice; and with that one brief look she embraced all the attractions of face and figure of which the damsel could boast. The maiden retired to the further extremity of the apartment—while the Kishlar-Aga proceeded to present the one who was second in the order of the procession.

Thus the presentation went on—the countenance of the Sultana-Valida indicating no preference, but remaining motionless so far as the details of the ceremony itself were concerned. Yet this imperturbability on her part was far from damping the hopes of the maidens who successively in their turns were introduced to the notice of the Sultana, for they had not failed to ascertain from Mustapha Yakoub every point connected with the proceeding—and they knew that her Imperial Highness would show no sign and make no remark until every damsel had been passed in review—even if at the termination of the ceremony she should make her selection from this particular bevy of beauties at all.

As, after each individual presentation, the Kishlar-Aga came nearer and nearer to that extremity of the room where Leila remained, she felt a proportionably increasing bewilderment of the brain—a confusion of the thoughts! so that the objects around her appeared to lose each its special identity, and

all to be blending together as if she were contemplating the confused images of a dream. From this state she could not arouse herself: by no spontaneous effort could she regain her energies: it required something to give the impulse which should bring her back to herself and disentangle her from the dizzy maze of confusion in which she was involved. And this impulse was now speedily afforded. Some one approached her—a hand took her own; she started—all in a moment she was repossessed of the fullest vitality. The Kishlar-Aga was about to conduct her into the close presence of the Sultana-Valida.

A strong reaction suddenly took place in the mind of the Princess. This was the crisis of her fate: she felt that it was so; and the peril which had overwhelmed her when it was contemplated from a distance, was now envisaged with fortitude when she looked at it with high proximity in the face. She felt that she was a Princess—that the blood of a Sovereign race rolled in her veins—that she was the representative of a lineage which, amongst its far-back generations, had counted powerful monarchs and mighty warriors. And she to be bargained for and sold as a slave! The blood rushed to her cheeks, and that flush of her indignant pride was indeed most inimical to her interests—for it marvelously enhanced her beauty. It seemed to pour a flood of living light into her large beautiful blue eyes: it gave vividness to the vermilion of her lips; and the roseate hue, resting on her cheeks, threw out the alabaster fairness of her general complexion into all the more dazzling relief. Her bosom swelled with the thoughts that were now sweeping through her mind: there was dignity mingled with gracefulness and elegance in her bearing and carriage: so that at this moment the amiable, the gentle, the naturally bashful and retiring Leila seemed fitted to become the Sultana of the mighty monarch of the Ottoman empire.

Led by the Kishlar Aga, she approached the dais; and when at the proper distance, she made a salutation which was sufficiently respectful for a Princess surrounded by misfortunes, but yet sufficiently dignified to imply the consciousness that she bent rather to one who was powerful to help her, than to one whom she could acknowledge as a superior. The Sultana-Valida at first settled upon her those same cold—almost listless and indifferent regards which she had for a few moments fixed upon each of the damsels previously presented to her. But then the Sultana looked again: now her eyes became riveted on Leila's countenance—now they slowly wandered over Leila's form: then back they travelled to the face—each lineament was scrutinized, each feature examined—and back over the softly flowing outlines of the exquisitely symme-

trical shape did the looks of the Sultana go. And now also, that glacial imperturbability of the Sultana's expression was gradually and gradually relaxing admiration lighted up her eyes—wonder succeeded—pleasure mingled with both,—that admiration, that wonder, and that pleasure which in their blending are felt as one growing and strong emotion by an individual whose eyes, long accustomed to feast their vision upon the loveliest flowers of a choice garden, are by degree made aware that amidst them all there is one floral beauty of transcending attraction and such as those eyes have never looked upon before!

The Sultana-Valida rose from her seat, and descended the steps of the divan to greet our heroine. This was a signal which the Kishlar-Aga at once understood: he made a profound obeisance—and then turning towards the other damsels, he motioned them to leave the apartment. With feelings of disappointment, more or less intense according to their dispositions, they hastened to obey; and the gilded portals of the reception-room which had unfolded to give them admission, were now closed behind them,—the Kishlar-Aga following that bevy to the court-yard; for it now became a part of his duty to see Mustapha Yakoub without delay.

And why? Because the choice of the Sultana-Valida was decided—her selection was made—and Leila was to become the favorite of the Ramazan!

CHAPTER XXI.

LEILA AT THE PALACE.

THAT concluding scene had taken place so suddenly—everything was so completely the work of an instant when once the Sultana-Mother had begun to descend from her throne-like divan—that Leila was taken altogether by surprise, and she was plunged back again into confusion and bewilderment. She had borne the scrutiny of the Sultana-Mother with as much patience as she could command—and in silence too—because she was careful to avoid anything which might irritate that powerful imperial lady to whose generosity and sense of justice she was about to appeal. She had therefore waived her own privilege as a Sovereign Princess, and had abided the ordinary etiquette of the Court, which forbade her to speak until addressed by the Sultana in the first instance. Thus, the instant she perceived that her imperial Highness had finished her personal examination, Leila expected that she would break silence: but instead of so doing, the Sultana suddenly rose from her divan; and then, as we have already said, the apartment was cleared as if by the waving of a magical wand. Confusion and bewilderment, consternation and dismay, seized upon the Star of Mingrelia; though amidst all the

confusion into which her thoughts were thus suddenly thrown, was the idea less vague and uncertain than all the rest—the awful suspicion that the worst had happened and that she was chosen as the favorite of the Ramazan!

Nor was she left long in doubt upon the point, if doubt there were in her mind; for the Sultana-Valida, taking her hand, pressed it with a warmth which seemed strange in connexion with one of her glacial stateliness: and kissing Leila upon each cheek, she said, "Receive my congratulations! Of all others I have chosen you as a gift for my beloved son!"

Now again was Leila galvanized into completest self-possession; and it was with a sudden sensation of joyous relief likewise, that she found herself alone with the Sultana, save in respect to the two black slaves who remained motionless on either side of the divan.

"Imperial lady," said Leila, "if I kneel not to you to pay my homage, it is that I myself am a Sovereign Princess. But yet I will kneel to you in appealing to your generosity—your sense of right and justice!"

And Leila sank upon her knees before the wondering Sultana-Valida, who indeed was too much astonished to give utterance to a single syllable.

"Yes, Highness," continued Leila, "it is the truth which I tell you! In me behold the Sovereign-Princess of Mingrelia!"

"What! is this possible?" exclaimed the Sultana-Mother. "You Leila Dizila, of whom I have heard—the fame of whose beauty is not confined to her own Principality? Yes—it must be so!—for transcending beyond all female loveliness are you!"

"Gracious lady," responded Leila, with sudden joy in her heart, as she took the Sultana's hand and pressed it fervidly to her lips; "accept my sincerest thanks for this ready recognition of the truth of the tale which I have told you!"

"I deserve no thanks, Highness," rejoined the Sultana-Valida; "for I am bound to believe you: I cannot possibly suppose that your lips would frame a falsehood as stupendous as it would be useless. Come and sit with me, Princess—and explain how these marvellous things have occurred? How is it that I find you here, a candidate?"

"Oh! no willing candidate, Sultana!" interrupted Leila, the warm blood again rushing to her cheeks, as she took a place on the divan next to the mother of the reigning Sultan. "My tale is soon told. Secret and urgent business led me to travel with but scant retinue—veiling my princely rank—and as an ordinary gentlewoman, from Kutais, my own capital, to Tiflis, the metropolitan city of Georgia. There, by a base act of treachery, I was sold to Mustapha Yakoub, the slave-dealer, who ere now brought to the palace his bevy of damsels for the inspection of your Imperial Highness."

"By Allah and his Prophet!" exclaimed the Sultana, the angry blood coloring her cheeks which were naturally so pale; "Mustapha Yakoub shall suffer condign punishment! The Castle of the Seven Towers shall receive him within the hour that is passing; and to-morrow the tribunals shall deal with him according to his deserts. Ah! there is one who will promptly see my orders executed!"

The Kiskar-Aga was re-entering the apartment at the moment when the incensed Sultana gave utterance to that concluding ejaculation;—and he drew near the divan.

"May it please your Imperial Highness," he said, with a low obeisance, "I have something of importance to communicate to your imperial ear, and which—pardon the expression from the humblest of your slaves—will brook of no delay."

"Await me here a few moments, Princess," said the Sultana, thus addressing Leila; and she then hastened by a side-door from the apartment.

The Kiskar-Aga—who flung a strange but rapid glance upon Leila when he heard her spoken to as a Princess—followed the Sultana from the room. But the Star of Mingrelia observed not that look which the sable functionary had thrown upon her: she was bowing at the moment with the most graceful courtesy and the most thankful expression of countenance to the mother of the Sultan.

We must here remark that after the presentation of the damsels, the Kiskar-Aga had sought Mustapha Yakoub to pay him his price for the Star of Mingrelia; and the old slave-dealer had repeated to the Court functionary the insidious tale concerning Leila which he had received from the lips of Tunar—and which (to do Mustapha Yakoub as much justice as he deserved) he himself thoroughly believed. It was this tale which the Kiskar-Aga now deemed of sufficient importance to be at once revealed to the Sultana-Valida; and the reader can therefore surmise why the sable functionary flung so

peculiar a look upon Leila on hearing her addressed as one bearing a princely rank. The Sultana, being followed by the Kiskar-Aga into a private cabinet to which she led the way, listened with mingled astonishment and anger to the narrative which he had to communicate. Despite all her freezing dignity, her cold hauteur, her imperturbable stateliness, she naturally possessed a good heart; and therefore she had readily yielded her sympathy as well as her belief to Leila's statement. But now she was indignant at finding herself, as she fancied, the dupe of a monomaniac whose senseless vanity had led her to identify herself with the veritable Leila Dizila of Mingrelia. She was at first inclined to gratify her wounded pride by ordering Leila to be expelled ignominiously from the palace—or even be subjected to some severe punishment; but the Kiskar-Aga succeeded in appeasing the indignant feelings of his imperial mistress.

"The damsel is of a loveliness so transcending," he said, "that this fault on her part is but as a speck of dust on the rich surface of a velvet robe. It is less than nothing! His Imperial Majesty, your august son, will love her—and he will reason her into a better state of mind. As Mustapha Yakoub well observed, it is a fancy which does no harm; and in all other respects her mind is perfectly rational. Besides, she is brilliantly accomplished; and it is only by distant fits and starts that this peculiarity exhibits itself. Indeed Mustapha thought she was already cured of her mania; for ever since the first day or two that he possessed himself of the golden-haired beauty, she seemed to forget this eccentric vagary of hers. Your Imperial Highness may rest assured that your august son will acknowledge with fervid gratitude the value of the precious gift which he is thus to receive at your hands."

"Your reasoning has convinced me—your words have appeased me," answered the Sultana Valida; "it shall be as you say. But forasmuch as I cannot again descend from my own dignity to listen to the foolish verbiage of the poor girl—and as I do not choose to take upon myself the task of remonstrating or reasoning with her on this weak point of hers—I shall not now return to the reception-room. Let her therefore retire at once to the apartments provided for the selected favorite—see that she wants for nothing—in short treat her with every suitable indulgence, according to the usual custom."

The Kiskar-Aga made a low obeisance, to intimate that the commands of the Sultana-Valida should be fulfilled to the very letter, and he retired from her presence.

In the meantime Leila Dizila was indulging in the hopes which her brief discourse with the Sultana had conjured up, and which were but little alloyed with any apprehension in respect to what was actually occurring; for she flattered herself that her representations had taken too strong a hold on the Sultana's mind, to be scattered to the winds by the breath of a perfidious tale. She had some little suspicion that the Kiskar-Aga had just seen Mustapha Yakoub, and was perhaps even now repeating to the Sultana the calumnies heard from the slave-dealer's lips; but little indeed thought our heroine that the Sultana-Mother could give credit to that false tale before returning to question and cross-question her on the subject.

"And should she come back to me with that intent," thought Leila, "I have no doubt that I shall be enabled to convince her how I am wronged; for she is evidently just and generous-hearted—and warm feelings exist within an icy tenement."

But the Kiskar-Aga re-appeared, unaccompanied by the Sultana; and though he bowed with the profound respect due to a lady who was selected as the Sultana's favorite, yet when he spoke he addressed her not in a manner which became her princely rank.

"Lady," he said, "deign to follow me, and I will guide you to the apartments provided for your accommodation."

"Am I not to see the Sultana-Valida again, almost immediately?" inquired Leila, her heart now once more sinking within her.

"Her Imperial Highness has other claims upon her attention at present," responded the Kiskar-Aga: "but to-morrow, perhaps—"

"Tell me," interrupted the Princess, her cheeks becoming deadly pale, "that wretch Mustapha Yakoub has made you certain statements—"

"Lady, be pleased," said the Kiskar-Aga, "to accompany me to your apartments; they are prepared for your reception."

Leila reflected for a few moments, with quivering lips and heaving bosom—half in indignation, half in affliction; and at length she said in a firm and dignified tone of command, "Repair you to your Imperial master, the Sultan himself, and say that

the Sovereign Princess of Mingrelia desires an immediate audience of him."

"Lady," replied the Kiskar-Aga, decisively but respectfully, "I cannot do your bidding. My orders are positive—I have now but one duty to perform—and that is to conduct you to the apartments prepared for your reception."

"If you ever entertained a kind feeling towards a fellow-creature—as I am sure you must have done, for your speech is naturally soft and gentle—I implore that your sympathy may avail me now! Unless you succor me, I shall be altogether friendless in a strange land—that worst species of orphanage for a young maiden who is already an orphan in another sense!"

There was a deep pathos in Leila's speech; and the flow of her voice was like that of mournful music: but she appealed to one who possessed not the sympathy that she invoked—to one who could look with the coldest eye upon the most melting spectacle of feminine distress. For the Kiskar-Aga, beneath the external gloss of a courtly polish, concealed a heart that was of adamant hardness; and never did the most passionate female entreaties, nor the most vehemently uttered prayers from the lips of woman, have the slightest effect with that implacable functionary.

"Lady," he said, in a sterner tone than he had before adopted, but still with a perfect respectfulness of manner, "within these walls to hear is to obey."

"Then may God help me!" murmured the unhappy Princess, clasping her hands together, and gazing upward with that look, half-forlorn, half-devout, which implies a thorough abandonment of trust in man and a reliance only on the mercy of heaven.

She now followed the Kiskar-Aga from the reception-room; and that functionary escorted her to the suite of sumptuous apartments prepared for her reception. Everything that could please the eye, gratify the tastes, or afford scope for the exercise of the accomplishments of a young lady, was to be found in these apartments—everything that could minister to her comfort or surround her with luxury. There were vases filled with the choicest flowers; there were others exhaling a delicious perfume; there were tables covered with refreshments of the most varied and tempting descriptions; there were musical instruments of a beauty and perfection that would do credit to the palaces of London and Paris; there were drawing-materials—as well as portfolios filled with the most magnificent prints that had acquired fame in the capitals of Western Europe; and there were superb pictures, by eminent masters, suspended to the walls. The feet sank deep into the rich carpets; the draperies of the casements were of crimson satin fringed with gold, with over-curtains of the most exquisite lace. The divans were of corresponding splendor; and the luxurious cushions were covered with scarlet velvet. Fans formed of the feathers of the most beautiful tropical birds, lay scattered about, everywhere ready to the hand; and an elegant book-case contained a supply of volumes in various languages, and upon lighter or graver subjects, so as to suit the taste of whomsoever might be the tenant of this suite of apartments.

We have been mainly describing that apartment which may be termed the drawing-room; but it will be sufficient to add that the other rooms of the suite were furnished and appointed with a corresponding splendor and elegance. Two beautiful female slaves, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, were in readiness to receive their new mistress; and the Kiskar-Aga intimated to Leila that any number of menials she might choose to have attached to her person, should be appointed for that object. But the Star of Mingrelia—who had only thrown a brief indifferent glance around each room through which she was conducted—shook her head with an air of mournful abstraction; so that the sable functionary comprehended that she required no additional attendance. He then bowed, and withdrew.

Leila remained alone with the two slaves in the magnificent drawing-room, which was flooded with a roseate lustre shed from chandeliers, the wax-candles of which burnt inside globes of pink-tinted glass. The slaves remained standing at a respectful distance; and for a long time the Princess of Mingrelia sat upon a sofa, plunged into deep and most mournful reverie. At length she slowly raised her eyes, and turned her looks upon the two slaves. They were very beautiful, and were attired in costumes that were alike elegant and picturesque. Their hands were crossed upon their breasts; their regards were slightly bent downward; they stood motionless, in attitudes of the deepest respect. As Leila contemplated them, a certain recollection gra-

dually stole into her mind; and she beckoned the slaves to approach.

They drew nigh, each making a profound obeisance. Leila inquired their names, and put other questions, to which they readily and respectfully responded. It appeared that one was of Greek origin, belonging to an island in the Levant; the other was a Wallachian. Both had been brought up from the age of seven or eight years in the Imperial palace; and both were contented with their lot.

"Have you ever before been attached to the person of any young female selected?"—and here Leila experienced a choking sensation in the throat; but conquering, or rather hiding her painful feelings, she forced herself to add—"of any young female selected as the favorite of the Ramazan?"

"Yes, lady," replied the Greek girl; "for two years past this has been a portion of the duties of my companion and myself."

"Ah! two years!" ejaculated Leila. "Then you remember the young lady who the year before last was chosen as the favorite?"

"We recollect her perfectly," answered the Greek girl. "She was a Georgian—of marvellous beauty—and her name was Ayesha."

"True!" said Leila. "Can you give me any tidings of her? I have certain reasons for being interested in that young lady."

"She bears the name of Tarkhana," replied one of the girls. "She is the mother of a Princess, and has the rank of a Sultana."

Leila remained silent for some minutes. She mournfully reflected that the unfortunate Georgian widow might never again hope to behold her lost but dearly-beloved daughter; and that Tarkhana herself must have long resigned every expectation of again embracing in this world the members of that family from the bosom of which she had been so cruelly torn.

"Is she happy?" Leila at length ventured to ask—but with some degree of hesitation; for she knew not to what extent she was permitted to converse with her slaves, or seek to penetrate into the mysteries of the Imperial palace.

"Oh, lady," said the Greek girl, "who could be otherwise than happy who basks within the sunshine of the Sultan's favor? All are happy within these walls—or at least they appear to be so."

"I presume," said Leila, as if in a half careless half indifferent manner, "that it would be contrary to the customs of the palace for me to expect the pleasure of an interview with the Sultana of whom we are speaking?"

"A Sultana, lady," responded the Greek girl, "has the privilege of penetrating whithersoever she may think fit in the vast buildings of the harem. If it would please you, lady, I can to-morrow intimate to her Highness Tarkhana that you would rejoice to receive a visit from her?"

Leila could scarcely conceal the rapture which this response occasioned her; for, like the drowning person, she was now catching at the slightest straw of hope; but veiling her emotions as well as she was able, she said, "Yes—it would give me infinite pleasure to see the Sultana of whom we are speaking?"

"It is too late this evening, lady," rejoined the Greek girl; "and to-morrow, from sunrise till close upon sunset, the ladies of the harem all keep in the seclusion of their own apartments. But so soon as the Sultan's barge shoots forth from Seraglio Point upon the waters of the Bosphorus—which is precisely half an hour previous to the firing of the evening guns—the ladies of the harem have the privilege of proceeding to each other's apartments; and then, lady, her Highness Tarkhana will no doubt honor you with her presence."

"Be this the arrangement," rejoined Leila. "Ah! when I bethink me, it will be requisite for you, when delivering my message to her Highness, to intimate that I have lately seen her mother and sisters, concerning whom I have tidings to impart."

"It shall be done, lady,"—and both the slaves bowed low as a signal of their obedience.

A gleam of hope had now once more arisen in the mind of the Star of Mingrelia. Was it not possible that Tarkhana might possess the power to assist her? At all events might she not give credit to her tale—represent it to the Sultan—and thus prove the medium of ensuring the exercise of the Imperial mercy, goodness, and forbearance? Had not Tarkhana herself experienced all the bitterness of being torn away from home and friends and native clime, to become an inmate of the Imperial harem?—and would she not therefore be all the more likely to feel compassion for a hapless fellow-creature similarly situated?

Such were the reflections which occupied Leila's

mind, and which engendered the hope that was now growing and strengthening within her. She thought also of Thekla: she knew that in the wise-woman she possessed a friend outside the walls of the palace; and if in the person of Tarkhana she could only secure an equally kind friend within the walls, her cast might not after all be completely desperate. Under the influence of this hope, the Princess of Mingrelia retired to rest; and her slumber was more serene and refreshing than she could possibly have anticipated when first she entered her suite of apartments beneath the roof of the imperial palace.

She rose in the morning with that same hope still stronger in her heart; and it sustained her throughout the day. She whiled away the hours by means of the books which she found in the drawing-room—though her reading was often and often interrupted by a train of anxious and painful reflections which her hopefulness was not altogether strong enough to subdue. But still the time passed more quickly than she had dared expect; and as the sun drew nearer and nearer towards its western home, Leila's heart palpitated more and more quickly with the suspense of mingled hope and fear.

The laticed casements of her apartments looked upon one of the splendid gardens of the palace; and thence the eye might wander across the bright waters of the Bosphorus to Scutari on the Asiatic shore—or over the not less brilliant flood of the Golden Horn to the suburb of Pera, which contains the mansions of the Ambassadors. As the hour drew nigh when the Sultan was to leave his palace so as to reach some mosque at the very moment when the roar of the evening gun should be followed by the chant of the muezzins, "God is great!"—Leila stationed herself at one of the latticed windows; and presently she beheld the magnificent barge of the Sultan, with its twenty-rows, shoot forth from the steps of Seraglio Point. Numerous other caiques, bearing the Ministers and great dignitaries of State, immediately afterwards glided forth from different quarters, upon the bosom of the Bosphorus, which was still luminous with the rays of the declining sun. Glorious was the spectacle: but Leila had no eyes for that sight of pomp and splendor, otherwise than as a signal for the event to which she had been looking forward with so much hopeful interest: and turning towards her slaves, she was about to remind them that the hour had come for the gratification of her wish. They had not however forgotten it; and the Greek girl, with a respectfully significant look, glided from the apartment.

In a few minutes—minutes of most anxious suspense for the Princess of Mingrelia—the young slave returned, ushering in a lady of superb and commanding beauty, whom she announced as her Highness Tarkhana.

(To be continued.)

FOOD IN ICELAND.—It will be easily believed that our meals exhibited no great luxury, either as regarded the materials or the cooking; yet, on the whole, for the first two months our fare was as good as might be expected in any other part of the North of Europe. As the winter, however, advanced, a great falling off in the victualling department took place. Fresh meat gradually disappeared; smoked mutton that raised blisters on the tongue, was substituted; and the daily repetition of cod-fish, without any sauce but the water it was boiled in, gave a very insipid character to our ordinary dinner. Occasionally salt lemon, or a piece of veal, from a calf slaughtered a few hours after its birth, was added; but in general such delicacies were reserved for high days. Even this was far superior to the ordinary living of the natives; their diet, of course, may be supposed to correspond with the poverty of their dwellings and the general simplicity of their lives. Dried cod-fish, prepared without salt, is the principal article of subsistence of the mass of the people; it, in fact, is the substitute for bread, which they seldom taste, and is eaten raw, with butter spread upon it, after undergoing a sufficient pounding with a heavy stone mallet, to shiver it into thin shreds. In this state it is by no means unpalatable by itself; and were fresh butter or salted substituted for the rancid butter which is always used, there would be nothing to object to this kind of food. Their preference to stale over salted butter one must attribute to salt being an imported article, and a luxury to be attained in the interior, only by a few. However this may be, salt is very little used even in the preservation of their meat, the mutton being always smoked for winter, and the fish merely split and dried in the sun. Though bread itself is not eaten out of Reikiavik, rye gruel forms one meal in the

day, and flat cakes of the same grain are occasionally to be met with. Windmills are scarce; probably the two best are at Kieblivik and Reikiavik; and as water power is nowhere resorted to, though the waterfalls and rapids everywhere offer great hydraulic advantages, the farmers are contented to stick to the primitive mode of grinding their corn in handmills, called by them "quern," though the labor and time expended in the process is far greater, and, after all, inadequately performed. The little use of vegetables made by the Icelanders, and the necessity they labor under of confining themselves to animal food, produces many cutaneous diseases, that from neglect, in the first instance, often become very terrible in their consequences. The few vegetables that they use are at best but stunted pigmies of their kind, and are besides very scarce, seeds seldom finding their way into the interior from the ports. The almost only native vegetable dish that they indulge in, is a sort of gruel prepared from the lichen, called "fiell grass," or mountain grass, that, in some respects, resembles the dandelion, having brownish-green leaves, with jagged edges. It is found in great plenty in the valleys, and as it abounds in mucilage, it is made into a very palatable soup by the addition of cream and sugar, after being boiled in several waters to extract its bitterness. But the article of food that is most prized is the flesh of the "haukall," a species of dog-fish, or shark, that abounds on the coast of Iceland. Before it is fit for use, it must have been buried for a couple of years in the sand; when arrived at a state of maturity by this inhumation, it is said to resemble pork in flavor, but is so offensive as to render it impossible to approach a person who has tasted the least morsel of it for three weeks before. This, however, is not considered a sufficient reason for rejecting it, and I may say that, on the whole, they display as great a love of *haukall* as any aldermanic epicure; whether reindeer's meat or skait engross their attention, a few weeks' wind-drying is all that is considered necessary to either. If it were not ill-natured, they might also be accused of eating horse-flesh; though it is but justice to say, that the preference shown to the latter food is confined to certain places, and has gained for these persons the name "Hross eiter," or horse-eaters, which is looked upon as a term of special reproach.

THE ARMENIANS AT JERUSALEM.—I was returning, the other day, from Golgotha, when, on approaching the Holy Sepulchre, I saw some Armenian priests engaged in cutting, by the light of the lamps, pieces of white linen cloth into strips of a certain length. These they laid upon the sacred tomb, pronounced a blessing over them, wrote upon each some words in their own language, and then distributed them among the pilgrims, who received them with great reverence. I could not comprehend either the object or the aim of this ceremony; though it strongly excited my curiosity, I durst not disturb the devotion of the actors in it by soliciting an explanation. But, presently afterwards, perceiving at the door of the church some of those who had participated in the distribution made by the priests, I asked them a few questions, and learned that what I had seen offered and received with such piety, with such religious reverence, was—a shroud! A shroud! and the poor pilgrims appeared more delighted to carry home with them this garment of death, than ever was ambitious man, driven by the desire of wealth across the seas, when, after a long exile, he returns to his country, laden with treasures: this was to be for each of them, when the last hour should arrive, a pledge of peace and blessing.

LITERARY FECUNDITY.—Between the 11th of December, 1851, and the 11th of December, 1852, Alexander Dumas, the French novelist, has produced, in addition to some miscellaneous compositions of which he takes no note, a total of forty volumes, comprising something like 120,000 lines, or 8,000,000 letters. This pernicious writer records these remarkable statistics, in a communication to the editor of one of the public journals, with evident gratification, and seems confidently to expect that they will excite the admiration of mankind. But, apart from the evil tendency of most of his works, we see nothing creditable to an author in these vast powers of production. The quality of the article so manufactured must be of the most inferior description. This is reducing literary men to mere manuscript-producing machines. Talent and genius were not given to them by God to be diluted in floods of type; and their education and reading were destined for something nobler than the manufacture of bales of trashy volumes for the circulating library. It is sad thus to see what should be a noble profession degraded into a vile mechanical calling, pursued for lucre, instead of God's glory and man's profit.

LOVE.—There is religion in all deep love.

Home and its Harmonies.

"Affection—kindness—the sweet offices
Of love and duty, are to all as needful
As our daily bread."

It is one of the most popular comedies of the day, an effort is made to depict the horrors of a cold, cheerless, and heartless home—a home in name only—in brief, one that repels rather than attracts. We fear that there are many such within the limits of every great city—many domestic and family circles in which the demon of discord, or the foul fiend of an evil temper, is the presiding spirit; and thus scenes of agitation and of anger are of constant occurrence. Is it a matter of surprise that the young and light-hearted shrink and turn away; that they escape whenever they can; and that even the older members often seek some excuse for absence? Alas! for the poor wretch who is compelled to go through his daily round of toil in the out-door world—whether at the desk or in the highway—who, on returning to his hearth and household, trembles with apprehension at "a scene," and from a consciousness that an evil spirit—a jealous, a harsh, an unreasonable, or an exacting—presides there!—that his welcome, instead of being kindly and affectionate, generous and cordial, is likely to prove cold and repulsive—severe and captious! And yet these temples of domestic disquiet are by no means rare.

Forbearance and appreciation are priceless virtues; while confidence and good-will, courtesy and kindness, cannot be too sedulously cultivated with friends and relatives, and especially among members of the same household. It is, we concede, difficult at all times, and under all circumstances, to be cheerful and good-natured. The business world has its claims and anxieties, and all are liable to private griefs. We may, moreover, experience some sudden disaster—be attacked by some painful malady—be annoyed by some falsehood or treachery, and hence feel depression of mind and irritation of disposition. And thus, while in a thoughtful and melancholy mood, how chilling is harshness, and how refreshing and soothing are gentleness, kindness, courtesy, and reflection, especially from those with whom we are pledged to associate and mingle from day to day. And if, on the other hand, we enjoy an exemption from the misfortunes and disadvantages to which we have referred, how bound are we, by generosity and by duty, to imagine that such troubles may afflict others who may seem to us less cheerful than they might be; and how, therefore, incumbent upon us is it to extend to them the same degree of support which would be so well appreciated by us under similar circumstances.

There is nothing like kindness in the world. It is the very principle of love—an emanation of the heart

which softens and gladdens, and should be inculcated and encouraged in all our intercourse with our fellow-beings. It is impossible to resist continued kindness. We may, in a moment of petulance or passion, manifest coldness to the exhibition of goodwill on the part of a new acquaintance; but let him persist—let him continue to prove himself really benevolent of heart, generously and kindly disposed—and we will find our stubborn nature giving way, even unconsciously to ourselves. If this be the result of kindness among comparative strangers, how much more certain and delightful will be the exercise of the feelings at home, within the charmed circle of friends and relatives! Home enjoyments, home affections, home courtesies, cannot be too

hold. There, at least, our experience teaches us, we may find confiding and loving bosoms, those who look up to and lean upon us, and those also to whom we may look for counsel and encouragement.

We say to our friends, one and all, cultivate the home virtues, the household beauties of existence. Endeavor to make the little circle of domestic life a cheerful, an intelligent, a kindly, and happy one. Whatever may go wrong in the world of business and trade, however arduous may be the struggle for fortune or fame, let nothing mar the purity of reciprocal love, or throw into its harmonious existence the apple of discord. The winter evenings afford many hours for reading, for conversation, the communion of heart and of spirit; and such hours

should be devoted as much as possible, not only to mental and moral improvements, but to the cultivation of what may emphatically be termed the *home virtues!*

MAXIMS FOR GRUMBLERS.—Be you friendly with none if you would have all men be friendly with you. Men think that apple is the sweetest which hangs on the top bough.—He who would be asked to dinner, should first hint that he has dined. We offer our services the more readily when we think they will not be accepted.—If it were not for fine clothes, how few would go to church.—Tell no secret to any aged man: old doors never shut closely. In the way of the world, how often do we see one man take all the pavement to himself!—A selfish man is a pump with the handle padlocked up.—Alas! how often do our friends follow the custom of apothecaries, who give advice gratis, provided you swallow their medicines.

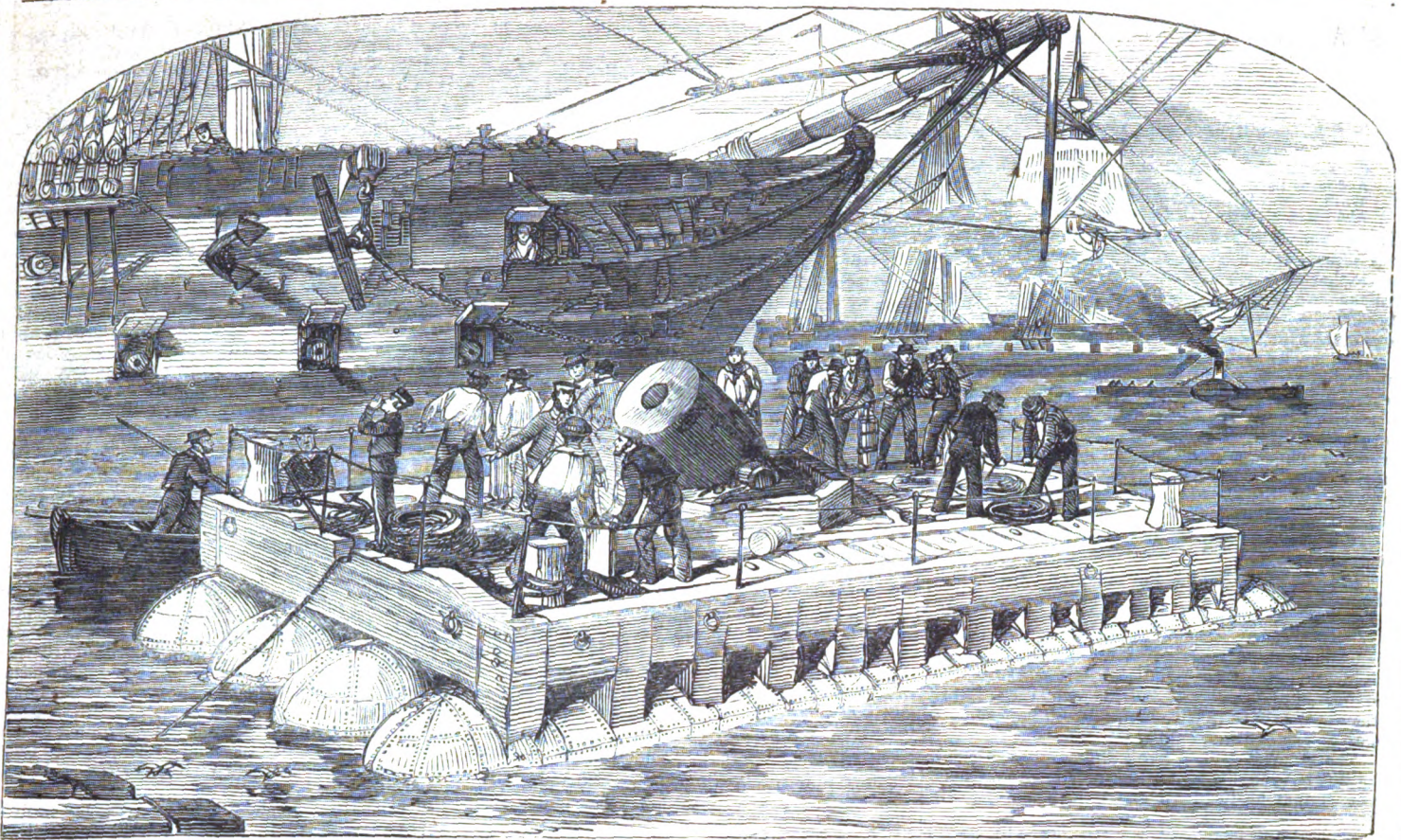
OCCUPATION — A BALM FOR SORROW.—Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is



THE FIRST WHISPER.

carefully or steadily cultivated. They form the sunshine of the heart. They bless and sanctify our private circle. They become a source of calm delight to the man of business after a day of toil—they teach the merchant, the trader, the working man, that there is something purer, more precious even, than the gains of industry. They twine themselves round the heart, call forth its best and purest emotions and resources, enable us to be more virtuous, more upright, more christian, in all our relations of life. We see in the little beings around us the elements of gentleness, of truth, and the beauty of fidelity and religion. A day of toil is robbed of many of its cares, by the thought that in the evening we may return home, and mingle with the family house-

shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.



MORTAR AND RAFT.

The New Mortar Raft.

As the war with Russia progressed, the means of carrying it on were multiplied with marvellous rapidity.

The floating batteries, impervious to shot and shell, showed an improvement was made on that idea by the application of the familiar principle of the raft. The old mortar-boat occasioned loss of time by the recoil necessitating a pause until the vessel was sufficiently steadied for a second elevation, so as to bring the gun properly to bear on the object of attack. This defect suggested that a raft should be used as the floating platform for these formidable instruments of war, and we are informed that every anticipated success has attended the experiments that have been conducted under the careful supervision of the competent authorities.

Our illustration is that of a raft on which it is expected that the shock following the discharge of a mortar will not be very sensibly felt. The principle of construction is very simple. The raft will be supported by four pontoons, in the shape of engine boilers, fitted lengthwise, and which will also serve for the powder magazine, thus leaving the whole surface of the raft clear for the working of the mortar. It will be constructed that it may be taken to pieces and put together again in a very short time, so that it may be conveyed to the scene of action in a steamer. The mortar bed will be the same as that now employed in the mortar boats, the ponderous gun itself being of the same weight as those so successfully employed against Sveaborg. Its dimensions will be thirteen inches, with a charge of twenty pounds of powder, and a shell weighing 200lbs. From the experiments which took place at Shoe-buryness, the average range obtained was upwards of 4000 yards, without any visible action taking place on the platform of the raft. It has been suggested that the pontoons should be filled with cork shavings, to give them greater buoyancy and reduce the draught of the raft to less than three feet. That would be a great advantage, especially if, as it is contemplated, the sides of the raft should have wrought-iron plates, and there should be bulwarks of the same material capable of resisting the heaviest shot.—[Such could not be the case, as cork is heavier than the atmosphere.—Ed.]

The Vase of Cumæ.

The correspondent of a contemporary, writing from Naples, says:—Three years have elapsed since I sent you a description of the excavations undertaken at Cumæ. A European interest was awakened by the wonderful works of art then brought to light; and it has never ceased to be a subject of regret to

the Neapolitan antiquaries at least, that these relics of the past should have been alienated from this country. After a long suspension of the works of excavation, they were resumed on the 19th of November last, and an important and interesting discovery recently made induces me to anticipate the time when I should have given a *résumé* of what has been done.

The Necropolis, where the works have been carried on, is to the north of the Temple of Jupiter, and in the direction of Liternum; and the tombs are all regularly arranged one after the other, as if following the course of a road. In fact, recent observation has shown that there must have been three paths pursuing the same direction, and taking their rise from the wall of the city—on the borders of which, paths were erected to the numerous sepulchres. The first of these roads, at a short distance from the walls of the city, had on its left the Etruscan tombs, to the number of upwards of two hundred. Parallel to this was found what appeared to be another road, where thirty Greek tombs were met with; also a few Roman tombs, which had been rifled or broken. A third road pursued the same direction as the two others, and was also flanked by tombs.

It was near this spot that Lord Vernon excavated and discovered a very beautiful vase, with bas-reliefs, and gilded. The excavations now resumed have been commenced on the western side of the first of these three roads, and the following are the results. Up to a certain time the tombs examined had evidently been rifled by the ancients; but past experience induced a hope that some precious remains might yet be discovered. The hope was not in vain—for within the last few weeks one of the most beautiful vases which we possess in this kingdom has been brought to light, and in a way which shows how carefully the work of excavation has to be conducted. A small fragment only was at first discovered, intermingled with the *débris* of the desecrated tomb; still, it bore such evident marks of beauty that his Royal Highness determined to institute a rigid examination. Orders were, therefore, given to sift the soil; and the consequence was, that all the fragments of this very exquisite vase were found.

In form, it must be confessed, that it has nothing remarkable. It is similar to those of that figure called *Lecythus*—or, by the Italians, *Unguentarius*—and hundreds of the sort are continually met with. But that which awakens the admiration of all who have seen it, is the minute delicacy, the finished elegance, and the perfect ease, which distinguish the thirteen figures which surround the vase. It is

marvellous to look at them, and to witness the life and vigor which seem to animate them. They are full of exultation or despair, dying or triumphing, and yet nothing is forced or exaggerated—every movement is natural and easy. The subject is as common as the form. It represents the battle of the Greeks and Amazons; but common as it may be, it never was better described, and in the whole of the grand collection in the Museo Borbonico, says the Prince, there is not a vase which can be compared with it.

As I have been favored with a view of it, by the usual courtesy of the Prince, I am in a position to confirm his opinion of the exquisite delicacy and minuteness of the design. There is one peculiarity to be noted, and that is, that each figure has its name overhead, with the exception of two of the figures, where the letters are obliterated. It has given rise to much conjecture as to where this beautiful vase was made. Fiorelli—who, from his long experience and accurate knowledge of these matters, is well able to form a judgment—is of opinion that it was made at Cumæ. The varnish is evidently not that of Nola, and the designs are of a much superior description to any which came from that place. At the same time, classical writers of antiquity speak of the excellence of the fictile works of Cumæ and Rhegium; and Pliny says, that by such works they “*nobilitantur*.” Nor, apart from other evidence, is there any violence in an opinion which supposes them to have been made where they were found.

AN ANGLO-SAXON DIFFICULTY.—The Anglo-Saxon will excel in all that is possible to accomplish, and even that which is impossible. They will invent machines that will make 600,000 pairs of stockings in a minute, and they will even discover nations to wear them; but they will never be able to make a bonnet which a French *grisette* would put upon her head.

A NEW SEA.—It is stated that Dr. Redman, a missionary, has verified the existence in Africa of an immense sea, without outlet, twice as large as the Black Sea, between the equator and 10 degrees south latitude, and between the 22nd and 30th meridian. It is called *Ukerewe*, or Inner Sea.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying nor in retirement.

An English writer says: “Victoria is Queen of England, but Public Opinion is King.”

MASKS AND FACES.

(Continued from Vol. III, page 372.)

CHAPTER LVI.

This was a noble woman—was she not?
One such as Shakspere might have known and loved,
And made immortal on his breathing stage,
While yet our English blood was golden pure,
And his ideals were realities?—ROBINSON.

It was almost, if not quite, eight months after this adventure—and five years, all but as many days, since that on which Frederick Graham left his native village—when the lighthouse of St. Agnes' Head became the scene of the extraordinary coincidence of events which it is now necessary to detail.

The day was lowering and tempestuous—an unlikely one, it would have been thought, for an excursion of curiosity among those wild waters and dangerous rocks. But about noonday what seemed a pleasure skiff, which had been making thither since dawn from the mainland, undeterred by the threatening aspect of the weather, ran safely into the little harbor we have formerly described at the base of the promontory.

No assistance was, however, tendered to these excursionists.

The group that landed was rather an unusual one for such a locality.

It consisted of an elderly and weatherbeaten man, whose countenance was still, nevertheless, stamped indelibly with Nature's patent of nobility; and his frame, though evidently tottering, was still erect and stately in its carriage. Sorrow and care, rather than age, seemed to have been at work in bending a once robust and iron-knitted form.

The stranger looked like a seaman; and though he was but roughly clad, you would have concluded at once that he had been one in high command in his time.

His pallor and weakness, united with these characteristics, would have impressed most observers with the notion that they beheld some famous naval hero returning from a long and exhausting service. Perhaps from captivity—perhaps from a strife in which his blood had been freely poured!

This remarkable looking master had as remarkable an attendant, who assisted him to land, and waited upon him with every mark of devotion and consideration.

And yet the attendant was a negro, and of the most hideous and disgusting looking of all the tribes of his unhappy race. An Ethiopian, whose face resembled a frightful mask, so strongly were the African features developed in it! And the complexion was as coarse as if made of elephant's skin, while a huge mass of frizzled black wool, rather than hair, completed his grotesque appearance.

A Lascar dress of flowing white robes, and a turban, heightened the sable hues of the African's skin by contrast.

Two fishermen, who manned the boat, completed the party. They followed with a hamper, apparently of provisions, while the principal visitor led the way up the rocks, leaning tottering with one hand on the shoulder of his attendant.

Moral as much as physical weakness slackened those once vigorous limbs. So it appeared from the words the stranger murmured to himself, more than to his companion, as they paused to breathe on an elevation of the rocks.

"What will the old man say when he sees me here, in his desolation. But yet, as you say, Brother Faithful Love, he is the only person at all likely to have received any tidings of the survivors of that luckless expedition—if any do survive! And I must face him, with what courage I may."

"This is the first time, dear Captain Avery, that you have called me brother in Christian fellowship! You have at last, then, overlooked my hideousness in favor of my constant desire to prove to you that the poor African is at least capable of gratitude!" replied the attendant, in foreign-sounding but very sweet and well-worded English.

"I needed no other proof, my good boy, than the devotion which first rescued me from my own despair, and then from my detestable captivity. Whence my generous unknown friends procured the bribe for my liberation, I know not!" said Avery.

"Even from the treasures of Sultan Avery!" said the African, calmly. "An earthquake raised the reef above the sea, and the first of the numerous bales of ingots riven from the keeping of the rock was employed, through my agency, by Frederick Graham, in your redemption!"

"Curse on the liberty, then, I have received! Would I had rather perished within those noisome walls!" ejaculated Avery, with wild feeling.

"Wherefore so?" responded Faithful Love, in faltering accents.

"Did not Leppard confess to me, that the whole mutiny—even his pretence of aiding me against Frederick—was carried on in concert with him?"

"Matchless villain! he contrived that atrocious calumny in order to hinder you from denouncing his treasons and mutiny!" returned the negro, with vehement emotion. "Did he not on that condition grant to your still chivalrous tenderness that he would not expose the supposed frailty and baseness of the woman you had rescued to the world?"

"He did! Nay, and with that object I stood calmly by and heard it said I had first offered her dishonor myself, from which she had with difficulty escaped with the aid of Frederick Graham!"

"And Leppard led you to believe that your kinsman and Oriana fled from the vessel in company, at Tamatave, after having plundered it of your money and valuables!"

"Even so!"

"And yet, for a year and a half from the hour of the mutiny, Frederick Graham and Oriana never met!"

"A year and a half! But they have met again, then? And does Oriana still live? How know you this?" exclaimed Avery, breathlessly.

"Oriana still lives; and lives only for you!" returned Faithful Love. "It was she who in reality despatched me on the joyful task of your liberation! and the means that enabled her to provide all that was necessary for your escape were furnished by Frederick Graham from the first yield of the treasure reef! Does this seem like guilt in either of them! or as if they dreaded a just vengeance, and wished you to be kept from the power of ascertaining the truth?"

"Am I at last, indeed, as Leppard said, gone fairly mad? And does he return with Oriana in his company?" exclaimed Avery, a dreadful idea evidently rekindling in his thoughts. "If so, I will kill him as he steps on the shore! Ay, and her too!—Oriana! my Oriana that was once!—I will kill her too!"

"They will not return together, be assured!" said Faithful Love, in a gentle, submissive tone. "With all her passionate desire to see you again, Oriana respected even her husband's prejudices too much to do so!"

"Then will I cross the ocean, in the merest cock-boat that ever sailed to kneel to her for forgiveness, and bring her home again!" sobbed Avery. But struck with a new thought, he continued, wildly—"Yet, if Frederick was innocent, into what hands did my wife fall? What fate has been hers?—Tell me, that I may first hunt earth, and sea, and air—hell itself!—to tear out the vile ravisher's heart!"

"Heaven, and her own courage, preserved your wife's honor also, Captain Avery," said the negro, with a dignity of tone that in a manner enforced belief. "Leppard and his fellow mutineers quarrelled for the spoil, and at length could only agree to deprive one another of it! Oriana was sold as a slave in Madagascar, where—"

A broad flash of lightning, followed by a terrific crash of thunder, bore a very significant burden to these tidings.

"Good God! take my men and go on the island to procure fuel as speedily as possible! Surely no vessel would approach this dangerous offing in such weather, however anxious to enter it!"

"As he spoke, Avery hastened out into the lantern of the lighthouse, closely followed by the negro attendant, and the two boatmen.

It was now nightfall, but a darkness deeper than the hour's brooded over the weltering waste of waters around. The sun had gone down in the midst of a mountainous mass of black volcanic clouds, on whose skirts the lightning heralds of the tempest broadly displayed the ensigns of the coming warfare.

And lo! within the ken of those eager straining eyes, a vessel, laden almost to the level of the waves, came ploughing her way through the deepening troughs of the sea, with her head set evidently towards St. Agnes.

A vessel, and of the very set and build of the Osprey!

Avery immediately announced this fact: "I should know her amidst a whole fleet, and though she is painted some lighter color now!—It is, it is, my gallant ship!"

"It is then indeed the Osprey!" ejaculated Faithful Love. "Such was to be the signal to me of her arrival, in case she approached these rocks in too stormy weather to make safely nearer! The yellow flag, to signify that the treasure is all safely on board! The black, that Leppard is secured and

brought home to receive his fitting punishment, for perjury, mutiny, slave dealing, and piracy!"

"Help, help! rekindle the fires, or they will be sure to mistake St. Agnes' Head for St. Mary's Isle, and pilot towards it for anchorage. Go and bring fuel!" cried Avery.

"It is impossible to cross the shoals in this weather. The sea is already running in mountains over them, and there is not a single billet or log left on the rock!" returned the lighthouse man.

"Why, then, I will take my small craft and make for the vessel, to warn her of her danger and pilot her into Portsmouth! I know every fathom of the way," said Avery.

"It is impossible! No vessel of such a size could live in this boiling sea. And hark! the gale is already roaring round the Giant's Head!"

The tempest now indeed burst in all its fury, and the waters of the sea below, as far as eye could survey them, became whitened with the rush of a mighty wind.

"No matter," returned Avery. "I can no longer doubt the innocence of poor Ellen's son, and shall I suffer him to perish when, perchance, I might save him at a little hazard of my own worthless life!"

"Worthless!—When Oriana loves you still so pricelessly!" exclaimed the negro missionary.

"How know we that?" replied Avery, with inexpressible sadness. "Perhaps it is only duty that attaches her to me!—that has preserved her fidelity to me! If I perish, she may live the happier—with a younger man! Men, will you go with me?"

He turned to the boatmen, released by a sudden and impetuous gesture from the young negro's dissuasive hold.

But the men—having heard the opinion of the experienced keeper of the lighthouse—declared they had wives and families of their own, and could not hazard their lives on such an enterprise.

"Then I will go alone!" said Avery, and he disappeared with all his old agility and daring in a rapid descent of the rocks.

But fast as he went, Faithful Love was beside him when he reached the strand.

"You go not alone, Captain Avery!" said that melodious voice, "if you go at all! But it is a vain risk—it is madness! Let these young men abide their fortune, as you have abided yours!"

"Hark you, my brave deliverer!" said Avery, launching the boat amidst the raging surf with professional skill. "Hark you!—Perhaps it is just possible I might leave the Osprey to its fate, as you advise, but that my soul assures me Oriana is at hand! She is on board that ship, I am but too certain! And if so, I will save her and him—and then fling myself into the waves, and leave them to their peace!"

He sprang into the boat as he spoke, and struck from amidst the breakers with a vigorous oar.

And yet the African, whom he thought to leave behind, was beside him.

"Well, then, let us go together—to the rescue of Ellen's son!" he heard a tender voice murmur in his ear. "But Oriana is with you, husband of my heart!"

Avery turned in amazement.

The turban, the frizzled black hair, the hideous mask of elephant's skin, were torn aside—thrown into the raging sea! And the beauteous face that remained beneath was at once the real one of Faithful Love and Oriana!

A wilder or more sudden tempest had not risen and raged amidst the Scilly rocks for years than on the occasion we record. And yet the mariner knows full well how stormily capricious ever are wind and wave around those treacherous isles! They advance into the sea like boisterous giants, unwilling that any strangers should approach their keep; and, when once they get the intruder among them, generally contrive to buffet him to pieces.

A terrific gale, which chopped and changed to every point of the compass, whirled and roared amidst the group with an uncertainty that might have puzzled the skill of the most experienced seaman.

Darkness closed in with almost supernatural suddenness around the setting sun. There was one last sortie of the desperate and baffled light all over the face of the agitated sea. A rush of sable clouds instantly surrounded it, and, after a brief struggle, all was night!

Driven in all directions by the extraordinary mutations of the tempestuous winds, it may be thought with what anxiety the seamen of the barque descried from St. Agnes' Head looked out for the lights and coastmarks by which they hoped to shun the perils of the rocky navigation they had entered.

Luckily, what sea room there was it had all to

itself. No other vessel had ventured so near a run to those dreaded rocks.

And it was certainly a very indiscreet indulgence to his friend's earnest wish that induced the young commander of the Osprey to make the Channel in that direction. For the Osprey it was!—and the Osprey laden with all the vast recovered treasures of Sultan Avery, more richly than vessel was ever laden before, and even since Australia and California have yielded up their wealth!

The Osprey carried in her capacious hold wealth that exceeded the wildest calculations of Captain Avery's excited imagination! Upwards of seven millions and seven hundred thousand pounds' worth of bullion, specie, and jewelry!

But Frederick Graham could refuse nothing to his faithful friend and preserver. And Laverock, true to his jocular and affectionate nature, desired to give his father the satisfaction of beholding with his own eyes his prophecy fulfilled, and to put his disturbed mind at rest as speedily as possible regarding his safety.

Frederick had also received word from Oriana—in reply to the tidings he sent her of his recapture of the Osprey and of the existence and lamentable position of her husband—appointing St. Agnes' Isle as a place of rendezvous with him on his return. She concealed her intention of hastening at once, at every risk, to the deliverance of her husband; but informed Frederick that although she could not accompany him, she should return to Europe immediately to concert with him the means of Avery's liberation.

There was no duty, the high-minded lady declared, superior to that she owed to her noble and unfortunate husband. She had sown the harvest in Madagascar, and she left the increase to God! Her efforts to civilise her brother's barbaric people ceased to be her plainest and most paramount duty since her husband required her succor!

Trewavas was the first to find outrageous fault with himself for his rash indulgence in a whim when darkness and tempest closed around the Osprey, approaching those grim shores.

He had boasted, and not without reason, a thorough familiarity with all the passages and ports of the isles; and Frederick had resigned the pilotage of the vessel into his hands, and it was his intention to carry her into the harbor of St. Mary's before nightfall.

The sudden rise of the tempest, with its baffling winds, thwarted this design.

But even when the darkness descended, Trewavas was so confident in his knowledge of the coast lights that he would only suffer a portion of the sails to be furled, and continued tacking the vessel with very dextrous seamanship towards the destined port.

"No, Frederick, I am sure I am right!" he said, in reply to some whispered expression of doubt on the part of his friend. "If yonder lump of blackness were St. Agnes' Head, the lighthouse would be in a regular blaze by now, and we should see it many a furlong farther off than we are sailing! My father never neglected the duty of his office in all his life, and is he likely now to do so when he, perhaps, knows that his only son, and the treasures of Sultan Avery, are dependant on its guidance! Leave everything to me, and we shall make St. Mary's on the next north-west gust, as a swallow shoots into its nest!"

"But certainly it seemed to me that I recognized St. Agnes tower and rock in the last blaze of lightning, over yonder!" said Frederick, pointing in a direction of the murky heavens. "And now if you keep the tack we are on, my boy—supposing that to be the case—you will drive us headlong upon it!"

"It is impossible, Frederick!" It is long past lighting hour, we should see the glaring eyes of the lantern, leagues beyond us!—whereas, St. Mary's always lies dark and quiet as you saw yonder black coast, which you mistake for high rocks—and I can slip into the channel as into a glove!"

"I have put the ship into your hands; but still, Laverock, listen to my advice!" replied the young commander. "It would be hard—very hard—to lose our wealth on the very brink of its enjoyment! And my life is a thousand times dearer to me since I know it is necessary for the preservation of Caroline's, and the redemption of my honor. Let us lie to as well as we can under this mad wind, and make signal for a pilot. The brave fellows who live on these rocks venture out in all weathers, whenever they think their services are needed!"

"The bravest of them would not venture so far from the land on such a mountainous sea, Frederick!" said Trewavas, feeling secretly much puzzled and alarmed. "The fury of the storm is increasing, I think—and I am afraid the vessel will soon be-

come altogether unmanageable, unless we can contrive to run her into St. Mary's before the gale gets to a height! I still think I know my way—and if the wind would only shift landward—"

"God forbid!" said Frederick. "For from what I remember of these channels, a miss of a few yards any way will send us tilting on the rocks! This baffling wind is our best hope!"

"You are right, my dear lad!" said Trewavas, after a moment's uneasy reflection. "I know not where I am, I must confess, unless I can catch a glimpse of St. Agnes' Light! Hold the helm hard a-lee, while I run to the masthead, and see if I can discern it."

But at that moment a stream of lightning played over the whole surface of the waves, and Frederick exclaimed—

"God be praised! Is not yonder—but it is gone! Was it not a boat, with two men on board, making towards us?"

"Some one hails us! What voice is that?" Trewavas ejaculated.

"It is a pilot! *Dieu merci! Dieu merci!* We shall be save yet!" exclaimed Paul Partout.

"Gracious heaven, Trewavas! it is the voice of Avery!—of my kinsman Oriana's husband!" said Frederick, and in awe-stricken tones.

"And himself—in a small open boat—exposed to all the frenzy of the storm!" was Laverock's exclamation, as the glare of lightning revealed a little skiff, tossing like a walnut-shell amidst the white foam of the waves beneath the ship's bows, approaching them.

Luckily the ship answered her helm, but still speeding on, impelled by the furious gale, in this new course. Laverock and Frederick suddenly perceived that they were passing under a shadow thicker than that of the night and storm.

"We have avoided St. Agnes' rock by an apple rind!—You foolish boys, you were running direct upon her! To be sure, our old lighthouse has taken an extra nap this evening, but you ought to have known better than to have ventured so high! Now lend a hand, my hearties, and we shall be safe in St. Mary's before we are an hour older any one of us!"

They arrived at Portsmouth without further accident.

Frederick's first care was to land with Leppard, and convey him before the nearest magistrate.

He knew that whatever he divulged in this public audience would fly, on the wings of the press, to the remotest part of England and the world. And he had prepared a complete statement of the wrongs and calumnies contrived against him, the causes that had hitherto prevented him from justifying himself from them, and the crimes of Augustus Pophly in conjunction with those of his accomplices at the bar.

After making many vain offers and overtures to Frederick, Leppard had relapsed apparently into sullen submission to his fate.

Even his abject entreaties to Oriana, and the full confession he made to her husband of the falsehood and tricks he had dealt in to effect his estrangement from Frederick, availed him little. The too generous lady, indeed, pleaded for him—forgave him her own injuries—and would have eagerly closed with his offer to prove the forgeries of Jonathan Leppard, and procure her the restoration of her father's estate and slaves. But on this point Frederick was inexorable, even to the entreaties of Oriana, and refused to trust the perjured villain in any manner ever again.

The charges Frederick Graham now preferred against his captive, were of a nature to attract and rivet the most unbounded attention and curiosity.

Mutiny, piracy, and slave-dealing seemed, however, offences of an ordinary character compared with the interest excited by the detail of the audacious perjuries that intermingled throughout all Leppard's long list of crimes.

The Brook murder was not by any means forgotten in England, though so considerable an interval had elapsed.

The mysterious and romantic circumstances attending it had exacted general and lasting interest. And now, the unexpected re-appearance and counter-accusations of one of the parties criminated produced the most marked sensation. The rank in society of Augustus Pophly, who was openly denounced as the real murderer, quickened the public curiosity and wonder to the highest.

Our hero, relieved of the charge of his captive, proceeded to make arrangements for his journey to Brook.

CHAPTER LVII.

And thus the whirligig of time,
Brings about his revenges!

SHAKESPEARE.

FREDERICK hired a postchaise and horses, which he directed to come to the docks, to take himself and luggage on board from the Scilly barque.

He was proceeding thither from the town hall, when it happened, as on a former occasion, that he missed his way by a street or two, and suddenly found himself at the entrance to the very alley in which his adventure with little Malvina and Lazarus Leppard had occurred.

In the pressure of more important matters he had forgotten all about the engaging child until this moment.

The public house at the bottom of the lane, with its sign of the "World's End," swinging in the wind, brought the whole recollection vividly back upon him.

He was touched with the remembrance of his last interview with the beautiful and desolate child. His promise recurred to him. At the same time, observing the name on the sign, in great flaring red characters, he was struck with the fact that the managing clerk's who had detected Pophly's forgery on Sir Richard Graham's bank was also Blackader. So, at least, Leppard had mentioned in his account of the transaction.

There seemed a remarkable coincidence in this, when Frederick recalled, in addition, the particulars he had formerly gathered of the interesting orphan's little history.

Anxious as he was not to lose a moment, an irresistible impulse urged him to go in quest of Malvina, and endeavor to satisfy his mind on this enigmatical association of ideas.

He was thinking over it all so earnestly that until he arrived almost close to the tavern, he did not observe a circumstance that might easily, in another mood of mind, have excited notice.

A woman of remarkably genteel figure, but hanging all in rags and tatters, was bending nearly double down at the window, apparently endeavoring to pry into the public room of the tavern through the openings between two great vats.

And as it was now dark, the gas within was lighted, and there were facilities for the inspection, of which the woman appeared most anxiously to avail herself.

"Some poor creature whose husband is tipting away her children's' bread and her own, I suppose! She can't be jealous of the dreadful hag who presides over the orgies within, surely? But, alas, can my poor Malvina have grown up, and have forgotten her promise to me?" mused Frederick.

He drew nigh and glanced with some attention at the crouching figure. The glare of the gas was full upon her ghastly, but still young and fine featured countenance. And Frederick started to recognize Mary Rourke.

Changed as she was by five years of suffering and sorrow, he knew her again immediately.

After a moment's reflection, he resolved to address her, disguising the tones of his voice as well as he could, not to be too suddenly recognized.

"What are you doing here, young woman?" he said. "Are you in want of some refreshment, which you cannot afford to purchase?"

"What's that to you, sir?" returned Mary, in a voice full of exasperation and bitterness. "But—I don't mind telling you, neither, nor anyone who will listen to me! I am in want of the common necessities of life—I'm a beggar—a common street beggar! But I'm the lawful wife of that finely bedizened man sitting in at the bar here, and making love to that poor young thing serving in it, and who is the son of a woman worth thousands of pounds! His name is Pophly! Lieutenant Pophly! and I am his wife, and he leaves me to starve in the streets!"

"Is Augustus Pophly there?" exclaimed Frederick, in tones that in turn startled the attention of the woman.

He stooped beside her, and also gazed earnestly into the tavern at the interstice afforded by the curves of the vats.

He could see into the bar. Four persons were seated in it, apparently in the enjoyment of very familiar social intercourse.

Directly opposite to him was Augustus Pophly, in the undress of his corps. He was smoking a cigar, with a glass of brandy and water before him; and cutting a pack of cards, probably for some unseen stake, with another military looking man. Both had a disgustingly debauched and bloated look, and seemed as if only recently recovered from a drinking bout.

Miss Blackader made the third in this group—older and uglier than ever, but still more flauntily dressed than in former times.

The fourth was a young girl who seemed in attendance, as a waitress, alternately on this good company and the persons who applied for liquors at the bar.

Frederick had no difficulty in recognizing in this one Malvina, though the lapse of his long exile had transmuted the passionate child with very early buddings of womanhood. And Frederick was grieved to see that she too was flauntily dressed—that her cheek was flushed, and her eyes were sparkling with a kind of light that should not have been in them—and that she seemed, in fine, to enjoy her company and position.

While he and the woman were straining their eyes to gaze in, he saw the girl accept an offer which Pophly evidently made her, of a sip from his glass of brandy and water. And she took a good swig at it, and set it down with some words that produced a ring of laughter from all the dissolute company.

"And you say this man is your husband?" said Frederick, with a sigh he could not repress.

"And that girl he is leading astray is barely fourteen! She is a wild, strange creature already—but he will leave her a devil!" returned Mary. "Am I not right," she added, grinding her teeth, "to try and prevent him? He knocks me down and tramples on me almost as often as he sees me, but I don't care!—for I'm his wife! His lawful wife, sir! I was married to him at St. Sepulchre's Church, in Holborn! You may see the registry any day; and so I told his mother, but she wouldn't believe me, and made her husband thrust me out of the house! I was in ten minds to go and tell all to Miss Sidney then!—but I hadn't the heart to face her after driving her noble sweetheart abroad to perish on the wild seas!—after hanging my father, too, for his sake! Ha, ha, ha! St. Sepulchre's Church!—wasn't that a proper one for the occasion, sir?"

"But if you are his wife, woman, why do you not attempt to thwart him in his wicked designs on other women?" said Frederick, quivering with rage at a renewed peal of laughter from the scene of the orgie, while the exquisite voice of Malvina, singing a blackguard ditty of the time, rose from amidst the din.

"Well, I do what I can! I spoiled him with the banker's wife, I should almost think!—Though she pretended to my face to believe him, and that I was only 'his woman,' as she called me, cast off long before—for her sake, I suppose!" said Mary, with a vengeful laugh.

"A banker's lady! Do you mean to say—What do you mean to say?" exclaimed Frederick.

"I don't keep that a secret either!—nothing at all about it to any one that will hear me!" returned Mary, with a glance full of reckless despair. "I mean to say that when I came home from Portugal—(I begged my way home in spite of them! That devil you see playing at cards with him inside, left me without a stiver, as soon as he found I wouldn't listen to his vile proposals, in a foreign country, where I didn't even know a word of the language?)—What was I saying? When I came home, he wouldn't receive me, and said I had been false to him with his friend there, Captain Dalrymple, whom he is sitting cheek by jowl with at this instant! So I wanted to find out why he told such lies of me—why he wanted to get rid of me—and I soon knew that he was always going to a house at Kensington, where there was an old man, who had a handsome young wife! Not handsome either, but goodlooking—and a devil, like himself!"

"The name!—What was the name?" exclaimed Frederick Graham.

"The house was called Villa Albano—and the old man's name was Sir Richard Graham," replied Mary, "I couldn't forget that, for it was the name of the best young gentleman that ever lived! But he is dead now, and the better for him, poor fellow, for they would have hanged him on a false charge, if he had ever come home again! My father told me all, you see, in a kind of confession, for I wouldn't let him have a proper priest, for fear he should advise him to tell the truth against—against that devil there! But I have no call to talk," she concluded, with inexpressible plaintiveness of tone, "for I hanged my father to save him myself!"

"But you discovered something, you say, concerning the wife of Sir Richard Graham and—and this man?"

The dishonor came too nigh Frederick to permit him to make the question without faltering.

"I discovered that he was always going there—and mostly when Sir Richard was away at his busi-

ness in the city! And once when the poor old man took his little sickly imp of an heir down to Brighton for a month or so, I traced him, night after night, to the villa—and saw him leave it all manner of late hours, with guilty huddlings out and secrecy! So I knew what to think, for I had been a bad one myself, you know, and he accused me of being a worse one! I got so vexed at last that I made my way to the lady herself, as she was walking in the garden one morning, looking as innocent-like as if there was no more harm in her than in a dove's nest! And I told her plainly I was his wife, and I would not suffer such doings, come what would! And I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself to take another woman's husband from her—and she having one of her own, too. And all kinds of things I said, and called her names, I dare say, for she could not answer me a single word for a long time, knowing what a vile creature she was, and that what I said was true. And at last she only shrieked out for help, and a woman came, and she turned all my thoughts another way—for who do you think it was? Why, the woman that stole my baby—Fanilda Wildgoose! And I taxed her with it, and flew at her, and demanded my child, till the whole neighborhood rang again, and people put their heads out of windows, and asked what was the matter. And then they said I was a mad woman, and sent for the police, and had me taken into custody before a magistrate!"

"And did you not make your story known?" said Frederick, eagerly.

"Did I not?" returned the woman, with fierce vivacity. "And it was all in the papers, too! But they still persisted I was mad—and Pophly came and denied I was his wife, but said I had been once his—(Well, well, he spoke the truth there, too!)—and had led such a dissolute life since that I was crazed! They believed him—for they always believe people in fine clothes—and so I was sent to a mad asylum to be taken care of!—a pauper lunatic asylum, of course, sir! He's nearly beggared his mother, in spite of all her greediness; and as he disowned me for his wife, I couldn't expect much better, could I? But I found a friend, after all, where I little expected it, for old Sir Richard Graham himself came and saw me, and talked with me, and heard my story, and said he didn't think I was mad, and got them, after a while, to let me loose again! And I dare say he would have stood a better friend to me still, only he had taken so to drinking, and was so surrounded by his wife and her creatures that no one else could get to see him. Still I had done some good by it!" added Mary, with heartfelt satisfaction, "for the old banker forbade my husband his house, and I should think his wicked wife found herself obliged to give him up!"

Remembering the incident of Leppard's two thousand pound's cheque, Frederick did not feel so well assured on this point.

After a pause, he inquired—

"But why did you not apply to a magistrate about your stolen child, since you had discovered the woman who robbed you of it?"

"Because I knew they would call me mad again, and clap me up somewhere, so that I might never get out!" said Mary, with a smile of lurid intelligence. "No, no, I prefer to follow him about, and haunt and annoy him in all possible ways, and hinder him from making other young creatures as wretched things as he has made me! And I'll beg my bread from town to town to do it! Wherever his regiment goes, I go too! I can't follow him so often as he goes to town, you know, by the rail, because I have no money. But I make him as miserable as I can, by the devil's help!"

"Alas! you appear to have done but little to save this unfortunate child! Look, the wretch has his arm round her waist, and is drawing her to him to embrace her! I must interfere now, methinks, and to more purpose!" exclaimed Frederick.

"Why, who are you?" shrieked the woman, struck with the now undisguised tones of his voice.

"Come with me and learn!" said Frederick, and flinging open the door of the public house, he suddenly leaped the bar, and came like the burst of an exploding shell upon the jovial group within it.

To tear Malvina away from the unwholesome arm that encircled her girlish waist, collar Pophly, and thunder, as he shook him violently in his rage—"Villain! I arrest you in the Queen's name, for wilful murder!"—were all, as it seemed, one act.

"Frederick Graham!—O Lord of heaven, have mercy on me! He has come to kill me!" yelled Pophly in frantic terror. "Dalrymple, help me! He has come to kill me! Spare me, spare me,

Frederick!" continued the base wretch, sinking in abject fear at his assailant's feet. "Spare me, for Caroline's sake! for the sake of the days when we were schoolboys together! Oh, do, do, do, Frederick, have mercy on me!"

"Wretch! murderer! calumniator!" burst in pealing words from Frederick's lips.

"Seducer! betrayer! unnatural father! adulterer!" a voice shrieked from behind him, and a lean, haggard finger pointed the denunciation over his shoulder.

"Let the man alone, can't ye? What the devil's the matter? 'Pon honor, Pophly, I never saw such a d-d coward as you are, in my life, to let a fellow shake you that way!" said Captain Dalrymple, staggering up on his feet, evidently more than half gone in liquor, and making a feeble sort of attempt to separate his friend from Frederick's grasp.

"Away, sir, if you would not share this scoundrel's fate! You deserve it, indeed, if what that poor woman says is true, but—"

"Oh, is Mad Bess here, too?—Then I shall cut my lucky!" said the captain, precipitately retreating from Mary Rourke's advance. "Advise you to do the same, Gussy, my boy!—Or, shall I call the police, eh?"

"Do, sir!—And let them execute the warrant which they hold against this villainous friend of yours, for the murder which he has so falsely imputed to me!" pursued Frederick; and glad of the pretext, he withdrew his grasp from the loathsome contact of the cowardly wretch prostrate at his feet.

"No, no; don't, don't, Dalrymple! or they will hang me! They will hang me! I knew it would always come to this!" yelled the abject villain. "But Frederick Graham won't hang his old school-fellow either, however basely I have behaved to you, Frederick! Dear Frederick, will you? I did my best to get you off at the inquest. I did, indeed! And I'm not guilty in reality! I was forced by that mad woman's father to strike against my will—and he made me drunk, and I didn't know what I did! Plead for me, Malvina, dearest!—Didn't you say you knew him once, and that he was an angel of kindness and goodness!"

"And will you plead for him, Malvina? Are you indeed utterly lost?" said our hero, turning with a mournful gaze on the girl, who had been staring like one petrified on the scene. But at the sound of his voice, she burst into a convulsion of sobs and tears.

"No, no, no! He is nothing to me—I hate him! But my aunt forced me to pretend to like him! And I thought there was nothing good or kind left in the world!—That you—that you—that you were buried, years ago, in the deep seas!"

"And were there no stars left in the midnight skies, Malvina, to remind you of your promise to me? But, God be praised! if I have arrived in time to save you from the perdition of this wretch's love!"

"She is as innocent for me, Frederick, I swear—"

"As your wife is for me, Poph! for hang me, if I keep friends with such an ungentlemanly howling, kicked dog, any longer!" exclaimed Dalrymple, buttoning up his coat with an air of furious resolution. At least, as many buttons as remained, for he was in very seedy garniture! "I said it only to oblige you, you know, and I'll unsay it to oblige her or anybody else in the world, for you've been the ruin of me, you have; for nobody ever thought me a blackguard—whatever my other failings might be—until I took up with you!"

"How can you say so, Dalrymple! You began by cheating me, and then you taught me how to cheat everybody else!" whimpered Augustus. "Oh, if it hadn't been for you, and this woman, and my mother, and Patrick Rourke, I should not have been in the dreadful condition I am in. But I have had no enjoyment of it! I have not had a moment's peace of my mind since it all happened! And that's what made me drink and do all the wicked things I have done, at your persuasion and other people's! But still there is no evidence against me," continued the frightened wretch, beginning to rally from his terror. "And—and—I really don't know what you mean, Mr. Graham!"

"I will tell you, wretch! Your friend, Lazarus Leppard, is in custody. All the documents he obtained from you are in my possession! He has avowed the whole truth of your misdeeds—and a warrant is at this moment in the hands of the officers of justice to bring you to account for all!" returned Frederick, eyeing the prostrate villain with inexpressible loathing.

These tidings overthrew all remains of self-possession in Augustus. He might be said to shriek and howl for mercy in the excess of his unmanly terror, as he hugged Frederick's knees, who could

hardly disengage himself from the contamination of his touch.

Nevertheless, it was not in his humane and generous nature to remain altogether unmoved, even by these signs of the basest animal emotion.

And Augustus, with the mean craft of his, perceived the hesitation, and improved upon it.

"Think, dear, dear Frederick!" he yelled. "Caroline cannot wish you to bring her father's sister's son to the gallows! How could she marry you if you hang me?—and I did not do it wilfully! Let me go, let me go, and I will banish myself for ever, and never return to England, or may the gallows be my doom when I do!"

"Go then, miserable wretch! I will not, at least, bring you to it by direct agency! Make the best use of the few minutes that may remain to you for flight! The officer charged to arrest the murderer of James Brice is already seeking him in your regimental quarters!" Frederick said—and he turned from him with an indescribable feeling, spurning him to the ground with the action.

Pophly jumped up, snatched his hat, and was about to rush out of the enclosure, when Mary Rourke threw herself in his way.

"Police, police!—Help! murder! Stop the villain!" she shrieked at the pitch of her once sweet voice. It sounded now in Pophly's ear like the shriek of an accusing fiend.

"Peace, peace, woman! It is not for you to bring your husband to destruction!" said Frederick, interposing.

"Ah, my father said that! My poor father!" groaned Mary, relapsing from her excitement, and shrinking from his path. "Go, monster! for I am the worse murderer of the two!"

Augustus almost instantly disappeared.

Luckily there happened to be no stranger spectator of this scene, and the cries raised by Mary were not so unfrequent in the locality as to excite much attention, especially as they ceased so suddenly.

There was a short silence.

"I—I always thought Pophly was a contemptible scoundrel, but I didn't imagine till now, 'pon honor! he could possibly have the energy or nerve—the brutality, I mean, to have committed a murder!" ejaculated the nearly muddled Dalrymple, who had buttoned and unbuttoned his coat half a dozen times during this scene.

"Well! you may make possibly the first honest penny in your life by going and betraying your friend, sir, to the officers of justice!" returned Frederick, with utter contempt.

And disdaining any attention to the captain's stammering threats and ejaculations over the insult, he proceeded to address Miss Blackader.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, "is it thus you fulfil the duties of the guardianship you have assumed of this unhappy child? Shame on you! shame on you! Are you a woman, and knowingly surrender your own blood to pollution?"

"Well, if it isn't the very fellow that kicked up a row about her and read me a lecture five years ago in this very bar!" said Miss Blackader, who had hitherto observed a grim neutrality in the discussion. "Guardian, indeed!" she continued, scornfully. "I'm no guardian of the young hussys. She was thrust upon us when my father and mother were alive by my greedy rogue of a brother, who never paid a farthing for her board, eddycation or maintenance! Was I to blame, then, I should like to know, to try to get rid of such a burden? A minx, that was always calling me old and ugly, too, or looking as if she thought so! She's only taken after her mother's ways besides! And as to her father, he's come to his deserts in style! Guardian, forsooth! Take the office yourself, sir, if you think it's so well worth the while! I am sure I shall never grudge it you, or ask how you exercise it!"

"In heaven's name's, I will—I do!—if the poor child herself consents!" said Frederick.

"Oh, I am not worthy! I am not worthy! I shall die of this goodness!" sobbed Malvina, bathing our hero's offered hand in tears, and covering it with kisses at the same time.

"Who is her father? And where is he to be found? His consent ought also to be asked, unworthy parent as he has proved himself!" said Frederick.

"He was a banker's managing clerk, in London, sir, and he's to be found in Newgate, where he's put for embezzling twenty thousand pounds, belonging to his master!" returned Miss Blackader, gibingly.

"That is, if he isn't gone out to Norfolk Island yet—which, by the last letter I had from him, he expected to do very shortly. Yes, sir! after neglecting me and his parents and his child all the time he was flourishing on his robberies, he writes me a note at last from Newgate, inviting me to put myself

to the expense and inconvenience of a journey to London with the girl, that he may tell her, forsooth, where her rope-dancer of a mother is to be heard of!"

"I will take the office upon myself," said Frederick. "That is, Mary Rourke, if you will aid me in the care of this poor female child, whom you have imagined you had cause to fear as a rival! In your custody she will surely be safe! And she may in some sort supply the place of the child you have lost."

Mary melted into a torrent of tears, but less bitter ones than she had shed for many a day, and, opening her arms, received Malvina, who ran to her, into indeed an almost motherly embrace.

"I loved my mother, and I will love you! But I cannot love my father—I will never see him again!" ejaculated the young creature, with an evil energy that infinitely troubled Frederick.

"You forget that I am your guardian henceforth, and that you owe me obedience in that capacity, Malvina!" he said, gently, and the child's rebellious humor instantly and visibly subsided. "And now," he added, "let us leave this haunt of vice and unnatural hardness of heart, and seek a purer air."

The three left the "World's End" in company, Captain Dalrymple still lingering to exchange condolences with Miss Blackader.

"Where are we going?" said Mary, with a dizzy look, as they emerged into the street. "If you are still as poor as you were, Mr. Frederick, how can you take on you such a burden as two wretched women creatures like us must be?"

"We are going to Brook! One act of justice I have to demand at your hands, Mary, and all will be well!" returned Frederick. "Will you any longer hesitate to declare the truth to the heiress of Charlton, or must I affirm it to her without your confirmation?"

"I will go and kneel to her, and confess that I am this villain's wife, and was from the first—his miserable dupe!" replied Mary.

"You will be a means, then, to break the good news to her with less dangerous suddenness, and the moment I appear she can receive me back wholly into her love and confidence," said Frederick, with a vibration of tenderness and hope through all the chords of his being. "And dear Malvina! I can promise you an asylum with others who love me, perhaps even with her! For she is an angel of beneficence and mercy!"

"She is, she is!" sighed Mary. "Through her means all of my father's children, saving only me, are good and happy creatures, and likely to be so to the end."

"I have a vehicle at the docks; guide us thither, Malvina! Poor child! are you gazing upwards, with those thankful, streaming eyes, at the stars by which I bade you remember me and expect my return?"

"You have kept your promise—you have saved me! And since one so good and noble has thought me worth the trouble, henceforth I—I—I—"

"Let time complete your sentence, my poor child! But you will no longer hesitate to go with me, and comfort even your wicked father in his dungeon?"

"No, no!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

If the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

SHAKESPEARE.

RAILROADS had fulfilled the worst anticipations of poor old Matthew Price, so that even so modest a travelling equipage as Frederick's postchaise and pair was becoming a rarity at the Warden's Arms, when he returned, after his long absence, to Brook.

Mary Rourke and Malvina accompanied him. He had caused them both to be furnished with very neat, but unpretending travelling habiliments; and Mary wore a veil, which she used to conceal her face on arriving in a place where she was once so well known.

Frederick himself took precautions against an immediate recognition. His rough sea coat was turned up at the collar almost to his eyes, and effectually disguised his features, with the addition of a great comforter and a sealskin cap tied under the chin.

He calculated besides on the changes which time and exposure under tropical suns must have produced in his appearance.

It was, perhaps, a mere loving fancy; but our hero imagined it due to Caroline Sidney to reserve to her the right of welcoming him home to his native village the first. And she, indeed, it was who made the very cobblestones of its single street appear to him like the sapphire pavements of Paradise!

Frederick might also have reckoned on the effect of the years that had passed in dimming his recollection amid the haunts of his boyhood, and even in the memories of those who had loved him best. He knew that Price, if still alive, must be a very old man. But he would not suffer himself to apprehend the natural consequences of the long lapse of time.

He had some difficulty still in suppressing all external signs of emotion when the faithful Peter Brin came hobbling out of the now almost deserted stables to take charge of his horses. The poor old fellow was busying himself there, in all probability, rather through habit than because he had anything particular to do in them. His sturdy back was bent, and his hair grizzled, since Frederick had last seen him; but his cheek had still the ruddy hue of a healthful old age, and it seemed as if the sight of the smoking horses gave him a real satisfaction.

"Druv' em with a hot spur, Charley?" he said to the post-boy, who nodded affirmatively; and he devoted his attention so completely to the animals afterwards that he had evidently no curiosity to spare for the guests they had whirled thither.

Frederick made an attempt to ask after the landlord and mistress of the Warden's Arms. But finding his voice fail him, he gave it up, and handed Mary and the younger female out of the vehicle, and they all entered the inn together.

He was relieved, and yet inexpressibly saddened, to discern immediately his foster-father sitting with a look of vacuity and dotage in an arm chair, and basking in the warm rays of the sun which entered from a window of the inner parlor. In all physical respects, old Matthew was evidently quite comfortable and at his ease. He was perfectly clean and neat, and he had a smiling and pleased expression on his kindly and still plump visage, as if well contented with all around him.

A grave, matronly looking woman, of a benign and placid aspect, sat near him, darning some gray hose, no doubt for the old man's wear. It was Mrs. Price. Brin's wife, Sally, had apparently returned to her old office in the house, for she was superintending a small roast at the fire.

How often had Frederick listened with hearty approval to the ticking of that jack when, in his school days he returned, with a school boy's appetite, to his foster-father's well served board for dinner.

The sight of the old woman and of the old man, and of the changes time had so visibly wrought in them, was almost too much for Frederick. But he controlled his emotion sufficiently to speak in tones which he thought would not betray him. Yet, muffled and foreign sounding as he endeavored to make them, Mrs. Price started, raised her head, and put on her spectacles with an air of hurry and surprise.

What woman forgets the child she has nourished at her bosom ever wholly? And of what do parents deprive their children when they commit them to the rearing of a strange woman! Mrs. Price had been our hero's foster mother, we remember, and the mere sound of his disguised voice stirred a deep fount of emotion in her heart.

She looked at him earnestly and very kindly, as she answered, "Yes, sir, my name is Price—and this is the landlord of the Warden's Arms, my husband."

"Oh, then, I am quite right!" said Frederick, with forced composure. "You must know I am captain of a ship just come home from Africa, where I was requested by a friend of mine, who has long been a resident in the Island of Madagascar, to call on you and give you tidings of him, if ever I should be coming this way."

"Was it—is it—from Frederick Price, sir?" exclaimed the old woman, with extreme eagerness, and letting her work fall to the ground.

"My friend was more generally known abroad by the name of Graham; but he said he was your foster son, and was known in these parts a good deal better under yours of Price!"

"You are welcome, sir, and your friends, the ladies, here!—as welcome, sir, for his sake, as if—I can't say how glad we shall be to hear any news of our poor boy! Poor fellow, poor fellow! how is he? How did you leave him when—" but here the good woman began to weep and could say no more.

"When I last saw Mr. Graham he was very well," replied Frederick, who had much ado to hinder himself from joining the old woman in her demonstration. "Your husband," he added, softly, "has perhaps forgotten his foster-son, Frederick, during his long exile?"

"Forgotten Frederick! Frederick Price! What do you mean? No I haven't!" said old Matthew, with a sudden re-animation, as it seemed, of intelligence. "Forgotten Fred?—why should I forget poor Fred!—He didn't do it, in spite of all they can say!—And Madam Pophly ought to be ashamed of

herself to scandalize him still to every one—She's not such a very old woman, perhaps, but she will have to go to her account some day, and so will that wicked boy, her son!—and if Fred did rob the orchard, it was he put him upon it, I'll be sworn!"

"You remember him, then—and his childish pranks?" said our hero, tenderly.

"He remembers everything about Frederick that happened a long time ago, sir—and it's as well he has forgotten a good deal of later things!" said Mrs. Price, with a sigh.

"Forgotten Frederick!" resumed the old man, with a degree of irritation. "No, no one can say that, though I have forgotten my own name once or twice, too! But I made the will before my memory failed me at all!—on the very day Rourke was hanged at Maidstone; and it will be seen in that if I've forgotten him, or believed a word that was said against him. I have left him the inn, and the garden, and the meadow, and everything, after the old woman follows me!—And he's to have the punch-bowls—every one of them—at once, whenever he comes back to claim them!"

Frederick smiled—pleased and yet saddened.

"It is all true, sir," said Mrs. Price, rather proud, it appeared, of this exercise of memory and intelligence on the part of her spouse. "And, thank God, our poor lad is alive, and likely to hear of it! It will do his loving heart good, however far away he may be forced to live by the wicked people that are set against him. I have been dreading this many a day that he must be dead and buried in the salt sea, or he would have come back to prove all they say against him lies! I couldn't bring myself to trust in what our poor dear lady, Miss Sidney, told me about the yellow sailor knowing where he was to be found, and getting him to come home again, and set himself to rights!"

"Miss Sidney!—but she believed in it, trusted in it, and it consoled her?" ejaculated Frederick.

"She has been better ever since, and clings on to hope, poor lady, and will never believe to her dying day but what our Frederick is innocent, and will come back yet and prove himself so."

"And Caroline is right—Miss Sidney is right—mother!" said Frederick, betrayed by his feelings into emphasis. "Mr. Graham will lose no time, be assured, on his return, to shame the malice of his enemies. But his affairs required to be arranged, and Madagascar is a distant place. Does Miss Sidney still live at a place called Charlton?" he added, falteringly.

"Is Maggygasky a very distant place, sir?" said the old woman, disappointedly, without replying to Frederick's tremulous question, till observing she received none to her own, she proceeded: "Yes, sir, still at Charlton House, and a beautiful place she has made of it. It is my private opinion Miss Sidney has done it all for Frederick, and expects him back day by day, till her sweet gentle heart is sick and breaking with hope deferred."

"Do you think so rich an heiress can trouble herself on the score of a friendless fugitive, such as Mr. Graham left this country?" said Frederick, with much emotion. Yet happy fellow, he did not doubt what answer he should receive.

"I am sure she does, sir, for she makes no secret at all of it, and comes and cries with me by the hour over his absence, and the fear of what can have happened to him!" replied the old woman, with great energy. "And she has refused so many good offers that they all see it is of no use making any, and everybody says she is waiting for our Frederick. And Mrs. Poply says so—the bad old woman!—and says she'll hang him the moment he comes home, because Miss Sidney won't have anything to do with her naughty son, Mr. Augustus! And she says he has gone wrong only on that account, though I'm sure he never had the heart and the sense to love so good a lady."

Mary quivered beneath her veil.

"You think, then, Frederick Graham's return will, at least, be welcomed by the mistress of Charlton Mills?" he replied, with assumed carelessness.

"She is not that any longer, you know, now, sir," said Mrs. Price, simply. "She didn't want to keep the paper mill on any longer, Mr. Purdy growing too old for business, and especially since the murder! So she sold it all to a gentleman from London—poor Frederick's uncle—one Mr. Walter Graham. I see he has found out his own real name at last. But we used to call his uncle Mr. Walter only, until it all came out at the inquest. He is a great banking gentleman, sir, in London, and both Miss Sidney and Mr. Purday have put all their money into his concern, and they have upwards of eighty thousand pounds between them, folks say."

"Miss Sidney has then removed, perhaps, from

this part of the country?" said Frederick, with a chill of disappointment.

"No, sir: Miss Sidney has rebuilt the old mansion in the finest style in the world; only it ain't quite finished. And old Mr. Purday and Miss Julia Rushton live there with her; and Mr. Walter Graham and his family live quite near, in a fine new villa they've built, I think they call the kind of place. And there's another gentleman of the name of Dalrymple, and his lady and family, have come to live near them—they're such friends. And it's a try among them all who shall do the most good in the country, and beautify it most."

"This lady is an acquaintance of Miss Sidney's," said Frederick, motioning to Mary. "We will partake of some refreshment, and then I will walk with her to Charlton. And on my return you must tell me all the news of the countryside; for my friend, Mr. Graham, will be very anxious to know about everything and everybody when he hears I have been in Brook!"

Mrs. Price had a longing desire for a gossip about her darling with one who stood before her radiant with the fact that he had seen him lately. But she was too kind a woman and respectful a landlady to prefer own satisfaction to that of her guests.

She curtsied reverentially to Miss Sidney's friend—little guessed she who Mary was!—and declared herself in readiness to escort them to a private apartment.

Frederick pressed some slight refreshment on his companions, but Mary was too much agitated at the prospect of her interview to desire to eat. He and she then set off together, walking, to Charlton House, leaving Malvina in charge of the landlady.

During the course of that once familiar walk, Frederick could have found much to notice and admire in the improvements effected by Caroline's fine taste and constant supervision. The little park round the old mansion, formerly left in very unsightly confusion and disorder through Mrs. Poply's narrow spirit of economy, was now a perfect paradise of ornamental gardening. But his mind was absorbed in the prospect of the coming re-union, and in arranging a proper plan of proceeding with the scarcely less agitated Mary Rourke.

It was decided that he should remain at a stile which separated Brook Wood from the rest of the domain, while Mary proceeded to Charlton, and broke the intelligence with precaution to the youthful lady.

Frederick remained alone, under the shadows of the very wood through which Caroline and Julia Rushton took their hazardous excursion to the Black Mill; and for a space of time that appeared to him endless, and during which his heart beat so fast that he would have given half his hard-won riches for leave to rush to Charlton, and ascertain the best or the worst at once. There is a terror in the excess of happiness. It seems to transcend the powers of our being. Excess of grief, appears more natural in humanity to bear.

At last Mary re-appeared, running breathless, and with signs of strong emotion in all her features.

"Come!" she exclaimed, as she drew nigh. "Come, or the suspense will kill her!—I can tell you all as we go!"

Frederick was by her side, and hastening towards Charlton, before another word was said, though his limbs also almost failed beneath him with agitation.

"She is an angel!—but I need not tell you that!" said Mary, as they speeded on. "I found her and Miss Julia together. She is more beautiful than ever; but seemed in some sad trouble that was not of the kind she has so long felt for you, sir. Indeed, I soon found out it was concerning money matters. I'll tell you how I know, sir!—When I had presented myself, and told my wicked story on my knees, that blessed saint of a young lady raised me in her own gentle arms, and with such joy as I never saw before beaming all over her sweet face like light—'Oh,' she says to Miss Julia, 'the ruin that awaits me is now welcome! I can bear everything after this! I never valued my wealth but for his sake, and I know now that he loved me only for my own! And she embraced me, and wept over me, and forgave me! And all before I had dropped the least hint of your safe return. When I had but confessed Augustus's baseness and my own, and begged forgiveness!'"

"But, Mary, you told her—afterwards?"

"Yes, yes, for I went on to say that she must not thank me as if what I had done was altogether out of true repentance—for that I knew the truth could no longer be concealed. That you were on your way home—nay, that you were said to be arrived—that I was sure of it—that, in fact, you were arrived—and then, that I had seen you with my own eyes in Portsmouth!"

"Well!"

"She became of so deadly a white I thought she would have fainted—and all over of a tremble—and gasped and sighed, and looked at me so earnest-like, and then she faltered out, 'You have seen him!—He is alive—he is well! Great God of Heaven! I shall see my Frederick again! If—if—does he remember me still?'"

"He adores, he worships you! He has always been true and faithful to you. He is coming to tell you so himself as fast as horses can bring him! And I promised to come beforehand and tell you all the truth; and you may expect him, dear lady, every day, every hour, every minute!" She grew paler still, and clung to her cousin for support. "Oh, Julia! dear Julia! I shall die of happiness!" I heard her falter. "He is alive, he is well, he is true, he is returned! Poor fellow, poor fellow! what he has suffered! Now I feel the blast that has descended on my fortunes for the first time! He cannot have much, tossed about in the world as he must have been. He has to face inveterate enemies, armed with all the power of money; himself perhaps penniless! The abominable wretch who calls himself my cousin will be enabled by his wealth still to defeat justice, while Frederick!—Oh, Julia, does Mr. Purday's last letter give no hopes of redemption?"

"Scarcely a breath!" murmured Miss Rushton.

"No matter! he is true, he is mine, mine only, Mary!" she added, turning to me, "Where is he? I will go to him at once. I will tell him I am all but a beggar, and I shall know how matchlessly my aunt belied him when he receives me then into his faithful arms! Where is he?" she continued, and there was something in my countenance that made her catch at the truth. "Oh, he is near, he is at hand! he is perhaps within hearing! Frederick!" but her call was so choked and suffocated that Miss Rushton exclaimed to me, "Run directly and bid Frederick come, if he is indeed arrived, or she will die of joy before she sees him again!"

Every word of this narrative accelerated Frederick's pace. When it reached the climax, he had rushed from Mary's side, and was almost out of sight up the avenue leading to the house.

He entered the well remembered hall, heard a sobbing in an adjacent apartment. A voice shrieked, "It is his step! it is his step!" A door flew open, and the long parted lovers were clasped in each other's arms, in an agony of love and joy.

Kisses, tears, sobs: sobs, kisses, tears! Nothing else for full ten minutes; neither uttered a word but the other's name, in passionate ejaculations, all the time.

As for the lively Julia Rushton, she stood in the doorway, and cried and sobbed over her re-united lovers to her heart's content also. But after a while she came and threw her arms round both of their necks, and they all wept together in concert for a longer space than we dare record.

In this climax of love and sorrow and joy, none of the three were aware, for some short time after the arrival, that a fourth person, apparently just entering from a journey, stood a surprised and then much moved spectator of the scene!

"Frederick!" at last said a voice, whose accents, tremulous with grief and agitation, were not and could not be forgotten by the grateful youth. "Frederick Graham! have you returned to witness the ruin my rash advice, and your uncle's still rasher spirit of speculation, has occasioned to this darling child! Yes, yes, I have ruined the child of my generous patron!—the best and kindest of men, as she is of women!"

"Ah, dearest Frederick!" said Caroline, disengaging herself from his arms, with an expression of happiness that positively irradiated her fair visage, "I forgot to tell you that, so far as regards money affairs, I am almost a beggar! I have lost all by unfortunate speculation."

"So much the better! They will not easily persuade you then again, dearest, that Frederick Graham loved his Caroline for her money," said our hero, with an answering look of delight in an announce, ment that might have been thought so disastrous. But I forgot, dearest, also to tell you, I have returned to England worth three millions, and probably nearly a quarter of one besides, in gold and other precious effects! I should imagine my uncle's imprudence will hardly avail to effect this ruin if I present myself at the Bank of England and ask them to cash me five or six dozen bars of Sultan Avery's fine gold! What has happened, Mr. Purday, and how much is necessary to put all right again?"

"You should not make a jest of our misfortunes, Frederick! And do not, alas! imagine that I am jesting on the subject!" replied Mr. Purday, in sorrowful and rebuking accents. "I have just arrived

from London, where I left Mr. Walter Graham and the other directors of the Joint Stock Bank, in the utmost consternation. The great railway bubble has just broken, and as they have invested the greater portion of their capital in certain great lines, it is impossible to realize in time to meet the effects of the panic, and the certain run which will be made upon the bank in a few days! I do not deny that the investments are made with great judgment in other respects, and that in the end our lines must pay. But meanwhile ruin is at hand! More especially as Sir Richard Graham's people happen to have become possessed of some securities of ours to a heavy extent, which are due in forty-eight hours! You are aware that no mercy is to be expected in that quarter."

"None need be asked, I repeat! But let us enter an apartment where I can explain myself more fully! You shall see, Mr. Purday, that the orphan boy you were always so kind to is not destitute of gratitude. My Caroline no longer doubts my love!"

For some time Caroline's good old guardian could not persuade himself but that he was listening to an account of a dream of extraordinary splendor, when Frederick related his discovery of the treasures of Sultan Avery. But our hero's now calm and rational tone—a box of precious stones which he produced—the chest of ingots which he declared to be in his travelling carriage—everything supported the wonderful tale.

The only fear was at last that succor might arrive too late! Forty-eight hours was a short time, but as Captain Avery must now have arrived with his rich freight at Portsmouth, whence he was to proceed with it directly to London, it seemed yet possible to effect the object.

Old Purday, still hale and hearty as ever, volunteered, in spite of his recent fatigue, to proceed at once to Portsmouth, and hasten the arrival of a portion of the treasure to the rescue.

Frederick felt that he could not deny himself the bliss of being with Caroline for a brief space after their re-union. He therefore yielded to the sturdy old gentleman's desire, and wrote a letter, entrusted to his delivery, to Captain Avery. He explained the circumstances in which he found himself, and requested him to credit the bearer of the letter with precious metal to about the estimated value of a hundred thousand pounds. This sum, Purday declared would be more than sufficient to sustain any demands that might be made on the bank, and enable it to maintain its credit and position against every assault.

Purday departed with extreme satisfaction on his errand, and the lovers were left to a few happy hours of uninterrupted communion and confidence.

Even Julia Rushton felt that she should be *de trop* in the society of her beloved and cherishing friends for some interval.

So exquisitely did the minutes pass that, kind and thoughtful as he usually was, Frederick forgot all about Mary Rourke, Malvina, and the Warden's Arms, for a considerable period. But he remembered at last; and, after relating the story of the younger female, Caroline Sidney immediately offered to receive her into her protection, as well as Mary Rourke.

"I am heiress of Charlton again, you know, dearest Frederick," she exclaimed, "and can afford to follow the bias of my own heart, and succor the unfortunate! And the victims, purposed or actual, of my atrocious cousin, have the claims upon me of *his* relationship!"

The lovers smiled with inexpressible affection and happiness in each other's beaming faces. And if Frederick pressed his betrothed again to his worshipping heart, and seemed as if he would never suffer her again to part from it, his historian is not the one to reprimand him, considering how pure was the passionate tenderness that fond embrace indulged!

Mary Rourke and Malvina were sent for in a message which speedily brought good old Mrs. Price to Charlton in their company.

It was arranged how best to bring the fact of Frederick's return to the cognizance of old Matthew; and after a long and tearful interview, the kind old woman returned in the light of joy to her home, though it was dark now externally.

The rest of the day, and a good part of the night, too, was devoted to an interchange of narratives, and mutual enlightenment among all the parties assembled, who needed so much to enable them to discern all the mazes of the intrigues in which they had been involved.

And Desdemona never listened to her hero's detail of his wild and wondrous adventure, with half the ardor of attention and sympathy devoted by Caroline Sidney to her lover's tale. We have no

need to repeat it, but we may gather a few gleanings of news concerning other minor persons of the drama, whom we have lost sight of for a time.

The Pophlys, it appeared, resided at the vicarage, and were no longer on even speaking terms with Miss Sidney. Mrs. Pophly had herself quarrelled so violently with her son, on his misconduct, that they had long ceased to have any friendly intercourse, and she had refused to lend him any further aid in his embarrassments. But she persisted in imputing all his misfortunes and "wildness," as she called it, to Caroline's rejection, and wearied her so incessantly on the subject that, in self-defense, the young lady finally refused to hear any more about it in terms that produced a lasting alienation between them.

The Reverend Theodosius was still in the flesh, but not much at his ease in it. He had eaten and drunk himself to an enormous corpulency, and suffered almost as much physically from the gout, as morally from his wife's temper and his son's delinquencies.

But what was really curious and unexpected was to be found in the fortunes of the Mendal family.

Old Mrs. Mendal was dead—and there was nothing surprising in that. The two younger Misses Mendal were gone to London and resided there together.

"Though I'm sure they have even a worse chance of a husband in town than in Brook!" said Julia, maliciously—and there was nothing out of the way either in the fact or the comment. The surprising news was that the haughty Euphemia Mendal had actually condescended so far as to marry Reuben Shanks, the ex-waiter at the Warden's Arms! And he and she continued to head a considerable body of seceders from the parish church, who had formed themselves into a religious society in the village.

"And they lead a terrible cat and dog life, nevertheless," said Julia, laughing, "For they even say he beats her! And he wants his wife to dispose of her annuity and go with him to America to join the Latter Day Saints—or Mormons, as they begin to be called—and she won't! Wisely, I should say!" Frederick had never heard of the sect at that time, and could give no opinion. But he could laugh at anything or nothing that day—and laugh he did very heartily.

And now, when they could all compare notes, the whole mystery of the Pophly's and Leppard's intrigues came out in its true light. The scene between Mary Rourke, and Frederick, witnessed by Caroline and Julia from the summer-house, was itself explained, and in turn explained the heiress's seeming harsh inconstancy—the dismissal which had driven her lover to despair. The latter produced all his documents in evidence, and Mary Rourke was there to piece out the sorrowful legend, and supply whatever was needed to elucidate the connexion of events.

Frederick was glad, when he came to hear the true story of the adventure at the Black Mill, that he had not yielded to any temptation to a compromise with the detestable hero of that perilous scene.

But the gentle Caroline was sincerely sorry for calamities that had overtaken even her unkind aunt, and she thanked Frederick so as only she could thank him for his generous forbearance towards his defeated enemy. How that was we leave it to the ladies to determine.

CHAPTER LIX.

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O, misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us while we strut
To our confusion! SHAKESPEARE.

Our hero was too restless with the sense of his restored happiness to avail himself even of the short period which remained of the night after the long confabulation touched upon above. He rose very early; but learning that his beloved was in a sweet slumber, from the exhaustion doubtless of the previous happy tumult of feeling, he took the opportunity to walk to Brook to make himself known to his foster-sire.

True to the early habits of his life, he found old Price already in his accustomed seat in the parlor, tranquilly breakfasting on bread and milk, to which his faithful helpmate was assisting him with a spoon.

Frederick no longer wore any kind of disguise, and he entered the inn as much as possible with his former boyish vivacity of step, exclaiming, in the old familiar tones, "Good morning, dad!—any commissions for the Charlton Galloper?"

So the old man had once taken a fancy to nickname him, from the rapidity of his movements in

that direction, after Frederick discovered his life's star under the roof of the old mansion.

"Mother, mother! our boy—our Frederick—is come back again!" almost shrieked the poor old man, rising with an alacrity to which his aged limbs had been long unaccustomed. "Bless you, my boy! son of my house and heart!" he continued, falling on the young man's neck. "Bless you! I've left you everything I possess after the old woman's death—and the punchbowl—ah, you will soon have them! I can't last much longer, but I thank my God who has allowed me to see you yet again before I depart!"

He had not spoken so many words together for years. But the poor old man could not retain the grasp of his restored faculties, and very shortly after he began to speak to Frederick just as if he had never been absent—as if he was still a clerk at Mr. Purday's paper mill. But yet with a vague sense of something having happened sorrowful, for the tears continued to stream down his furrowed cheeks.

The young man humored the wandering of his old protector's ideas with the utmost reverence and patience, and after a while the latter dropped into a kind of waking slumber. His eyes were open, but he seemed buried in some profound recesses of memory that rendered their sense of external objects very dim, if any at all.

Mrs. Price took the occasion to whisper to our hero that she had some news for him. Her manner announced something solemn, and Frederick followed her into the passage with a thrill of dread. When we poor mortals are happy, we fear the breath of change!

"There's a sad thing happened at the vicarage, Fred, last night, after I came back," said Mrs. Price. "The news of your return soon spread over the whole village, you may think, and Mrs. Pophly went nearly wild they tell me, at the reports that flew about, as if the winds carried them. So she sent for me to know the truth, and I went, and I told it all as quietly as I could, but I could see how it struck her to the very heart. So she called you and me and all of us liars and cheats, and vowed we were all in a conspiracy to destroy her poor son's character, and bring him to a shameful end! And she flew at her husband, and called him a paricide, and dreadful names of that sort, because at the time of the murder he had prayed openly in the church that the murderer might be brought to justice! Poor man! he sat and trembled, and said nothing, but she insisted that he should instantly make out a warrant, and raise a posse of the villagers to arrest you for the murder instead of her son. But he wouldn't answer a word, nor do as she told him, for once in his life. And indeed none of the people about here would have lent hand in such an injustice! And so she worked herself into such a passion that at last she fell down in a fit of the palsy!"

"Poor woman!—I hope she is not dead?" said Frederick, with sincere compassion.

"No; she was bled, and has come to her senses again this morning, but Dr. Chambers says she will never recover the use of her right side, and limbs, he fears! And if she has another fit——"

"Go and console her," interrupted Frederick, eagerly, "with the assurance that I believe her son is in safety—that I myself witnessed his escape—permitted it—aided in it! Augustus's unhappy wife is also here, who will confirm what I say!"

Mrs. Price hastened to the vicarage at once on this benevolent errand, and Frederick was about to retrace his way to Charlton, when he perceived the village postman arrive in Brook with letters and packages. He stopped to see if there were any for him.

There were two letters, and the postman at the same time recognizing him, called his attention to a newspaper speculation it appeared he had embarked in on that occasion. He had a bundle of morning papers, containing a full account of the extraordinary disclosures before the Portsmouth magistrate relating to the Brook murder!

Frederick gave a sovereign for his copy, and read his letters as he returned to Charlton.

The handwriting of one he knew very well, and read it accordingly first. It was from Avery, announcing that he had landed the treasures much sooner than he expected, and should have arrived, he hoped, safely at the Mint with them before Frederick could receive that notification.

Our returned exile perceived with inexpressible disappointment and concern that it was extremely likely Mr. Purday had missed the captain, and that there was no resource but for himself to hasten at once to town in order to save his uncle's tottering firm.

Frederick had little cause to cherish the vindictive old man, but he could not forget Sir Richard was his father's father. Motives of common humanity would, besides, have sufficed to enlist him to his protection.

He had resolved, for the sake of his mother's fair fame, and as a justice he owed to Caroline and his possible posterity, to compel Sir Richard to acknowledge him as the legitimate son of Captain Graham. But he had equally determined to refuse all share of that so meanly withheld and coveted wealth for his own part, and to suffer the inheritance to descend on the child whom he imagined to be the real issue of Sir Richard's unhappy union.

But all this was changed. And he felt fired with a natural indignation at the prospect of the base-born descendant of his treacherous enemy ousting the lawful heirs of his grandfather in so shameful and unprecedented a manner.

He could perceive that Augustus had fled in the first instance to London, hoping to precede the tidings of his exposure, and to procure a companion to his flight in the object of his depraved preference. Or, perhaps, chiefly to secure a share in the plunder which she would probably have taken care to load herself with on her departure.

He had failed in this object through the superior avarice and rapacity of his accomplice. But Frederick shuddered in every nerve when he thought he had, perhaps, secured her dreadful fidelity by implication in a crime that would reduce her to his own level as an assassin, keep her in danger of his revelations, and consequently bound to him by ties of interest as well as of the unhallowed passion in which it appeared she was enthralled.

It was a grievous thing to have to part so soon with his beautiful and loving Caroline, so lately restored to his arms. But the call of duty was imperative. He placed in her hands the missives which he felt summoned him to the metropolis; and after she had read the latter one, with the horror and dismay natural to a spirit so pure and exalted—

"Yes, dear Frederick," she murmured; "I know what you are about to say! It is quite right! Do not lose a moment on your departure! I will break the tidings to Mary Rourke when you are gone; but, my own dear chosen husband!" she added, with a beautiful blush, "I have surely a right to be anxious, too, about the result of your interposition in favor of your uncle's bank—and will you be very angry if I follow you almost directly to town?"

It was not likely Frederick should be, we suppose, but Frederick did not say so in words.

It was arranged he should take his departure immediately after the morning meal, leaving the task of communicating the news that rendered it so imperative to Caroline, when he was gone.

She promised Mary Rourke and Malvina should accompany herself and Miss Rushton to London, in order that they might be at hand to aid in the final elucidation of the remaining mystery. Malvina was to lose no time on her arrival in hastening to pay her father the visit he had requested, in which he promised to divulge who was her other parent, and where she was to be found.

The postchaise was brought from Brook; and after a tender parting within the mansion, Caroline and Julia Rushton escorted Frederick to the flight of steps before it.

Our hero had taken three several additional farewells of his beloved, and was at last putting his foot on the step of the carriage, when a gentleman, rode up on horseback, and uttered his name with an exclamation, at the same time gracefully saluting the ladies.

"What a handsome, spirited-looking fellow!" thought Julia Rushton, as she glanced at him.

"What, Trewavas!—as usual, come at the very moment I was in need of you!"

CHAPTER LX.

Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false.

MILTON.

THE day that was to crown so long a series of intrigues, and complete the triumph of Lady Graham over her husband's family, arrived.

The baronet himself, now in the last stage of a malady which mental disquiet and intemperance contributed, more than any strictly physical abuse, to render mortal, was compelled on the occasion to undergo extraordinary exertion.

He usually lay in bed for some days together, without his affectionate wife troubling herself much on the subject. He had lain so now for several weeks; but she did not judge it proper Sir Richard should make his last testament in a state of such

apparent prostration. He was, therefore, requested by her to rise, and receive the lawyers in the principal saloon, that no cavil might afterwards be raised as to his being in a fit and proper mental condition to do as he was required, and perfectly master of his own house and actions.

Sir Richard had in his turn learned to obey his consort, and with a more inert submission and helplessness than ever he had exacted from her, or even from his unhappy first wife. But he showed a sullenness of assent on this occasion that ought to have struck Lady Graham as singular. But she was too much occupied in her own plans and purposes.

The poor bloated and diseased old man arose, and was dressed by Mrs. Wildgoose and Orlando with difficulty, laboring the whole time for breath, and complaining of the violent beating of his heart, which compelled him frequently to pause and gasp for breath. He was evidently laboring under internal excitement of a dangerous character for a man in such a condition. Two or three glasses of strong brandy and water had to be swallowed before the miserable trembling of the baronet's nerves and shattered framework in general could be allayed.

Sir Richard's toilette was made a good deal more tedious than that of a professed beauty's for a ball, where she expects to complete half a dozen conquests. But it was completed at last, and he desired Orlando to go and make everything ready for his reception in the principal drawing-room, and inform Lady Graham that he was dressed. He then sunk into an arm chair in a deep swoon, from which Mrs. Wildgoose had some difficulty in reviving him.

"Poor old gent!" mused Orlando, as he retired;

"he's in a bad way! Of course I don't wish him to die personally, but how shall I ever come to my own elevation if he don't?"

"Come now, sir, but this will never do!" said Mrs. Wildgoose, with playful reproof, as the poor old gentleman came to himself, after a struggle akin to the last one between life and death; "this will never, never, never do!" Didn't you promise me to keep up your courage? I'll beat my life your good grandson comes, if the letters find him where I expect he is—and you, too, think it so likely he would go the first."

"But haven't you betrayed me, Fanilda?—haven't you, now?" gasped the unhappy old man. "I feel all so bad about the heart, as if she had given me that villain's stuff already!"

"Nobody has given you the least drop of anything, sir, but myself—or shall, while I can stir hand or foot to hinder! And I'm willing to take the half of anything ever I give you, Sir Richard!—no one could say fairer, could they?"

"Last night she told me she had been to a great doctor about her own spasms—(she says she is almost as bad as I am with them at times!)—and he recommended a prescription to her that did her a deal of good! And she wanted me to begin taking a few drops of it too, Fanilda!" muttered the baronet, shuddering all over convulsively.

"But you weren't so jolly green, were you? I should think not, after the warning you have had, Sir Richard!" replied Mrs. Wildgoose, patronizingly.

"Oh Wildgoose! to think of poisoning me, after all I have done for her, and for that miserable scoundrel's sake! It hurts me worse than if she had done it, to think of that!" groaned the poor old man.



Cafe, at KARASU-BAZAR.

"Lord, sir, don't take on so! I don't know it's the case! I've only my own suspicions, which I thought, as a faithful servant, I ought to put you up to!"

"Ay, ay!"

"I don't presume, of course, to remind you of what I've done on that account," but as my splitting will quite ruin me with her ladyship when it comes out, I hope you will be so good, sir, as to bear me a little in mind when you make your will to-day!" pursued the ever thoughtful Wildgoose.

"I won't forget you. I'll try and remember, I mean, Wildgoose! But what will become of me when she finds out what I am going to do, if he don't come?" said Sir Richard, with a helpless glance at his attendant.

"I'll stand by you, sir, and you shall come to no damage, unless they make up their minds to smother us both with the feather bed, like the two young princes in the tower!" said Mrs. Wildgoose, with an agreeable sprightliness, that wanted only suitability of time and place to be very appropriate. "But if you're so afraid, sir, she continued, "hadn't I better send on the sly to Mr. Walter to slip over and see fair play!"

"What, Walter! Walter! who has brought me into the power of this dreadful woman, by concealing that I had an heir whom I could cherish provided!—Walter! who has brought so much trouble and ill fame upon the poor boy himself, by the base attempt to oust him from his inheritance! No; Walter shall never come nigh me while I live; and if he dares to approach my very grave, I renew the curse I formerly pronounced upon him, and which has brought him and his to ruin!"

How strongly did vindictive passion yet work in that poor mortal creature's grief-swollen and diseased heart! Diseased in great measure by the canker of a ravening and revengeful temperament!

"Pray don't work yourself up so, sir! It's of the greatest consequence you should keep yourself quiet just now!" said Mrs. Wildgoose, much alarmed at the excessive agitation and violence with which Sir Richard uttered the words.

"Ay, till my will's made!" returned the baronet, with a bitter smile. "Well, no matter! All I ask of you, Fanilda, is, that you will not let me die without telling me the whole truth about this woman who is called Lady Graham! I think—I am sure—that you know it all!"

"No, I won't sir. As soon as ever I can do it safely! But what need you talk of dying? I never saw you look jollier in my life! With such a color! Why you look like a pickled cabbage in the face!"

"What a rogue Blackader turned out to be! And I can't satisfy myself but that he was all along at the bottom of it all!" muttered Sir Richard, heedless of the compliment.

"Take my word for it, he was, sir! I can tell you that much, at all events!" replied the confederate.

"Good heavens! to have been the fool—the toy—the puppet—of my own servant! One who was not content with being that, but seemed anxious to prove himself my very slave, soul and body! But you must have been pretty deep in the plot yourself, Fanilda!—Eh?" groaned the baronet.

"Whatever I did was always with the best intentions, sir, as I trust to let you see before the day is out!" replied the worthy woman, with the energy of conscious rectitude.

"Yes, yes; I don't doubt that!—not at all, not at all!" said Sir Richard; but an expression passed over his bloated features, as he spoke, rather at variance with his words. Well, well," he continued, after a pause, "read me over again the report of the poor injured boy's statements before the Portsmouth magistrates! I'll bind him only to one thing—that he hangs this black scoundrel, who has played such a devil's part to both of us, and all I have shall be his!"

"Why, sir, you wouldn't like quite to disinherit your own son, Master Fortunatus, would you?" said the woman, in some surprise.

"Is he my son?" returned the old man, staring fixedly at her.

"Why should you think otherwise, sir?" returned Mrs. Wildgoose, in her playful way.

"Where is he? Let me show you his wicked little withered face, and I will prove to you, line by line, that Augustus Popphy's evil image is stamped upon it!"

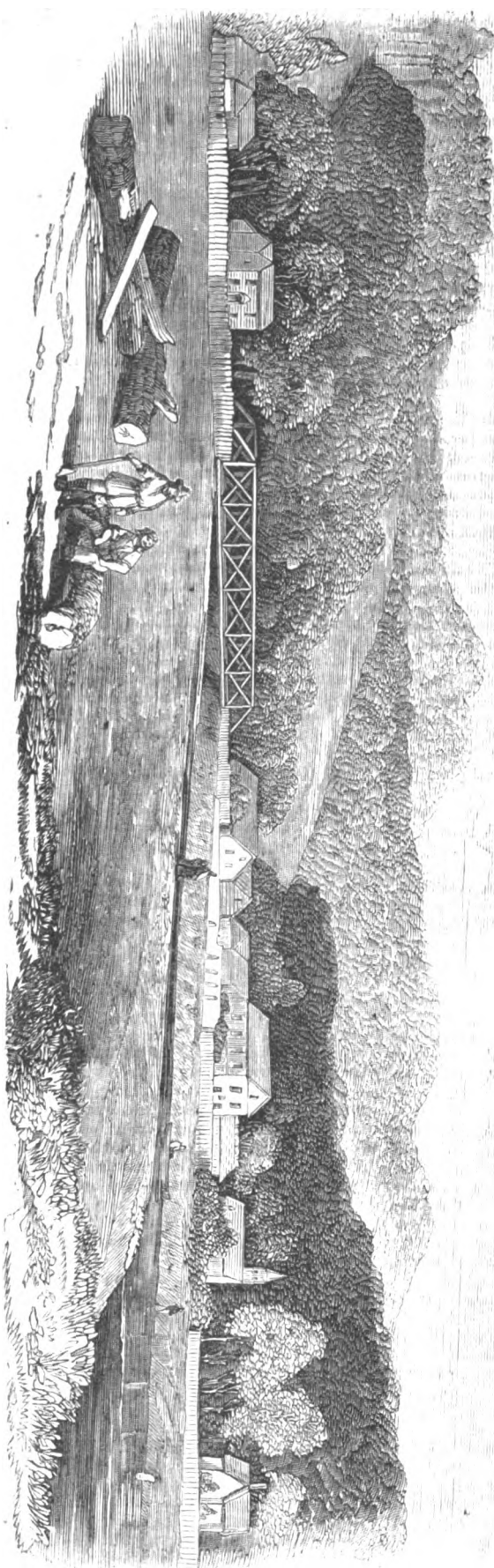
"Oh dear me, no, Sir Richard! You can't do that—not at all! I own I don't think he is your boy, but I am sure he is not Mr. Popphy's! His mother was a very wicked young woman, and inveigled both the young fellows by her naughty arts, but——"

"Am I gone mad—or are you?" interrupted Sir Richard!

"Oh, I don't mean Lady Graham, sir! She isn't his mother at all! I know that, and I ought to know! Mary Rourke was no madwoman in what she gave out, after all! Her ladyship forced me to

astonishment. "Well, Wildgoose, well! you did quite right! Such an old fool as I was ought to have been fooled to such a wonderful excess! But mark you! I don't believe at all that this malignant little ape is Frederick's son! He is too like the handsome captain! And as you say, the girl

THE HITT RIVER AND BRIDGE, NEW ZEALAND.



steal a child for you, as you seemed so anxious on the subject, and I thought, in that case, the best thing I could do would be to introduce your own flesh and blood, as it were, into the house, in the person of your grandson's poor little deserted infant!"

"Oh!—oh!—that was how you managed it, was it?" said Sir Richard, after a considerable pause of

was not mad I can believe now what she swore to me—that Frederick never was anything to her save a kind and tender-hearted adviser and friend!"

After this, the baronet sunk for some time into a profound reverie.

"But I dare not—I dare not!" he then muttered audibly. "Don't you think, Fanilda!" he con-

tinued, shaking with a palsy of fear, "if I disappear, she will murder me!"

"Much likelier she will, if you don't!" returned the counsellor. "Didn't I tell you about the phial Captain Popply brought in, and the whispering in the dressing room! And now, sir, don't you see, if you don't make your will in her favor, she won't have any reason for putting herself in jeopardy that way?"

"Right, right! I'll convince her then that it will not be worth her while to poison me!" said the poor old man, with a hysterical laugh and a burst of tears. "But yet I do feel so faint and sinking here, Wildgoose, you have no notion! Mix me another little drop—and, as you say, take the half of it yourself! It will do you good!"

"Well, sir, I must say I do feel uncommonly hippish myself, this morning!"—And you might have knocked me down with a feather if you had met me on the way, as I was going with a letter to Mr. Frederick out of the house yesterday morning, and she came out to see what was on the move!"

The means of inebriation were always plentifully supplied in Sir Richard's apartment. Lady Graham herself carefully refilled his brandy bottle whenever it ran a little low—which was frequently the case. She affected to believe her husband's whimpering pleas, that brandy was good for his malady. And so it was!—in the sense of hastening it on to its catastrophe!

Mrs. Wildgoose had therefore no difficulty in preparing the required renovation; and, dispensing with a good deal of the ceremonial respect Sir Richard was wont to exact, by her own permission, she seated herself before him, and partook of his brimming tumbler, gulp for gulp, to the last drop.

Both felt much comforted and strengthened for their work by this computation.

"Go and bring the changeling down," said Sir Richard. "The sight of his hateful little visage will strengthen me to anything!"

Mrs. Wildgoose, however, protested against the epithet. "He's a sweet little creature, Sir Richard, and very like the family! You'll see Mr. Frederick won't scout it when he comes. He'll acknowledge his own, bad as the mother has proved herself since."

But she obeyed the command, and speedily an eldritch screeching, and other tokens of infantine struggle and reluctance, announced that Master Fortunatus was descending from his usual place of confinement very much against his will.

The imp was too much accustomed to be treated with neglect, and not seldom even with asperity, in the presence of its supposed parents, not to be reluctant to enter it.

Even his resemblance to Augustus was far from giving him any attraction in the eyes of the guilty woman who affected the nearest of relationships to Fortunatus. It was a mocking, goblin kind of likeness, that was at once accusatory and disgusting to her, and it very properly contributed to make the little wretch a constant and hideously irksome portion of her punishment.

To Sir Richard, that clear and yet distorted and elusive image, stamped in his heir's features and character, was a perpetual and unmitigated source of anguish and suspicion.

The child continued to struggle violently and scream until it was borne into Sir Richard's presence, when it suddenly grew quiet. Then it might have been observed peering, like a little rat out of a hole, round the room, as if in search of some fearful object. Not finding what Fortunatus most dreaded—his pseudo-mother—he renewed his efforts to escape.

Mrs. Wildgoose resisted them, but all of a start let the vicious little creature fall.

"It has driven a pin right into my neck, Sir Richard!" she exclaimed.

"Let me go! let me go! I won't see papa; I don't like papa! He beats me! I'll put it into your eye if you don't let me go!" screeched the child.

"Is not that said and done like the true son of the murderer of old Brice?" said Sir Richard.

"Upon my word I do think it is! I do believe the little monster is Captain Popply's son, and nobody else's!" exclaimed Fanilda, smarting under the pain of her pin thrust. "Come here, you bad little wretch, you, and I'll make a hash of you alive!"

The child ran screaming into a corner, where it threw itself down, and began kicking and bellowing quite distractedly.

"Hush! here she comes!" said Sir Richard, and Lady Graham entered the apartment.

"How constantly you are tormenting that child, Sir Richard!" said the once submissive personage, in a tone of irritated supremacy. "Really, the neighbors must wonder at you, and think you don't

behave yourself at all like a father! But I own it is the most vicious little senseless brute in creation, and the misery of the whole house. What will become of everything if you do not leave it all out of such a strange imp's power, Sir Richard?"

"I have made up my mind on that point, you know, Lady Graham," replied the baronet, with apparent humility. And yet I am sure, from the screams I hear whenever you visit the nursery, people might think you are as little his mother as I am his father!"

"As you behave yourself like one, you mean, Sir Richard!" replied her ladyship, with a piercing glance of wonder and suspicion.

"Are the lawyers arrived?" said Sir Richard, quaking in every limb.

"Mr. Glanvil is in the drawing-room, where you ought to have been before now," said her ladyship, imperiously. "Come along, sir; I'll lend you my arm! Mrs. Wildgoose, pray look to that horrid little monkey, meanwhile!—He is our only child, Sir Richard, after all; and all we do is for his good!"

"No, I'll go down alone. I'll let every one see that what I do I do of my own free will and judgment. And I am not in reality so very ill, Susanah—I shall live this many a day yet, if I am let alone!"

And with those remarkable words Sir Richard tottered out of the bedroom.

"Imprudent!" thought Fanilda.

"Whatever can be Sir Richard's meaning?" said Lady Graham, turning very pale. "And pray, Mrs. Wildgoose," she added, turning abruptly to the head nurse, "be so good as to inform me what was the meaning of those words I overheard as I came into the room, in which Captain Popply's name was mentioned?"

"Sir Richard was remarking how extremely like that gentleman his son is, madam!" replied Mrs. Wildgoose, with calm audacity, and in purposely equivocal phrase.

"Really, Mrs. Wildgoose, I am convinced you must do something to keep alive the old fool's suspicions, in spite of all my endeavors to put them to rest on the absurd notion you allude to!" said Lady Graham, with considerable vehemence.

"Is it such an absurd notion, though? I am not so sure of that, my lady!" returned the abigail, undauntedly.

"One would think you imitated your patient, Mrs. Wildgoose, and made it a point to be tipsy every day before noon!" said Lady Graham.

"Well, I darsay what we take's as good for the brain as POPPLY'S MIXTURE, any hour of the day!" returned the attendant.

Lady Graham flushed—but not red; a livid hue overspread her complexion.

"Certainly Captain Popply recommended a mixture to me, which—"

"Scheele's strength?—or a little stronger?" interrupted the audacious servitrix.

Lady Graham made no reply for several instants, during which she gazed in wonder and scrutiny at the unquailing Fanilda.

"My dear Wildgoose," she then said, very kindly and gently—"why on earth do you go on so at me, when you know that the moment I have it in my power, I intend to fulfil all my promises, and more than fulfil them! And two thousand pounds is not a trifling sum, after the losses our firm has sustained from Blackader's embezzlements!"

"It's my belief you gave him his opportunities purely to enable you to work his own ruin!" replied the uncajoled Fanilda. "And as to what you intend to do for me when master's gone, I have no doubt it is about on a par with the way you have served him out for helping you! Pray who was it that said to you, not two days ago—"My dear boy, I hate her as much as you possibly can, but I cannot safely defy her until Sir Richard's fairly gone, and things altogether in my hands!"

Lady Graham was visibly astonished.

"My dear girl, you quite mistake!" she replied at last; "I may have said some nonsense of the kind to quiet Popply, who has taken an unaccountable antipathy to you! But I have no real notion of anything of the sort, and you shall have your two thousand pounds, and buy your Orlando with them, the very first moment I can dispose of so large a sum without being called to account!"

"You have disposed of much larger, my Lady Graham, without being afraid of the reckoning, to supply the extravagance of a man who, if you were a gold mine, would spend you in a fortnight!" returned Fanilda. "And as to the fellow you mention, I scorn the idea of him! You're welcome to him yourself, with all my heart, for it is on your ladyship that he has fixed his affections!—Ha, ha, ha!"

But Mrs. Wildgoose only gave a hollow stage laugh.

"On me!" exclaimed Lady Graham.

"On you! And he seems to make certain that as soon as you are a widow, and can give way to your inclinations, you will take him, and leave poor despised me in the lurch!"

"If this is not raving, it is something very like it!" commented her ladyship. "But I will soon put a stop to such extraordinary fooling as this—and cure you of your jealousy, I should imagine, Mrs. Wildgoose!"

She rang the bell violently.

"Mrs. Wildgoose, forsooth!" repeated that lady, in mocking tones. "I wonder how long ago it is that you were glad to call me 'Dear Fanilda,' and thanked me as only one pauper can thank another for a kindness!"

Orlando answered the summons with astonishing rapidity. Nothing could exceed the zeal and alacrity of his service of late!

"What is the meaning of your behaviour, fellow?" said his mistress, in a manner by no means encouraging to his mounting hopes. "I ring and ring my bell for half an hour constantly, without your paying the slightest attention to it! I shall not endure this sort of inattention and insolence any longer! My health suffers by it! I will not and can't endure it!"

"I am sure, my lady, I never hear the least tinkle of your bell but I flies to it in obedience!" said poor Orlando, taken extremely aback.

"And contradict me with such audacity to my very face!—In short, I am completely tired of this!" said Lady Graham—"so get your boxes packed up in the course of the day, fellow, and be in readiness to go this evening, when I will pay you your wages, and a month's over in the bargain; but I will no longer be annoyed by the sight of you and your dilatory ways!"

Orlando became such a petrification of surprise and grief, as his mistress uttered these unkind words of dismissal, that Fanilda could not help bursting into a hoarse laugh.

"Well, Master Turn-up Nose! This don't look very much as if her la'ship were so distractingly in love with you as you imagine!" jeered she.

"Oh, my goodness, I see how it is!" whimpered poor Orlando. "She has been taking away my character with your ladyship merely because I was obliged to tell her at last plainly I didn't want anything to do with her, and wouldn't have lifted her out of the dirt she belongs to with the longest pair of tongs ever was manufactur'd!"

"No, because you are in love with her ladyship herself, and you give it out openly before all the servants that you expect she'll marry you when master cuts his lucky!" retorted Fanilda.

"And didn't you put me up to it, you horrid gipsy woman, you, with your peer-dictions and prophecies, when you come first?" said Orlando, turning in dismay from his lady's vengeful glance.

"Well, then, I'll put you down to something nigher the truth, Mr. George!" said she. "After such a confession, I won't suffer you in this house another hour, let alone a day! So now go and make your packings at once, and come to me within that time for your money!"

"Then all I hope and pray for, Mrs. Wildgoose, is, that as you came to this house with rabbit skins, you may leave it to turn cat skinner!" exclaimed the desperate lacquey.

"Compliments pass when gentlefolks part, it seems, also, though you ain't quite a regular baronet yet, to be sure," mocked Fanilda.

"I would rather marry Maunders, the cook, than such a tyrannical, scolding hag as you've always shown yourself to be!" retaliated Orlando, giving way to his feelings.

"You have my blessing on your union, and my lady's too, I don't doubt!" retorted Fanilda.

There was a knock at the door at this instant. Rather a timorous, low toned rap—a suppliant rap, it seemed.

"I'll open it—Othello's occupation's gone!" said Fanilda, suddenly startled into recollection of her own engagements.

"No; let Orlando! And say we are all out, sir! And remember it is the last order I shall ever give you," said her ladyship, detaining her former accomplice with some exercise of nervous energy. "Fanilda, I want to speak with you!"

Orlando made his exit with a glance of execration at his enemy, and the indignation of love despised at his former honored lady.

"Let me go, Maria!—what do you want?" clamored Fanilda.

"Only this! I see you are in possession of all my secrets, my dear woman, and I will give you a

bond of three thousand pounds if you will only remain faithful to me to the end!"

"But how can I trust to any promises you can make? Promises are regular pie crust in this house," returned Wildgoose, pausing, and indeed rather staggered with the magnitude of the bribe.

"I will write a full confession of who I am, and what I am, and all I have done, only to be redeemed by the payment of three thousand pounds, dear Fanilda!—in my own handwriting! Though it is almost a similar act of folly to that committed by my poor Augustus with the American, and which brought us both to the brink of discovery and ruin, in attempting to retrieve the consequences with Sir Richard's money!"

"Well there might be some dependance on that," said Mrs. Wildgoose, after a slight pause, thinking, at all events, such a document would be a desirable piece of evidence. "But mind, I will have nothing to do with any *cordial drops*—and I insist on your giving me up the phial!"

"I haven't got it, Fanilda; it is in my dressing room, among my scent bottles!" said her ladyship.

"However, if *that's* agreed on," returned Mrs. Wildgoose, "I am willing; so now let us do the business in the manner you mention!"

Writing materials were at hand, with which the vile woman hastened to re-secure, as she imagined, the wavering fidelity of her accomplice.

This transaction was approaching a satisfactory close, when of a sudden both parties were started by distinguishing voices raised to a very high pitch in the saloon below. And one of them was undoubtedly that of Sir Richard Graham.

"Never, never, never! You have brought this ruin on your own head as well as on mine, and I will not wag my little finger to save you and all your Beltons from destruction!"

"Pardon me, sir, if despair has made me forget for a moment you are my father! But my poor wife!—my poor children!—for their sake!" The rest was lost in Sir Richard's thundering reply.

"Don't tell me of your wife!—of your children, sir! You have made me the husband of the vilest of the sex—the pretended father of an adulterous changeling!"

"I, sir!"

Every one of these words, pronounced in the highest tones of passion, was distinctly audible in the room where Lady Graham and her attendant listened.

"Good heavens, what is this!" exclaimed the former, and rang the bell with frantic energy.

Orlando coolly called out from the bottom of the stairs, where he had stationed himself on duty at the keyhole of the saloon, "Hullo! am I to answer that there ring, or am I not?"

"Who is in the drawing room with Sir Richard?"

"Mr. Walter Graham, his son. I've just let him in. And who had a better right, my lady?"

"I'll soon let you all see!" screamed Lady Graham. "Fanilda, shut up that mischievous monkey mannikin in my dressing room; and bring me down the phial in your pocket. He can't surely have made a will against me yet. And when he sees me he will not dare to dream of driving me to desperation by so maddening a disappointment!"

And she dashed out of the chamber, leaving Mrs. Wildgoose to execute her orders at her leisure.

CHAPTER LXI.

That ends this strange eventful history.

Last scene of all

SHAKESPEARE.

LADY GRAHAM arrived on the scene of action at a moment when her presence on her own behalf was very advisable, certainly!

"Don't pray!—don't wring your hands!—don't beseech to me! Whatever the creditor who has the least cause of every other to spare you can exact, I will have exacted! Let your children learn what it is to have a father's curse descending upon them! Your example will then furnish both bane and antidote! Out of my sight! All I promise you is—your ruin shall be of no advantage to the crafty woman who has effected it, for I knew nothing of your liabilities to my house until this minute!"

"Sir Richard, are you crazy?" said Lady Graham, stepping into the apartment with dignified composure.

"What do you think, Mr. Glanvil?" said Sir Richard, turning with a lurid, triumphant smile to the lawyer. "Am I of sound and disposing mind, or not?"

"Her ladyship assured me so! But really, Sir Richard—really Lady Graham—it is the most extraordinary scene I ever witnessed!—the most extraordinary will that ever was written!" said the

lawyer, evidently at his wit's end with surprise and consternation.

"You are her own legal adviser—brought by herself to me for the purpose of drawing up my last dispositions! She cannot dispute the honesty of the instrument she has procured for my use! And now, madam, and now you, sir, I will read you my last will and testament, of which I call upon you both to be witnesses whenever necessary, as I will never alter or change it by a single word, if I am stretched on the rack for it! But it shall not be the rack of poison, my kind wife! O my God! my God! was I not committing suicide for you fast enough with that in the bottles you filled for me?"

"Sir Richard!"

"Give me the papers, Mr. Glanvil! They need nothing but my signature, which is here affixed!"

And Sir Richard wrote his name, in his best and clearest business hand.

"No cavil there I think!—no dispute of that handwriting!" he continued, in his tide of passion.

"Well are you all listening? This is what I have done, and I deliver it solemnly to the custody of this gentleman as the last will and testament of me, Richard Graham, baronet! Hearken to the contents!"

And with strange firmness, as if restored by magic to the full use of all his faculties, the injured husband and unrelenting parent read aloud the document.

There was a preamble, reciting, firstly, that he acknowledged himself the lawful father of two sons only: one of whom, Frederick Graham, a captain in the army, was dead. The other was called Walter, and was director of a joint stock bank. And Frederick, he declared, has left an only son, named also Frederick, whom he acknowledged to be his legitimate heir and grandson.

And to this youth, in all the most emphatic and solemn terms of such a document, Sir Richard Graham read that he left his whole property, real and personal, without exception of the smallest article of which it was in his power to dispose.

He accounted for this disavowal of all the other persons who could have any pretensions of relationship to him by declaring that his wife had dishonored him with a villain, whose base born child she had also palmed upon himself as his own issue. And he detailed all his reasons for this assertion—the accusations of Mary Rourke, of Fanilda Wildgoose, and the obvious resemblance of the infant to its true sire.

Walter, he declared, he disinherited for his disobedience in marrying a woman whom he disliked, without his consent, and afterwards intriguing to deprive him of his grandson, and the youth himself of the succession to the title and property due to him as the lawful heir of Captain Frederick Graham.

Lady Graham continued for several minutes after this perusal lost in a paroxysm of rage and amazement, while her husband glared at her in really savage triumph.

But it was the last accusation in his father's will that chiefly affected the kind and now almost broken hearted Walter.

"It wrings my heart a thousand times more cruelly, this accusation, than even the pitiless resolve you announce, of delivering me and my children over to ruin!" he was sobbing, when—

"Lawk-a-mercy, gentlemen! whatever is the matter?" said Mrs. Wildgoose, arriving with the key of the dressing-room dangling on her forefinger.

"Why, Mrs. Wildgoose, this poor old man has gone fairly mad with his constant drunkenness and original dotage!" exclaimed Lady Graham. Mr. Graham, let us make common cause! It is perfectly plain the poor old man has lost his wits! Let us destroy this detestable piece of frenzy in writing, and put him under proper restraint!"

"No, madam, for I do not believe it is so, and since he acknowledges my brother's son as his sole heir, so be it. I am glad Sir Richard has lived to do him, at least, justice so ample; and if this will were entrusted to my custody, I would preserve it as faithfully as if it gave me all," said poor Walter.

"Walter! Walter! I do believe you! Take it! I give it into your care!" exclaimed Sir Richard, driven irresistibly out of his incredulity; "but I have said I never would forgive you for marrying that woman, and I never will. If Frederick is inclined to overlook your wrong to him, and to share the inheritance with you when I am no more, so be it! But that is not in human nature, and you must take your chance."

A pealing knock at the street door now became for the third time audible, hitherto unnoticed amidst the absorption of the immediate action.

"Orlando won't answer it, I suppose. Do you

mean to say the ungrateful old curmudgeon has left me nothing, nor my lady?" exclaimed Fanilda Wildgoose.

"The only legacy mentioned in the will is one of three hundred pounds to a Mrs. Frampton, nurse to the late Lady Graham," said Mr. Glanvil.

"The late Lady Graham! I wish there had never been another!—But no, I don't, since the bad old dotard has served me so!" screamed Mrs. Wildgoose. "Upon my word, I wish I hadn't stood in her way, I do! I wish I had brought you the bottle, Maria!"

"What bottle, woman?" returned Maria, fiercely.

"Oh, come, get down on the pavement again off your stilts. You're plain Maria Maggarel now again, or something about as good. And if you come it so strong much longer, I'll let out all I know about you, from end to end."

"Do!—I defy you!" returned Lady Graham, evidently at bay.

"You promised it, Wildgoose, before I died, and I am very, very, very bad now!" groaned the baronet, who had sunk into his chair from the excitement of his outburst into a condition of visible exhaustion.

A still louder peal at the knocker of the street door now echoed through the mansion.

"Bless my poor head! I had almost forgotten—I have another chance yet for something. I'll bet my right hand that's the young heir himself, Mr. Frederick Graham, the captain's son!"

And Fanilda flew out of the room, at a rate that would have rendered it about as easy to try and stop her as a cannon ball. But no one made any attempt. She returned in a few instants, ushering in a gentleman whose appearance startled universal attention.

"It is my son! It is Frederick Graham, returned to existence from the grave!" exclaimed Sir Richard, rising, and evidently confused and awe stricken as if he indeed beheld a visitant from the other world.

"No, Sir Richard Graham—for so I understand you are called!" said the stranger, with calm hauteur. "But I am that son's son! and I present myself before you only for the purpose of demanding from you the restoration of my father's name! His inheritance I not only do not seek, but relinquish with disdain!"

"I—I—It is not I, young man, who have ever sought to deprive you of your rights as the heir of my first-born. It was all the work and contrivance of your unnatural uncle here!" gasped Sir Richard, laying his hand with a convulsive clutch on his heart.

"But in compliance with your dying father's last request, witnessed in this document, in which he acknowledges and confides you to my protection!" said Walter, drawing a letter in a large envelope from his breast, which he handed over to Frederick.

"It is enough, and I demand no more," said our hero, with haughty feeling. "I sought you, my dearest uncle, to assure you that all the immense wealth I have acquired, in an unparalleled adventure, is entirely at your command, and at that of your firm, if necessary to secure its redemption. And they told me you had gone hither. As for you, sir," he continued, sternly addressing his grandfather, "I am very well aware of the paternal efforts you made to bring me to an unjust doom at the inquest at Charlton. Let it be the only punishment inflicted on your hardness of heart, however, to understand that the infant for whose sake you were willing to sacrifice your son's son is none of yours! This woman has confessed all to me, and will now, I doubt not, in presence of all assembled, confirm what I have said!"

"I will—I do!" said Fanilda, falling on her knees.

And such a full confession she poured forth as left scarcely an article of accusation of all those the groundwork of which the reader may recall, unuttered against the unhappy Lady Graham.

She—even she—actually crouched, as it were, into her shoulders, and hid her face in her hands, as the damning revelations succeeded one another.

Blackader's mistress—a woman subsequently of the most disreputable life—an imposter in so many various ways—a false wife—the relentless Fanilda did not even spare her miserable accomplice the fact of her intentions on her husband's life!

But Lady Graham's courage did not entirely desert her. At least, when Fanilda declared she had always thought the child introduced was the son of Frederick Graham, and our hero, interrupted by vehemently assigning Fortunatus to his real parentage, she seemed to flame up again with unexpected passion and resolution: "It is false—utterly false!" she exclaimed. "He has always denied that vile woman's assertions! And now that she is no more you will find it rather difficult, my good friends, to prove your invectives."

"Mary Rourke no more! I left her alive and well this morning in Kent. She may be at this very moment at hand, for she was to follow directly: and as soon as she had taken the daughter of Blackader to Newgate to learn from him where her mother was to be found, they were to meet me at my hotel."

Lady Graham did seem abashed at this announcement, but not for the reason one would have hoped. "Mary Rourke alive and well! No, no, that cannot be, for Pophly confessed to me himself that, overcome with anger at her continued persecution of him, he unguardedly struck her a blow which proved mortal on the spot. And for that reason he has fled from this country for a time."

"Matchless villain! he has deceived even the most congenial of his accomplices, then!" said Frederick. "Pophly has fled from England because his guilt, as the murderer of James Brice, is established beyond all possibility of doubt."

"Villain, villain, villain!" shrieked Lady Graham. "Why, then, it may be that after all!—What shall I do? I will not, at least, longer submit to be bear-baited here! And I declare that every word which has been uttered against me is falsehood—all parts of a vile conspiracy, dear Sir Richard, against me and my infant son, and—"

"I have the proof here, Maria!—your own confession in black and white. So, it's no use appealing to the footlamps, dear," interrupted Fanilda, producing the yet hardly dried paper which Lady Graham had given her as a security.

"That also is a forgery!" retorted the undaunted impudence of her ladyship.

"But you cannot at least deny to me, woman, that you have been a common itinerant show-woman in a booth. For I have myself seen you perform as such in a fair near Canterbury!" said Frederick, struck with a sudden reminiscence of his boyhood.

"I do deny it! and I deny all that concerns Blackader!" persisted the criminal; when, as if providentially sent at the very moment, a girl's voice was heard exclaiming from the bottom of the stairs all the way upward, "Oh, mamma! mamma! mamma! here I am again! Mamma! mamma! where are you?"

And Malvina came running in, with outstretched arms, with wild excitement and joy!

She was closely followed by Mary Rourke.

And she flew with the impetuosity of her youth and warm feelings towards the mother whom she easily recognized, but was received with a repulse that sent her reeling back some distance over the floor.

"What saucy beggar wench is this?" were the unkind words with which Lady Graham accompanied her violence.

"Oh, mother, dear mother! don't you know me? My poor wretched father told me where to find you! that you were rich, married to a good, kind gentleman, prosperous in every way, and that, having neither of you any lawful heir of your own, you would gladly receive me as such! We arrived only just in time to see him embark as a transport; and surely, at such a moment, he would not have made a mockery of his child!"

"He has! I am not your mother! The villain himself has unmothered me! A villain to me in everything and to the last. I know nothing of you, and I never will again!"

Malvina stood petrified.

"Oh, I see—I see!" said Sir Richard, laughing wildly, "this is the splendid little boy who was drowned in the Thames at Kingston!"

"Oh, Lady Graham! be a human woman after all. Take your child and restore me mine!" exclaimed Mary Rourke, clasping her hands in half frenzied entreaty.

"I'll bring you yours, Mrs. Pophly, and you can bundle with it whenever you think proper, for I'm sure it's no credit to its keeper!" said Fanilda Wildgoose, flourishing the key of the dressing room on her finger, and darting away from the assembled group.

"You shall not! No one shall take from me my child! It is Sir Richard's lawful heir! He is a madman now, and I will dispute this mad will to the last! Fortunatus! my child, my child!"

And the desperate woman rushed out after her accomplice.

"They will tear my child to pieces between them! Save my child! my beautiful child!" shrieked Mary Rourke, and also joined in the run.

"There will be mischief among these women! Uncle, let us hasten after them and interfere!" said Frederick. And Walter Graham instantly followed him from the apartment. Malvina went with them unasked.

"No one has a better right than I to be the one who shall hand over the vicious imp to its true

mother's keeping!" muttered Sir Richard. And he arose and hastened, panting and staggering at a most unusual rate for him up the staircase to Lady Graham's apartment.

A succession of piercing shrieks, in the tones of all the three women, hurried yet more desperately the steps of the unhappy old man.

He arrived in Lady Graham's chamber, from the adjoining dressing-room of which came those dismal cries.

Somehow or other then he felt himself unable to advance, and he caught at the back of an arm chair to support his reeling frame.

"In the name of Heaven! what has happened?" he too shrieked.

"Oh, Sir Richard—Sir Richard—Sir Richard!" exclaimed Fanilda, coming out of the room with an extraordinary looking lifeless little weight in her arms. "The child is dead!—The child is dead! The poor little thing takes after his father in everything, and thought he was stealing something good out of her ladyship's dressing-case—whereas he was only swallowing the poison intended by his real father for you!"

Sir Richard's hold of the chair unclutched, and he fell to the ground.

By this time all the rest of the horror stricken witnesses of this ghastly catastrophe had followed into the apartment. Frederick raised his grandfather and placed him on the bed. He was found to be insensible.

"Give me the child!" said a voice behind Fanilda, who still held the miserable little victim in her arms. "I am its mother! Give it me! Oh father, whom I permitted to perish, that I might regain this withered fruit of guilty love! art thou avenged?"

A figure glided past her as she breathed this heart-broken ejaculation. "Do not stop me!" it murmured, almost as fearfully. "The Avenger will also overtake my step without thy aid!"

The efforts of his son and grandson, and the skill of a physician hastily summoned, availed to restore Sir Richard Graham to a few days of miserable existence.

He recovered sufficiently, humbled and stricken to the earth as he was with his afflictions, to accede to the earnest request of Walter that he would withdraw his malediction, and exchange forgivenesses with his son before he died. He lived also to be amazed at Frederick's persistence in his resolution to receive no portion of his grandfather's rich inheritance but his name. Still nothing could prevail upon the obstinate old man to alter the terms of his will. He died much as he had lived. Calamity had overtaken the prosperous man too late to season and soften his heart.

Frederick supplied all that his grandfather's inexorable injustice left undone. On the day Sir Richard was buried he produced the will, read its contents aloud to the relations assembled, and then tore it into fragments.

"No such monument of hardness of heart, and of the wickedness of a woman who has borne our name, shall remain," he observed to Walter Graham. "And now, my kind uncle, of all my grandfather's inheritance, I ask of you only to repay my Caroline her investment, which, with the rest of her fortune, shall remain unalterably hers. All besides is yours and your children's—if the race of any mortal can hope to be so long protracted—for ever!"

There was present on this memorable occasion, when our hero for the first time assumed the title of Sir Frederick Graham, almost all of those whom he best loved. Captain Avery and his peerless wife were there—Caroline Sidney, Julia Rushton, and Laverock Trewavas—between which last two already a delightful sentiment, awakened by the natural sympathy of their gay and warmhearted characters, had already arisen.

It may be imagined with what cordiality our hero and his gentle-hearted betrothed encouraged the growth of this feeling between the two dearest friends that either possessed in the world.

Lady Graham had disappeared, not only from the house, but from the country. This fact was ascertained by the peremptory demand for her production of a district coroner, who judged it necessary to investigate the circumstances of the death of the misnamed Fortunatus.

For that unhappy offspring of so much guilt and misfortune we know not whether its abrupt and almost painless departure was not the best thing that could have happened to it. It was ascertained, in the necessary *post mortem* examination, that the child's brain was extensively diseased in a part corresponding with the external bruise remarked in early childhood on the skull. Fortunatus could

have lived only to suffer—or to inflict suffering on all whose fate should bring them into intimate relations with him.

The sins of the father were indeed visited on this young victim, but he himself by no means escaped with impunity.

It was ascertained afterwards that, still under the control of her infatuation, or unable to determine on any better course, the unhappy widow of Sir Richard Graham fled from England to rejoin Augustus Pophly on the continent. It appeared that she was aware of the place of refuge he had chosen there.

The miserable wretch, however, no sooner discovered under what circumstances she had left England, and that she was almost entirely destitute, than he treated her with the utmost scorn and neglect. And finally he deserted her, after a dreadful scene between them, which resulted in the cowardly villain's beating his paramour so terribly that for some time her life was in danger.

Yet she recovered, and was discharged from the foreign hospital in which she found herself, utterly penniless and friendless.

We must draw a veil over her career for several subsequent years. At last Sir Frederick Graham received a letter, conceived in the most abject terms of entreaty, imploring some slight assistance for a wretch who acknowledged herself unworthy of any but who was dying of a terrible form of disease, attendant on a dissolute career, with all the added sufferings of poverty and despair.

Prosperity had not corrupted the natural beneficence of our hero's heart. He responded to the appeal, after inquiries, and for some short period a sufficient but unpampering relief was extended at his expense to the suppliant. It ceased at last to be asked, and a nameless foreign grave received an occupant.

But we anticipate.

Caroline insisted on showing so much respect to the memory of old Sir Richard as to defer her marriage with her beloved lover for a period of three months. In that space several important circumstances occurred, which deserve notice in our record.

Walter Graham's firm, of course, emerged with increased splendor from the season of trial which wrecked so many competitors. But as soon as the danger was over, he retired from the management of the Joint Stock Bank to undertake that of his late father's, in partnership with his wife's brother, Mr. Charles Belton.

The house of Graham and Belton is too well known at present as a most prosperous one for us to need to dilate on the subsequent fortunes of Sir Richard Graham's slighted second son.

Within the interval assigned by Caroline's feeling scruples, Lazarus Leppard's trial came on. And still another witness of his misdeeds emerged to light against him previous to that event.

The very day before the trial occurred, Mrs. Avery happened to be abroad, making some purchases, and being always considerate she was struck with the appearance of an aged negro, blind and bent nearly double with age, who was mutely soliciting charity in an old straw hat, and crawling along, under the guidance of a large but evidently perfectly tractable and patient dog.

She gave some unusual coin in her charity, for a bystander exclaimed, "half a sovereign!"

The dog itself seemed aware of something more than wontedly kind and encouraging in the noble lady's manner. It came up to her, and began to fawn and whine affectionately round her, licking her charitable hand the while.

Oriana rather encouraged the demonstration; but the old negro, imagining the animal was annoying his benefactress, managed to struggle out, in half articulate tones, from his maimed organs—

"Down, shark, down!"

Mrs. Avery immediately recollected hearing her husband often speak with regret of his old follower, and of a faithful dog of that name. She questioned the aged negro, and speedily learned what satisfied her that she would give him great pleasure by desiring the old man to allow himself to be taken to their residence.

(Othello no sooner heard his master's voice than he knew him again. But the faithful Shark preceded him in the recognition, and the Ulysses of Madagascar was already exchanging joyful congratulations with his four footed friend when old Othello groped his way up to him.)

Thenceforth both Shark and Othello found a home and a happy one—with their restored master.

Leppard was tried and found guilty on all the indictments preferred against him. Indeed he no longer attempted to defend himself.

Defence was assigned him, and skilful defence too,

but was of course in vain. Yet many considered Leppard's sentence mild compared with his offences. It was three years' imprisonment and hard labor. But he had managed his doings so craftily that it was extremely difficult to prove him guilty in any of them with all the positiveness required by English law.

At the end of his three years this man was again let loose upon society; but an outraged Heaven did not allow the miscreant to perpetrate further crimes. Upon his liberation he visited a dram shop, where in an altercation with an absconding creditor, he received a stab that ended his career, while his murderer escaped the vengeance of the law.

The last that was certainly known of Augustus was that he wrote to his mother a letter, which probably accelerated her death, in which he reproached her with being the cause of all his crimes by her weak indulgence to his childhood, and threatened her that he would commit suicide if she did not immediately supply him with the means of continuing his extravagances.

This epistle was probably written under the influence of intoxication, but Mrs. Pophly took it very seriously to heart. She made no answer to it, and, dying shortly afterwards, bequeathed the remains of her once handsome fortune exclusively to her husband. And now, as the Reverend Theodosius married his cook-maid very soon after, and had a large family of young children in his old days, Augustus probably found it useless to renew his applications in that quarter from foreign parts.

There is no doubt that if still alive he lives like Cain—a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth! And dead in conscience as he had always seemed, it cannot be that the shadows of the murdered Prince and of his hapless child darken not the sunshine around him wherever he sets his unhallowed footsteps.

The ill-fated woman who had the misfortune to know herself to be his wife, and the mother of that infant victim, still survives; but under very sorrowful circumstances. Melancholy madness has become her doom; and although the generosity of those whom she had injured surrounds her with every physical comfort, no gleam of hope or happiness ever appears to brighten the black cloud brooding over her soul. The unhappy creature labors under the fixed belief that she inflicted the dooms her father and child encountered by her own direct planning and agency! She will not long live, however, to give pain to any feeling heart. Consumption is at work in her enfeebled frame.

Mary Rourke, however, retained her senses and vehement feelings long enough to point out to Frederick's retribution those who had injured or had befriended her in her miseries.

Of these, Mrs. Sellshore narrowly escaped a seven years' transportation for her share in the conspiracy regarding the child. But the miserable state of her health recommended her to mercy, and she got off with six months' imprisonment. This probably accelerated her end, for she died shortly after. Rebecca is married and gone to settle in another part of the town.

Mary's benevolent friend, the orange woman, is now a flourishing fruiterer in a principal London thoroughfare. Her unsophisticated kindness and generous feeling recommended her so much to Frederick's favor, that he furnished her with the means of starting business on a handsome scale.

His immense wealth enabled him to gratify the philanthropy of his disposition in any manner he thought proper.

Blackader is still a citizen of Norfolk Island, and his daughter labors under great disadvantages in society in consequence. But it is said, nevertheless, that young Archibald Snodgrass has taken a particular fancy to her; and as Sir Frederick Graham has assigned her a portion of ten thousand pounds, it is probable the union may be brought about finally with the consent of the seniors concerned.

Of the other minor persons of our story we may mention, that Fanilda Wildgoose came to no particular good in the end, although handsomely remunerated for her useful betrayal of her accomplices. She speedily squandered the considerable sum she received for that service, and when we last saw her she had returned to her former occupation as a dealer in harekins. She had no shoes to her feet, and it was a very cold winter's day.

The broken *roué* Captain Dalrymple married Miss Blackader of the "World's End," and was glad to marry to save himself from the workhouse. He now informs most of his friends, confidentially, that he wishes himself in a much warmer place instead.

Orlando, we are credibly informed, has descended

to marry Mary Maunders, who no longer complains of not being married! Rather, perhaps, if the truth were known, of having a very idle, conceited sort of a fellow to maintain at a mangle, while she goes out charring.

The last we heard of Reuben Shanks was to the effect that he had run away from his wife, and turned begging letter impostor, on a rather extensive scale, in London.

We have reserved to ourselves the pleasure of stating, as a *bonne bouche*, for the last, that our lively friends Julia Rushton and Laverock Trewavas were married on the same day as Sir Frederick Graham and his lovely bride. The two brides officiated in turn on the joyful occasion to each other as bridesmaids. And the bridegrooms did likewise to one another, which was considered rather a novelty.

We were a large company on the joyful occasion: Captain and Mrs. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple, and a whole host of Caroline's mother's fashionable and titled relatives. They had heard of her husband's immense riches, and insisted on doing her the honor of their presence.

Old John Purday was there, of course—his ruddy visage and grey hairs and joyful smile conspicuous among the throng.

Colonel and Lady Sybella Orme were among the invited guests. The latter proved to be the widow of Frederick's father, who had re-married with his particular friend of that name, whom the reader of the earlier portions of this history will probably remember. The colonel was almost equally glad to recognize the son of his friend, and to find his regiment rid by this means of the pest and disgrace of Augustus Pophly's association in it.

Every one declared that two lovelier brides were never seen. There was some little difference of opinion as to which looked the handsomest bridegroom, but all admitted that two happier looking young fellows never entered the holy pale.

And yet many an eye wandered from the bridal couples to gaze with admiration on the queenly person of Avery's wife, and many a whispering voice inquired "Who is she?" And we, who were proud of knowing her, and desired at the same time to baffle impertinent curiosity, replied to several—"She is one of the first women of the age, and her name is ORIANA!"

END OF "MASKS AND FACES."

Milk and Butter Trees.

We had heard several weeks before of a tree, the sap of which is a nourishing milk. It is called the "Cow Tree," and we were assured that the negroes of the farm, who drink plentifully of this vegetable milk, consider it a wholesome aliment. All the milky juices of plants being acrid, bitter, and more or less poisonous, this account appeared to us very extraordinary; but we found by experience, during our stay at Barbuda, that the virtues of this tree had not been exaggerated. This fine tree rises like the broad leaved star-apple. Its oblong and pointed leaves, though rough and alternate, are marked by lateral ribs, prominent at the lower surface and parallel. Some of them are ten inches long. We did not see the flower: the fruit is somewhat fleshy, and contains one and sometimes two nuts. When incisions are made into the trunk of this tree, it yields abundance of a glutinous milk, tolerably thick, devoid of all acidity, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of a calabash. We drank considerable quantities of it in the evening before we went to bed, and very early in the morning, without feeling the least injurious effect. The viscosity of this milk alone renders it a little disagreeable.

The negroes and the free people who work in the plantations, drink it, dipping into it their bread of maize or cassava. The overseer of the farm told us that the negroes grow sensibly fatter during the season when the *palo de vaca* furnishes them with most milk. This juice, exposed to the air, presents at its surface (perhaps in consequence of the absorption of the atmospheric oxygen) membranes of a strongly animalized substance, yellow, somewhat resembling cheese. These membranes, separated from the rest of the more aqueous liquid, are elastic, almost like caoutchouc; but they undergo, in time, the same phenomena of putrefaction as gelatine. The people call the coagulum, that separates by the contact of the air, cheese. The coagulum grows sour in the space of five or six days.

Amidst the great number of curious phenomena which I have observed in the course of my travels, I confess there are few that have made so powerful

an impression on me as the aspect of this tree. Whatever relates to milk or to corn inspires an interest which is not merely that of the physical knowledge of things, but is connected with another order of ideas and sentiments. We can scarcely conceive how the human race could exist without farinaceous substances, and without that nourishing juice which is appropriated to the long feebleness of the infant. The amylaceous matter of corn, the object of religious veneration among as many nations, ancient and modern, is diffused in the seeds and deposited in the roots of vegetables; milk, which serves as an aliment, appears to us exclusively the produce of animal organization.

Such are the impressions we have received in our earliest infancy; such is also the source of that astonishment created by the aspect of the tree just described. It is not here the solemn shades of forests, the majestic course of rivers, the mountains wrapped in eternal snow, that excite our emotion. A few drops of vegetable juice recall to our minds all the powerfulness and the fecundity of nature. On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with coriaceous and dry leaves. Its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stone.

For several months of the year not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; but when the trunk is pierced there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at the rising of the sun that this vegetable fountain is most abundant; the negroes and natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some empty their bowls under the tree itself, others carry the juice home to their children.—*Humboldt.*

THE IRON CROWN. The famous crown of Lombardy, preserved in one of the chapels of Monza Cathedral, near that city, has adorned the brows of forty-five sovereigns. One who has recently seen it says:—"On entering the cathedral I found the crown chapel decorated with crimson hangings, the candles lighted, and incense burning. A scaffolding had also been erected before the altar, for the convenience of the priest who was to take the crown from its resting place, at the back of the bronze altar-piece. He soon arrived with five huge keys hanging at his girdle, with which he proceeded to turn as many locks. Finally, after throwing open two or three doors, drawing back a silk curtain, amid a great waving of incense and constant genuflections, I saw the Iron Crown in its case of crystal, supported in the hands of two bronze cherubim. At my request, the priest took it from its resting place, and I had leisure to examine it carefully. I found it to consist of six links of pure gold, perhaps two inches or more in width, and very thin. In fact, it resembled very much a highly ornamented dog collar. Its outer surface was beautifully enamelled with green leaves on a white ground. It was also set at regular intervals with emeralds, garnets, and sapphires. Running round the inner circumference, and rivetted to the gold links, is the iron band which gives the crown its name. Tradition declares it to be one of the nails employed in our Saviour's crucifixion hammered out into a thin fillet. Indeed, the Italians call the crown *Il Sacro Chiodo*, or the holy nail. To the sanctity of this bit of iron is due all the decoration and ceremony I have alluded to."

CEMENT FOR WOOD AND METAL.—The following cement will unite porcelain, glass, and, as I have lately found, iron and other metals, to wood, most effectually. Two parts by weight of Portland cement, and the same amount of clean "silver sand," both sifted very finely, must be intimately mixed with one part of glass dust. This compound may be made in quantity, and preserved for any length of time in air tight vessels. When required for use, it should be worked up with a little of the clear serum of blood (or white of eggs, diluted with two-thirds of its bulk of water), with every fluid ounce of which have been previously incorporated twelve to fourteen drops of white vinegar. It is better first to moisten the surfaces it is intended to unite, with this albuminous menstruum, and then apply the cement, kneaded into a thick paste with the same, than at once to employ the latter, made of a much thinner consistency. Whenever possible, the points of contact should be made to dovetail into each other in some way, to ensure a perfect junction; and where the surfaces must be plain, they might be roughened with considerable advantage. A good deal of cement should be used, and every crack filled up, the superfluity being squeezed out by strong pressure, continued for forty-eight hours. In about four or five days, the junction will bear hot or cold water, and vibration, with impunity.

Unknown Tongues.

EARLY in the morning—long before daybreak—says that charming Swiss writer, Tschudi—when the stars are still shining clear and bright in the dark blue night sky, you hear, in a tall fir-tree, a strange, low, and rumbling noise. A pause, and then follows a few sharp, clapping, clacking sounds, which come quicker and quicker, until the full power of the voice is gathered; at last is heard a long series of quaint, hissing notes. It is the foolish turkey, that gobbles with his eyes shut, and his feet cutting most extravagant capers. So he trips and dances above on a stout, strong branch; below him slumber peacefully his hens in the bush, or look up with reverence to the absurd gestures of their high and mighty master. He is not long left alone. The little songsters, in rush and reed, have, long before midnight, already begun to practise their humble, cheerful melodies. As the rosy morning clouds announce the rising sun, and light, fairy vapors in the east veil the chamber from which he comes forth as a bridegroom, these tiny birds are all ready to greet him, and in concert begin their early hymn. Now the ousel also awakes, and shaking the dew from her jet-black wings, she sharpens her bill, and then leaps from branch to branch up a tall maple-tree. Two or three times she calls up the mountain-side and down into the still, misty valley, that day is coming, and then she pours forth her glorious, melodious song, now breaking out in gay, exuberant joy, and now sinking low in sweet, plaintive melancholy. Her chant is the signal for all life to awaken around her. The robin at once replies from afar off, well hid in the thickest of bushes. And long before the light blue columns of smoke rose from the lowly valley, long before the harmonious bells of the grazing cattle are heard, all the birds of the air have left their snug hiding-places, and are ready to greet the day and sing praises to their good mother nature, that has sent them once more the sweet light of heaven. From the fulness of their hearts, and with overflowing joy, they raise their thousand voices and join in the great concert in the green halls of the forest. Now one kind of bird prevails and is heard high above the rest, and now another: then, of a sudden, all is quiet, as if struck with the magic wand of silence. But high in the air you hear the hoarse, hungry croak of the hawk, and instantly all the merry little singers are safely hid in the dense foliage. At noon all is still, their gay melodies are hushed, and the great Fan passes by with his wild host. Towards evening, however, the merry chorus begins again, though not with the same freshness and fulness as in the morning. There is a soft tenderness in the sorrow of their parting with the setting sun, with the glowing mountain, and the warm, fragrant valley. One after another, they hide their heads under their wings, and yet, the earliest risers, are the latest awake. Hours after the sun has sunk in golden floods of light, and the shadows of night cover the earth, deep, melancholy voices are still heard from dark pines, or an anxious cry, a dreaming note swims through the dusky air. At last the quaint hoo-hoo of the owl startles the woods, and the whole host of owls and night-birds begin to laugh and to cry, to purr and to scream in a monstrous, demon-like chorus.

All birds, as we know, are not endowed with like talents. Here, also, the variety of nature's gifts is as marvelous as the gifts themselves. What a difference between the melancholy croaking of the raven, and the melting notes of the nightingale, or the shrill trumpet blast of the osprey as he dashes through the foaming waves, and the cooing of the amorous pigeon. The rich melody of the warblers is sweetest music to our ears; the taunting laugh of the sea-gull and the fearful hooting of the owl cause us only disgust and terror.

Some birds merely utter sounds, others speak; the most perfect sing, and have a rich, melodious language for all their feelings.

The poorest in speech utter a single, monotonous note, as when

"In the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle's heard again."

Cranes chatter without ceasing, at home and abroad; the mother gives sage advice to her young, the little ones dabble and stammer like infants. What do they say to each other? Often they have been seen in the West to assemble at dawn and to break forth in a vast discordant chorus, as if about to salute the rising sun. Was it to them that the mysterious words apply, "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter!" Even in Greece they were looked upon as sad tale-bearers, and when Ibycus on his way to the Olympian games was murdered near Corinth, the

cranes on high alone bore witness, and in the midst of the assembled multitude betrayed those who had slain him. Sea-birds have mostly but mournful notes—for "there is sorrow on the sea"—or sharp shrill cries, that may be heard high above the roaring of the tempest and the furious waves. What bitter, terrible irony there is in the prophet's words, when he speaks of the desolation of Nineveh: "All the daughters of music shall be brought low—but the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it, their voice shall sing in the windows."

The turkey is the clown among singers. With his eyes and ears closed to the world, dancing and tripping in the most fantastic manner, he utters his quaint, unintelligible jargon and gabbles so loud that the woods resound and the distant echo mockingly answers. It was a fortunate escape for the United States when Franklin, who had chosen the turkey to be the emblem of the Union, met hunters who told him of the bird's mad pranks and foolish behaviour, when, full of conceit and vapory anger, he blows himself up, and whistles, and gurgles and gobbles, in most unearthly, undignified manner. Even in quieter moments his voice is pert and petulant like his temper. Owls escape the same reproach only by their imperturbable gravity, screeching horribly as they fly, and thus giving rise to the well-known superstition about screech-owls, that love to sit at the windows of dying persons. They all hoot in a manner peculiarly their own—the white owls, as White tells us, always in B flat. But there is no end to manifold sounds; an indignant naturalist calls them monsters, composed of a cat, a mouse, and a monkey, for they have borrowed from each some part of their voice. At night they hiss and snore in a most tremendous manner, for the purpose of frightening and intimidating their tiny victims, so that many an English village has risen, fancying that the churchyard was full of spectres and goblins!

Poor geese! not a word has ever been said to praise your voices, though they did save the Capitol, and with it all Europe. They are, besides, full of vigor and force, trumpet-like and clanging; and even the hissing of the old gander, as he defends the young brood, is formidable enough, and full of menace. Ducks, we apprehend, have been despised for their broad, vulgar quacking, ever since Pythagoras vowed they were the most disturbing neighbors for a wise man at work. Still Buffon gives them the part of the clarinet in the great orchestra of nature, and the clang of the wild mallard is far from unpleasant.

The honor of the web-footed birds is saved by the noblest among them, the swan, whom antiquity connected with all that is sweet and melodious in heavenly music. Phaethon was changed into a swan, and, as such, now shines among the stars in heaven;—the great Apollo is seldom seen without one, and Aristotle and Horace both believed that the souls of poets passed after death, into swans, and that they were thus enabled to retain the noble gift of harmony which they had possessed among mortals. How grand is Homer's language, when he compares the Greeks, rushing from their ships into battle, with a flock of long-necked swans, who flutter hither and thither, with joyful beating of wings, and then, lowering their flight, sing aloud to the fields' resound! Even the icy north loved the melodious bird of Apollo. Here they were heard singing high over the heads of stern warriors, calling them to immortal life in the Walhalla. But their highest charm lay ever in that most beautiful of ancient fables, which speaks of their last dying effort as an image of true faith in the life that is to come. The swan, it is said, pours out his last breath in lofty melodies, of wondrous power and beauty. Who knows not the great poet's unsurpassed death hymn of the wild swan, "over the river, that ran with an inner voice?"

"At first to the ear,
The warble was low, and full, and clear,
And floating about the under sky;
Prevailing in weakness the coronach stole,
Sometimes afar and sometimes near.
But anon her awful, jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flowed forth in a carol free and bold:
As when a mighty people rejoice,
And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled,
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star."

But of all birds that neither sing nor speak, the crested cock, whose clarion sounds the silent hours, holds by far the first rank. Even Herodes Agrippa well knew this, when he sent rich presents to the cock that had greeted and cheered him, like no other voice on his night journey. Long before the dark mantle of night is lifted apace, the watchful guardian announces the coming of day. The black spirits of

darkness flee at the powerful call—their time is past and the bright light of heaven rejects their presence. The wanderer on his lonely path, and the weary mariner far out at sea, hear the familiar voice; joy returns to their hearts and causes them to swell with sweet hopes. At home, it breaks the idle fancies of dreams—it rouses the sluggard to work—it comforts the sick and cheers the strong and hearty. The first voice, says the Koran, is heard high in heaven; there a noble white cock calls, morning by morning, the heavenly choir to prayer; his clear, clanging voice rings far through the universe. Mankind alone, in sin and error, hear not the wondrous note, but all cocks on earth listen, and quickly join in the chorus, praising the Lord Almighty. The Christian places the cock, in like manner, on the steeples of churches, as a constant warning to watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation.

After his first call follows a pause and deep silence; little more than half an hour later, he utters his second, and in certain seasons of the year, even a third call. All around, neighbors answer, even the most remote; their voices are easily distinguished, for the older crow with a deep and yet perfectly clear note, the young ones waver and tremble in early efforts.

Not less famous is their boastful song of triumph. Bleeding from serious, often mortal wounds, trembling from sheer exhaustion, and feeling his heart's blood leaving him, brave chanticleer gathers his lost strength, heralds his victory aloft with a loud trumpet blast, and then lays himself down to die in the blaze of his glory. If he is unhurt, he flies with powerful wing on fence or roof, and proclaims aloud that he has conquered, and means to maintain his honor. There is no doubt that the fowls all around hear and comprehend the news, and ever afterward fear and respect the victorious hero. Themistocles once pointed out two cocks fighting and crowing, to his followers, and said: "See, these are but animals, and fight for victory only, yet they cease not and are not weary. You, men of Athens, fight for your hearths and your gods; for the cradles of your infants and the graves of your fathers—will you despair?" And new strength came to their hearts, and the barbarians were routed. So on board the good ship Marlborough, in 1793; her masts were down, her rigging was destroyed, her hull pierced on all sides, and despair had seized all hearts, when, of a sudden, Admiral Berkeley's cock flew upon the stump of the mainmast, flapped his wings, raised his clarion voice on high with such inspiring and hearty vigor that all were encouraged; the battle was renewed and victory secured.

Nor is the humbler hen less proud and boastful in announcing her triumph to the world at large. How clamorous is her joy when the great deed is done—the egg is laid—how tumultuous her exuberant utterance. Her motherly affection is touchingly expressed in the low, anxious cry with which she calls her young, when a hawk threatens, poised high in the air. Only her own little ones follow her voice; they know it from amid a numerous crowd. How they haste to take shelter under her broad wings, which she spreads out like a buckler! The powerful robber-bird does not touch the ground; he only tries in a mighty swoop to catch the unfledged chickens; but he dashes in vain his strong beak against the elastic feathers, and when he sails off in bitter wrath, the happy mother cackles and crows with such hearty content and abundant thanks, that no heart can remain untouched. So the ancients already had their Alcyone among the stars; she herself was the hen, and the cloudy troops of smaller stars were her chickens. The Arabs, also, place her on high; they give the name of Hen to our Pleiades. We, in Christian lands, think with grateful heart, of the touching words of the Saviour—"Oh, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"

RUSSIAN ROGUEERY.—A collegiate councillor lived in grand style, and in the summer received his guests in an elegantly furnished hired country house. In 1846 his villainy was exposed. For instance, he had swindled eight instrument makers of their pianofortes, and sold them. When one of them threatened to give him in charge, he calmly replied, "If you dare to hand in a complaint, I will give up my situation, and take office in the police, and then you will get nothing at all."

PHILANDER MARKMAN, of Westfield, Mass., shot a rattlesnake, which was four feet in length, and had thirteen rattles. Mr. M. was hunting—saw the snake just as it was ready to jump at him—raised one of his legs, and the serpent passed under it, and as it was preparing for a second leap he shot him.

Gems of Thought.

MIND AND BODY.—By too much sitting still, the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.

MANY "MICKLES MAKE A MUCKLE."—Those islands which so beautifully adorn the Pacific were reared up from the bed of the ocean by the little coral insect, which deposits one grain of sand at a time. So with human exertions. The greatest results of the mind are produced by small but continued exertions.

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.—Let us thank God for imparting unto us poor weak mortals the inestimable blessing of vanity. How many half-witted votaries of the arts—poets, painters, actors, musicians—live upon this food, and scarcely any other! If the delusion were to drop from Pipsen's eyes, and he could see himself as he is—if some malevolent genius were to mingle with his feeble brains one fatal particle of common sense—he would just walk off Waterloo-bridge, abjure poverty, incapacity, cold lodgings, unpaid bakers' bills, ragged elbows, and deferred hopes, at once and for ever.

THE NEWSPAPER AS AN EDUCATOR.—The newspaper, the most influential of all human works, is the creation of printing. It is the honor of England that in that country it approaches nearest to excellence, in intellectual vigor, in variety of knowledge, in extent of information, and in patriotic principle. It has, like all the works of man, occasional imperfections, and perhaps the most prominent are its too minute details of offences against public purity. But there is scarcely a newspaper in this age which would not have been regarded as a triumph of ability in the last. In fact, the newspaper of England is the great practical teacher of the people. Its constant and universal teaching alone accounts for the superior intelligence of the population. Schools, lecture-rooms, and universities, important as they all are, altogether fall behind it in public effect, or find that, to retain their influence, they must follow its steps. Those steps may now and then turn from the right road, but their native tendency is forward and upward. This intellectual giant always advances, and carries the country with him to a height which no other country, ancient or modern, ever attained, or perhaps ever hoped to attain. If in an age of foreign convulsion England has undergone no catastrophe—if in the fall of monarchies she has preserved her hereditary throne—if in the mingled infidelity and superstition of the Continent (which, like the mingled frenzy and fetters of a lunatic hospital, have in our day exhibited the lowest humiliation of nature), she has preserved her freedom and her religion—I attribute all, under God, to the vigor and intelligence of public investigation, the incessant urgency of appeal to the public mind, the living organization of which the heart is the Press of England.—*Rev. Dr. Croly.*

Miscellaneous.

HOW DRUNKENNESS IS PUNISHED IN SWEDEN.—In Sweden a man who is seen drunk four times is deprived of his vote at elections, and the next Sunday after the fourth offence is exposed in the churchyard publicly.

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY? A species of intellectual melody, the internal harmony of thought and mind, the music of the soul.

THE AUTHOR DREADS THE CRITIC; the miser the thief; the criminal the judge; the horse the whip; the lamb the wolf—all after their kind.

SWEARING IS A BAD HABIT. Swearing is a wicked habit. Swearing is an uncivil habit. Business men who swear constantly before their customers, drive away those who possess a proper regard for the name of God—a name which should never be uttered by any but with reverence.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.—The following advertisement appears in a Paris journal:—"The parents of a young lady, aged twenty-one, handsome, well educated, and possessing 4,300 francs per annum, but affected with St. Vitus's dance, offer to unite her to a doctor from forty to forty-five years old, who will pay her incessant attention."

A FLORAL CLOCK.—Among his incidents of travel, M. de Vere, a writer of the hour, relates one peculiarly interesting. Visiting the abode of Linnée, he found, among the relics preserved in his house, an ingenious and singular contrivance—a "floral clock." In a half circle round the table of the great

botanist a number of plants were arranged, which, opening their flowers at a certain moment, told the hour with unerring exactitude!

THE LOVES OF THE SPIDERS.—Did the reader ever watch the terrible coquetry of the female spider? We say terrible, for it is a perilous game for the young gentleman; if he misinterprets her looks and actions—if his vanity, or the thoughtlessness of youth, induce him to imagine he has inspired a passion deeper than coquetry, she does not, as our coquettes do, draw up her head and coolly declare "there must be some mistake," but pounces on the unlucky coxcomb and slays him on the spot! Prescient of such a possibility, it is wonderful to see how stealthily and humbly the gallant gay Lothario pays his court.

ENQUIRING FOR A HUSBAND.—The ladies of Moscow observe a curious custom on New Year's Eve. Precisely at twelve o'clock a servant is stationed at the front door of the house, and the first gentleman who passes is stopped and requested to give his Christian name. This is immediately told to the mistress, and is believed by her to be the name of her future husband. If no figure passes, it is considered as tantamount that the lady will not be married that year. Many are the amusing scenes sometimes enacted by some favorite swain or gay Lothario getting behind his mistress' chair and appearing as soon as the clock strikes twelve, while she is engaged looking in the glass.

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.—There is at St. Petersburg a church called the Church of Basoili, built by Ivan the Terrible, who gave out that he would reward any architect who could construct a church in which several priests could perform mass at the same time and that the priests could not be heard by the other priests. No one was found for some time who could construct this church, but at length a man constructed the church by building a number of domes one above the other, so that a number of priests could perform mass at the same time without being heard by each other. Ivan appeared pleased that the church had at length been built, and he then sent for the architect and had his eyes put out, as a reward for his great trouble in building this church.

Statistics.

PRODUCE OF THE MINTS OF FRANCE.—The mints of France struck off, from 1848 to 1854, gold coins of different values to the amount of 1,187 millions of francs, being within forty millions of all the gold coined during the first forty-eight years of the present century, and nearly one-fourth of the total production of the gold mines during those seven years. In that period the amount of the silver coinage was only 643 millions. Only two millions' worth was coined in 1854.

AMERICAN SALT TRADE.—The salt manufacture at Syracuse during the year 1855 was very prosperous. The number of bushels inspected amounts to 6,000,000, which is an increase of 250,000 bushels over the year 1854. New works are being added at the Salines to meet the increasing demand for both coarse and fine salt, and it is confidently anticipated that the produce of the present year will reach nearly 7,000,000 of bushels. The revenue which arises from the moderate duty of 1 per cent. per bushel on this amount will be amply sufficient to support and extend the works belonging to the State at these springs.

NEW CHURCHES IN LONDON.—Upwards of £50,000 have been subscribed towards the erection of new London churches. Towards this fund the land revenues of the Crown, in London, have contributed £10,000; the Duke of Bedford, £10,000; the Marquis of Westminster, £10,000; the Bishop of London, £5,000; Earl Howe, £1,000; Lord Southampton, £1,000; Lord R. Grosvenor, M.P., £1,000; Lord Cardigan, £500. Mr. J. G. Hubbard, late Governor of the Bank of England, has undertaken to erect a new church, and to provide an endowment; and Mr. W. Cotton, another ex-governor of the Bank, has undertaken to erect a new church at Limehouse, and to provide an endowment.

EGGS.—France sends every year to England about 7,780,000 kilogrammes of eggs—say 717,169,000 eggs, at a calculation of twenty-two for the kilogramme. Reckoning that a hen lays 100 eggs a year, which is a fair average, it will be seen that this exportation is the produce of 1,711,600 hens. The importations from other countries are only about 66,000 kilogrammes, and about the eighth of those sent to England are supplied by Belgium and the Sardinian states. As for the consumption in Paris, it is not less than five or six millions of kilogrammes, that is to say, from 110 to 132 millions of eggs.

Facsimile.

COMMON THINGS.—It is a common thing for a wife whose husband comes home late from a dinner-party to be told, "My dear I shure you porrionour I she first oggerriway."—It is a common thing for men who "won't detain you a minute" to hold you by the button-hole for more than an hour.—It is a common thing for an undergraduate to discover after a wine-party that he has taken too much coffee.—It is a common thing upon one's entrance into what are advertised as "quiet lodgings," to find them tenanted already by a troop of squalling children and an amateur cornpeon.

HOW TO WRITE ON ANY SUBJECT.—Firstly, determine what you are going to write upon. Then put a sheet of letter-paper carefully over it, and, dipping your pen in the ink, you will find in a few minutes that you have written something with great success. This is the plan that has been adopted by the greatest authors of the age.

Rich men are constantly bragging about the value of poverty, but never seem to avail themselves of its privileges.

An Irishman, describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said, "If he was cast away on a desert island, he'd get up the next mornin', and go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

A lady making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man, who had been ill for some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite. "No, ma'am," says the boy, "not exactly; his appetite is very poor, but his drink-e-tite is as good as ever."

A HARRISBURG paper gives the following case of absence of mind:—"A girl, who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening; and, in bashful trepidation, she blew us out of the door, and drew the candle behind the door and kissed it."

The old adage, that "you should not count your chickens before they are hatched," has thus been rendered by a professor of etiquette:—"The producer of poultry should postpone the census of their juvenile fowls till the period of incubation is fully accomplished."

A FEMALE WITNESS.—"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. The lady replied: "Yes, sir; and so are women; and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it."—"You'll be committed for contempt."—"Very well, I'll suffer justly; for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

"I THINK," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast-table, "I will take a tower, or go upon a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that a party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake of a cold collection. I hope it won't be so cold as ours for the poor last Sunday; why, there warn't efficient to buy a feet of wood for a restitute widder." And the old lady put on her calash.

NOVEL AMERICAN FEMALE SOCIETY.—In one of the northern states of America, according to varacious authority, the pious young women established an association which they styled, "The Young Woman's Anti-young-men-waiting-at-the-church-doors-with-ulterior-objects Society." We suppose this must be founded on the model of "The Anti-poking-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society" in London.

"BRIDGET," said a lady to her servant, "who was that man you were talking with so long, at the gate, last night?"—"Sure, no one but me oldest brother, ma'm," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek.—"Your brother! I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?"—"Barney Octoolan, ma'm."—Indeed! how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?"—"Troth, ma'm," replied Bridget, "he has been married once."

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," said a stump orator, "we have the best country in the world, and the best government. What people on the face of the globe enjoy more privileges than we do? Here we have liberty to speak and liberty of the press, without onerous despotism. Do you want anything more, my countrymen?"—"Yes, sir," sung out a red-faced loafer, "this is dry work. I want a suck of that flask sticking out of your pocket."

LET HER BE.—A Detroit mercantile gentleman, who was travelling eastward a short time since, went to the clerk of one of the Ontario boats to be shown his room. The clerk handed the applicant a key, at the same time pointing to a door at some distance, marked B. Our friend went in the direction indicated, but opened the next door to his own, marked A, where he discovered a lady passenger making her toilet, who, upon the stranger's appearance, uttered a low scream.—"Go away—go away!" screamed the lady.—"Letter B!" yelled the clerk. "I am not touching her at all!" shouted the indignant merchant.

Miscellaneous.

UNLESS men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly anatomised by a fool.

NEW DISCOVERY OF AN ASSYRIAN OBELISK.—The Royal Asiatic Society has lately received intelligence of the discovery, at Kouyunjik, of an obelisk of white stone, 9 feet 2 inches in height from the base to the summit, and 6 feet 3 inches square at the base, so that it is considerably larger than the Nimroud obelisk in the British Museum. It was found lying on its side in the centre of the mound, 15 feet below the surface. It is quite perfect and unbroken, though unhappily the water has defaced parts of the bas-reliefs and inscriptions with which it is covered on every side. Colonel Rawlinson thinks the obelisk likely to be one of Assur-akhpal, builder of the north-west palace of Nimroud; though the style and language of the inscriptions, so far as he has examined them, are rather that of Tiglath-Pileser I.

OLD LEATHER.—A correspondent urges the use of old and waste leather, and cuttings of every description, as a substitute for papier mâché in the manufacture of architectural ornaments. He says: "This material by itself, or in combination with ordinary papier mâché, is admirably adapted for the manufacture of various useful and ornamental articles, now made from gutta percha or papier mâché exclusively; at the same time it would reduce the present cost of such articles in no inconsiderable manner, old leather being at present next to valueless. I have deposited various specimens at the Society of Arts, in the hope that some encouragement will be given to this invention."

NUTRITIOUS QUALITIES OF VARIOUS SUBSTANCES FOR HUMAN DIET.—At the present moment, when food is dear, it ought to be known that oatmeal contains 12 parts of flesh-forming principle, and 77 of heat-forming principle, out of 100 parts; whilst peas contain 16 parts of flesh-forming principle and 51 parts of heat-forming principle in 100 parts; lentils 33 parts of flesh-forming and 48 of heat-forming principle in 100 parts; barley meal, 14 of flesh-forming and 68 of heat-forming principle in 100 parts; and wheat-meal 21 of flesh-forming and 62 of heat-forming principle in 100 parts.

THE ADULTERATION OF ANNATTO.—A paper has been read, at the rooms of the Pharmaceutical Society, Bloomsbury Square, London, by Dr. Hassall, on the subject of the Adulteration of Annatto, a vegetable coloring matter much used by dyers, painters, and soapmakers, and also employed to color cheese, milk, and butter. The following substances were detected entering into its composition: very large quantities of wheat, rye, and barley flours in fourteen specimens, turmeric powder in several, chalk in a great many, this in some instances amounting to over 60 per cent.; sulphate of lime or gypsum in several, salt in a great many, an alkali in several, red earths, as Venetian red and red oxide, in a great many, lead in three samples, and copper in others.

NEW MULTIPLYING ROTATIVE MOTION.—Among the novelties in mechanical productions which interested the observer of the Paris Exhibition, was an arrangement for obtaining and multiplying rotative motion, and providing a substitute for wheel and pinion, or cog wheel gearing. This invention has been patented by Messrs. Callen and Ripley, and consists of two rotating discs or frames, one having grooves sunk on its face, and the other fitted with pins, sheathed with rollers, by which the friction of the otherwise rubbing surfaces is avoided. Their action upon each other is precisely the same in effect as the ordinary tooth gear; but the advantages over the

latter claimed by the patentees, are that, with the same uniformity of motion and force, the principle unites simplicity of construction, greatly diminished friction, less liability to wear and derangement, with the greatest facility for restoring those parts most subject to deterioration. In all attempts hitherto made to introduce a similar mechanical substitute, the non-fulfilment of these conditions has proved a bar to success. In this invention, a familiar principle has been recognized, which, in the early steam-engines, was introduced as a substitute for the parallel motion; and also in an instrument used for describing ellipses, the prominent feature being that, when the larger circle is stationary, and the smaller one is made to rotate upon its own axis, the two being in constant contact, any point in the circumference of the latter will describe a straight line, or diameter of the former. The motion of one disc in proportion to the other, may be two to one, three to one, &c., a remarkable feature being that, to obtain uniform motion in a two to one movement, the

DRYING OIL FOR PAINTWORK.—The common "drier," or litharged oil, in France, is generally made thus:—Linseed oil is heated to near the boiling point in a melting pot, and skimmed; after three or six hours, about one tenth of its weight of litharge is added to the oil, and the mixture is again heated for five or six hours. Another method is the following:—100 kilogrammes of linseed oil, as old as possible, are heated about six hours; six kilogrammes of litharge, and three kilogrammes of burnt umber are then added; the mixture is heated for six hours, is allowed to settle, and is decanted. The litharged oil, M. Chevereul says, is adulterated with substances which are greatly injurious to its properties. This remark may apply to the sulphate of zinc spoken of by Dr. Thomson, as required to be added to the litharge. The ordinary English method would seem to correspond with that used in France. M. Leclair, to whom the chief credit of the introduction of oxide of zinc is due, prepares his oil thus: Linseed oil is heated at the boiling point

for five hours; then for eight hours at least, with peroxide of manganese. It will now be discovered what is the best method of procedure.

RUSSIAN BREAD.—Professor Abbene, of Turin, has published an analysis of the bread which is the common food of the Russian soldier. He states that it is composed of several graminaceous or leguminous seeds, including wheat, barley, and rye, that it contains no soluble starch, which shows that it has not been sufficiently baked; and that, as it is very compact, it has not undergone sufficient fermentation. It has scarcely any smell, is rather bitter, and feels between the teeth as if it were fibrous. The microscope, moreover, discovers various cryptogamic plants sprinkled over the surface.

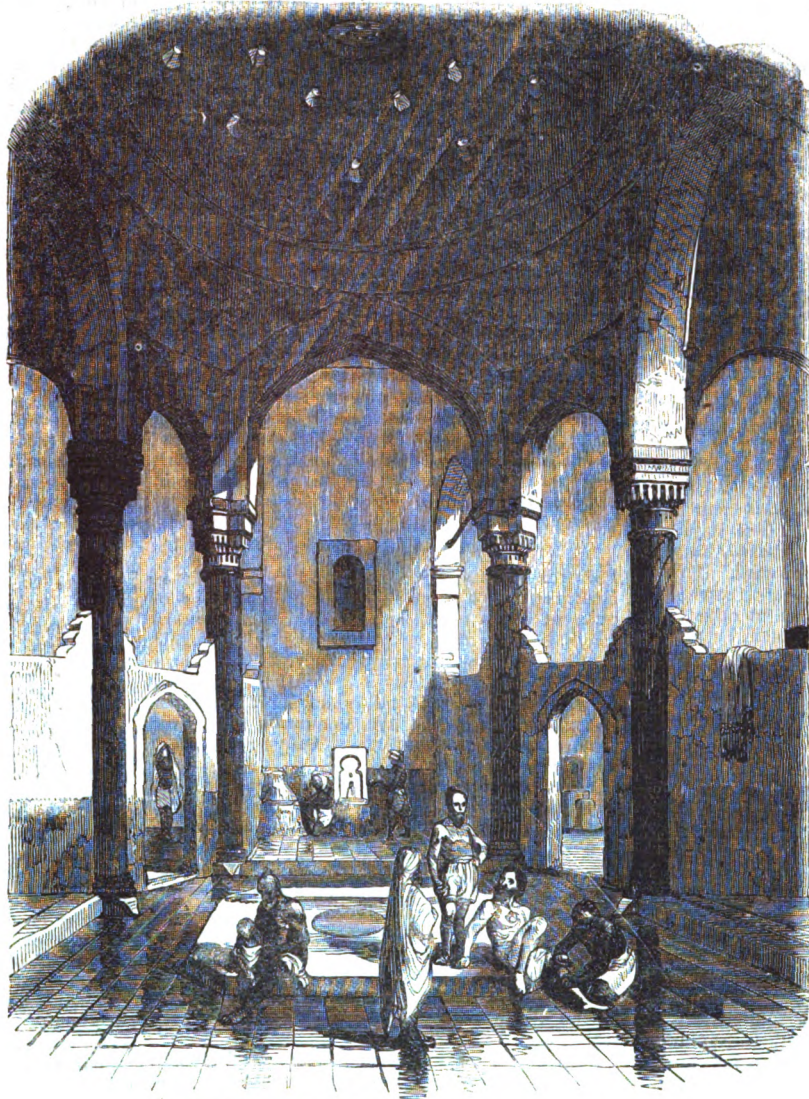
THE MARINER'S COMPASS.—Mr. J. M. Hyde of Liverpool, is said to have discovered a plan by which the frequent variability of the compass on board iron vessels is obviated, and he has applied it to the screw-steamer *Athlete*, which plies between Liverpool and Bristol. This desideratum has been accomplished in the construction of the ship, the arrangement being such that the compass is placed in a neutral position, where the magnetism of the iron in the after end of the ship is balanced.

PHOTOGRAPHS AT ANY HOUR.—At a recent meeting of the Dublin Photographic Society, Dr. Lover exhibited an apparatus for taking photographs by gas-light, the main feature of which consisted in the introduction of a stream of oxygen into the flame of common coal gas, which had been previously made to pass through cotton and naphtha with the view of surcharging it with

carbon, so as to increase the brilliancy upon the admission of the oxygen. By this means a light of so powerful a nature was obtained, that, by the assistance of a reflector, a photograph of an engraving could be taken by the camera in a remarkably short period.

CLIMATE OF SIERRA LEONE.—Captain Lynch, does not give much encouragement as to the feasibility of white colonization on the west coast of Africa, even in a temporary way, and for commercial purposes only. He intimates that there is but a single Englishman known to have survived the climate for five years, and at the end of that time the fever carried him off. About forty years ago, the Portuguese colonized an island in the immediate vicinity of Guinea, sending there 7000 persons. At this time, however, there is but a single individual living in whose veins the blood of any of these colonists is believed to course.

TEMPER IN DEBATES.—Were an angel from heaven to justify a truth with violence and heat, he would not prevail.



BATH OF SOLYMAN—MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

grooves on the face of the larger discs are straight, and pass directly through the centre of motion; but in three to one motions, and all other multiples, they are curves, traced by the intersection of the pins with the radius of the larger circle. The principle can be applied to screw-propelling machinery with great advantages; the discs may be formed of any suitable material, cast or wrought iron, in solid masses or skeleton open frames, as strength or lightness is desirable. Experience has amply proved the non-existence of all back-action, consequently the motion is noiseless, and the expressed opinions of many practical mechanical engineers testify that the requisite portions can be manufactured at about one half the cost of the ordinary tooth gear. The patentees state that they are supported by most eminent engineers in claiming advantages for this motion, unattainable by any other mode in use, for increasing or decreasing speed, combining greater strength and security, noiseless action, small space, greater durability, more effective application of power, and great economy.

Frank Leslie's



NEW YORK JOURNAL

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY FRANK LESLIE, 12 & 14 SPRUCE STREET.

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P R E F A C E.

UPON entering the Fourth Volume of the NEW YORK JOURNAL, we feel bound to return to our readers our heartfelt thanks for their continued support, which has been cordial and liberal beyond our most sanguine anticipations, and we are thus enabled to commence our New Volume with a circulation second to no other similar publication in the country.

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FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—PART 1.

JULY, 1856.

18 $\frac{3}{4}$ CENTS.

HAMLET'S GRAVE, ELSINORE.

A SHORT distance north-west of Elsinore is the small royal château of Marienlist. The pleasure-grounds behind the château are open to the public.

They occupy the site of an old fortification on the crest of the hill. Nothing can be more lovely than the views from hence, as seen beneath the luxuriant shade of the fine tree. At one sweep the eye ranges over the town of Elsinore, the noble fortress of Kronberg, the Sound, the town of Helsingborg on

the opposite coast, and the plains of Sweden, with the blue waters of the Baltic bounding the horizon on the south in the far distance. Towards evening it becomes additionally interesting, as in summer there are usually a number of vessels entering the Sound, previously to anchoring for the night.



HAMLET'S GRAVE, ELSINORE.

Elsinore, though by no means the wild romantic spot described by poets, is a very pretty and interesting place. The roads are usually crowded with shipping, and the straits, two miles wide, are dotted with the sails of ships of every maritime people. All vessels, except yachts, and we suppose men-of-war, pay certain dues to the Danes on passing through the Sound; and formerly it was customary for every passing ship to lower her topsails, in honor of the Danish flag.

Hamlet's grave is marked by a single stone obelisk, evidently of very early date; it is surrounded by tables and chairs, where citizens from Copenhagen consume beer and coffee, and defile with their heeltaps the sepulchre of a king.

Jewelry.

THE love of jewels and ornaments has been prevalent among all nations, from the earliest ages. The savages deck their limbs and bodies with shells and bones, and admire these rude ornaments as much as does the fair daughter in the most cultivated state of civilized life, when delightedly gazing at the brilliant treasures contained in her velvet-lined *ecrin*, whose golden clasps encircle the gifts of all lands. This passion is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures; and the most ancient author speaks of ear-rings, nose and lip rings, necklaces, chains, bracelets, anklets, and every other variety of ornament. Their shape, size, and the materials of which they are composed, are as changeable as the thoughts of the fickle goddess who superintends their design; while every land is searched for gems of the brightest hue, and even the ocean is forced to give up her treasures to satisfy this universal love of splendor and magnificence.

"It is a curious fact," remarks a modern traveller in Egypt, "that the love of ornament, prevalent as it is throughout the world, appears to be carried to the greatest excess by the most civilized and the most uncivilized nations—the inhabitants of the deserts of Nubia, and the *élégantes* of America and France. The former pride themselves upon their beads, shells, berries, and feathers; while the latter glitter in diamonds from Golconda, sapphires, and rubies from Peru, onyxes from Arabia, turquoises from Persia, emeralds from South America, garnets and amethysts from the East, topazes from Ethiopia, changeable opals from Egypt, and last, though not least, among the glittering gems, pearls from the recesses of the deep blue ocean, in the Persian Gulf and the Gulf of Mexico." We are not prepared to coincide in opinion with this Eastern traveller; but perhaps it may be owing to our want of sufficient knowledge upon the subject, and we therefore suggest, deferentially, that we believe man's passion increases in the love of every real luxury as the mind improves in taste—from the crude notions of the savage, to the highest state of civilized refinement; and, in fact, some of the nations which we look upon as semi-barbarous, seem to possess a keener relish for ornament, and a more refined relish for its personal display, than do those of acknowledged superiority in human advancement; but this is owing to their disregard of utilitarianism—considering that the *multum in parvo* of human perfection rests in a refulgent display of personal magnificence, and a humble acknowledgment of a Supreme Being.

To the support of our opinion, we copy Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's description of the Turkish Sultana Hafise:—"She wore a vest called *dualma*, which differs from a caftan by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, straight to her shape, and thick-set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are—that is, about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons, large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops so common on birthday coats. This habit was tied at the waist with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her chemise was fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle, as broad as the broadest English ribbon, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees; one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine-colored emerald, as big as a turkey egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, closely joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched—every one as large as a half-dollar piece, and as thick as three dollar pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazel-nut. Round her talpoche she had four strings of pearl—the whitest and most

perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers, the largest I ever saw in my life. 'Tis for jewelers to compute the value of these things; but, according to common estimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth five hundred thousand dollars! This I am sure of—no European queen has half the quantity; and the Empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers."

The Society of Lima.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wretched universities, the defective system of education, and the anarchy of the state, the cultivation of literature has made decided progress; and, in Peru especially, some works of considerable merit have recently appeared. The South American character, in losing much of the dignity and strict loyalty of the Spaniard, has obtained, through a mixture of Indian blood, which in Peru is almost universal, a vivacity of temper and a rapidity of thought which has gone far to compensate for the loss. The young men especially, educated at the University of San Marcos, the oldest in the New World, or the College of San Carlos at Lima, though spending much of their time in cafes and billiard-rooms, and devoted, it must be confessed, to cock-fighting and gambling, are extremely agreeable in conversation, and frequently well read. But, above all, the women of Lima form the most attractive part of Peruvian society. Frequently very beautiful, with brilliant black eyes, graceful figures, and bright intelligent expressions, they at the same time possess much natural cleverness, exquisite wit, and most pleasing manners. Until a few years ago, they wore, when walking abroad, a very becoming and elegant dress, now only seen at bull-fights, religious processions, and other great occasions—called the *sayu y manto*. To a full satin skirt was attached a black silk mantle, which, passing over the head, was held so as only to expose one brilliant eye to view, and leave the imagination of the beholder to fill up the enchanting picture. Since the introduction of steamboats and railroads, however, this truly national costume has given way to modern French fashions. But the ladies of Lima, though they have lost their characteristic dress, still retain their loftier qualities, and are infinitely superior to the men in natural talent and intelligence. With such society, a residence in Lima cannot fail to be otherwise than agreeable; and, besides the Italian Opera and pleasant dinner-parties, a grand ball and fetes of various kinds, yield frequent opportunities of observation. A ball on a large scale is a rare occurrence, and the late President, General Echénique, was particularly sparing in his entertainments. There is an occasional one given at the house of the late Marquis of Torre Tagle, one of the finest in Lima, now belonging to his heiress, who has married a lawyer named Sevallos. The entrance, through a fine doorway, with stone posts richly carved, and up a handsome staircase, leads to a broad corridor, with a finely-carved roof, supported by Moorish arches. The grand *sala*, a spacious room, with latticed balconies looking into the street, containing some very fine cabinets, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver, made a very good ball-room. On these occasions the festivities continue until four o'clock in the morning, when there is a hot supper. All the rooms in the house, including bed-rooms, are thrown open, some for dancing, some for gambling, others for refreshments; and the guests wander through the long vistas of apartments, in the intervals of the dance. Balls and gambling are the chief occupations of the people of Lima; the latter especially, which is their besetting sin, and is prevalent even among the clergy. The young men but too often lead lives of indolence and frivolity, as is seen in their general want of application, and is exemplified in the scanty periodical literature of the country.

WAVES MEASURED.—Professor Scoresby, who took some careful observations during a heavy storm in the Atlantic, found the average height of the waves to be 43 feet; the mean distance between each wave, 559 feet; width from crest to crest, 600 feet; interval of time between each wave sixteen seconds; velocity of each wave per hour 32½ miles. Thus waves "mountains high" are proved to be rather

apocryphal; but the immense speed at which the waves travel is as great a marvel. While the sea was at its roughest, the Professor observed now and then a ridge of waves extending from about a quarter to a third of a mile in length, forming as it were, a rampart of water. This ridge was sometimes straight, and sometimes bent as of a crescent form, with the central mass of water higher than the rest, and not unfrequently with two or three rounds, in a diminishing series, on either side of the highest peak. Professor Scoresby, however, was not the first to measure the waves. In March, 1835, an effort was made in the northern seas, by MM. Duhamel and Aigremont, the former, judge at the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, to measure the height of waves, when under the influence of a heavy swell, succeeding to a violent storm. The sea had scarcely ever been more agitated, and being without scientific apparatus for measurement, recourse was had to the masts of other vessels, among various other methods; the mean result was nearly that found by Scoresby—forty feet.

WHY DEW HURTS SHEEP.—From time immemorial it has been a precept with careful shepherds not to let the sheep turn out upon the dewy grass, or graze in damp and marshy regions. Why was the dew of the morning, so dear to poets, considered dangerous to sheep? No one could tell—least of all the bucolic guardian; but if he could not tell you *why* it was so, he averred that it was so. And now science comes with a very simple explanation to justify the empirical precept. Siebold, the great comparative anatomist, has given the *rationale* in his curious treatise on Entozoa. Many of the creatures pass the early portion of their predatory existences in the bodies of one species of animal, and their maturity in another. The eggs are deposited in these latter domiciles, but not developed there; they have to be expelled; and the dear little innocents, either as eggs or embryos, are cast upon the wide world to shift for themselves. But how? There they lie on the smoking dung-heap; and far away roam the sheep in whose lungs and liver they alone can develop themselves and find food. What chance have they? This chance. The rain washes them into the earth, or the farmer flings them in manure upon the soil. The humidity serves to develop them; they fix themselves upon the moist grass; the sheep nibble the grass, and with it carry these tiny entozoa into their stomachs; once there the business is soon accomplished! Thus it is that the dewy grass is dangerous. Thus it is that damp seasons are so prejudicial to sheep, multiplying the diseases of lungs and liver to which these animals are subject.

FACTS ABOUT MILK.—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy—60 degrees of Fahrenheit—all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; but at 70 degrees it will perhaps rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm, and on this account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk in spring is supposed to be the best for drinking, hence it would be the best for calves; in summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn the butter keeping is better than that of summer—the cows less frequently milked, give richer milk and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

PUMICE STONE.—Pumice-stone, so common as it is and to be bought by centworths, is really a remarkable thing. There is, indeed, an awful and mysterious interest about it. Every piece of pumice-stone once existed as lava in the depths of a volcano, and perhaps boiled and bubbled in the centre of the earth. But it makes its appearance not alone from the bowels of a volcano, but also from the bottom of the sea. There are such things as submarine volcanoes—fierce Etnas, breaking out in fiery anger at such vast depths under the ocean that their effects do not reach the surface. The pumice, however, which they discharge, being lighter than water, rises to the top, and so we obtain it. It has been seen floating on the sea over a space of three hundred miles, at a great distance from the land, or from any known volcano.

DE LACY LOUVANE:

OR,
THE STAR IN THE DARK.

Commenced at page 257, vol. III.

CHAPTER IX.

Ah, Monsieur le Sénateur!
Quelle honneur, quelle honneur!—BERANGER.
Ah, my lord! my lord! my lord!
What an honor to afford!

AND it was plain the old musician took his omission from the party at his son-in-law's very seriously to heart, for he did not come near the house for several months after. Nor was it possible to find him at his lodgings, whither Nora went several times in the hope to patch up a reconciliation with him. The old man's habits were so desultory and irregular, nobody could ever calculate securely on finding him anywhere.

Then, in addition, baby continued a very weak little mortal, and in constant need of attention. And Nora's husband was getting hourly more unsettled and unbusiness like in his ways, devoting nearly the whole of his time to all kinds of matters that had nothing to do with those he ought to have attended to. Above all, politics had begun to engage him quite absorbingly, even to the exclusion of his once favorite verse-making. The agitation for Parliamentary Reform had now begun in good set raging earnest, and Noah Johnes was greatly under the influence of his friend Mr. Bitters, who was a violent partizan of the movement. Nay, was one who professed himself not inclined to stop short with its success, if obtained, but who pretty plainly and frankly, in those dangerous times, announced himself the apostle of a much more extended and revolutionary scheme.

Very few people knew who Mr. Bitters might be. What was chiefly ascertained of him was, that he was to be found at most great public meetings, and that in very ignorant and violent ones he made speeches more ignorant, and more violent, than any of the other speakers. He was also to be met with in the obscure places of political discussion—the pot-house and bar parlor—at various parts of the town. He there held language exactly suited to the understandings and intellectual cultivation of the persons he conversed with. Yet, when he chose, he could adopt a far different tone, and raise himself to that of people of a far superior range of ideas and expression.

In personal respects, he was a short, thin, shabby-genteel looking man, with a bald head, and a pair of very thin grey whiskers, an evil eye, and a bad, debauched, sinister countenance, which, but for cowardice, would have seemed to a physiognomist that of an individual capable of murder.

He seemed, in fact, the proper personage of a spy, such as the incapable, but ruthless and arbitrary Government of the time would have selected for the office. And such plain but sagacious John Rugby suspected him to be, and had frequently warned his master to that effect. But Noah Johnes disdained advice from his inferiors, which he thought most people were, and was infatuated with a high opinion of the good qualities of a man who kept assuring himself that he was born to lead a great popular movement!

Noah longed for power as only weak men long for it: as children long to set some mighty machine in action, whose wonders they have witnessed, but at whose first stroke they would either flee in terror or stay to be annihilated.

Nora was thus a good deal neglected and left to her own resources, which were by no means infinite, for she was no great reader, and had but one child to look after. The age of reading was not yet come, still less of writing! And under pretence that she was incapable of managing a house from the style of her education, Mrs. Johnes, senior, (who by the bye always resolutely spelt her name Jones!) deprived her of all office and occupation in it.

Under these circumstances in the Johnes' ménage, Bartholomew Fair came round for the external world. A festival which was still many years from the date of its abolition, though it had been for ages a nuisance and reproach to the great city in whose very centre it was held.

As Smithfield is very near upon Little Britain, the holding of the fair in that locality was of course looked upon as a great event of the year, in the neighborhood. Among her compeers, Lettice Lovick was a particular admirer of the lively and exhilarating scenes it presented, and

she asked her mistress's leave to attend a few hours in the middle of the day, when there was little bustle or danger to be apprehended. Mrs. Johnes gave her consent, and Lettice proceeded, open-mouthed, to the scene of diversion.

She returned with a piece of tidings that attracted Nora's attention. She had seen, she said, Mr. Crimmum Lacy, as she always called old Cremorne, officiating as band to a theatrical booth; and she thought that missus would like to know it, as she had been making such anxious inquiries about him of late.

Nora's tender heart swelled full of pity and yearning after her unlucky sire as soon as she heard the account. Baby, too, she thought, missed him, for it had always been astonishing to observe what a powerful effect the old man's music had on the child! He would weep or laugh with every varying mood of the half crazy musician's inspired bow, and Nora fancied the infant looked at her inquiringly whenever notes from an inferior hand came to his little ears.

She determined to go to Smithfield, and seek out her father in his obscure occupation.

To move him the more easily to kindness and reconciliation, she also thought she would take the child with her—little Star Johnes, as he was now universally called in his native locality. Nora herself had been glad to purchase her husband's pardon for naming him as she had named him, in a more authentic form, by submissively adopting the designation his fantastic caprice had picked out for the child. And Star was a short and rapidly pronounceable name, the singularity of which vanished on a little use.

She took Lettice with her to carry the child and guide her to the booth where she was informed her father was to be found. And off the three set on an ill-omened expedition.

It was growing towards twilight when they entered Smithfield, and the tumult and blackguardism of the fair were beginning to resume their accustomed sway after dark.

Nora soon found herself in the vortex, not a little alarmed and confused at the bustle and uproar around her. But she held on her way as steadily as she could with Lettice, who carried little Star firmly clasped in her plump arms, and bustled on through the crowd with great determination and vigor. And they arrived at last before the booth where Cremorne Lacy, according to the account, was fulfilling a musical engagement.

It was a kind of theatre, formed by a large caravan as a front elevation, and an enclosure of canvas and rough boarding for the performances. The charge for admission was threepence a head, which Nora paid, and they were allowed to ascend a flight of stairs to the platform made by the caravan, where they entered at a side door, conspicuously labelled "The Pit," and descended by a like number of steps into the area, where the dramatic performances took place.

There was a considerable number of persons present, an audience, of whom Nora at first took very little notice. She saw her father sitting with his violin to his ear, in his old loop-holed, plaid coat, his white hair floating over it from under his rimless hat; evidently in a fit of mournful abstraction and weariness, waiting for a signal to resume his unappreciated labors. And she made towards him at once, on the first impulse of her loving and compassionate heart.

"Well, father! have you forgotten yourself quite out of this dirty booth into Little Britain at last, again?" she said, touching him gently on the shoulder.

"Me own flesh and blood has forgotten me, Mrs. Johnes!" replied the old man, recovering from a momentary startling, as the sound of that sweet and dear voice fell on his ears, "Why should I not forget myself?"

"I have not forgotten you, father! I have been a dozen times, if I have been once, to Bow Court, to look after you. But you were never at home!"

"At home!" repeated the old man, mournfully. "I don't remember the time hardly, when I have had a home, to call one, Mrs. Johnes. But I thought, awhile ago, that me daughter's was a house where I should be welcome to sit down and rest the old weary bones of me for an hour or two! But I found I was no longer wanted—and the old man has not troubled you much since that, Nora, my dear, has he?"

"Ah, father, dear, it was not my fault!" said Nora, with tears in her eyes.

"It was that miserable spalpeen, Johnes, was it then?" exclaimed Cremorne. "I thought as

much! I thought you could not have heard the ould tunes on the ould fiddle, that I made with my own hands, and me standing all alone and friendless in the streets, without wishing you had me in under the shelter, out from the bitter, piercing cold, and the wind, and the snow! Though it wasn't cold either, nor snow, and that's true, mavourneen, but was as pleasant and quiet a June evening as I remember! But what was cold and bitter, and biting, was the unkindness of me only child! and it cut me to the heart, worse than the snow, and wind, and hail could, altogether!"

And the old fellow began to weep; and Nora, too, for company's sake.

"Indeed it wasn't my fault, father, now dear! and you know it! I would share the last bite and the last sup with you! But Noah is so very proud and genteel, he thinks everybody beneath him that don't wear as good a coat as he does! And see, here's little Loftus—who he will have it is to be called Star, now—who will never think himself above anything good and true and kind at heart as you are! Look, how glad he is to see you! Does he care for your ragged plaid, father? And he knows, I am sure! Look how the light shines up in his dear little eyes!"

"And so it does!" said Cremorne, tenderly, and, as it were, involuntarily stretching his arms to take the child into them. "Well, well, me poor child!" he continued, softening at the little creature's infantile caress, but still endeavoring to cherish his long fomented indignation, "you shall never be disgraced by being obliged to own the likes of a pour old crazy mendicant like your grandfather! I'll take me Lady Falconborough's kind offer, and go abroad to some of the distant colonies, and lay down Cremorne Lacy's old, worn-out carcass in a foreign land!"

"What do you mean, father?" said Nora, greatly surprised.

"It's none of my seeking! I was determined never to stoop my head to enter at her grand doors again, after her allowing you to marry a bit of a paltry tradesman fellow like yonder Johnes, as she did! But she sent her Mr. Crashaw to me—hearing, I don't know how, that I was pinched with want—some weeks ago, before I got this engagement here! And he offers quite solemnly—in the name of the Family, quoth he—if I would go to Canada—or, better still, to the new colonies in Van Dieman's Land—the Family would furnish me with a handsome outfit, and money to turn anything I liked, when I got there! Me, an old man, going into my seventieth year, if I see three springs more!"

"O! father, you are too old to turn emigrant now-a-days!" said Nora.

"But I shall be out of the way of such of me relations as couldn't survive the disgrace of coming to me funeral, Mrs. Johnes!" persisted old Cremorne. "And I think, me child, for your sake only, if nobody else's, I ought to accept the offer!"

"Now, father dear, don't talk nonsense; but come home with me, and take a little supper! Noah is in a capital humor, to-day, for they carried all their resolutions. And we will have a glass of hot toddy, and you shall play us the 'Groves of Blarney' in your best style; and we will all be happy and comfortable again, for one while, together!" said Nora, coaxingly.

"But you forget, mavourneen!" said the old man, not a little won over by this prospect—"you forget me engagements here will keep me at me post till all honest people have been in bed and asleep for hours! But I'll come some other time, you may depend upon it—before I start for the colonies, at all events—which it puzzles me uncommonly to know what her ladyship can want to banish me to for, at me unseasonable time of life!"

"And so it does me!" said Nora, raising her eyes musingly; and at that moment she was struck with an observation that suddenly sent all the color flying from her heightened complexion.

Among the number of curious idlers who had strolled into the booth—probably rather in the expectation of being amused with the absurdities of the theatrical performance than with its excellence—were two persons, who, from their appearance, would probably be styled, in elegant modern parlance, swells of the first water! One of them wore a large white top-coat with immense buttons; the other, a little dapper fellow, who kept continually switching his boots with a riding-whip which he carried—as if urging on some invisible steed—was in a complete hunting suit, as

if he had just come off horseback from some such diversion.

"I'm quite sure, Jack, it is the girl! Damaged a little, of course, by being shut up in some paltry dog-kennel in the city, with the fellow she has married—but still almost as handsome as ever! I'll speak to her, and see if she don't recognize me!"

"You had better not; you will only get yourself into some confounded scrape or another, my lud!" was the reply.

"What! with the inspired tailor, her husband? I should be glad of the provocation of a row with him, to wring his neck for him!" returned Lord Louvane; and with this observation he stepped eagerly over the enclosure towards Nora.

She recognized him at a glance, and thence the alarm and flurry which now became visible all over her features.

"What is the matter wid you Nora, my darlin', that you are turned, all of a sudden, as white as the foam of the sea?" said old Cremorne, surprised.

"O, father! I have forgotten something that will boil over and set the house on fire, if I don't make to the house as fast as I can!" exclaimed Nora, unwilling to excite the anger of the irascible old man by a true statement of her cause for alarm. "So, good-bye at a word, till you come and see us in peace and quietness; and Lettice, make off home with the baby as fast as you can, too! I shall be there before you, but—but—I can't stay here another moment longer!"

And anxious above all things to avoid explanations with the dissolute young lord, whom she had not seen to speak to since her abrupt departure from Falconborough House, Nora huddled herself into the midst of the audience, and made the best of her way out of the booth.

Nora had never communicated to her husband any of the facts of Lord Louvane's improper overtures to her, which had precipitated her resolution to quit the mansion and marry him. In the first place, she wisely and womanly judged it would be but an indifferent compliment to him; and in the next, she felt a real repugnance to expose the wicked levity of her patroness's son, besides the discomforts to be apprehended from giving a solid foundation to the vague jealousy which had always haunted Noah's imagination in connection with the handsome viscount.

Nora quitted the booth accordingly, in great consternation, and was in such a flutter of agitation, when she got out, that she scarcely noticed anything of the direction she took. To get out of the hawk's ken was her only object. It was, besides, now dark, and the glare of all sorts of lamps and links flaring away over the vast area of Smithfield among the booths was no guide to Nora, but rather a bewilderment. She plunged into the noisy, rollicking crowd, and soon found herself tossing hither and thither, with very little control indeed over her own movements, but with a hope that she was gradually working her way out of the disorderly assemblage.

She was mistaken, however, if she thought that Lord Louvane was to be so easily eluded. Breasting or knocking aside the surging throng that controlled poor Nora's advance on all sides, he followed her, much at his own pace, through the tumult, and overtook her, probably, much at his own time, just as the poor terrified creature found herself more inextricably involved than ever, before a great show of wild beasts. The braying of trumpets and the roll of drums, mingled with the roar of animals, and all coupled with the certainty she had now attained that she was followed, dismayed Nora so much that she was obliged to pause quite breathlessly, and await the arrival of her tormentor for lack of power to proceed.

"Ah, Honora! my sweet girl! how are you! And has it come to this that you really shun me?" said Lord Louvane, as he reached her by a vigorous effort, and extended his hand in most condescending recognition.

"Pray, my lord, don't speak to me! You quite frighten me—I am quite out of breath! Pray, pray don't take notice of me! I have no business here. What will my husband think if—"

"Take my arm, my dear creature! You really look as if you were going to drop!" said Lord Louvane, with an appearance of tender consideration. "Take my arm, and I will escort you immediately out of the crowd and pressure! I see it frightens you, my poor darling little soul! You are not accustomed to it! Pray take my arm! What has your husband or anybody else

got to do with any old friendship that may have once existed between us?"

"Oh don't, don't! Do let me go! What will become of my little boy?" said Nora, in the greatest consternation.

"Little boy! Why, mother told us all it was a little girl! But it don't much matter, I suppose, what sex the Johnses are of! They are increased and multiplied already beyond counting! Indeed, but you *shall* take my arm! I have a word or two to say to you, Nora, which I have been wanting to say to you ever since I heard of your cruel marriage!"

And in spite of poor Nora's very obvious reluctance and resistance, Lord Louvane drew her arm into his own, and commenced elbowing them away conjointly through the throng.

It was at this moment that a person screwed himself past them, as if with an intention of getting up to the wild beast show, whom Nora recognized with highly increased alarm. Indeed she made so violent an effort to withdraw her hand in consequence, that Lord Louvane was obliged to allow her to resume his lately acquired prize.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" inquired he, angrily.

"It is Mr. Bitters—Mr. Johnses's particular friend and acquaintance! Oh do, Mr. Bitters!" she exclaimed, turning altogether from his lordship, and appealing to the protection of this personage—whom, as a general fact, she least liked or favored of all Noah's companionship. "Do help me to get out of the fair!—And go to the theatre place over yonder, and tell Lettice and the baby to come together!"

"Mrs. Johnses! At this hour! In Bartholomew Fair!" said Mr. Bitters—after a moment's survey of the agitated young wife, directing his keen, rat-like eyes in acute and apparently little pleased scrutiny on the individual from whom she almost openly appealed.

"Well, sir, what are you staring at me so for?" said his lordship, haughtily. "I am the son of Mrs. Johnses's early patroness and benefactress, the Countess of Falconborough! And I hope I have a right, in that capacity, to inquire into her welfare, and render her any species of attention of which she may be in need, without provoking your interference, or that of any other person!"

"You are quite right, my lord!" said Mr. Bitters, with extraordinary humility and deference in his tones. Mrs. Johnses and I are acquaintances—but I am sure she cannot be safer than under your lordship's care! And she, as well as your lordship, may place the greatest confidence in my discretion! I will go immediately, Mrs. Johnses, and look after your little boy in the booth, if he is there!"

And so with a malicious, but at the same time, disgustingly cringing and evilly significant leer, Mr. Bitters proceeded in the direction indicated. In vain were all poor Nora's beseeching looks. This discreet acquaintance would understand nothing but that a member of that Corinthian order which he always professed to abhor and devote to destruction, desired his absence.

"Come, then, Nora, I insist upon it! I must have a word—only half a dozen words, if you are in such a hurry to be quit of me—but an explanation of some sort with you I will have!" resumed Lord Louvane.

"I have no explanation to make with you, my lord!" said Nora, trembling in every limb with agitation. "I am only sorry I left my father and the baby! But it was because I wished to avoid—to avoid—any such uncalled for nonsense! We have no explanations to require of one another! You are a married man, my lord—I am another person's wife!"

"Tell me only, Nora—but let us first get out of this noise and confusion—Tell me only, Nora!" he continued, resuming his forcible hold, and in a manner dragging her from the midst of a now gathering throng of listeners—"are you happy in your new condition? Or does the fellow you have married turn out to be an empty, puffed up, addle pated, consequential brute, as I always predicted to you he would?"

"Let me go, sir! I will not answer such bad, audacious questions!" exclaimed Nora, with energy.

"I will never let you go until you make me some reply!—I don't require it exactly in those words—or, at all events, till you tell me where you live, that I may receive it where we are less observed! My mother, for some wonderful reason of her own, won't tell me!"

"She knows your wicked proposals to me, sir!

She knows all!" exclaimed Nora, hoping to vex or alarm the viscount into quitting her.

"I thought so! But what a wicked little villain you must have been to trouble the old lady with such nonsense!" continued Lord Louvane. "It ought to have been a secret between us two, dear Nora; for I certainly never meant anything but what was strictly honorable to you, Nora! That is, if I had not had the misfortune to have been married already, I would, upon my life, have made you my wife, rather than lose you to a paltry sneaking scribbler like the one you have thrown yourself away upon!"

"If you don't let me go, you bad man, you, I'll ask the people to make you!" exclaimed Nora, in high indignation.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Johnses?" at this juncture interposed an astonished, but manly and determined voice. And raising her eyes, Nora perceived with very great satisfaction that their path was crossed by John Rugby, her husband's foreman.

He carried a large parcel of paper under his arm, and was in his working dress. But it was plainly to be seen in his rough but intelligent countenance, and quiet, firm manner, that he was a very different sort of an opponent—in case he became one—to the personage who had just left them.

But Lord Louvane was in a haughty and irritated mood—confident in his own personal strength—and perhaps a little lifted in the stirrups by a plentiful allowance of wine at a lunch he had very lately partaken with Jack Tandem.

"Whatever the matter is, Mrs. Johnses does not require your assistance, I believe, though I have not the honor to know who you are!" he retorted with an air of supercilious defiance.

"I am a man! and that's enough, perhaps, for the present occasion!" returned John Rugby; and he looked one every inch as he spoke. "But I may as well tell you besides, sir," he continued, in his usual habitually quiet and respectful manner, "that I am Mr. Johnses's foreman, and it seems to me you are annoying his wife, whoever you are, sir, by following her about! So if Mrs. Johnses wishes you not, sir, in plain words, I won't let you!"

"You won't let me!" returned Lord Louvane, with extreme irritation; and, knowing himself to be a proficient in the noble science of boxing, he continued, in a tone of angry command, "Come, Man, as you call yourself, let us hear no more of this nonsense, but get out of my way, or I'll show you that I am a MAN-ER, and lay you as flat as ever you lay upon your bed I promise you!"

"No, John—don't, don't! Take me home!" exclaimed N wild with terror.

"You make your way street yonder, by the back lar prevent anybody Rugby; and N the direction in himself before h

full concussion with Lord Louvane. The viscount, provoked beyond measure, roared out that he would give him his fill, for his impudent interference. To which John replied that he was ready. A mob, of course, gathered instantaneously. A regular ring was as speedily formed, coats were stripped off, hats and handkerchiefs handed to a pair of improvisated seconds, and a regular milling match began—to the infinite delight of the spectators.

John Rugby was of a sturdily set figure, possessed a heart that disdained the very idea of yielding, and very considerable personal strength. But he was no match in science with his adversary, who had made pugilism a branch of his education, in which he himself taking delight had proportionally improved. Lord Louvane had good pluck also, and though irritated in his temper, was cool enough in his tactics.

The consequence was, that in less than ten minutes poor John Rugby had received so severe a punishing, that his eyes were closed to all purposes of offence or defence; his red hair still more violently colored in his own blood; and finally, he himself was placed *hors de combat* by a blow that made him insensible several minutes longer than the rules of the combat allowed to be enjoyed.

Lord Louvane having satisfied himself that he was the victor, flung a sovereign to the vanquished—which was, however, immediately misappropriated by a strange, monkey-looking boy, belonging to a show, who pounced down from a

pair of stilts on the pavement for the purpose. And then his lordship turned to get his great coat. But his second had disappeared with it, as had poor John Rugby's with his parcel of paper.

There was little hope of any interference on the part of the powerless police of that time, and Lord Louvane, forgetting at the moment that he had several valuable papers in his coat pocket, thought he had best make off while the play was good. The mob had begun to inquire into the cause of the battle, now it was over, and to take part against him. And Lord Louvane was tired of the whole affair, and determined to beat a retreat.

Several unpleasant consequences followed on this unlucky excursion. Among the first, and not the least important was the dismissal of John Rugby from the superintendence of the Faust Printing Press, as Mr. Johnes styled his establishment.

Mr. Johnes would not suffer a person in his service, who evidently disgraced himself by frequenting low places of resort, and engaging in blackguard brawls, and who got himself covered with bruises and other marks of personal chastisement, instead of attending to his business! This was the judgment Mr. Johnes passed upon the visibly battered condition in which John Rugby was necessitated to present himself on the following day at the office.

Rugby was doubtless considerably surprised to find Mrs. Johnes had not rendered any explanation on his part unnecessary. But with his natural good sense, he perceived she had some particular reason for concealing the whole circumstance from her husband. And with the rough, but manly and high-hearted chivalry of his thoroughly English character, he determined that it was not for him to make a revelation which a woman he held in a respect and love nigh akin to idolatry—(poor fellow! why was all that honest first love of a brave heart destined to be so thrown away and wasted?)—evidently wished should remain unmade.

It was for the sake of Nora, again—of the whole family, Rugby tried to persuade himself it was—that he bent a naturally proud and stubborn spirit, where he found himself unjustly treated—to remonstrate on his dismissal, and ask leave to remain in his situation. But the wrong-headed master answered him with so imperious and magisterial a negative, that the honest fellow felt there was nothing else for it; and making a little bundle of the few things belonging to him, he took his departure with a heavy heart from Little Britain.

Another ill consequence to Nora—(she lamented this one, though, bitterly, and had more than her share of the knowledge of it)—was the extraordinary confidence into which Mr. Bitters shared in the adventure entered into with her. He had, it is true, been a friend of the late Lettice and the late Mr. Johnes, whom she had known, and his political club, round the corner, where she was only just behind them at the time. And, in short, did all he could, even in the sagacious and unfavorable judgment of Lettice, to cover the delinquency of her mistress's absence at the fair. But these very small services seemed to Mr. Bitters of considerable magnitude, as Nora began to perceive, with an uneasiness and regret that increased every hour.

But the most calamitous consequence of all was yet in store; and one day at dinner the poor woman was almost petrified by an announcement her husband made to her, entering to the meal beaming with an expression of triumphant joy and elation.

"Well, after all, Nora," he exclaimed, "MIND IS POWER! Genius counts for something even in this aristocrat-ridden country. I don't say I am a genius, mind! But I can't be absolutely destitute of some originality—of some degree of magic influence in my strains—when I have even brought my old enemy to reason! To understand my position, to admire my talents, to desire to produce them in a stronger glare of publicity! Though I don't know why I call the poor man my enemy, either! I can understand now that I am a father myself, that he must have been irritated at our seeming indifference on so momentous an occasion! In short, my love, Lord Louvane has called upon me—has begged my pardon for any misconception that may have existed between us—has declared he had no idea I possessed a genius—(that was his word—Genius!)—so exalted, so en-

thralling, as that which he discovers now in my poems—accidentally taking them up the other day at Lady Bluestock's—you know I sent her ladyship a present of a copy—and that he desires my acquaintance as an honor! In fact, at last he invited himself to dinner with us next Thursday. Only think—to dinner with us, Nora! And, after all, you know, a lord counts for something particular in this stupid old world of ours! So we'll let Mr. Dawson see—I mean, we will invite the Dawsons, too—and—and—What are you thinking of, my dear girl? We can borrow a set of china; and Sweetington, the confectioner, has only asked for his bill once!"

Nora was not thinking of the china, nor of Mr. Sweetington, the confectioner. But she was turning a great variety of pretty colors, and thinking a great variety of things on the subject of the dinner, too!

CHAPTER X.

But the world! man's heart and mind, I trow,
Would all more closely know—this is my aim.
FAUST.—Burch's Translation.

AWKWARD and embarrassing as the proposed party must have been to Nora, in any case, her alarm at the conviction that it was inevitable was increased by the circumstance that Mrs. Dawson was in possession of the secret she felt obliged to withhold from her husband.

We cannot praise poor Nora's prudence in the matter, but rather admit she committed a great act of folly—goaded and driven into it, in a manner, by natural female emulation, and those endless archduke legends—to confide to Mrs. Dawson the fact of her own escape from a very similar danger. At least, so she thought it, until Mrs. Dawson, greatly offended at the comparison, explained the mighty difference.

The Archduke Albrecht Reiginier Ferdinand Karl Maximilian was *not married* when he had dared to cherish the hope that she—Mrs. Dawson—might be brought to reciprocate his tenderness! Consequently it was possible that, after all, his Imperial Highness might have meant everything that was right and proper by her—ultimately. Not so my Lord Louvane: he had a wife.

And now this lady, whose prying, prattling, mischievous disposition was sufficiently known to Nora, and dreaded by her, was to make one of the party!

Nora set to work accordingly, with the greatest earnestness, to dissuade Mr. Johnes from giving the party at all. She represented the expense to him—how deeply they were already getting involved in debt, with little or no substantial benefit to themselves—how inferior in rank they were to their proposed visitor, and destitute of all the appliances he was accustomed to, and the absence of which he would not fail to notice and ridicule. She did not venture to urge her real reason, and Noah speedily demolished all her alleged ones.

The expense, he said, would be next to nothing. He did not intend or pretend to give a grand dinner! As to their being in debt, a few pounds more or less were not worth considering. And, moreover, his chief chance of extrication from embarrassment lay in cultivating the good opinion and notice of persons of distinction and influence. As to rank, Lord Louvane's position in society was only a conventional and unnatural pretension to superiority. A man's own talents and elevation of mind were the only true patents of nobility! And he flattered himself (poor fellow! so he did) that in points of that sort he was at least the equal of my Lord Louvane! Then, as to the notion of his lordship finding anything to laugh at in their manner of receiving him, he must be ill bred indeed, if he showed it, at all events! And, besides, Sweetington would furnish them with a dinner at which no peer of the realm (and Lord Louvane was only a lord by courtesy) need be ashamed to sit.

Nora was obliged to yield her own better judgment, though with a heavy heart, hoping she might be enabled to exhibit her distaste for the viscount's attentions so emphatically, in the course of the interview, as for ever to discourage him from their prosecution.

And we must confess the poor girl was not without some secret feeling of a kind of triumph to be achieved over Mrs. Dawson in the apprehended event, which was no slight inducement to allow it to take place.

For whether that lady was disgusted at a rival pretension to honors in her own romancing line, or found reason in the apocryphal nature of her own adventure to doubt Nora's, we cannot say. But she had frequently, in a polite manner, in-

sinuated her conviction that Nora must have been mistaken in her opinion of Lord Louvane's designs upon her. Knowing herself to be so very pretty—as she undoubtedly was—vanity might easily have misled her, Mrs. Dawson would kindly observe! For she was convinced, from her long experience of the nobility, no personage of that elevated class could conduct himself with so much impropriety in the face of society as Lord Louvane was represented to have done. Not that she doubted Mrs. Johnes had given a faithful account of her own impressions of the affair. But it bore its own contradiction on the very face of it, and his lordship's extravagant offers sufficiently demonstrated that he could not be in earnest in making them!

Mrs. Johnes now thought she had only to acknowledge she found Mrs. Dawson in the right, and to declare that Lord Louvane's object in making one at a small family party in Little Britain was to demonstrate his innocence of all harmful intentions in his friendship for her husband, to give Mrs. Dawson a very sensible mortification. And we have assigned a former reason why that should be rather agreeable than otherwise to such a true, natural woman as our Nora unhappily remained, in spite of her education in the mansions of the great.

Mrs. Dawson had solemnly pledged herself to secrecy when Nora took occasion to reciprocate her friend's endless confidences on the subject of the archduke. But Mrs. Johnes thought it advisable to make the invitation herself, in order that her friend might not take occasion to betray any such suspicious emotion, and that she might have an opportunity to communicate her own altered views. Nora was pleased at such a sign of cordiality on his wife's part, for he had been a good deal annoyed of late by her very visible pettishness and coldness to his admiring and admirable friend.

Mrs. Dawson's surprise on the announcement was only equalled by her extreme satisfaction at the prospect of her own share in the inappreciable honor that was about to be vouchsafed to Little Britain by the presence of a real living lord! The son of a minister, too! A mirage of brilliant prospects immediately rose before her gaze, in which she figured to herself the paradise of some "snug little place under government" for her own lethargic pedagogue! He was just made for that sort of thing! Just the man for any situation in which there is nothing to do! It may be thought she did not hesitate a moment in accepting the invitation!

But Mrs. Dawson's ideas on the old subject of dispute sustained an immediate revolution.

"Nay, come, my dear, don't talk such nonsense to me! I am a woman of the world! I see it must have been all along as you said it was! And though, of course, everything is changed now—yet I've known these Platonic attachments produce the best results in many instances, and gradually settle down to a calm and delightful friendship which those who are capable of enjoying its sweets can only appreciate! Though I must say, I considered it more prudent on my part to forbid even a correspondence by letters, which the poor Albrecht earnestly desired! He sent me his prime minister—no, his principal yager—to implore it. But I was inexorable; but one must sacrifice everything, you know, to prudence, my dear Mrs. Johnes!"

"Yes, Mrs. Dawson; but you may depend upon it, I can tell Lord Louvane as flatly to his face as anybody possibly could by letter to anybody else, that I don't care a pin for him! And you shall see so!" said Nora, with indignant warmth.

"Nay, my love, we must observe a medium in all things! I don't say that would be quite the thing either! I daresay Mr. Johnes would not feel himself a bit the less at his ease for an addition of twelve hundred a year or so to his private fortune? And that I believe, is the general rate in government situations. And though I should be the last person in the world to recommend departure by a hair's breadth from the exactest principles of virtue and honor, still—surely!—one can treat a man with civility without giving him any undue encouragement! Do you think I felt bound to turn my back on an imperial prince, merely because he happened to address a few rather excited words to me at a gloomy inn fire, in the heart of the desolate mountains of the Tyrol? No!"

"And no worse came of it, did there?" said Nora, anxiously. "But, dear Mrs. Dawson, you'll be sure and keep all that nonsense I told you a secret, will you not; or Johnes might

think the naughty man had some designs;—which, as I shall take care we never see him again, he can't, you know!"

"Make no rash resolutions, dear, and I promise," replied Mrs. Dawson, with solemnity. "I vowed I would never see Albrecht again after his avowal. Yet when he presented himself before me in the summer house on the Danube—when I beheld him at my feet, kneeling in a torrent of despair—I could not spurn him from my presence, Mrs. Johnes!—tell me, could I? True, I was neither a wife nor a mother then, as you are now—as we both are!—And these thoughts are forbidden me! But I feel too much affected by the recollection, at this moment, to say more. Leave me, dear Mrs. Johnes, to collect myself!"

Mrs. Johnes left her friend. But the manner in which she proceeded to collect herself was rather singular—unless she had consisted of a great variety of laces, silks, and haberdashery, dispersed in various stores. For of these—and of these only—did Mrs. Dawson proceed to make a collection as fast as she could huddle on her bonnet and shawl to go out.

As she kept the purse, there was no occasion for the usual tedious delay in married life—though Dionysius would have required very little bullying indeed to surrender his money.

The only incident which diversified the even tenor of events among the Johneses until the great day of the dinner, was the arrival of a large present of game, and of a case of champagne and claret, with Lord Louvane's compliments; and as he had taken the liberty to invite a friend to accompany him, who had an extreme desire to see and speak with the author of "Cypress Leaves," he trusted he should be excused if he contributed a few articles to the entertainment. Noah's pride was a little huffed; but it was a very reasonable succor, as his wine merchant had just peremptorily refused to supply him even with only a single paltry dozen of the "very best sherry and port," until he had paid something on account of the old bill.

Mrs. Blowjabber herself descended from her Simon Stylites pillar of religious contemplation, to lend a zealous hand in the preparations. Almost for the first time in her life, she augured no ill from what was happening, and looked forward to the elevation of her son to some high office in the state as a necessary consequence of the young nobleman's visit.

The company were all assembled and in awful expectation, in good time before the minute named for the arrival of the distinguished guest, on whom so many hopes were now attached and hooked in all directions, that some valuable lines might have been added to the "Vanity of Human Wishes," had the author been alive and there to fathom what was passing in the good people's minds. Nora herself could not forbear vaguely sharing in them—so sympathetic and impressionable was her nature—although she had made up her mind to treat Lord Louvane in a manner that should satisfy him of the unfounded nature of any expectations he might entertain from the sufferance of his visit, and her husband's folly.

No one was invited besides the Dawsons, in whom Noah trusted to find, as he usually did, the most efficient foils to and producers of his own brilliancy. And Lord Louvane had so particularly desired they might have the evening, as much as possible, "all to themselves and literature," that it would not have been proper to exceed the new patron's wishes much in that respect.

Rosamund Alexandra formed one of this favored Dawson group, her mother declaring, in the first place, she should not be easy a moment in her mind if her little restless gloriollette was out of her sight; and in the next, that she was anxious to allow her (an infant of four or five years old) every opportunity of joining in good society.

We should not like to mention the foolish woman's inmost motive, if the madness of people who are outwardly reputed sane, were not pretty familiar to most of us.

Mrs. Dawson had heard from Nora that Lord Louvane was a valetudinary, who owed a good portion of her ill health to her noble husband's misconduct and maltreatment. She, therefore, thought it probable her ladyship might be seen in this life about the time her Rosamund Alexandra became marriageable. And, meanwhile, the indescribable fascinations of that lovely child, which would grow with her growth, might be seen and appreciated by the viscount. He would not be so "gay and volatile"—so Mrs. Dawson was pleased to describe his present style of de-

meanor—in ten or twelve years. And then, if Rosamund liked him, what was to hinder her from making a splendid match, even if there was some considerable difference in point of years and station?

Talk of death! In Mrs. Dawson's romantic cogitations, love was ten thousand times a greater leveller.

Some vague impressions of this kind kept the little coquette herself on her good behavior, and in fact, she sat as prim and starched beside her mother as a French *fiancée*, just out of her nunnery, receiving the first address of the suitor selected by her relations as her future companion for life.

A most imposing opinion was besides universal among the guests of Lord Louvane's immense consequence in the world and in the State. His riches, present and future, the dignity and power of his family—(Mr. Crashaw himself could not have pronounced that noun of collection with more becoming reverence than Mrs. Dawson, in describing the results of her researches concerning it in the Peerage!)—his father's great parliamentary influence, high station as a minister of state, and several other imposing *et ceteras*, altogether produced the overawing effect we have witnessed, even upon the audacious and questioning genius of Rosamund Alexandra.

Indeed, the sensation was pretty general throughout Little Britain; for Lettice Lovick had taken care to diffuse tidings of the great event about to happen from all the main centres of public intelligence in the locality. The butcher, the baker, the oil and Italian warehouse, knew all about it days before! Even the oyster woman at the corner of the street knew what to look out for, and at what hour. And it was partly expected, we have no doubt, that Lord Louvane would arrive in a kind of state—possibly, drawn by six cream-colored horses, with their manes and tails plaited with scarlet ribbons. Meanwhile, Lettice, who was purveyor-general as well as nurse, found the rumor facilitated her purchases on credit, which had of late grown rather difficult. And little Star Johnes had his share of the general advantage in the contemplation of a great variety of wares and tradespeople he was lugged about among, of all of which and whom he seemed to take note in his strangely thoughtful and ever mindful eyes.

Mrs. Dawson was just declaring she knew his lordship would be late, as people of quality always were in her time, "when she was in society." And Rosamund was exclaiming: "O, mamma, I am sure if they like to come, grand people will come as soon as they can, as we did!" when the younger lady proved to be in the right. Lord Louvane's equipage drove up to the door, but not at all in the style that all Little Britain in general, and the oyster woman at the corner in particular, expected he would arrive! Lord Louvane came in a hackney-coach, drawn by two broken-winded bay rozinantes that stood puffing and snorting beneath the windows in a state to throw the foam from their poor nanging nostrils up to the drawing-room, if they had strength to lift their heads.

"You are quite up to your cue, then, Jack?" said his Lordship, feeling for the money to pay the driver before they alighted.

"No, I am't at all!" replied our friend, Mr. Tandem, nervously, I don't know poetry from hurdy-gurdy playing, and how the devil shall I praise such confounded stuff, and keep him busy thinking of himself, if I actually shan't know when he's talking poetry or when he's talking prose?"

"Never mind! You pretend to listen—and mind, above all things, don't yawn; and whenever he stops a moment and looks at you, say it's beautiful, and sublime, and all that!"

"I know a good horse when I see it, and a pretty woman. But I'll be hanged if I know one sort of writing from another, no more than a Newfoundland puppy!" muttered Jack, discontentedly. "But I suppose you must have your own way, my lud."

The coachman was paid so handsomely as to elicit a further demand—which was scoffed at by the young nobleman, and reprimanded in a volley of reproachful oaths by Honest Jack—and up the pair ascended, under the awe-stricken convoy of Lettice, to the drawing-room. Here the company were already risen *en masse*, and drawn up in battle array, and really in as terrible a flutter as if they expected a charge from his lordship at the head of his regiment of dragoons, instead of a peaceful arrival to dinner.

CHAPTER XI.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disordered, so debauched, and bold,
That this our court, infected by their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn.—KING LEAR.

LORD LOUVANE looked surprised, and perhaps a little chagrined, at the number of persons assembled to receive him. But as soon as his glance fell upon Nora—which it did instantly—the spectacle of the beautiful blushes that dyed her whole fine face, and the warm, indignant sparkle in her vivacious eyes, gave him so much pleasure, that he forgot everything else; and stepping towards her with his naturally gay and courtly elegance of manner, the company perceived that he carried a very splendid nosegay, which he presented to his hostess with every appearance of respectful homage.

"I remembered, as we started, dear Mrs. Johnes," distinguishing Nora by the most flattering familiarities of tone and address from the general coldness of his salute to the assemblage; "how fond you used to be of flowers, when you had the chief care of my mother's conservatory in town. And so I thought, as flowers are things not at all likely to thrive so far in the dust and smoke of the city, I would bring you some from it—as a token there are none of your old associates but would be glad to renew the pleasure of your acquaintance!"

Jack Tandem started at this fine speech. "When we bought them in Covent Garden as we came," he murmured inwardly. "What a wonderful cram that fellow is!"

Mrs. Dawson also listened with all her ears—eager to form her own conclusions from every word that dropped.

"A bouquet to a lady's maid," she exclaimed to herself, "is an ample commentary! Mr. Johnes himself looked a little surprised at the viscount's extreme condescension. But Nora put all right for a time by the decorum of the deep curtsy with which she received her noble guest's present, and the demure humility with which she thanked his lordship for the gift. Very few noticed the flush of sarcastic anger with which she added, in rather an under tone, "Their ladyships are very good to allow your lordship to bring me so many of the choicest flowers out of the conservatory! Lady Falconborough used to prize them so much!"

"My mother and Lady Louvane still cherish the utmost kindness for you, dear Mrs. Johnes—especially since they have read your husband's beautiful poems!" replied Lord Louvane, suddenly diverting the current of Mr. Johnes's observations. "For indeed, to tell you the truth, sir," he continued, turning to the latter with all the ease and outward show of sincerity *nosait* "their ladyships had formed a notion had married—all for love, of course a mere idler and make-believe nature—who would never choose. And as with the whole absurd idea gave us

Mr. Johnes bowed recognition

"It is a delightful conviction," my lord, and one that young people would do well always to bear in mind," said Mrs. Dawson, forcing her Rosamund into notice by a most strenuously affectionate glance of maternal evocation, "that merit will rise in spite of all we can do to keep it down, and force itself through all obstacles upward as the fountains at Versailles."

"Allow me to present to you, my friend, Mr. Tandem," Mrs. Johnes, interrupted Lord Louvane, after a single glance of surprise at the showy scarecrow addressing him. Rather rudely, it must be confessed. "Mr. Tandem, of Tandem Hall, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire!" his lordship could not forbear adding, to make the introduction more completely authentic.

"Another fish to your net, sir," said Mr. Tandem, awkwardly commencing his complimentary career to Mr. Johnes. "I am a great admirer of songs, and all that sort of thing, and that's the reason why I'm come to dinner."

"I am not a ballad singer, sir," responded the poet, drily.

"Mr. Tandem is not familiar with the proper literary names of things, Mr. Johnes," said Lord Louvane, hardly able to keep his countenance.

Mr. Johnes was thus artfully stroked down in all his rising quills; and after a considerable further ceremony of introductions, dinner was announced as ready, and the whole company adjourned in great state to the apartment where it was served.

Lord Louvane led down his averse hostess, and it is most probable he used the brief opportunity afforded him to apologise for his rude behavior on the last occasion of their meeting in the fair. But Nora did not look much mollified when they took their places, of course, with the grand guest of the day seated on her right, in the place of honor. The acutely observing Mrs. Dawson even imagined that the flush off her cheek was deepened, and the sparkle in her eye heightened—not so very pleasantly as she, perhaps, thought would have happened in her own case, had the Archduke Albrecht Reiginier Ferdinand Karl Maximilian handed her down, with so much gracious affability, to a banquet, though it had had been only of sour kroust and bad beer in the wretched wayside inn she made the scene of her imperial legend.

They found Mrs. Blewjabber sitting in solemn expectation of the descent of the company, as formal, stiff and swathed, in her black silk gown, with its apron front, as a mummy.

But even Mrs. Blewjabber could be polite on such an occasion. She had a pretty shrewd notion of Lord Louvane's general character, yet she assured him, with a dismal sigh, that nothing could give her greater satisfaction, in this miserable life, than to see so worthy a nobleman under her poor son's roof. She had seen better times, and so had he; but she hoped Providence had at least taken pity on their forlorn estate, and meant to do something to raise them in the world.

"I shall be most happy," my good Madame, "to do anything in my power. And my father, the Earl of Falconborough, has, doubtless, sufficient influence to effect almost anything he might like to do for Mr. Johnes—certainly in that way," replied his lordship, cheerfully.

"And his father's so offended at him, he wouldn't help a friend of his'n to a tide-waiter's place!" murmured Honest Jack, not above his breath.

Unluckily, too, he saw his opportunity to infuse a little briskness and hilarity into the conversation, which was also part of his cue, as he understood it.

"Don't you think, Madame," he observed, facetiously, "that the old gentleman below has more to do with the distribution of good things in this world than they have up there where you're cocking your eyes? I allude of course, to things as they stand, not as they ought to be."

"Sir!" said Mrs. Blewjabber, with a wonderful look.

"My friend, Mr. Tandem, of Tandem Hall," righted this untoward launch a little, and the company seated themselves with great marks of mutual deference and politesse. Mrs. Dawson's behavior was, in particular, a model of the stiffest species of ceremony, which her daughter Rosamund observed with particular attention, and mimicked often afterwards in the kitchen, to the unbounded delight of Lettice Lovick, and any other chance audience that might be collected there.

Dinner passed off all very well, with only some few incidental blunders and mischances, not worth recording, chiefly caused by the fits of abstracted admiration which Lettice Lovick, who waited, naturally felt at the spectacle of a real, existing lord, sitting at dinner, like any other human being, with her master and mistress. She stared at him, almost continually, with her large and wontedly saucy eyes, now full of nothing but wonder and reverence; and had his lips, indeed, dropped the diamonds and pearls of the princess's in the fairy tale, she could not have considered they uttered aught more valuable than the words that fell from them.

But if the truth must be known, Lettice admitted in her heart that Mr. Tandem's conversation only wanted the magic of his being a lord to make it much the more amusing in reality. Still, none of the fine things the viscount from time to time addressed, in a gentle undertone, to her mistress were lost on Lettice, and they reminded her deliciously of some of the most charming observations placed on record in novels.

Perhaps she formed a little romance of her own on the subject in her little, foolish, busy brain. There were moments, certainly, when Lettice remembered the glorious adventure of Pamela Andrews; and, forgetful of poor Lady Louvane's obstinate existence, thought if she had been her mistress, she would not have married Mr. Johnes in preference to remaining in service in the Falconborough family.

Lord Louvane thus found himself placed very comfortably, and amused as much as he had de-

signed. For, to say truth, Nora's vexation and confusion diverted him almost as much, perhaps more, than a display of kindness and encouragement could have done.

His civility to Johnes, meanwhile, knew no bounds. He listened to his flourishes of eloquence and gorgeous quotations from favorite bards—got up for the occasion—with every mark of admiration and attention. He lamented in general but exquisitely flattering terms, the great waste of abilities in such a man, who confined energies so vast and soaring to the narrow routine of business! And on Noah's passionately declaring he detested business, and longed for nothing so much as an opportunity to free himself for ever from its trammels. Lord Louvane declared, with great gravity, there was nothing which he could discern but his politics to prevent him from rendering the highest services to the State under his father's patronage.

Noah was not yet quite prepared to debase himself by an abrupt renunciation of his professed principles. But Mrs. Dawson, who had no restraints in her views of self-interest, and who, in spite of her first repulse, made a dead set at the minister's son during the whole repast, broke bravely in. "That's what I always tell Mr. Johnes, and that is almost the only point on which he and I are continually differing! He is a Liberal of the most extreme opinions—and I am that is, Mr. Dawson, is—a horrid old Tory, of the real unmixed *blue blood*, my lord! And that is, why I often say, if Mr. Dawson could only be induced to devote his great abilities that way, I am quite certain the Ministry might look far and near before they discovered any person so perfectly adapted to fill a public office—I don't, of course, mean the very highest—with credit to himself and his country!"

Lord Louvane looked smilingly at the worthy pedagogue, who was not aware that anyone was speaking of him, and observed that he thought the Speakership of the House of Commons would suit him best.

"They have seldom to say anything," he said; and one is not obliged, one would hope, to keep one's self often awake in that office," he observed, goodnaturedly. "Not being a lawyer, I am afraid we could not secure the Woolsack in the Upper House for Mr. Dawson; but I suppose I may conclude with certainty he would prefer some official position of a quiet and contemplative nature."

"You have the *coup d'œil* of a statesman, my lord, already," said Mrs. Dawson, with anxious complaisance. "A seat at some board would decidedly suit Mr. Dawson better than anything particularly active."

But what chiefly annoyed Lord Louvane during dinner more than all Mrs. Dawson's crafty insinuations, and Mrs. Blewjabber's groans over the worldly vanities she took care to share, or even Mr. Johnes's fine discourse, was little Rosamund's increasing and strangely intelligent observation of all he said or did.

He saw the bright little eyes detected him when he pretended to brush his hand accidentally against Nora's, as she was reaching her's for some articles on the table. He feared that she noted the indignant frown of the young wife's array, scarcely perceptible as it was to the scrutiny of others; and he took a considerable dislike to, and some fear of, his future intended bride at once, in consequence.

"Odious little wretch—gimletting one with those eyes of hers!"

Very few people liked Rosamund Dawson, at any stage of her career, who did not adore her with a kind of frenzy rather! And how they hated her when they had ceased to love her!

But Rosamund herself partly explained the reason of her intent observation at a subsequent period of the evening, when the company had rejoined one another—after a short interval of the gentlemen's absence—in the drawing room.

"Please, lord, what is a rake?" she said, fixing her gaze on the viscount, at the end of a short pause in the conversation that prepared every one to hear what the child might have to say.

"Why, bless me! Mrs. Dawson! what can the child want to know that for?" exclaimed Lord Louvane, looking a little astonished.

"Because mamma said you were one. And I like you; and I want to know why you are called a rake? You are not in the least like one. They are thin, long, scraggy things, with spikes sticking out of them to tear up weeds."

There was so dead a silence for several minutes that it might well have been concluded there

was no lady present to answer the question. And to this unfortunate interlude it was that Mrs. Dawson long afterwards ascribed the failure of her own sagacious efforts to have a new office of Inspector General of Education created, with a salary of fifteen hundred a year, through the Falconborough interest, for the express use and behoof of her dozing-awake spouse. But she forgave everything to the charming little heiress of her own chief beauties and lively wit, which truly rendered it very difficult for her to remain silent when she had better not have spoken.

Nora broke the fearful pause by observing in a manner that highly vexed Lord Louvane—for he perceived she was half laughing—that perhaps Miss Rosamund would like to go down stairs and play a little with Master Star—who would be sure to expect his daily visit from her at that time.

"Star! Is it possible you call your child by so extraordinary a name?" exclaimed Lord Louvane.

"It is a fancy of mine—a mere pet name; he has another," said the poet, blushing deeply. "If your lordship pleases, I will read you—I will explain—a copy of verses from which his nonsensical mother's love has adopted the designation! It is called the 'Star in the Dark,' and—"

"Your boy is the star, I presume," said Lord Louvane, with almost undisguised ridicule.

"No, my lord, as I understood it—as Mr. Johnes explained it to me—I consider that by the Star in the Dark—he means the condition of unaided merit at present in this country, under what I consider one of the most paternal forms of government that ever—"

"Why how can a star shine but in the dark?" interrupted Honest Jack, with great simplicity.

"Remember that, my dearest child," said Mrs. Dawson, turning with a truly Minerva look to her little daughter. "Mr. Tandem has made a most sensible observation; and through life remember that the darker the night around us, the more we are all called upon to strive to dispel it! But, in my opinion, the aristocracy are the real stars we ought all to look up to, to guide and illumine us on our way!"

"Would you like to see the baby, Lord Louvane?" said Nora, at this juncture, with rather singular abruptness.

She had hardly spoken a word during all this hubbub of opinion; but Lord Louvane had been addressing her in an undertone, as it was supposed, on the questions at issue—to which, however, it bore but slight relation.

"Well, I am not particularly fond of babies, Mrs. Johnes," said the viscount, pettishly. "I haven't seen my own urchin, which I am assured is a regular miracle of everything and all the *et ceteras*, for this week or two. But I have no objection, if you wish it, of course! Ladies' wishes are laws with me!"

"I am not a lady, my lord! And your mother would be very much surprised if she heard you call me one!" said Nora, with a very expressive glance. "But I am a woman and a mother, and I love my child! And there is nothing I would not do or sacrifice to make it happy! I know it will be glad to see me now awhile—and—and—I will be back in a moment with it!"

And she left the apartment so abruptly, that Louvane perceived he was going on a wrong tack.

He balanced this display, however, by entreating Noah to read his verses on the subject above alluded to, which the poet had meanwhile discovered it would not be convenient to do. They were written in a very democratic sense, and that would hardly suit the audience then assembled, or, at least, the auditor whose good opinion he sought at that juncture.

The viscount's punishment was therefore commuted into hearing the recitation of an Address to the Rising Sun—a phenomenon the indolent bard himself had probably never witnessed in all his time, but which he described with a full detail of all the commonplaces in use on the subject. Honest Jack, who had taken as much wine as did him good to fortify him for his task, now thought it proper to undertake a portion of the duties of admiration, but not in the best style possible. "Well," said he, "I've heard Liston and Hamlet hundreds of times, but I never did hear anything to beat that, s'help me. If I won't not go to bed some night at all, to see if I can hear them skylarks sing completely out of sight, as you observe, Mr. Johnes! But I should almost have thought you couldn't have heard them either at such a height!"

Persia—The Palace of the Sun.

PERSIA must always be regarded as one of the most attractive countries in the world. It is scarcely known and but partially explored. Indeed, both its physical and political aspects oppose peculiar obstacles to its being thoroughly investigated. Here are no navigable rivers intersecting the country and laying open the bosom of the rocks—no Nile winding its course of beauty and wonder amid the desert, to transport the traveller, without comparative danger or weariness, through these burning regions. The roads, such as they are, will not admit of wheel carriages; the only mode of conveyance and intercourse, therefore, is supplied by the horse, the camel, and the mule, and this is sufficiently precarious. The fiery or piercing climate—the burning plains and snowy summits—the frightful passes, infested by numerous hordes of banditti—the want of water and the difficulty of procuring provisions of any kind—render Persia one of the last countries in which a traveller can afford or feel disposed to linger—unless it be in those rare and romantic spots in which nature seems to realize the creations of Oriental fable and to call up an Eden in the midst of the blighted waste.

Still, Persia, unattractive and inhospitable as it may be to the traveller, is the favored country of the imagination, and in many respects one of the most interesting regions of the world. Its early history is but a fable, but its situation would seem to favor its claims to be considered as the fountain head of population to the post-diluvian world,—the centre from which the various families of man diverged—the Scythian, the Arab, and the Ethiopie, towards the north and east, the northwest, and the southwest.

Persia, the mistress at one time, of the Eastern world, the subverter of Babylon and Egypt, the restorer of Jerusalem, the invader at first and then the victim of Greece, and, at a later period, the haughty and unconquered antagonist of Rome—the theatre upon which have been transacted some of the most remarkable revolutions in history; the cradle and the grave of the mightiest empires; cannot but excite, in the highest degree, a liberal and enlightened curiosity. Even those features of the country which affect the traveller with terror or melancholy, combine with the historic associations the pomp of Oriental costume and the illusions of romance, to give peculiar interest to the description of Persian scenery and Persian manners. In this country the cities are few; and then they all are, or have been capitals. With the single but magnificent exception of Persepolis, its monuments are rarely of high antiquity or peculiar interest. It can boast of no excavations like those of Egypt, Ethiopia, and India; no pyramids like those of Memphis; no temples like those of Greece. But, on the other hand, its living manners and customs are perhaps

the most ancient, and form the most unchanged representation of antiquity than is anywhere to be seen.

The Persian monarchy, though "shorn of its beams," crippled and despoiled, is still, in outward show and circumstance, what it was in the days of Cyrus and Darius, and Shah Abbas. The modern Persians are too, for the most part, what the ancient Persians are described to have been, both in their customs and general character. The pastoral tribes and mountain hordes are much the same as when Alexander conquered, or Xenophon wrote. Thus, while in Egypt the intrusive Turk or Mameluke, the degraded Copt, or miserable Fellah, excite comparatively no interest, but are dwarfed by the gigan-

extensive ranges of apartments. Among these is the record chamber, the treasury, the Palace of the Cypress Grove, and the subject of our illustration, the "Imaret Khoorsheed," or the "Palace of the Sun."

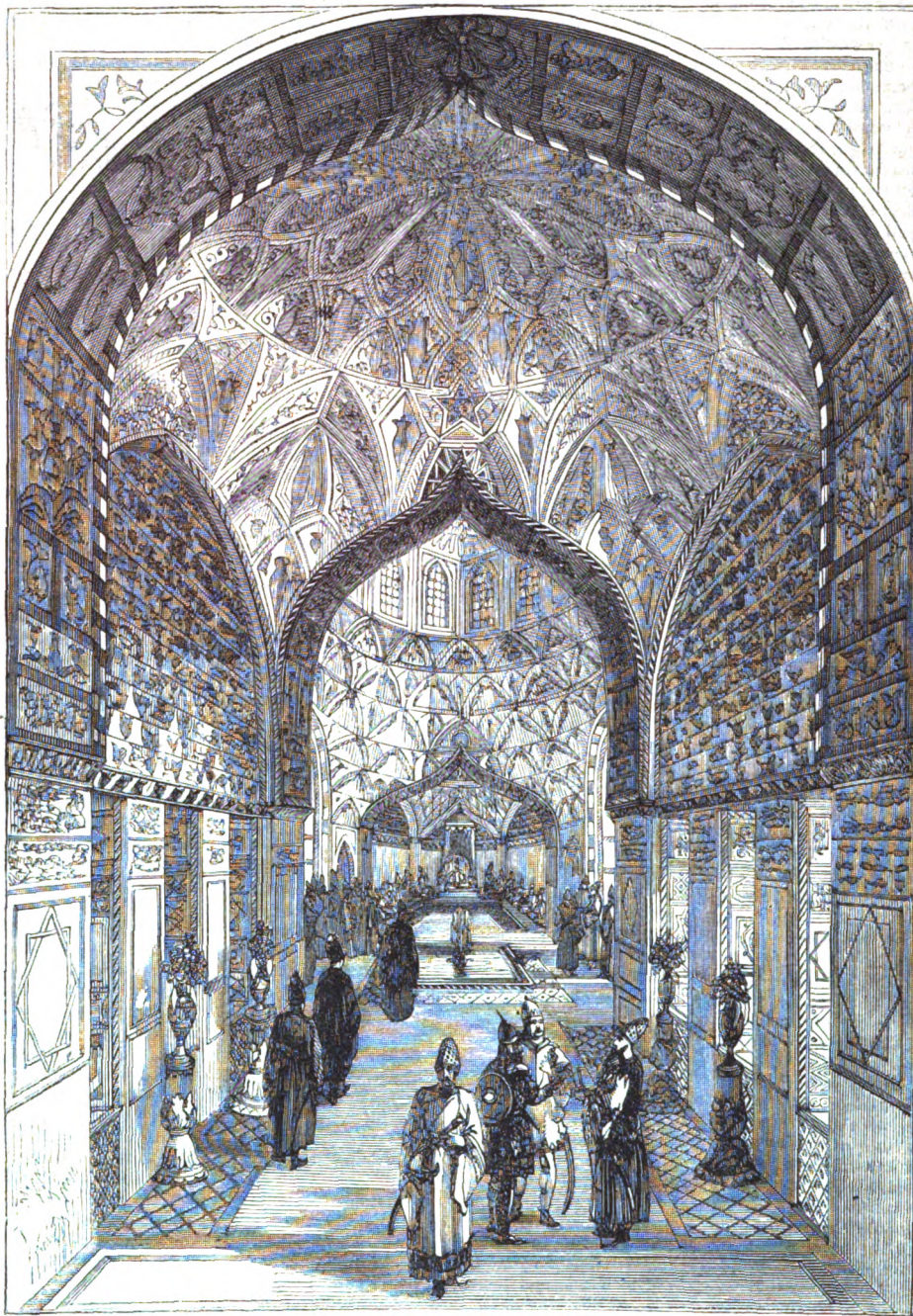
This is a magnificent structure, and well worthy of the praises that have been lavished upon it. The throne-room, in which His Majesty occasionally "sheds the light of his countenance on the dust of the earth," is large and lofty, with recesses at each end, on the walls of which are some displays of Russian art, in the shape of paintings. The walls are lined with marble and arabesque ornaments, curiously inlaid; the ceiling partakes of the same taste, all glittering with Asiatic finery. The front

is open, and supported by columns of black marble, about thirty feet high, in solid pieces, with a wreath around, beautifully cut. The throne is a movable square platform of fine grained marble, with carvings curious but unmeaning. Art has degenerated in Persia. The inscriptions are all in Arabic character. The style of the apartments is purely luxurious and Oriental. English and Russian mirrors and chandeliers are distributed in great profusion. The Gulistan, or "Garden of Roses," with its bubbling fountains and flowering shrubs, is a delicious spot. Here is to be seen everything that can enchant the senses. "The finest scented rose that had never looked upon dust—the spring that had never been vexed by a cold blast."

Altogether, the palace and its gardens do credit to the imagination of the poetical raptures of the Persians; but we must say it contrasts strangely and painfully with the mud huts, under-ground dwellings, and general squalor of Teheran itself.

Such is Despotism all the world over—a mass of splendid isolation, towering above poverty, and crushing to the earth all upon whom the glitter of its false magnificence unluckily falls.

BROWN BREAD.—It is asserted, respecting the excellence of brown bread, that it contains more of the constituents which make up bone, muscle and fat, than white



THE PALACE OF THE SUN.

tic monuments of remote ages, and hardly seem to belong to the scene where Art and Nature seem alike eternal and man is nothing—in Persia, it is the living scene, with all its faded yet imposing pageantry, the various tribes and the diversified parts of human character, that chiefly occupy attention, and by these faithful transcripts of former ages it is that the imagination is transported far back into the past.

Teheran is the modern capital of this interesting country. There is nothing very distinguished about the place, except the ark or citadel, which contains the royal palace. This is strongly fortified with a lofty wall, flanked with towers, other defences, and a deep dry ditch. The ark (*arag*, in Persian) comprises, besides the royal residence,

bread—that is, of the constituents which make up man, considering him as a chemical product. Professor Johnson says, "We give our servants household bread, while we live on the finest of wheat ourselves; the mistress eats that which pleases the eye more, the maid eats what sustains and nourishes the body more." Thus the servant, according to him, has the best of it. In Germany, bread, it appears, is frequently made of wheat, flour, and beet root; the white beet root being the best, the red is next in quality, and the common mangel wurtzel the worst. Parsnips, also, are occasionally mixed with flour to make bread.

GOLD.—Gold is universally worshipped without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.



TEHERAN—THE CAPITAL OF PERSIA.

Persia.

WHEN Hafiz sang of the gardens of Shiraz and the sweet bowers of Mosselah, his poetical visions could never have been disturbed by any thoughts of future desolation overspreading the comparatively happy valleys of Persia. Still, however, there is much of the old enchantment to be found in this land. There, every species of fruit tree known in Europe yet flourishes in wild luxuriance. Roses, from which the mighty esteemed *otto* is prepared, bloom in perfection; and beds of the loveliest flowers—tulips, anemones, hyacinths, ranunculuses, pinks, jasmines, and violets, embellish the gardens and fields. From the interest which, at present, attaches to this country, let us briefly review its political geography.

The entire region, extending from Asiatic Turkey on the west, to India on the east, was formerly comprised within the limits of the Persian empire, and still passes in the works of some modern geographers under the general name of Persia. The eastern portion of this district, however, is now beyond its political confines, and is inhabited by various independent tribes of the Afghans and Beloochees.

Persia, as now defined, consists of the country to the westward; but under this name it is quite unknown to its own people, who style it the kingdom of Iran, a name in which there is much music, and which is derived from that of the youngest and favorite son of the celebrated King Feridoon, to whom it was allotted on the division of his dominions. Its natural boundaries are the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean on the south; the Strat-el-Arab, or Lower Tigris, and the mountains of Kourdistan, on the west; the River Aras, the Caspian Sea, and the desert of Turkestan, on the north; with the highlands of Afghanistan and the burning wastes of Beloochistan on the east. In the direction of Central Asia its limits are undetermined by any natural landmarks, nor is the government able to maintain, in this direction, an artificial frontier against the incursions of the marauding hordes of the district, whose predatory habits are a continual source of fierce annoyance. The extent of the country is comprised within an area roughly calculated at 500,000 square miles, with a population estimated at nine millions five hundred thousand.

The greater part of Persia consists of a gigantic plateau, which reaches a height varying from three to four thousand feet above the sea, and comprehends chains of rocky mountains rising from its platform; dry untenanted valleys, wearing an aspect of extreme desolation; numerous salt lakes, and vast salt or sandy deserts, presenting no object of rest to relieve the weary eye whilst passing over their dreary monotony. The grandest mountain

range is that of Elburz, which runs parallel to the southern shores of the Caspian, and in the peak of Demavend attains to the elevation of 14,700 feet. It is at the southern base of Elburz, on a barren plain, that the present capital of Persia is situated.

Teheran, represented in our accompanying engraving, is a mud-walled city of four miles in circuit, and of little importance, except as the metropolis—a rank derived from its contiguity to the seat of the reigning dynasty. Its population varies with the season, but may be estimated during the winter at about one hundred and thirty thousand. During the summer months the climate is so unhealthy that those who are able, betake themselves to the mountains to enjoy an atmosphere which the Persian capital denies them, whatever other luxuries it may afford. It is not in its modern cities, however, that the greatness of Iran is to be found. Her associations with wealth, splendor, and power, are connected in our mind with the grandeur of bygone centuries. The ruins of the royal city of the Medo-Persian kings, Persepolis, still rise before us on the plain of Merdusht. The vestiges of Pasargadae, built by Cyrus to commemorate his victory over the Medes, are yet to be seen on Mourgaub. Ecbatana, the old capital of the Medes, appears in Hamadan, where the reputed sepulchre of Esther and Mordecai is still shown. Rhages, the capital of the Parthian kings, and the birthplace of Sharoun-al-Raschid, is yet traceable only five miles from Teheran. Other cities, equally renowned and memorable, recall the glory of Persia in former times. Even the gulf which goes by her name was, and still is, remarkable for its wealth. Its pearl oysters, obtained by diving, furnish employment to 30,000 persons, whilst the annual amount it yields is estimated at upwards of \$1,500,000. It is to the far-famed island of Ormuz, at the entrance of this gulf, that Milton thus alludes in his "Paradise Lost,"—

"High on a throne of roval state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric gold and pearl,
Sat an exalted sat."

This island, however, is now nearly desolate, and the town is a complete mass of scattered ruins.

Of the total population of the country, seven hundred thousand are considered to be descended from the old natives of the soil, though there is a strong intermixture of foreign blood. These are the *Persians proper*, forming a fixed class, chiefly dwelling in cities, and in the old established towns and districts of the provinces. They are admirable horsemen, and excel in the production of various light manufactures, such as jewelry, sword blades, pottery, gold and silver brocade, shawls, carpets, and

silks. The art of printing being unknown, writing is highly valued, and carefully taught, no people probably possessing more exquisite specimens of penmanship. The fixed class have been styled the French of the East, from their vivacious and polite manners. The remaining two hundred and fifty thousand are *wandering tribes* of various origin—Turkish, Afghan, Arabic, and Mongol, who present the anomaly of living in the heart of the community, and yet existing separate from it, forming an almost distinct class by the nature of their habits and modes of livelihood. They are pastoral, military, or predatory, brave and hospitable, but rude and quarrelsome, constituting the strength of the government when friendly, its plague and horror when hostile. Mohammedanism is the prevailing religion, and the form of government is perfectly despotic, and most oppressively administered.

In the present state of Persia there is little to interest the mind; but she acquires distinction by her historical associations and visible mementos of departed greatness. The unsettled existing state of public affairs, however, may ere long, bring her more prominently upon the *tapis* of European politics.

LORD MORPETH (EARL OF CARLISLE) ON MUSIC.—I consider music to be the most graceful accomplishment and delightful recreation that adorns this hard-working world, and renovates our busy, overcharged existence. Its negative importance is great. It provides an amusement for our people, and keeps many from the ale-house and midnight brawl. Its positive importance and value are inestimable, for the combining chords that regulate our whole being are so interwoven, sense with principle, that the very character assumes a clothing from external circumstances. I am aware that, from every altar, however pure and sacred, fire might be stolen and desecrated; but we should emulate the flame which, while it enlivens all around, points to the skies. I would not confine music to any walk in life. Not alone to the sacred cathedral, not alone in the costly theatre, not in gilded saloons, nor confine it to six-guinea stalls, but I would hear our nightingales warble in every grove and trill on every bough. I would have the happy art enliven the domestic tea-table, add variety to the village-school, and linger in the sanctuary.

HUMAN LIFE, when all is done, is at the greatest and the best, but like a forward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

ADVERSITY is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—*Carlyle*.

The Oracle at Fault.

A TALE OF POLISH LIFE.—BY THE COUNTESS JULIE DE SZEREPANOWSKA.

COLONEL B. had built a new house. Mrs. Colonel B. had furnished it. All the neighbors were grateful to Colonel B. for building this house, and to Mrs. Colonel B. for furnishing it, for it gave them an excuse for paying frequent visits, which agreeably varied the monotony of a country life. Colonel B. was very hospitable and polite to his guests; for he had been his own architect, and the neighbors were connoisseurs; equally amiable was Mrs. Colonel B., for how was it possible to receive otherwise than with pleasure those who were so full of admiration at all they saw, and who appreciated so well the carpets from Warsaw, the bronzes from Szafnagel, and the china from Odessa? The road leading to Colonel B.'s new house was well frequented and in good repair; and in the court-yard, which was quite free from weeds, were to be seen the traces of numerous carriage-wheels. An extra cook had been placed in the kitchen, six covers had been added to the ordinary number at the dinner-table, two more lacqueys waited in the ante-chamber; and all these changes had taken place because Colonel B. had built a new house, and Mrs. Colonel B. had furnished it!

On one occasion might be seen assembled in the court-yard—a large family carriage, an elegant *calèche*, from Warsaw; by the side of that another, which was of home manufacture; a yellow *char-à-banc*; and a small spring *britska*, on which was seated a coachman bent with age, wearing a four-cornered cap, trimmed with a band of sheep-skin fur. There was a numerous assemblage in the elegantly furnished drawing-room, which, from its walls being hung with a white paper embossed with light blue flowers, the curtains being white, the cornices delicate, and the rest of the furniture of a pale blue, had the appearance produced by light-blue eyes fringed with blonde lashes.

On the sofa was seated a lady no longer young, and rather antiquatedly dressed. She was the owner of the large family carriage. On a chair by her side, was the well-known Mrs. R., to whom belonged the Warsaw *calèche*. A rich silk dress showed to advantage her graceful form; a gold chain reposed somewhat uneasily on her white and swan-like neck; and pearls shone in her dark hair. Two ringlets fell behind her small and delicately shaped ears, which were ornamented by massive rings that threw a slight shade on her round and polished shoulders. Singularly disobedient was that on the left side: Mrs. R. was continually arranging it; possibly, however, because on that particular side was seated Mr. Hypolit T., the owner of the *char-à-banc*, who was listening with a distracted air to the conversation, that was going on around, whilst attentively watching the plump white hand that played with the perfumed hair. Of the lady who occupied a large place on the sofa by the side of Mrs. G., the wife of the King's Purveyor, nothing need be said, but that it was the worthy Mrs. Judge M. That the owner of the *britska*, and the coachman with the four-cornered cap, was the Curé of the neighboring small town, everybody will have at once guessed.

In the embrasure of one of the large windows were seated several young ladies—and others who had already lost their title to this appellation—whom Mrs. Colonel B.'s daughter amused by displaying before them her embroidery of their arms, on canvas; a work which was destined to ornament the collars of the coachman and footmen. Amongst this group the most remarkable was the daughter of Mrs. G. She always seated herself in the back-ground, in order that she might appear the youngest by this affectation of humility; but those to whom she was known, when they looked on her, smiled maliciously, and thought of the siege of Berlin and the peace of Tilsit, at which distant period she first saw the light.

Dinner was already over, and the guests had sipped their coffee. When the lacqueys had cleared away the small finger-napkins and the elegant service of Wedgewood-ware, the conversation seemed to be drawing to a conclusion: for Colonel B. had already spoken not a little of his house, and Mrs. Colonel B. of her furniture; Mrs. G. had related several anecdotes to prove the simplicity and naïveté of her daughter; good Mrs. Judge M., having drunk her coffee, already listened more willingly than she talked; charming Mrs. R. smiled oftener than paid attention to what was going on; and the Curé appeared more inclined to sleep than to think. At last the conversation entirely ceased. It was however re-animated by various means, but without any lasting success. But luckily it turned

upon the neighbors—a subject on which it is not forbidden to speak, and which always affords something to relate: during it, the house of the President Sulicki was brought upon the carpet. The qualities of his daughter, Miss Vanda Sulicka, were beginning to be analyzed; and God knows how the character and disposition of the poor girl would have appeared, if happily the mistress of the house had not given the company to understand that she was a near relation of her own. Everybody then immediately agreed that Vanda Sulicka was amiable and beautiful, and a very excellent young lady altogether. Indeed, how could any one doubt the readiness of their accord on this subject, when the qualities of this charming creature were clear as the sun, and known to all the world? But Vanda was going to be married, and they could not agree upon when the wedding was to take place; if it would be a grand or a quiet one; if the *trousseau* was already prepared; if the bridegroom had set off yet for Warsaw or Vienna, to purchase the new carriages for the wedding; or if he still remained in Ukraina. Opinions differed indeed so widely on these important subjects that Mrs. G. had even a doubt on the score of the betrothal, saying it was not at all certain if the whole affair had any existence at all; or was merely a false report, set on foot by some gossiping persons.

Should it astonish any of my readers that the company possessed so little knowledge of the affairs of the inhabitants of the neighboring house, I beg to inform them it proceeded from no lack of any desire to learn, but was owing entirely to the strange character of the President Sulicki. According to the opinion of the company in general, the President was an original, who did nothing like other people. He did not play at cards, he never drank wine, he did not attend the fair at Berdyczow, and he avoided the contracts at Kief. Besides all this, Colonel B. reproached him for living in an old house when he might build a new one. Mrs. Colonel B. was indignant at him, because the wood of which his furniture was made, grew in his own forests. Mrs. G. said he had quite a passion for mystifying people about his movements; for instance, when he was quietly seated at home, everybody understood him to be in Kamieniec: when he was in Kamieniec, he spread the report that he was gone to Vinnica; and when all the world made sure that he was in Vinnica he was returning home from Zytomierz!

"Well," said Mrs. Colonel B., finally, "come what will, let the President arrange his daughter's wedding in whatever manner he chooses, I shall invite the young couple here the third day after the ceremony. I take far too much interest in Vanda to let her leave our part of the country, and go so far into Ukraina, without first making all the neighborhood acquainted with her!"

Certain it is, that Mrs. Colonel B. thought, in reality, very little about Vanda, and it was not only her she was desirous of exhibiting to all the neighbors. But the company, although easily divining her motives, loudly applauded her project, and all present promised attendance on the day she should indicate. A ball in a country neighborhood is a great event, and gives rise to important reflections. The conversation, therefore, soon ceased, and each person gave themselves up to their thoughts. From the attitudes, the different movements, and a few words uttered aloud, it was not difficult to understand what was passing in the minds of all present. On the echo of the magical word "ball," all the young ladies, with beaming eyes and smiling lips, surrounded the daughter of Mrs. G. Worthy Mrs. Judge M., gazing fondly upon her daughter, thought—"Who knows? perhaps this ball may decide her fate in life!" Mr. Hypolit T., while gracefully caressing his little French beard, and leaning towards Mrs. R., said, in a whisper, "I engage you for all the waltzes;" and Mrs. R. replied with a smile and promised everything. Mrs. G. was calculating by what possible means they could discover the day of the wedding, as, till this was known, they could not fix upon the day for the ball: and the Curé, whom all this did not interest in the least, thought only how agreeable it would be, after a good dinner and cup of coffee, to smoke a pipe!

Whilst all the company was thus silent and occupied with their thoughts, the rumbling of carriage-wheels was heard. The first to run to the window was Miss Sophy, the daughter of Mrs. Colonel B. Whether as half hostess she wished to announce to her mother what guest was arriving, or that, being a young lady of eighteen, she had the right to expect some visitors exclusively for herself, I dare not affirm; this much only I know—she returned slowly and with indifference from the window, re-

plying to the questions of her mother, "The Castellanic."

"The Castellanic?" cried Mrs. G.; "oh! how excellent, he will certainly know!"

"What! if I may make bold to ask," said Mr. Hypolit T., in a languishing tone.

"The wedding-day of Miss Vanda Sulicka," replied Mrs. G. "The Castellanic?—oh, he is an inestimable man for the neighborhood."

Scarcely had she pronounced these words when the door opened, and in walked the Mercury of the circle, Mr. Faustus Pokrebski, *vulgo* Castellanic. I could never learn how he had acquired this surname, but by this title he was generally known. He was called so by the children, and the young ladies who were intimate with him; so also by the forward boys, who began to take upon themselves the airs of men, to smoke in company, and to talk loudly; and so, even, by ladies of a certain age, when, with a worn-out coquetry, they endeavored to gain from him some interesting news, with which he made himself of great importance, and would not part with for nothing. For the Castellanic went everywhere, and knew everything! His *britska* was small and light, and his horses lean but spirited and vigorous. He had a good memory, and a talent for combining skilfully all he heard and saw, and forming thence his conclusions. He usually made his appearance at the hour of dinner. At some houses there was always a cover laid for him, at which he would often take his place as unexpectedly as Banquo at Macbeth's feast. But as soon as he was seated he comprehended everything; he knew who was the creditor and who was the debtor; he could tell which of the guests would remain for the night, and who would go on farther after the dinner. The Castellanic was a man of small stature, and wore a long blue coat. He was no more young, but still active; he walked quickly, for he was always in a hurry: he never reclined in his chair, for he was ever on the point of rising to go farther when he had eaten his dinner, and perceived he could learn nothing more, or had himself no more to relate. So, on this particular day, holding his hat and handkerchief in one hand, and with the other arranging his thin hair to conceal his baldness as much as possible; with a smile on his lips, and an expression in his eyes, which was so mysterious, yet which at the same time said so much, that every one from the first glance read as legibly as if it had been written on his brow, "Beware of what I am going to tell," he entered Mrs. Colonel B.'s drawing-room. After he had, in a few words, communicated his all-important news, every face lengthened, and the aspect of affairs was entirely changed; Mr. and Mrs. Colonel B. had lost the opportunity of showing off their house and furniture; Mr. Hypolit T. had to abandon the hope of his waltzes; good Mrs. Judge M. looked sadly towards her daughter; and the young ladies cried—"Oh! what a pity!" and Mrs. G., striking the table with her hand, exclaimed—"Did I not tell you as much?"

That my readers may comprehend why the Castellanic's news produced such an effect, it will be necessary for them to turn with me to another place, and look upon a very different scene.

About a mile and a half* from Colonel B.'s new house stood a large old-fashioned habitation, which was, however, clean and in good repair. Before this house was a spacious court-yard, having buildings on both sides, which were connected with the principal structure by stone corridors, the roofs of which were supported by fluted columns. One of these buildings was intended for the accommodation of guests, and the other for the offices and kitchens. They were built of stone, and were of an earlier date than the rest of the mansion, having evidently in former times served as the dwelling-house. The garden extended behind, in a gentle decline toward a small lake. On the opposite side of the piece of water was the village and the farm-buildings, mostly constructed of stone. On the other side of the road which passed in front of the house, embosomed in trees and surrounded by an elegant ornamental railing, stood a tasteful chapel, in which every Sunday, holiday, and sometimes even on week-days, mass was celebrated by the chaplain of the house. Everything in the village proved that the owner of the estate was a vigilant, accurate, and good master.

In a room situated on the side of the court-yard seated against the window which looked straight on to the great gate of entrance, was a young lady, of eighteen or twenty, at an embroidery frame. She was tall and well-formed, and her manners were modest and amiable. She was perhaps rather too slender—rather too pale for some persons' tastes;

* A Polish mile is equal to five English ones.

but this, in my eyes, only rendered her the more interesting, and heightened the value of the color which any passing emotion caused to appear on her beautiful face. And truly her face was beautiful. Her eyes were dark-blue, shaded by long silken lashes; her forehead open and pure, her teeth even and white, her head small and well-shaped; besides this, her voice was low and sweet, which, as Shakespeare says, is "an excellent thing in woman;" and every smile and every word showed her good education, and the maturity of a mind full of delicacy and feeling.

Walking from end to end of the same room was a man of about fifty years of age, but tall and robust. Goodness and intelligence were depicted on his countenance, and when his gaze rested upon his daughter, who was the only object of his love, the only hope of his life, a pleasing smile played about his lips, and fond pride shone in his eyes. Who of my readers will not have already divined that this was Mrs. G.'s celebrated mystificator, President Sulicki; and that the young lady by the window was the pretty and amiable Vanda?

There is a certain epoch in the lives of young girls in the country, in which they find no seat so agreeable as that in the window which looks on to the entrance gate. There the broodier frame is placed, there stands the small work-table, and there is the best light for reading and for drawing. Just to this epoch had Vanda arrived.

"You will finish by squinting, my child," said the father, jestingly, "if you look so often out of the window without turning your head."

On hearing this, Vanda raised her eyes, but it was to turn them on her father, and a sweet smile ornamented her mouth, while a slight blush colored for a moment her cheeks; as if to prove that she had a reason for looking on the gate, she pressed her hand on her bosom, where lay the letter from her betrothed, which announced that he would arrive on Monday—and this was precisely the Monday, and five o'clock in the afternoon.

A servant at this moment entered, to know if he should serve the tea.

"Not yet," his young mistress replied.

"Why this new arrangement?" asked the President; "we always take tea at five o'clock."

Vanda laid aside her work, and throwing her arms round her father's neck, begged him to wait another hour.

"You would not wait so long for me, naughty child, even if you knew I should come in very hungry."

Quick as lightning Vanda was at the door to change the order she had given. But her father thanked her with a kiss, and promised to be patient. She then, leaning on his arm, placed her head on his shoulder, and so they walked about the room together. Her eyes, however, were continually turning towards the window, and her thoughts were galloping on the road that led from Vinnica; and no wonder, for at this moment a cloud of dust appeared on the road, raised by the feet of four strong fiery horses, that bore the impatient lover to his lady!

In the preceding autumn Mr. Casimir Krasinski had come from Ukraina into Kamieniec on business, where he had made the acquaintance of the President. Invited by him to dinner he saw the young mistress, who did the honors of the house gracefully to a few well-chosen guests, and he thought—"What a pity my business will so soon be ended!" At this precise moment the beautiful face of the young lady was embellished by a slight color. Had she heard his thoughts? had she divined his looks? I know not; but certainly his business lengthened unaccountably, and he found it quite impossible to bring it then to a conclusion.

Mr. Casimir Krasinski was obliged to visit Kamieniec again; but this time he did not find the President there. It was absolutely necessary he should see him, to consult him on an important affair. A mile and a half! it was not far; so he determined to set off, for his country seat. But here again he could not meet with him. He perceived only by the window, the fair face of Vanda, her straw-colored dress, and the small white hand smoothing the hair from her forehead. The poor fellow hesitated for a long time; should he enter the house or return? But Vanda, who had seen him, thought how was it possible not to receive a person who comes into the country, and give him the information relative to the President, whom he came to consult? So she sent to beg the gentleman would enter. He came in then, thinking to himself, on seeing her—"She could not have expected any one, and yet how fresh and prettily she is dressed, and how beautifully her hair is arranged, and with all this, how natural and unaffected are her manners!" His thoughts would have

continued in this strain much longer, had not Vanda reminded him that he came on business, by telling him it might perhaps suffer from delay, as her father intended remaining away several days, in order to arrange a quarrel amicably between a family at discord. Meanwhile his coachman began unharnessing the horses; on perceiving which, Mr. Krasinski rose to go out and forbid him. Vanda guessed what were the scruples that deterred him from accepting the hospitality so common, and so easily understood in a country-house, and said, while lowering her eyes, "Do not disturb yourself, sir; the coachman acts after my orders; the horses must wait to eat, and you will favor me by remaining to dinner."

How he longed to thank her at her feet for this hospitality! but he refrained. How he wished at least to kiss her hand! but he dared not even do this. His embarrassment increased to such a degree that I think he did not even reply to Vanda's polite invitation, and quite forgot so much as to bow, remaining standing in elysium before her.

"But will you not be seated?" asked Vanda, after a moment's silence, as with the perspicacity natural to a beautiful woman, she observed that her empire had begun.

Krasinski seated himself, not being able to imagine what had become of all his *sang-froid*—where the multitude of fine speeches had flown, with which he was accustomed to great ladies' ears, even when the husband was looking on, or the aunt seated by the side! For Mr. Casimir Krasinski was a handsome and well-informed young man. He had visited Warsaw several times, and was once in Vienna, and, even farther. Although his travels had not been long, they had given a certain polish to his manners, and he was enabled to begin his conversations with the words—"When I was in Vienna," or, "During my stay in Warsaw." Now, strange to say, Warsaw had quite escaped his memory, and the capital of the Austrian empire was entirely forgotten. Luckily for him, the footman here opened the door, and announced that dinner was on the table. Krasinski offered his hand to Vanda, and walked with slow steps towards the dining-room, inwardly regretting that it was not much farther off. He fancied her hand trembled slightly; he longed to press it to his heart; but scarcely had he summoned up sufficient courage for this daring action, when he found himself in the room: the servant drew back the chairs, and the table was already between them. The dinner was certainly not gay, the conversation almost entirely ceased, but how happy was Krasinski! He was seated near her, and they were alone! He could scarcely believe his senses; but a large glass hung in the front of the table; he looked in it often, and finally persuaded himself that it really was so. Then his thoughts wandered into the future; he fancied how sweet it would be if they were seated thus in their own home; he imagined her placed there, in the seat of honor, and himself by her side; and, had he not been ashamed, he could have shed tears at this charming vision.

Vanda was equally happy, but more tranquilly so. She understood well what was passing in Krasinski's heart; and he insensibly became dearer and dearer to her. She felt sure that a young man so modest and well conducted would please her father; and, although she was an only child, she knew too well the affection of the President to fear he would place any obstacle in the way of her happiness, supposing even that her lover's fortune should not equal her own. Such were their first meetings—such their first thoughts.

The present and the future occupied them exclusively; everything that had passed before was forgotten, and this dinner together was an epoch in their lives—a moment, from which commenced for them a new train of thoughts, and an existence sweeter than they had ever dreamed of.

On returning to the drawing-room he already conducted her with more assurance; he felt that she leaned rather more heavily on his arm; and when he approached the chair on which she was to seat herself, he pressed her hand, and while thanking his amiable hostess for her hospitality, thought—"My angel, how grateful I am to you!" It appeared as if she divined his thoughts, for she allowed her hand to rest a moment in his, and her pale transparent face shone with a peculiar brilliancy.

It was not long before the carriage-wheels were heard, and the loud click of the unputtying coachman's whip. Krasinski was compelled to depart. In taking leave of Vanda, he asked—"Do I see you for the last time?"

"My father will return in a few days," was her reply; and these words were accompanied by a sweet smile, and an almost imperceptible pressure of his hand, which was re-echoed in his heart.

A few days! it is easy to say; but they did at last

come to an end. When he renewed his visit he saw joy on the face of the daughter, cordiality and welcome on that of the father; and, happy fellow! even yet his business was not completed, and he was obliged to come again. This time (impatiently awaited) he arrived sooner than he had promised, and a few weeks afterwards it was reported in the neighborhood that Vanda Sulicka was going to be married. The betrothal was even spoken of; but nobody could tell when the marriage was to take place, for not even the Castellanie could discover it! Everybody, however, felt sure it would be celebrated with much splendor; for the President was a rich man, his future son-in-law was also rich; and besides in the neighborhood there was a number of young ladies ready for a mazurka, and married ones for a waltz; how could it then be otherwise?

While the neighbors were thus expectant—while Vanda was pacing the room with her father, looking with anxiety and impatience towards the window, on the Monday, after five o'clock in the evening, the same foaming horses, with their jingling harness entered as before, with a rapid trot into the court-yard; and in a minute after, Casimir Krasinski, not timidly, as on the first time, but eagerly and hurriedly bounded into the room, and kissed by turns the hands of the father and daughter.

The following morning, during breakfast whilst the young mistress, attired in the same dress in which she had received him the day of their eventful dinner, gazed upon Casimir fondly and sadly, the President said: "So, then, Mr. Krasinski, you go now to Warsaw?"

"To-morrow, my dear father," he replied, looking at Vanda, whose face expressed such an eloquent appeal that it was impossible to resist: so he added, "or perhaps the day after to-morrow."

"And why must you go?" inquired the President.

"To purchase a new carriage, a cabriolet, some few things for myself, and also something for Miss Sulicka, if she will allow me."

"O! she will very likely give permission; but how do you know she will be pleased with your purchases?" asked the President.

"Why not, father?" said Vanda: "if they are not too expensive, and Casimir does not remain away too long, all will be agreeable to me."

The young man promised to return as soon as possible; and the President continued—

"What must be, must; go, then, Casimir; and meanwhile I will occupy myself with the trousseau. Do you travel with your own horses?"

Mr. Krasinski replied, that he should take the post from Kamieniec, and send his horses home from there.

"When you return from Warsaw, you will of course pass by here?" said the father.

Vanda smiled at these words, and, looking in the eyes of her lover, awaited his answer. He took her hand, kissed it tenderly, and said, "There is no other road."

"If that is the case," said the President, "leave your horses with us; I dare say it would be agreeable to my daughter to drive out with them sometimes."

"Oh! what an excellent idea!" replied Krasinski. "Do not be afraid of them, Vanda; their appearance only is wild and rough, but they are in reality well trained and docile."

Vanda's looks told how agreeable it would be to her; and the President said with a smile—

"Oh! they will be quiet enough, if I can only prevent the stable-boy giving them twice as much corn as he does mine, in pursuance of the injunctions of a certain young lady."

Thus passed three happy days, quickly and deliciously! In soft conversations, in delightful walks in the garden, in charming rides in the midst of green lanes and fertile plains, the sight of which calms the soul, and elevates it towards the Creator of so many blessings! Never had Vanda looked so beautiful.

When, on returning from the fields, she stood before the mirror, and arranged the corn-flowers and poppies they had gathered in her dark hair, her father would steal behind her, and gazing fondly on the image so dear to him, would exclaim, "Look, Casimir! she is not so pale now." Then the lover would also approach; her delicate hand would be pressed in his; and a slight tint, resembling the color of the blush rose, would cover her cheeks. Who could doubt that they would both willingly have given half their lives, in these moments, to have been permitted to throw themselves into each other's arms?

But as the last evening approached, happiness was visibly disappearing from the faces of the young people. The father, only, did not appear to lose his

good humor; it even seemed, on the contrary, to increase. A mysterious smile played on his lips, and he was full of pleasant sallies and allusions.

"My good father," thought Vanda, "wishes by his guile to keep up my spirits; and yet I am sure he also regrets that Casimir goes on such a long journey, and so unnecessarily."

Similar thoughts were passing in the mind of Krasinski.

At last the time of separation drew near.

Krasinski proposed taking leave of them that evening, in order that he might set off very early in the morning. Vanda was silent. The President, however, decided that he should not leave till after mass and breakfast. As it was now getting late, they separated, and each retired with different thoughts to their rooms.

Scarcely had Vanda concluded her prayers, and drying the tears which unceasingly fell from her eyes, had laid her head on the pillow, when her father entered, and seated himself by her bed-side. On the first sound of his footsteps, Vanda raised herself up, and not imagining what such a late visit could signify, waited with a beating heart for him to speak.

"My dearest Vanda," said the President, "your betrothed goes on a long journey."

"It is true, my dear father."

"And it is because, my child, custom ordains that the bridegroom should be well equipped, and have everything in his house new and fresh, to receive suitably his young bride. It is a thing of the greatest importance in the eyes of the world, that their first visits should be made in an elegant newly-fashioned carriage, with new liveries; and that the young couple should be attired richly, and in the mode; that their house should be so thoroughly and handsomely furnished, that their relatives, on visiting them, should be proud and satisfied; and the curious neighbors, on beholding the luxury which surrounds them, be forced, while inwardly envying them, to exclaim, 'How happy they are!'"

"Dear father," said Vanda, in an astonished tone, "did I not know you, I should fancy you agreed to the necessity of all this, so seriously and gravely you speak of it."

"I do indeed speak and think of it seriously, my dear Vanda," he replied; and, as soon as Mr. Krasinski has left us, I wish that we occupy ourselves with the preparation of your trousseau. Had your mother been spared to you, she would have attended to all this; but situated as we are, the duty falls upon me and on you. I do not know your woman's wants: I only know that I am anxious to provide you with everything that pleases you. So you must reflect well upon what you will require, and afterwards we will together go into our little town here, and see what there is most elegant and good to be had."

"Oh! there will be plenty of time, my dear father," said Vanda; "I have not the heart to think of these trifles now."

"As you like, my child. Sleep now then peacefully."

So saying, the President leaned towards his daughter; she put her arms round his neck, and, with a long and heart-felt kiss, said "Good night."

He was already against the door, when suddenly he stopped, as if he had just thought of something, and said "I shall not allow Casimir to leave till after mass to-morrow morning; and as for you it is a time of trial, and it appears to me you suffer much on account of this separation. I wish you also should accompany us to the chapel."

"Could I do otherwise?" said the astonished Vanda.

"It will soothe your heart and calm your feelings," continued the father gravely, "if you humble yourself before your Creator, who, after having poured innumerable blessings on your head, proves you now by this slight trial."

Vanda seized her father's hand, and kissing it, and weeping, she said with emotion, "Oh! yes, my dear father, yes!"

"Compose your thoughts, then, my child," said the President, "and may God bless you!"

He made the sign of the cross over her, and hastily left the room. Vanda then rose, and dressing herself slightly, fell on her knees beside the bed. She began her meditations, but her thoughts were pure and innocent, for all centred in a prayer for a safe and happy journey for her lover, and long life and health for her father.

When the President returned to his room, anxious, and much affected by the interview with his daughter, he found his cossack waiting for him, who delivered into his hands some letters and

packets. He unsealed them quickly, ran his eyes hastily over them; and after sending one by his servant to the chaplain, ordered every one to leave him. The house then speedily became quiet. But for a long time after, a light was burning in Vanda's apartment; and on the window of that occupied by Krasinski, might be seen the shadow of a man, as he paced backwards and forwards. At last, however, silence and darkness reigned in the house.

The next morning was beautiful. At daybreak a slight fall of rain combined with the dew, to water the fields, to lay the dust in the roads, and to refresh the grass and flowers. The sun rose bright and warm; the odour of the freshened earth was delicious; and on every blade of grass, on every leaf and flower, lay a dew-drop, sparkling like a diamond in the sun's rays. All nature resembled the face of a beautiful woman, on whose lips is the bright smile called up by an unexpected happiness, and in whose eyes yet linger the tears from a past sorrow!

At six o'clock the President entered the room of Krasinski. He found him already quite prepared for his journey. In the court-yard stood his carriage, on which his servant was busily arranging his luggage. After the usual salutations, the President said, "You appear sad, Casimir."

"Does it surprise you, my dear father?" replied the young man; "I rob myself of a month and a half of my existence. I leave here my treasure; here also will be my heart."

"Listen, Casimir," said the President, after a moment's silence: "there is in our family a custom left us in heritage by one of our ancestors, that before each important event of our lives we purify ourselves from our sins. Will you also in this manner belong to our family? You have a long journey before you; travelling has its dangers; and in case of such happening, an innocent heart and purified thoughts are better companions than feelings and ideas hardened by contempt for the ceremonies of a religion which is the only thing our enemies have left us!"

Krasinski appeared to be taken by surprise at this unexpected proposition of the President. The latter, with a smile on his lips, continued:

"Without doubt it is a long time since you confessed; and you are of opinion that a debt contracted so long ago is not required to be paid. It is a pity; it will grieve Vanda, who imagined that in this respect also your thoughts and feelings would be the same as hers."

"Is it Vanda's wish?" eagerly asked Krasinski.

"She did not like to ask you herself to accompany her," said the President, "and is already in the chapel."

"Oh! let me go immediately, my dear father," said Casimir; "I am quite ready."

"Very well, my son; we will go; but do not forget to place at the head of your sins, that you do for the sake of pleasing your betrothed what you would not do from a sense of duty, or your conviction as a Christian and a Catholic."

"Oh, my dear sir!" said Casimir, somewhat confused; "is it not an angel's office to bring back a sinner into the path of duty? Besides, I hope to be pardoned, for I go with a heart full of love and faith."

When they entered the chapel, they found the priest seated on a chair near the sacristy; and kneeling before him was Vanda, attired in white. The priest was holding his hand over her, repeating the prayer which precedes the absolution. The young girl, with her head meekly bent, and her hands crossed on her bosom, awaited his words. He made the sign of the cross over her, then touched her arm, and she rose up, looking light and pure as her dress. Passing to the other side of the altar, she began praying fervently. Casimir now approached the priest in his turn. His confession was longer; and when he raised his head, and the priest began the prayer, emotion was plainly depicted on his features. In this position, with this expression on his face, Vanda's eyes fell upon him, and her prayers became still more fervent.

At the conclusion of the mass, when the priest blessed all the assistants, the bell sounded, the sanctuary of the altar opened, and the young people approached with confidence and faith, and knelt by the side of each other on the steps of the altar. Having received the Sacrament, impelled by an involuntary feeling, before rising they gave each other their hand, and reciprocally pressing it, swore in imagination fidelity and love till death. An inexplicable power enchaind them to the spot; they could not loose their hands, they could not rise, they forgot everything around them; and it

seemed to them as if no one was present but God, who read their hearts!

Meanwhile the priest did not, as usual, leave the altar, but, turning towards them, appeared to be watching their distraction. After a few moments, he said, "Casimir, do you desire to take this woman whose hand you hold for your wife?"

The young man, quite bewildered by this question, could not comprehend what the priest meant by it; but his lips obeying the voice of his heart, he replied quickly, "Oh, how I desire!"

"And you, Vanda," continued the priest, "have you the same free will?"

Vanda pressed more firmly the hand of her lover, and replied, "I have."

They could not divest themselves of their astonishment, when the ceremony of marriage was already concluded, when the priest had bound their hands together, when the organ had played the "Veni Creator," and when the hymn of the assistants for the happiness of the new-married pair resounded through the chapel. They rose as after a dream, and, turning round, beheld their father behind them, with the tears running fast down his face. They threw themselves at his feet, and then rising, fell into each other's arms, scarcely daring to believe their senses.

"Now, my children, let us thank God that my plot has succeeded, and we will go in to breakfast," said the President. "And all you here present bear witness of this marriage." He spoke thus to his servant, and others employed on his estate, who had flocked to the chapel on hearing what was taking place there. Everybody then left the chapel. The young couple went first, arm-in-arm. The sweet "thou," so enchanting when heard from the lips we love for the first time, was already pronounced lowly and timidly before they reached the house. When they came in sight of the offices, they perceived a travelling-carriage behind the light one belonging to Krasinski, and in it Vanda's maid, with a smiling air, arranging some packages.

"What are you doing there, Mary?" asked the astonished Vanda.

"I am packing Madam's things," replied the servant.

"What does this mean, my dear father?" asked Casimir, putting his arm round his wife; "you give her to me already?"

"Have I any claim over her now?" said the President; "but listen, I have convinced you that one may very well be married in a morning-dress and a travelling-coat; and you will, I think, agree that one can also set off after the marriage in a carriage that is not new, especially when the father gives a good strong britska for the luggage."

"Oh, papa!" said Vanda, "then he need not go to Warsaw?"

"If he is wise, he will not go," replied the President. Wheat is at a very low price, the times are bad, and you can easily do without a new carriage."

"Oh! I want nothing more now!" cried Vanda, embracing her husband.

The reader will easily believe that in less than a quarter of an hour the coaches were once more in the coach-house, the horses in their stables, the trunks unpacked, and the young pair seated at breakfast with their happy father, who was overjoyed at the success of his stratagem.

It is a well-known fact that happiness, whilst it takes away the appetite of a woman, doubles it in a man. So it was with Casimir, who, seated at the breakfast-table, ate with a great relish the cakes steeped in his coffee; whilst Vanda, leaning on his arm, asked for nothing more than the bliss of knowing he had not gone away.

A week of happiness flew like lightning! and their happiness was indeed great, for it was unprovoked by curious eyes; only he saw them who was the author of it! At length, although with great regret, they had to think of setting off for their home. When the preparations for departure were all completed, the horses harnessed, and the servants assembled in the court-yard to bid farewell, the President said, "You take your wife away, Casimir, in an old carriage, without a trousseau; but I know what devolves upon me to give. You have, my dear Vanda, the 300,000 thalers destined for your dowry; buy yourself with it whatever may please you, or employ it in a more useful manner if you feel the inclination. I leave you full liberty in this matter, as I hope your husband will also. I shall be soon coming to pay you a visit, and see how you are in your house. And now, Heaven's blessing on you my dear children—go, in God's name!"

* The principal revenues of the nobility in the part of the country where this tale is laid are gained from the sale of wheat, which grows on their estate.

So saying, he embraced them tenderly; and then, entering quickly into the house, shut himself up in his own room.

About two miles from the house, on the high road, whilst Cassimir was endeavoring to console his weeping wife, kissing alternately her hands and her face, the Castellanic passed them. He recognised the President's daughter, being, as he thought, carried off by some unknown person! He saw her weeping; he saw with his own eyes this man caressing and embracing her; and his first idea was, that the young lady being already of age, and not inclined to wait the decision of her father, who was naturally averse to the idea of being left alone in his old age, had consented to be carried off by her betrothed, or her lover, as it might be, without even being married. Whilst the Castellanic, however, after ordering his coachman to drive with greater speed, sat turning this very probable history over in his mind, he encountered the carriage, drawn by six horses, of the lady of the Grand Chamberlain D., the old friend and neighbor of the wife of the Purveyor G. The Castellanic stood up in his britska, raised his arms in the air, and cried with all his might to the coachman to stop. At the same moment that he descended from the britska, a footman jumped down from behind Mrs. D.'s carriage, and opening the door of it, in less than two minutes the curious and interesting story of Miss Vanda Sulicka's elopement was in the ears and memory of that lady.

"And she to run away! Poor unhappy father!" thought Mrs. D., as she proceeded on her way.

"After all, this cannot be the case," thought the Castellanic, as he went farther. "I must find out the real state of the affair."

And actually in an hour and a half the indefatigable inquirer was in the President's village, and had paid a visit to the chaplain, from whom he learnt all the particulars. Not waiting for dinner, after taking some slight refreshment, he proceeded immediately to Colonel B.'s new house, where he found assembled the several guests we have had the pleasure of introducing to the reader. This, then, was the astounding and mortifying information brought by the Castellanic, which had produced such a consternation, and destroyed all the pleasing plans that had been formed in Mrs. Colonel B.'s drawing-room.

The guests soon after departed: and on the morrow the whole surrounding country was in movement.

Mrs. G. went to call on Mrs. D., to express her idea that the President had forced his daughter to this mysterious marriage; and Mrs. D. at the same time was on her way to visit Mrs. G., to tell her she had heard the President's daughter had run away. The two carriages, like clouds charged with opposition electricity, encountered each other on the high road; and the sparks caused by their meeting were all destined to fall on the head of the unconscious President.

Good Mrs. Judge M. went to see Mrs. Vice-Judge L., and both decided that if Vanda had at least an aunt, she would never have been married without a trousseau!

Mr. Hypolit T., went the same evening to pay a visit to Mrs. R., and to recount to her honorable husband the curious adventure.

And the Curé went to the Chaplain, to ask him how much money he had received for the wedding from the President, how much from the bridegroom, and how much from the bride?

Although this little history should have been long ago brought to a conclusion, and some persons will perhaps even think it would have been better if it had never been begun, I must beg the indulgence of my readers for a few words more.

In the following year, Colonel B. went to the President to ask him for the loan of twenty thousand thalers. He found him occupied in writing to his daughter, to whom he was sending his blessing, and a present of 100,000 thalers for his first-born grandson, which was to be his personal property. The President, after having heard Colonel B.'s reasons for needing a loan, gave him a thousand thalers, without requiring a quittance: and added the following words in his letter to his daughter: "You did not have, as is the custom, a large sum of money spent on a trousseau, and yet you have always been well and tastefully dressed; your husband did not, as is the fashion also, buy you a new carriage, and yet you have always ridden comfortably, summer and winter, although your husband's mother shared your carriage with you. And now I will make you a few observations in conclusion: 'The times are always bad, and the price for wheat is always low; so when you have an old, but dry, comfortable, and warm house, my child,

do not persuade your husband to build a new one, that you may have the pleasure of furnishing it with carpets from Warsaw, bronzes from Szafnagel, and china from Odessa! Farewell!"

A Spanish Colonel.

SOME years ago, an American traveller, stopping at a small posada in Andalusia, was particularly struck with the appearance of a Spanish officer wearing a colonel's epaulettes, who was whiling away an hour at the inn. He was a tall and muscular man, strikingly erect, and his movements, as he walked to and fro on the piazza, smoking his cigarette, with the steel scabbard of his sabre clashing on the flooring, were singularly free and graceful. He had the true air of the soldier, without a particle of the martinet. His complexion was clear olive, and his hair, that flowed in thick curls over his coat-collar, as well as his neatly trimmed whiskers and moustache, were intensely black, with blue reflections in the light. His features were handsome, the nose Roman, the lips arched and delicately cut; but his eyes had a peculiar fascination. They were bright as a falcon's, rolling in liquid lustre, and their glance was searching as an arrow. The American sat smoking his cigar, his eyes riveted upon the officer, until the latter, calling for his horse, vaulted into the saddle, and rode off with the equestrian grace of an ancient paladin.

Beckoning the landlord to him, he asked the name of the person who had so much interested him.

"No sabe, senor," was the reply.

"You don't know! Has he never been here before?"

"Nunco jamas—never, senor," said the landlord, as he shuffled away.

"Humbug!" said a burly Englishman, who was slightly acquainted with our friend, who had come up in time to hear the landlord's remark, "the fellow lies; he knows him well enough, and he has been here often, particularly before yon Spaniard wore the epaulette. His posada then had much the same sort of reputation as the inn at Terracina. You know all about Fra Diavolo.

"Of course. But who is this officer?"

"Don Jose Maria."

"I think I have heard that name before."

"Very likely.

"Has he been long in the army?"

"Only a few years."

"Was he bred to the profession of arms?"

"Why, yes; but he bore them without a commission. In short, a few years ago, this Spanish colonel was one of the most notorious brigands in all Spain—the terror of travellers, the scourge of Andalusia."

"You astonish me."

"It is the truth, strange as it may appear. Our supple landlord was an accomplice of his, and this inn his favorite rendezvous. Don't start—it's all right now. Five years ago, this Spanish colonel took my purse and watch. There were six of us in the diligence. We were surrounded suddenly by twenty men. The driver was thrown under one of the front wheels, and we were all made to lie with our faces to the ground, while the rascals rifled our trunks and valises."

"But had you no escort?"

"O! yes; but the scoundrels galloped off at the first glimpse of Jose and his band. The fellow had about a hundred and fifty men under his command, all mounted on the fleetest Andalusian jennets, and carrying bell-mouthed blunderbusses and Toledo blades. Some traders paid him black mail, regularly, and their goods were never molested. At last, the stupid, lazy government bestirred themselves about it, and, having ascertained the whereabouts of Master Jose, sent a detachment of dragoons to capture him. Colonel Yriarte, the commandant, rode straight to this inn, and sent for the landlord.

"Do you know Jose Maria?"

"No, senor; and the rascal crossed himself devoutly.

"Has he never been here?"

"Never, senor; I swear it on the cross."

"Jose was at that moment in bed up stairs. His men were picketed in the neighborhood. Colonel Yriarte professed, however, to be satisfied, ate a hearty supper, drank a bottle of Xeres, smoked half a dozen cigars, and went to bed. The next morning, at the usual hour, he sat down to breakfast. An excellent meal had been prepared for him. When the waiters had withdrawn, the landlord entered himself with a fresh dish, which he placed before the dragoon captain. 'A roast duck for El Senor Comandante.' Yriarte took up his knife and fork and made an incision to reach the stuffing; but instead of garlic and bread it was filled with doubloons. 'Take this bird up into my room,' said he, care-

lessly; 'I'll have it for luncheon.' The landlord obeyed, seeing that the hint had been taken. About eleven o'clock he came out on the piazza, with the duck-stuffing in his pockets, ordered his bugler to sound to horse, and rode back with his command to head-quarters, reporting that Jose Maria had not been seen for some time, and had undoubtedly evacuated Andalusia. But the very next week the diligence was robbed again. Another squadron of dragoons, commanded by a man above the suspicion of venality or cowardice, was sent against the bandits; but Jose ambushed him, emptied two-thirds of his saddles, and sent the cavalry home in panic flight. Finally the government was forced to buy him off the road. For a round sum of money and a full colonelcy Jose consented to disband his troops and give up his profession. But he is a terrible gambler, and I fancy he regrets the opportunity of levying unlimited supplies when he is short. Just before the gang was disbanded, an incident occurred which illustrates their boldness. A British officer from the garrison at Gibraltar rode out one afternoon, along the bay of Algeiras into the Spanish territory, to exercise himself and horse. He was walking his charger along, when one of Jose's men sprang out from a clump of bushes, seized his horse by the rein, and presented a pistol at his countryman's head, demanded his purse. The officer instantly drew his sabre, the action throwing up the robber's pistol, which exploded without harming him, and dealing a stroke with all his might, rising in his stirrups to give it full effect, clove the scoundrel to the chin, and then wheeled his horse and spurred homeward. This is a true bill, sir; and let me tell you that the queen of Spain has worse fellows in her pay than Colonel Jose Maria, of the royal cavalry."

JEALOUSY.—Some one has said that "no one can love truly without being jealous." A better reading would be, "no two can really love and feel jealous of each other. There is a confidence established, when mutual regard exists, that no seeming neglect or slight can impair. It is in the difference of feeling which persons entertain that jealousy has its rise. Thus, for instance, a man loves his wife with a single passion. He is willing to devote his every leisure hour to her, and can without a pang forego the pleasures of general society. She likes him rather, finds him a very pleasant fellow for a husband, a good provider, and a generous man; but his stay-at-home disposition does not suit her; she would mingle in the dance as she did in her girlhood; she is fond of admiration; some friend whom she has often waltzed with, and who is a "charming" partner, is always anxious to claim her hand; she needs excitement, and will have it. Here, then, is the cause of the husband's jealousy. True love sacrifices everything. It finds an ample substitute for pleasure and excitement in the soul-quiet which pervades the atmosphere of its existence. It seeks only admiration from its like. It cannot entertain a suspicion against the one upon whom it rests, and from whom it receives the same in return. Can we not see the end of jealousy in the creation of this mutual affection and trust? Can it exist under such circumstances? Nor is this mutual love selfish in its character. Roam where you will—mingle in any scene that may charm—join in any pleasure that may lure, with this quality as your guiding light, no suspicion will ever attach to your behavior.

FAMILY LIKENESSES.—Family likeness has often been insisted upon as a reason for inferring parentage and identity. In the Douglas case, Lord Mansfield said, "I have always considered likeness as an argument of a child's being the son of a parent; and the rather, as the distinction between individuals in the human species is more discernible than in other animals; a man may survey ten thousand people before he sees two faces perfectly alike, and in an army of a hundred thousand men, every one may be known from another. If there should be a likeness of feature, there may be a discrimination of voice, a difference in the gestures, the smile, and various other things, whereas a family likeness runs generally through all these, for in everything there is a resemblance, as of features, size, attitude, and action." It is well known that shepherds readily identify their sheep, however intermingled with others; and in the case of Peter Oliver, before the Court of Justiciary on the 9th of February, 1827, a shepherd identified some of his master's sheep by their features, the wool (which had been tar-marked) having been clipped.

A LADY was once declaring that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she. "I don't know that," replied a gentleman; "there is my father who smokes every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked, he might have been eighty."



Fig. 22.—ETHIOPIAN.

Man.

CHAPTER III.

THE mean duration of life in England and Wales during the 40 years ending with the year 1840, varied from thirty-one to thirty-seven years, the variation, however, not being regular, and its mean value being thirty-four years.

A similar calculation applied to the population returns in France during the 36 years ending with 1852, showed a progressive increase of the mean duration of life. During the first eight years, ending with 1824, the mean length of life was 31·8 years, and during the last eight years, ending with 1852, it was 36·7. Its mean value for the whole interval of 36 years being 34·2 years, the same as in England.

Now, it will not fail to strike every one that this term of life is greatly below that which would result from general observation, independently of all statistical results. A person dying at thirty-four would be lamented by all as one taken away prematurely in the prime of life. This discrepancy between the results of statistics and common observation admits of easy explanation. The estimate made by common observation is tacitly based upon a rough average taken of the ages at which those die who have already entered upon the scene of life, and have been recognized by all as members of the human family. The more exact calculations of statistics include rigorously all that are born into the world, of whom so large a proportion die in their first year; and as we have seen, not less than 4-10ths in that term of infancy, during which they can scarcely be said to be recognized by common observation as forming part of the population. To render the results of the computation of the absolute duration of life applicable to the 6-10ths which arrive at the adult state, it will only be necessary to augment the computed duration of life in the ratio of 6 to 10. If, therefore, as has been shown, the actual mean duration of life in England and France be 34 years, the mean length of life of those who survive their infancy will be 56 years, which, it is evident, is in complete accordance with common observation.

How much the preservation of life during infancy is dependant on parental care, is rendered conspicuously apparent by the melancholy fact established by the statistical returns, that 80 per cent., or four in every five of the children abandoned in France as foundlings, die in their first year.

The number of children resulting from each marriage is found by the simple method of comparing the total number of annual legitimate births with the total number of annual marriages. By this process it appears that the mean number of children to every two marriages in France is seven, and in England eight, these mean results being subject to a very slight variation from year to year.

The human race, as is well known, consists of a considerable number of varieties, differing one from another in personal appearance, character, language, in their average degree of moral and intellectual powers, and in their geographical distribution. Those whose observations have been mainly confined to the extremes of form and color, and who have not reflected on the wonderful changes to which all organized beings are subject by various external physical causes—changes which, when once superinduced, are transmitted, not only in man, but in inferior animals, and even in plants, through the series resulting from reproduction—have viewed the differences observed among the members of the human family, not as characteristics of so many varieties of a single species, but as marks distinguishing different species of the same genus. We have, however, the authority of the greatest living observer of nature, as developed in the animal kingdom, in opposition to this cheerless doctrine.

The permanence of certain types, in the midst of

most opposite influences," says Humboldt, "especially of climate, appeared to favor this view notwithstanding the shortness of the time to which the historical evidence applied; but in my opinion, more powerful reasons lend their weight to the other side of the question, and corroborate the unity of the human race. I refer to the many intermediate gradations of the tint of the skin, and the form of the skull, which have been made known to us, by the rapid progress of geographical science in modern times, to the analogies derived from the history of varieties in animals, both domesticated and wild, and to the positive observations collected respecting the limits of fecundity in hybrids. The greater part of the supposed contrasts, to which so much weight was formerly assigned, have disappeared before the laborious investigations of Tiedemann on the brain of negroes and of Europeans, and the anatomical researches of Vrolik and Weber, on the form of the pelvis. When we take a general view of the dark colored African nations, on which the works of Prichard has thrown so much light, and when we compare them with the natives of the Australasian Islands, and with the Papuas and Alfours, we see that a black tint of skin, woolly hair and negro features, are by no means invariably associated. So long as the western nations were acquainted with only a small part of the earth's surface, partial views almost necessarily prevailed. Tropical heat, and a black color of the skin, appeared inseparable. 'The Ethiopians,' said the ancient tragic poet, Theodectes of Phaselis, 'by the near approach of the Sun-God in his course, have their bodies colored with a dark sooty lustre, and their hair curled and crisped by his parching rays.' The campaigns of Alexander, in which so many subjects connected with physical geography were originally brought into notice, occasioned the first discussion on the problematical influence of climate on nations and races."

Thus it appears that according to the principles admitted by the most eminent physiologists and naturalists, whether assenting or not to the doctrines of Christianity, there is nothing in the natural differences observable between different parts of the human race distributed over the globe, which is incompatible with that part of the narrative of the origin of mankind, consigned to the Hebrew Scriptures, which traces the whole human race to a single pair and constitutes them therefore as members of a common family.

Naturalists and physical geographers have distributed by various classifications these varieties of men, and have generally given them the somewhat vague and improper name of races. Thus Blumenbach classifies them into five races, called the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the American, the Ethiopian and the Malay. Some authorities reduce this number to four, regarding the Malay merely as a variety of the Ethiopian.

Dr. Prichard, on the other hand, classifies the human family into seven races, which he calls:—

The Iranian,
The Turanian,
The American,
The Hottentots and Bushmen,
The Negroes,
The Papuas,
And the Alfours.

This division is objected to by Humboldt, and does not appear to have obtained general acceptance.

The Caucasian race (fig. 20), in which the population of Europe is included, is distinguished by the beauty of the oval form of the head and countenance; by the large facial angle, amounting to about 90 deg.; by the consequent upright forehead; the horizontal direction of the eyes; the absence of all projection of the cheeks; fine smooth hair; and the fair tint of the skin. They are, however, still more remarkable for the high degree of perfection to which their moral and intellectual faculties speedily attain; a quality which has rendered them the most civilized people of the globe. They occupy all Europe, western Asia as far as the Ganges, and the Northern part of Africa. They have derived their name of Caucasian from the supposition that they came originally from the country north of Mount Caucasus, lying between the Caspian and the Black Sea. Although generally fair, they include various shades, from the extreme fairness of the red-haired northern to the swarthy inhabitants of certain parts of the Spanish peninsula and of North Africa.

The Mongol variety (fig. 21) differs in several respects from the Caucasian. Their face is flat; their forehead low, oblique, and angular; their cheek-bones salient; their eyes small, and set obliquely; the chin slightly prominent; the beard sparse; the hair long, straight, and black; and the complexion a yellow or sallow olive.

The languages spoken by the Mongol variety are extremely different from those of the Caucasian,

being for the most part monosyllabic. This variety is spread eastwards over the countries occupied chiefly by the Caucasian races. They are encountered in the great desert of Central Asia, where the Kalmucks and other Mongol tribes are still nomadic. Almost the whole population of the eastern part of Siberia is Mongol; but the nation which forms the most remarkable part of this race is the Chinese, whose vast empire was, of all parts of the world, the first civilized; although the exclusive spirit of their laws and customs, which has raised a barrier between them and the rest of mankind, has kept them stationary for ages.

The Malay variety occupies the islands of the Indian Archipelago, New Zealand, Chatham Islands, the Society Group, the Philippines and Formosa, and several of the Polynesian Islands. They are dark; have lank, coarse, and black hair; flat faces; and eyes obliquely set. In their moral and social qualities, they vary extremely in different localities; some being active and ingenious, mild and gentle, and considerably advanced in the arts of life; while others are ferocious, vindictive, daring, and predatory. To this variety are generally referred a considerable part of the population of the extreme north of Europe, such as the Greenlanders, Laplanders, Samoids, and Esquimaux.

The Ethiopian variety, or Negro (fig. 22), is characterized by his compressed skull, small facial angle, flat nose, salient jaws, thick lips, woolly and crisped hair, and black skin. The habitation of this variety is south of Mount Atlas, and is spread over all the remainder of the African continent, Madagascar, Australia, Mindanao, Gillolo, the islands of Borneo, Sumatra, Timor, and New Ireland. It consists of several sub-varieties, such, for example, as the Mozambics, the Bushmen, and the Hottentots.

The American variety is generally characterized by a copper-colored skin, sparse beard, and long black hair. They differ extremely, however, one from another; some tribes manifesting a close analogy to the Mongols, others approaching close to the external characters of Europeans; the nose is generally prominent, like the European; the eyes being large, regular, and disclosed by widely opened lids.

The question of the descent of all these varieties from a common origin, is closely connected with the analysis of languages. Nothing affords a more convincing proof of identity of origin than the discovery of similar forms of expression and terms, having like roots in the tongues spoken by distant people. "But here," observes Humboldt, "as in all fields of ideal speculation, there are many illusions to be guarded against, as well as a rich prize to be attained. Positive ethnographical studies, supported by profound historical knowledge, teach us that a great degree of caution is required in these investigations concerning nations, and the language spoken by them at particular epochs. Subjection to a foreign yoke, long association, the influence of a foreign religion, a mixture of races, even when comprising only a small number of the more powerful and more civilized emigrating race, have produced in both continents similar recurring phenomena, viz., in one and the same race two or more entirely different families of languages, and in nations differing widely in origin, idioms belonging to the same linguistic stock. Great Asiatic conquerors have been most powerfully instrumental in the production of striking phenomena of this nature.

"But language is an integral part of the natural history of the human mind; and, notwithstanding the freedom with which the mind pursues perseveringly, in happy independence, its self-chosen direction under the most different physical conditions,—notwithstanding the strong tendency of this freedom to withdraw the spiritual and intellectual part of man's being from the power of terrestrial influences, yet is the disenthralment never completely achieved. There ever remains a trace of the impression which the natural disposition has received from climate, from the clear azure of the heavens, or from the less serene aspect of a vapor-loaded atmosphere. Such influences have their place among those thousand subtle and evanescent links in the electric chain of thought, from whence, as from the perfume of a tender flower, language derives its richness and its grace."

By maintaining the unity of the human species, we at the same time repel the cheerless assumption of superior and inferior races of men. There are families of nations more readily susceptible of culture, more highly civilized, more ennobled by mental cultivation than others, but not in themselves more noble. All are alike designed for freedom; for that freedom which in ruder conditions of society belongs to individuals only, but where states are formed, and political institutions enjoyed, belongs of right to the

whole community. "If," says Wilhelm von Humboldt, "we would point to an idea which all history throughout its course discloses as ever establishing more firmly and extending more widely its salutary empire,—if there is one idea which contributes more than any other to the often-contested, but still more often misunderstood, perfectability of the whole human species,—it is the idea of our common humanity tending to remove the hostile barriers which prejudices and partial views of every kind have raised between men; and to cause all mankind, without distinction of religion, nation, or color, to be regarded as one great fraternity aspiring towards one common end, the free development of their moral faculties. This is the ultimate and highest object of society; it is also the direction implanted in man's nature, leading towards the indefinite expansion of his inner being. He regards the earth and the starry heavens as inwardly his own, given to him for the exercise of his intellectual and physical activity. The child longs to pass the hills or the waters which surround his native dwelling, and his wish indulged, as the bent tree springs back to its first form of growth, he longs to return to the home which he had left; for by a double aspiration after the unknown future and the unforgotten past, after that which he desires and that which he has lost, man is preserved by a beautiful and touching instinct from exclusive attachment to that which is present. Deeply rooted in man's most innate nature, as well as commanded by his highest tendencies, the full recognition of the bond of humanity, of the community of the whole human race with the sentiments and sympathies which spring therefrom, becomes a leading principle in the history of man."

When we come to trace the conduct of man as an individual member of the social body and to connect it with his physical organization, we tread upon the interesting ground which forms the confines between the legitimate territories of the physiologist and psychologist, between the provinces of the natural philosopher and the theologian; and however closely our vocation and habitudes have attached us to the contemplation and investigation of mere physical laws, we cannot forbear to throw a passing glance into the spiritual world.

Man's nature, according to the admission of all, is a compound of the material and the intellectual. According to some, to whom, on that account, the name of *materialists* has been given, the intellectual is a mere function or property of the material part of our nature. According to others, the intellectual is a function of a spiritual essence, which is independent of our material organization, though inseparably connected with it during human life. The name of *spiritualists* has, accordingly, been given by contradiction to the latter.

Our nature being thus compound, let us see how far we can trace the connection between its mere physical part and the thinking and intelligent principle which abides in it.

There is a principle called in metaphysics *personal identity*, which consists in the internal consciousness by which each individual knows his past existence, so as to be able, with the greatest certainty of which the judgment of our minds is susceptible, to identify himself existing at any given moment with himself, existing at any former time and place. Nothing in human judgment can exceed the clear certitude which attends this consciousness. The Duke of Wellington, on the eve of his death at Walmer, had an assured certainty that he was himself the same individual intelligent being, who, on the 18th of June, 1815, commanded at Waterloo the allied armies. Now to what, let us ask, did this intense conviction and consciousness of identity apply? What was there in common between the individuals who died at Walmer and who commanded at Waterloo? The reply to this question will require that we shall recur for a moment to our physical organization.

The human body consists of bones, flesh and blood, each of which is, however, itself a compound substance, and the whole is impregnated in a large proportion with water. Thus, the quantity of blood in an average body is twenty pounds, of which fifteen pounds are water, the other five pounds consisting of those material constituents which are necessary for the supply of the growth or the repair of the body. The flesh, commonly so called, is pervaded by blood-vessels, and therefore, strictly speaking, is a combination of flesh and blood. In like manner, the bones are pervaded to their very centres by innumerable blood-vessels, so minute as to be microscopic, by which their growth is supplied and their waste repaired. Taking, however, the terms flesh, blood, and bone in their proper meaning, excluding from each the water with which it is impregnated, and excluding from the flesh and bone the blood

which pervades them respectively, the material constituents of an average human body may be thus stated:—

Bone	14 lbs.
Flesh and blood	21
Water	116

The bone, when submitted to analysis, is shown to consist of certain earthy matter, the chief part of which is lime and a substance called *gelatine*; this gelatine itself being a compound, one half of which is pure charcoal, called by chemists *carbon*, and the other a combination of the gases which constitute common air and water. From this analysis it follows that, in round numbers, the fourteen pounds of bone which enter into the composition of the human body, omitting minute fractions and insignificant quantities, consist of ten pounds of lime, two pounds of charcoal, combined with two pounds weight of the gases just mentioned.

A similar analysis of flesh and blood shows that they consist, in nearly equal parts, of charcoal and the same gases, so that the 24lbs. weight of these substances which enter into the composition of an average body, are resolved into 12 pounds of charcoal, combined with an equal weight of the gases already mentioned.

Thus, in fine, the ultimate materials of the average human body are 14lbs. of charcoal and 10lbs. of lime, impregnated with 116lbs. of water, and 14 lbs. weight of the gases which form air and water, that is, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen.

Now those who think that the intellectual principle residing in the human body is nothing more than a quality or a property arising from the matter composing it, must be able to imagine how 14lbs. of charcoal, 10lbs. of lime, and 116lbs. of water can be so mixed up with 14lbs. of air as to make a material thing—machine let us call it—which can feel, think, judge, remember, and reason. Let us try to imagine, for example, the possibility of such a mass of charcoal, lime and water discovering the existence, position and motion of the planet Neptune before it was ever seen; of ascertaining the periodicity of the planetary inequalities, countless ages before many of these inequalities had passed through one of their periods; of inventing the printing press, the ship, the steam engine, and the electric telegraph; of composing "Paradise Lost;" of producing the Transfiguration and the Antinous, or of designing the Parthenon!

But it will be answered, that the power of intelligence is ascribed not to the mere inert materials of the human body, but to their organization. What, then, is organization? Let us not be misled by a long and learned word. Organization is, and can be, but some particular way of arranging the parts of which anything is composed. Thus, a given number and weight of stones may be arranged in a thousand different ways, so as to compose as many different structures, but each structure is still a mere mass of stone. It is true that the simple material elements which we have enumerated above may be, and are, curiously combined and arranged, so as to produce the human body. But after this is accomplished, we are left as far as ever from any explanation as to how the mere arrangement and peculiar juxtaposition of the material atoms, thus composing such a body, can produce the prodigious powers of intellect which have been developed in the history of the progress of the human mind.

But even admitting a supposition apparently so impossible, the question of personal identity, which we have referred to above, will raise an insuperable objection to it. Physiologists and anatomists have proved that the matter which composes our bodies is subject to continual change. Every part of our organization, even to the innermost cores of our bones, is subject to this never-ceasing process of mutation. The food which we take into our stomachs contains, combined with some other matters, all the constituents necessary to compose our bodies. In the process of digestion, those parts which are unsuited to our bodies are rejected, and the several suitable parts passing into the blood, are carried by it through the circulating apparatus to all parts of the system; to the bones, as well as to the flesh and softer parts; the peculiar constituents necessary for the maintenance of each part respectively being deposited there in the proper proportion, and the waste carried away. This process of constant renovation and removal of used up matter—of *offal*, as it were—goes on equally throughout the bones as throughout the softer parts. Now, it will be evident that, in such an unceasing process of rejection and renovation, the entire mass of matter composing the body must in a certain period, longer or shorter, undergo a complete change, so that, corporeally speaking, an individual, at any given period of his life, has not in his entire composition a single material atom which he had at a certain previous period. It was

the opinion of former anatomists and physiologists, that the body undergoes this complete change of the matter composing it every seven years; but more recent and exact observations and calculations, founded upon rigorous analysis of the phenomena of digestion, circulation, respiration, and other less important functions, have proved this estimate to err by excess.

The 116lbs. weight of water which forms three-fourths of the matter composing our bodies, is rejected with great rapidity in respiration, transpiration and natural discharge. The carbon is expired with each action of the lungs in large quantities, combined with oxygen, another constituent of our bodies, in the form of carbonic acid. The lime escaping in other ways is rejected from our bones, and replaced by a fresh supply. There is not a movement of the body, whether voluntary or involuntary; not an action of a member, a muscle or a nerve; not a pulsation of the heart or of an artery; not a peristaltic motion of the intestines, which is not the proximate cause of the rejection of used-up matter and the demand for a fresh supply from the digestive apparatus, just as in a machine the wear and tear of the parts is proportional to the force and continuance of their motions.

Although the rapidity with which the materials of the body are thus changed varies in comparing one individual with another, according to their various habitudes and occupations, it appears that a total change of the material constituents of the body takes place within an interval much shorter than was supposed by the early physiologists. According to some authorities, the average length of this interval does not exceed thirty days. It is, however, generally agreed that it is a very brief period.*

This, then, being the case, let us again ask, what is it that was identical in the Duke of Wellington dying at Walmer in September, 1852, and the Duke of Wellington commanding at Waterloo in June, 1815? Assuredly it was not possible that there should have been a single particle of matter common to his body on the two occasions. The interval consisting of thirty-seven years and two months, the entire mass of matter composing his body must have undergone a complete change several times—yet no one doubts that there was *something* there which did not undergo a change except in its relation to the mutable body, and which possessed the same thought, memory, and consciousness, and constituted the personal identity of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any proposition in geometry that *that something* which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could not have been an atom, or any number of atoms, of matter, it must have been something *not matter*, that is to say, something *spiritual*.

Habituated for so long a period to the rigorous logic of physics and mathematics, I confess I can see nothing in its results more conclusive than this proof of the existence of a spiritual essence connected with the human organization. At this point, however, the support which the physical inquirer can offer to the theologian terminates. If there is nothing in the disorganization of the human body and the phenomena of death to demonstrate the simultaneous destruction of the spiritual principle, the existence of which is thus established, there is, on the other hand, nothing to prove its continued existence, and for that we are thrown upon the resources of revelation, and this might have indeed been foreseen; for if the continued existence of the spirit, or in other words, a future state, were capable of demonstration by the ordinary faculties of the mind, it would have been incompatible with the divine economy to have rendered it the subject of revelation. God does not suspend the laws of nature to reveal by miraculous means those truths which are discoverable by the exercise of our natural faculties.

As the motions and changes produced upon inert matter are physical and mechanical, so human actions are moral and intellectual phenomena. By duly comparing together the former, we are enabled to arrive at generalizations which are the expression of laws, the knowledge of which enables us to foresee, with certainty and precision, how any proposed bodies will comport themselves at any future time, and in any given place, under given conditions. It might, therefore, be naturally expected that the moral and intellectual phenomena of human actions, coming as truly within the range of natural facts or mere physical phenomena, could be equally classified and generalized, and that, consequently, natu-

* We are not aware of any dissentient from the complete periodical change of matter composing the body, except Professor Milne Edwards, who, without absolutely denying the principle, thinks that it has not been satisfactorily demonstrated.

The Principal Russian Plenipotentiary at Paris.

COUNT ORLOFF is a hale old man of seventy, and distinguished in courtly circles by a long career of military and diplomatic services. He belongs to one of the most illustrious families of Russia. He holds numerous appointments, the most important being those of Aide-de-camp General, General of Cavalry, Commander of the Military Household of the Emperor, and Member of the Council of the Empire.

In the annals of the wars of his country he ranks as a veteran, having taken part in most of the campaigns that arose out of the indefatigable and innovating ambition of Napoleon the First. He had a command at Austerlitz, where he was first wounded; and on the terrible battle of Borodino he received no less than seven wounds. His gallantry on that occasion obtained for him the flattering appointment of Aide-de-camp to Alexander I. About the same time he became one of the friends and personal admirers of the future Emperor Nicholas, with whom, until the day of his death, he continued to correspond on terms of uninterrupted intimacy and confidence.

His promotion was rapid, and he owed not a small portion of it to the decisive part he took in the sanguinary émeute which occurred in St. Petersburg on the occasion of the succession of Nicholas to the throne of Russia. Count Orloff was one of the chief instruments in securing the crown for that monarch; and the consequent gratitude took such a substantial form, that in 1828 the cool, sagacious count held a high command in the army which invaded Turkey, and almost marched unmolested to the gates of Constantinople. In 1829 he was one of the representatives of his sovereign at the conference which led to the—for Turkey—disgraceful treaty of Adrianople; and after the establishment of the hollow peace which followed, he remained at Constantinople as ambassador.

After this, we find him, accompanying the Emperor in his various rambles over the European continent. Then he had a mission in Holland and London, where the disturbed affairs of Belgium were arranged. In 1833 he commanded the threatening Russian army which saved Constantinople from the victorious army of Ibrahim Pasha, and he signed the fatal treaty of Unkiar Skellessi—the treaty which gave Russia a colorable pretext for her recent domineering policy towards Turkey. In 1835 he became chief of the Third Chancellery of the Empire, the colonels of which, distributed over all the government, have less a mission of police, properly so called, than a general inspection of all the administration of the country, and also of control over the governors as well as the governed.

This was an important trust, and gave free admission to Count Orloff to the Emperor at all hours of the day. This office Count Orloff still holds; and, owing to the familiarity it necessitates, he may be said to be more the private friend of the Emperor Alexander II than a public servant of the state. Indeed, the Emperor has placed his recognition of the esteem in which he holds Count Orloff, in emphatic language before the public. When the count celebrated the anniversary of his fifty years' term of servitude, the Emperor thus addressed him—"At

his last hour, and in a final and sacred interview with me, my father enjoined me to thank you as a friend who had always been faithful and devoted."

EDUCATION.—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's looks—with a father's nod of approbation or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadow—with bird's nests admired but not touched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good to God himself.

HABIT.—"I trust everything, under God," says Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages,

construction, are already beginning to show symptoms of decay. The Winter Palace, recompleted in 1840, is the most striking instance of this. In less than a year twenty millions of roubles were laid out on this building. The work continued to be carried on through the winter, the whole building being regularly heated, in order that the materials might not freeze, and the walls sooner dry. The like occurs with most of the private residences of the nobility. Everything is nailed together, just like the decorations of a theatre. The tooth of time will make short work of grinding and devouring St. Petersburg, and will long have finished with the feeble brick columns, that are ready to fall of themselves, while the pyramids will give it enough to do for some thousands of years to come. The Russians appear to build only for the sake of making ruins. Scarcely a house is ever in a state of perfect completion; there is for ever some meddling and patching going on it. A single *fete*, a ball, a dance, cause

not unfrequently considerable alterations in the interior of a residence. Is the suite of apartments considered too small, they break through a wall, take in the next room, and get doors set up for the evening. Pillars and balustrades are erected by way of ornament, or for the convenience of musicians; alcoves, conservatories, buffets arranged; rooms hung with paper, and spread with carpets for the nonce; and frequently a projecting wooden chamber is built on to the balcony, which is connected with the ballroom in the shape of an elegantly adorned cabinet or orchestra for the musicians. Positively there is not a house belonging to a Russian which remains fourteen days in the same condition. The hideous *en-nui*, the inward disquiet and humorsomeness, do not permit of the nobles sleeping fourteen nights successively in the same chamber. Now this, now that room is the sleeping apartment of her ladyship; one day she receives company in one saloon, another day in another; one moment the eating room of the children is turned into a bed-room, or the school-room is converted into a dancing saloon. So deeply is the nomadic principle engrafted in the Russian nature, that they not only wander from one end of the empire to the other in the course of a year, but also in the course of a season migrate from one *étage* to the other.—*De Route.*



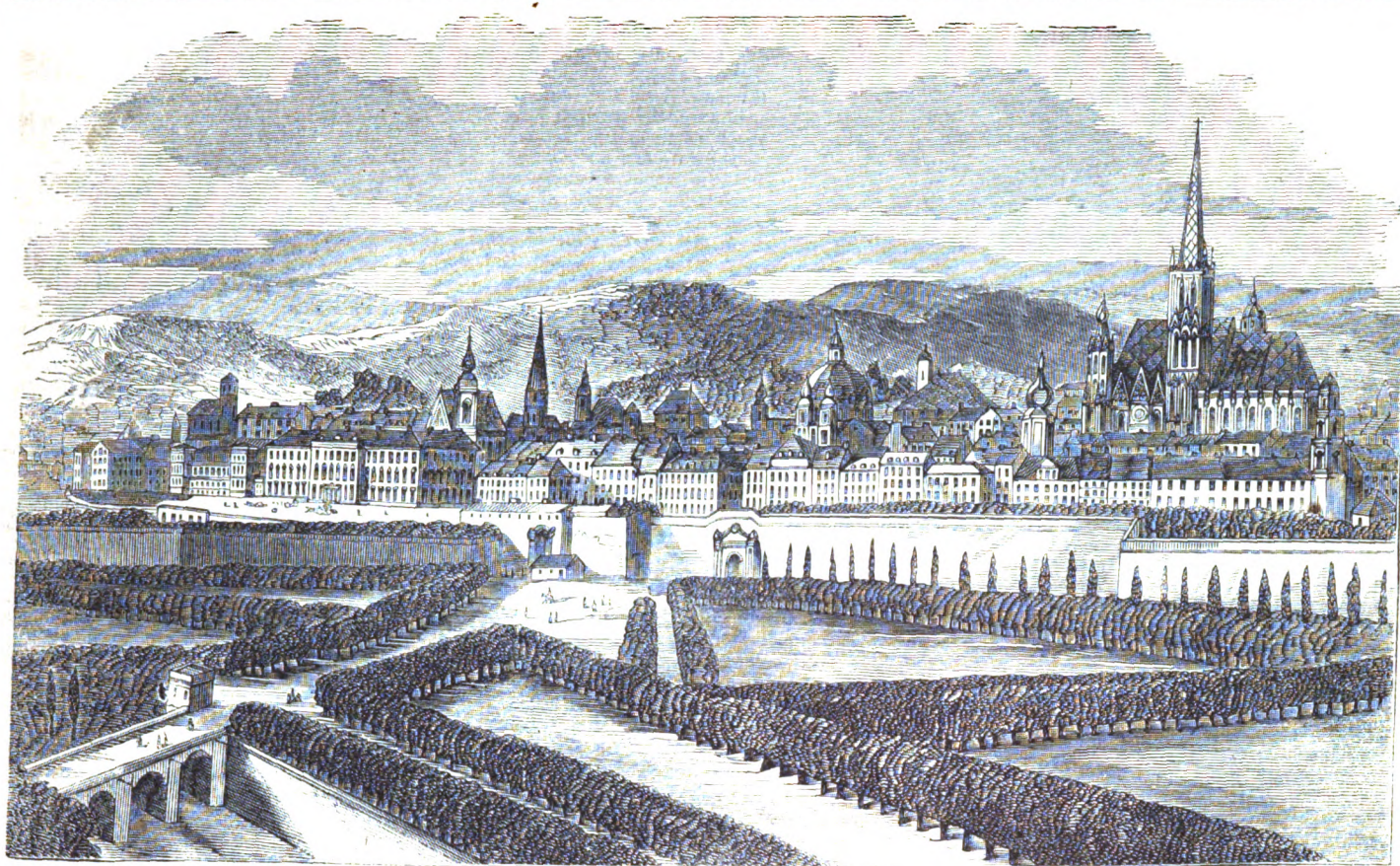
COUNT ORLOFF.

the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties, upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all act of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—It is inconceivable how quickly they build at St. Petersburg. The briefness of the season adapted for building is partly the cause of this—partly the impatience of the Russian to finish what he has begun. Hence it is that there are numberless houses, which, though of recent

A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.—"Tis wondrous strange how great the change since I was in my teens; then I had a beau, and a billet-doux, and joined the gayest scenes; but lovers now have ceased to vow; no way they now contrive—to poison, hang, or drown themselves—because I'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was e'er so bright, I ne'er abroad could roam, without—"the bliss, the honor, miss, of seeing you safe home." But now I go, through rain and snow—fatigued and scarce alive—through all the dark, without a spark—because I'm thirty-five.

The new Russian minister to the United States is called Somanosoff (saw my nose off). An *attaché* of the same legation at Washington, Blomanosoff (blow my nose off). Besides which, we have Col. Cutmanosoff (cut my nose off), of the Imperial Guard; Marshal Pulmanosoff (pull my nose off), General Nozbezon (nose be gone), and many others. OFTEN the scene at the playhouse, which beggars descriptions, makes bankrupt the manager!



VIENNA.

Vienna.

THE capital of the Austrian Empire is one of the oldest in Europe; and its origin may be traced, like so many other cities of the middle ages, to those feudal divisions of land which arose out of the settling down of the vast masses of barbarism that were thrown upon the faded remnants of the Western Empire. It was, in its beginning, a citadel, round which gathered a few trembling cottages, and in the course of centuries attained its present very fine proportions.

We present our readers with an engraving of it, from which it will be seen that it is really a beautiful city, and well merits the enthusiasm with which it is regarded by its inhabitants.

The promenade in front is the old glacis or sloping bank, up which Napoleon's troops furiously climbed, and Solymán's in vain attempted to reach. It is now the pleasure ground of the citizens, and on fine evenings is the scene of much gaiety. Behind lie the city walls and public offices, with innumerable churches, including the cathedral, with its lofty spire, palaces, splendid residences and squalid hovels, spacious squares, and narrow streets, over all of which there lingers that antique air which bespeaks a town still in the throes of the struggle between ancient right and modern ideas of liberty and the expansibility of thought.

But although despotism exercises its pernicious sway over the whole of the Austrian territory, and blights everything good it falls upon, Vienna is a very gay city, and its inhabitants seem to forget their political degradation in an incessant round of pleasure. So true it is that when a people have no political freedom, they rush into excesses which the Church may feebly condemn, but the State not only winks at, but encourages. The morals, therefore, of Vienna, as might be expected, are not of a very high order; and, with a formidable police, a host of spies, troops innumerable, and a goodly army of priests, some very lively idea may be formed of the character and appearance of Vienna.

THE GUARDIAN BIRD.—I will relate a fact in natural history, says Mr. Curzon, the traveller, which I was fortunate enough to witness, and which, although it is mentioned so long ago as the times of Herodotus, has not, I believe, been often observed since. I had always a strong predilection for crocodile shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank, about ten feet high, on the margin of the Nile. I stopped the boat at some

distance, and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence, with a heavy rifle, I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with his mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank; there he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziezac. It is of the plover species, of a greyish color, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed "Ziezac! ziezac!" with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and, immediately spying his danger, made a jump into the air, and dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river and disappeared. The ziezac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziezac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.

DIDN'T KNOW HIS FOOT WAS GONE.—The following incident is recorded in the "Journal of a Naturalist," and may certainly be quoted in this place, either as a fact, a fancy, or a phenomenon:—"A travelling man one winter's evening laid himself down upon the platform of a lime-kiln, placing his feet, probably numb with cold, on the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation; the fire gradually rising and increasing until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth, he still slept; and though the fire increased until it burned one foot (which probably was extended over a vent-hole) and part of the leg above the ankle entirely off, consuming that part of it so effectually that no part of it was ever discovered, the wretched man slept on, and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey, but missing his shoe, requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt

limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg bone, the tibia, crumbled into fragments, having been calcined into lime. Still he expressed no sense of pain, and probably experienced none, from the gradual operation of the fire, and his own torpidity during the hours that his foot was consuming. The poor drover survived his misfortunes in the hospital about a fortnight; but the fire having extended to other parts of his body, recovery was hopeless."

AN INTOXICATING FUNGUS.—The *Agaricus Muscarius*, a species of mushroom or toadstool, is used by the inhabitants of the north-eastern part of Asia, in the same manner as ardent spirits or wine, to promote intoxication. This species, which is a native of Britain, abounding in the woods of the highlands of Scotland, is one of the largest and most beautiful of the tribe. It has a large cap, nearly flat, of a brilliant pink or crimson color, sometimes beset with angular warts, and is extremely conspicuous, even at a distance, in the shaded recesses of its native woods. It is the favorite drug of the Russians, Kamchadales, and Korians. These fungi are collected in the hottest month, and hung up by a string in the air to dry; some dry of themselves on the ground, and are said to be far more narcotic than those artificially preserved. Small deep-colored specimens, thickly covered with warts, are also said to be more powerful than those which attain to a larger size, and are of a paler color. The usual mode of taking this fungus is to roll it up like a bolus, and swallow it without chewing, which the Kamchadales say would disorder the stomach. It is sometimes eaten fresh in soups and sauces, and then loses much of its intoxicating property. One large or two small fungi is a common dose to produce a pleasant intoxication for a whole day, particularly if water be drank after it, which augments the narcotic principle. The desired effect comes on one or two hours after taking the fungus. Giddiness and drunkenness result in the same manner as from wine or spirits. Cheerful emotions of the mind are first produced, involuntary words and actions follow, and sometimes, at last, an entire loss of consciousness. It renders some persons remarkably active, and proves highly stimulant to muscular exertion; with too large a dose violent spasmodic effects are produced. So exciting to the nervous system in some individuals is this fungus, that the effects are often very ludicrous. If a person under its influence wishes to step over a straw or small stick, he takes a stride or a jump sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree; a talkative person cannot keep secrets or silence; and one fond of music is perpetually singing.

TIME'S chariot wheels make their carriage road in the fairest face.

Clocks and Watches.

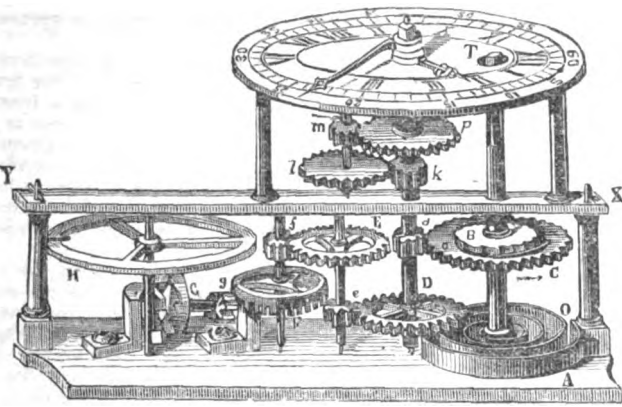


Fig. 17.

CHAPTER I.

After the supply of the absolute necessities of physical existence—food, clothing, and lodging—one of the first wants of a society, emerging from barbarism, is the means of measuring and registering time. In civilised society, all contracts for labor, and for all kinds of service, are based upon time. Even in the cases of the highest public functionaries, and where the service rendered is purely social and intellectual, still it is regulated, limited, and compensated with relation to time. Time measures or chronometers were therefore amongst the earliest mechanical and physical inventions.

Although nature has supplied visible signs to measure and mark the larger chronometric units, such as days, months, and years, she has not furnished any corresponding measures of the lesser units of hours, minutes, and seconds. There are no visible marks on the firmament by passing from one to another of which the sun can note the hours, still less are there any signs for minutes or seconds. These subdivisions are therefore merely artificial and conventional, and to measure and mark them, artificial motions must be contrived.

Rough approximations were first made to the chief divisions of the day, by observing the apparent motion of the sun from rising to setting. Thus the direction of the meridian, or of the south, being once known, and marked by some fixed and visible object, the time of noon was known by observing when the sun had this direction. The hours before and after noon were roughly estimated by the position of the sun between noon and the times of its rising and setting. Greater precision was given to this method, by erecting a wand or gnomon, the shadow of which would fall upon a level surface, in a direction always opposite to that of the sun. Thus, after sunrise, the shadow would be inclined towards the west, the sun being then towards the east. From the moment of sunrise until noon, the shadow would move continually nearer and nearer to the direction of the north, and at noon it would have exactly that direction. From noon to sunset the shadow would be more and more inclined towards the east.

It is evident, however, that such a dial would not afford uniform indications at all seasons of the year, so that the hour-lines of the shadow determined in spring, for example, would not show the same hours in winter as in summer. Without much astronomical knowledge, it is easy to be convinced of this. At the equinoxes, the sun rises and sets at six o'clock, and at the east and west points precisely; and, therefore, at these seasons, the six o'clock hour-lines of such a dial would be for the morning

due west, and for the evening due east. But on the first day of summer (21st June), the sun rises and sets at points of the horizon very much north of the east and west points, and at six o'clock in the forenoon and afternoon its bearing is north of the east and west points.

A dial so constructed at any given place would be useless as a time indicator. To render it useful, it would be necessary that the shadow of the style should fall in the same directions at the same hours at all seasons of the year. Now, to attain this object, the style must not be vertical, but must be directed to the celestial pole. It is easy to comprehend that in

that case a plane passing through the style and the sun would always be carried round the style with an uniform motion by the diurnal motion of the sun, and that at all seasons this plane would at the same hour have the same position.

It is for this reason that the gnomon of sun-dials is placed at such an inclination with the plate of the dial, that when the dial is properly set the gnomon will be directed to the north pole of the heavens, and being so placed, its shadow will fall upon the same lines of the dial at the same hours, whatever be the season of the year.

It is evident, therefore, that dials must be differently constructed for places which have different

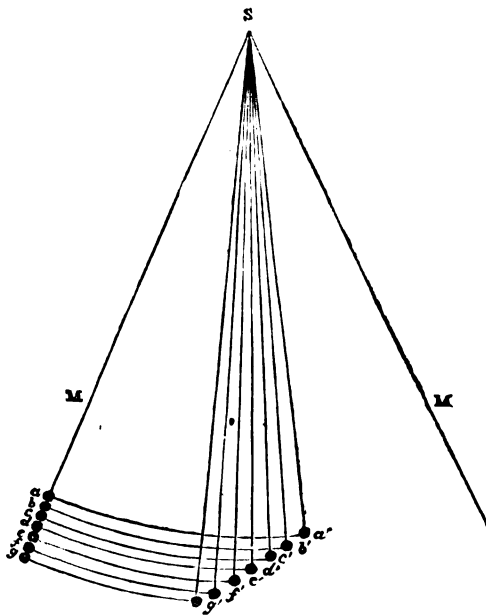


Fig. 4.

latitudes. We have shown that the elevation of the celestial pole is equal to the latitude of the place, and consequently the inclination of the gnomon of a sun-dial must be also equal to the latitude of the place where the dial is intended to be set. It follows, therefore, that a dial constructed for London would not be suitable for York, Newcastle, or Edinburgh.

The position of the plate of the dial upon which the shadow of the gnomon is projected is quite unimportant. All that is really important is the direction of the gnomon, which must always be that of the celestial pole, whatever be the position of the plate of the dial. Thus the plate of the dial may be either horizontal, vertical, or oblique. Its position will depend upon the place where it is to be erected. If it be in an open space, as in a garden or field, having a clear exposure on all sides, it will be generally most convenient to make it horizontal; and, hence, in such cases, it is usual to fix it upon the top of a column of three or four feet high, so that it may be easily observed by a person of ordinary height standing near it. Sometimes it is convenient to place it upon the wall of a building, such as a church. A wall with a southern exposure is in that case the most convenient; but to indicate the hours of the early morning in the spring and summer, an eastern exposure would be required, and to indicate those of the late evening a western exposure would be necessary.

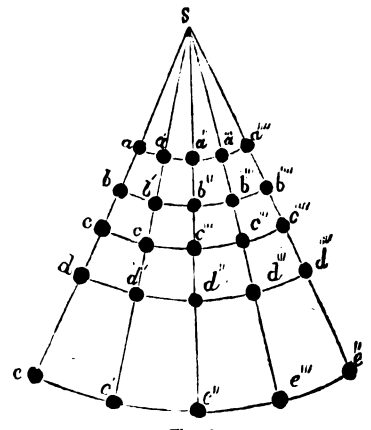


Fig. 2.

Where these vertical dials are erected, it is therefore frequently the practice to establish them at the same time on different walls of the same building.

Whatever be the position of the plate of the dial, the position of the hour-lines upon it is a matter of mere technical calculation, for which the formulæ and principles of spherical trigonometry are necessary, but which is not attended with any difficulty.

It must, however, be observed, that generally the hour-lines are inclined to each other at unequal angles, as may be seen by inspecting any ordinary sun-dial. There is one, and one only, position which could be assigned to the plate of the dial, such that the hour-lines would make equal angles with each other. That position would be at right angles to the gnomon, and a dial so constructed would be suitable to any place, whatever be its latitude. All that would be necessary would be to set it so that the gnomon would be directed to the celestial pole. The sun, however, would shine upon the upper or north side of it during the spring and summer, and on the lower or south side during the autumn and winter. It would, therefore, be necessary that it should be marked on both sides with hour-lines, and that a gnomon should be fixed on both sides.

The name dial is derived from the Latin word *dies*, a day, and the invention and use of the instrument as a time indicator is very ancient. According to Herodotus, the invention came to Greece from Chaldaea. The first dial recorded in history is the hemisphere of Berosus, who is supposed to have lived 540 B.C.

The first attempts to measure time by motions artificially produced, consisted in arrangements, by which a fluid was let fall in a continuous stream through a small aperture in the pipe of a funnel, the time being measure by the quantity of the fluid discharged. The *Clepsydra*, or water-clock, of the ancients, was constructed upon this principle. This and the sun-dial were the only instruments contrived

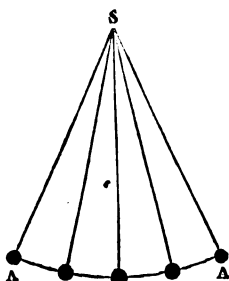


Fig. 1.

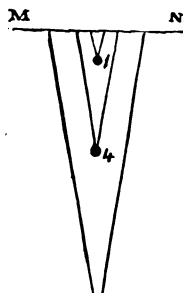


Fig. 3.

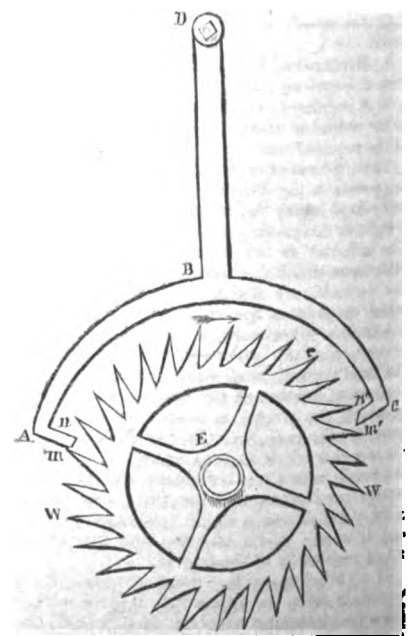


Fig. 5.

or used by the ancients for the measurement of time.

Clepsydras were contrived by the Egyptians, and were in common use under the reign of the Ptolemys. In Rome, sun-dials were used in summer and clepsydras in winter. These instruments, though subject to very obvious defects, were, nevertheless, when skillfully used, susceptible of considerable accuracy, as may be easily conceived, when it is stated, that before the invention of clocks and watches, they were the only chronometric instruments used by astronomers. The chief sources of their irregularities were the unequal celerity with which the fluid is discharged, owing to its varying depth in the funnel and its change of temperature.

The common hour-glass comes under this class of chronometric instruments, but is the most imperfect of them. Nevertheless, for certain purposes, it is even now, advanced as we are in the application of science to the arts, still found the most convenient chronometer. The process of ascertaining a ship's rate of sailing or steaming by means of the log affords an example of its use. One man holds the reel from which the line runs off, while another holds the sand-glass, and gives the signal when the sand has run out. The number of knots run off from the reel is then the number of miles per hour in the rate of the vessel. The intervals between the knots, the quantity of sand in the glass, and the aperture through which it falls, are so adapted to each other as to give this result.

Notwithstanding the great perfection to which the art of constructing chronometers has attained, an apparatus was not long since proposed by the late Captain Kater for the measurement of very small intervals of time, fractions of a second, for example, which is a modification of the clepsydra. A quantity of pure and clean mercury is poured into a funnel with a small aperture at its apex, so that a stream of the quicksilver shall fall through it. The flow is rendered uniform, by keeping the mercury in the funnel at a constant level. The apparatus is intended in scientific researches to note the exact duration of phenomena, and it is so managed, that the stream issuing from the funnel, is turned over a small receiver at the instant the phenomenon to be observed commences, and is turned away from it the instant the phenomenon ceases. The mercury discharged into the receiver is then accurately weighed, and the number of grains, and parts of a grain it contains, being divided by the number of grains which would be discharged in a second, the number of seconds, and the parts of a second, which elapsed during the continuance of the phenomenon is found.

For the purposes of civil life, as well as for the more precise objects of scientific research, all these contrivances have been superseded by clocks and watches, which are now so universal as to constitute a necessary article of furniture in the most humble dwellings, and a necessary appendage of the person in all civilised countries.

All varieties of this most useful mechanical contrivance include five essential parts.

1. A moving power.
2. An indicator, by whose uniform motion time is measured.
3. An accurately divided scale, upon which the indicator moves and by which its motion is measured.
4. Mechanism, by which the motion proceeding from the moving power is imparted to the indicator.
5. A regulator, which renders the motion imparted to the indicator uniform, and which fixes its celerity at the required rate.

Thus, for example, in a common clock, the moving power is the weight suspended by cords over a pulley fixed upon the axle of a wheel, to which the weight in descending imparts a motion of rotation. The indicator is the hand. The scale is the dial-plate upon which the hours, minutes, and sometimes the seconds, are marked by equal divisions, over which the point of the hand moves. The mechanism is a train of wheelwork, so constructed that the rate of rotation of the last wheel upon the axle of which the hand is fixed, shall have a certain proportion to the rate of rotation of the first wheel, upon the axle of which the weight is suspended. And if, as is generally the case, there be two or three hands, then the wheel-work is so constructed, that while one of the hands makes one revolution, another shall make twelve revolutions, and the third shall make sixty revolutions during a single revolution of the latter, and therefore seven hundred and twenty during a single revolution of the former.

If no other appendage were provided, the weight would, in such an apparatus, descend with a continually increasing velocity, and would therefore impart to the hands a motion of rotation more and

more rapid, which would not consequently serve as a measure of time. This defect is removed by the addition of a pendulum, combined with a wheel upon which it acts called the escapement. It is the property of the pendulum that its oscillations are necessarily made always in equal times, and its connection with the escapement-wheel is such, that one tooth of that wheel, and no more, is allowed to pass the upper part of the pendulum during each oscillation right and left. But this escapement-wheel itself forms part of the train of wheel-work by which the first wheel, moved by the descending weight, is connected with the wheels which move the hands, and consequently, by regulating and rendering uniform the motion of this escapement-wheel, the pendulum necessarily regulates and renders uniform the motion of the entire apparatus.

The instrument thus arranged, therefore, imparts an uniform motion of rotation to each of the hands, but this is not enough to render it a convenient time measurer. It is necessary that the motion of the hands should have some definite and simple relation to the natural and conventional division of time into days, hours, minutes, and seconds. For this purpose it is required not only that the hands should move uniformly, but that the first, or slowest of them, should make two complete revolutions in a day, or a single revolution in twelve hours; and, as a necessary consequence of this, that the second should make a single revolution in an hour, and the third in a minute.

From what has been stated, it will be apparent that the actual rate of motion imparted to the hands will be determined by the rate of oscillation of the pendulum. It has been shown that for each oscillation, right and left, of the pendulum, one tooth of the escapement-wheel passes, and if the escapement-wheel have thirty teeth, and if the pendulum take one second to make a single swing, it will allow the escapement-wheel to make a complete revolution while it makes thirty swings from right to left, and thirty from left to right, that is, in sixty seconds, or one minute; so that, if the axis of the third hand were in this case fixed upon the axle of the escapement-wheel, that hand would make one complete revolution in a minute, and consequently the second would make one complete revolution in one hour, and the third in twelve hours. The required conditions would therefore be in this case fulfilled.

To render this explanation of the regulating property of the pendulum complete, it will be sufficient to show—1st, that the time of vibration must be always rigorously the same with the same pendulum; 2d, that this time can be made shorter or longer by varying the length of the pendulum, so that a pendulum can always be constructed which will vibrate in one second, or in half a second, or, in short, in any desired time; and 3rd, that the connection of the pendulum with the escapement-wheel can be so constructed, that the motion of the latter shall be governed by the vibrations of the former, in the former, in the manner already described.

A pendulum consists of a heavy mass attached to a rod, the upper extremity of which rests upon a point of support in such a manner as to have as little friction as possible. Such an instrument will remain at rest when its centre of gravity is in the vertical line immediately under the point of suspension or support. But if the centre of gravity be drawn from this position on either side, and then disengaged, the instrument will swing horizontally from the one side to the other of the position in which it would remain at rest, the centre of gravity describing alternately a circular arc on the one side or the other of its position of rest. If there were neither friction nor atmospheric resistance, this motion of vibration or oscillation on either side of the position of equilibrium would continue for ever; but in consequence of the combined effects of these resistances, the distances to which the pendulum swings on the one side and on the other are continually diminished, until, after the lapse of an interval, more or less protracted, it comes to rest.

It is related that Galileo, when a youth, happening to walk through the aisles of a church in Pisa, observed a chandelier suspended from the roof, whose position had been accidentally disturbed, and which was consequently in a state of oscillation. The young philosopher, contemplating the motion, was struck with the fact, that although the range of its vibration was continually diminished as it approached a state of rest, the times of the vibration were sensibly equal, the motion becoming slower as the range of the oscillations became more limited. This led him to infer that property of the pendulum expressed by the word *isochronism*, in virtue of which the vibrations, whether in longer or shorter arcs, are performed in the same time.

Although, however, at we shall presently show,

pendulums possess this property when the arcs of vibration are very small, they do not continue to manifest it when the range of vibration becomes more considerable.

To simplify the exposition of the important theory of the pendulum, it will be convenient, in the first instance, to consider it as composed of a heavy mass of small magnitude, suspended by a wire or a string, the weight of which may be neglected. Thus, let us suppose a small ball of lead suspended by a fine silken string, the length of which is incomparably greater than the diameter of the leaden ball. Such an arrangement is called the *simple pendulum*.

Let *s*, fig. 1, be the point of suspension; let *s* *b* be the fine silken thread by which the ball *b* is suspended, and the weight of which, in the present case, is neglected. Let *b* be the position of the ball when in the vertical under the point of suspension *s*. In that position the ball would remain at rest; but if we suppose the ball drawn aside to the position *a*, it will, if disengaged, fall down the arc *a* *b*, of which the centre is *s*, and the radius the length of the string. Arriving at *b*, it will have acquired a certain velocity, which, in virtue of its inertia, it will have a tendency to retain, and with this velocity it will commence to move through the arc *b* *a*'. Supposing neither the resistance of the atmosphere nor friction to act, the ball will rise through an arc *b* *a*' equal to *b* *a*; but it will lose the velocity which it had acquired at *b*; for it is evident that it will take the same space, and the same time, to destroy the velocity which has been acquired, as to produce it. Thus, the velocity at *b*, being acquired in falling through the arc *a* *b*, will be destroyed in rising through the equal arc *b* *a*'.

Having arrived at *a*', the ball, being brought to rest, will again fall from *a*' to *b*, and at *b* will have again acquired the same velocity which it had obtained in falling from *a* to *b*, but in the contrary direction; and in the same manner it may be explained that this velocity will carry it from *b* to *a*. Having arrived at *a*, the ball, being again brought to rest, will fall once more from *a* to *b*, and so the motion will be continued alternately between *a* and *a*'.

The motion of the pendulum from *a* to *a*', or from *a*' to *a*, is called an *oscillation*, and its motion between either of those points and *b* is called a *semi-oscillation*, the motion from *b* to *a* or from *b* to *a*' being called the *ascending semi-oscillation*, and the motion from *a* or *a*' to *b*, the *descending semi-oscillation*.

The time which elapses during the motion of the ball between *a* and *a*' is called the *time of one oscillation*.

It is evident, from what has been stated, that the time of moving from either of the extremities *a*, *a*', of the arc of oscillation to the point *b*, is half the time of an oscillation.

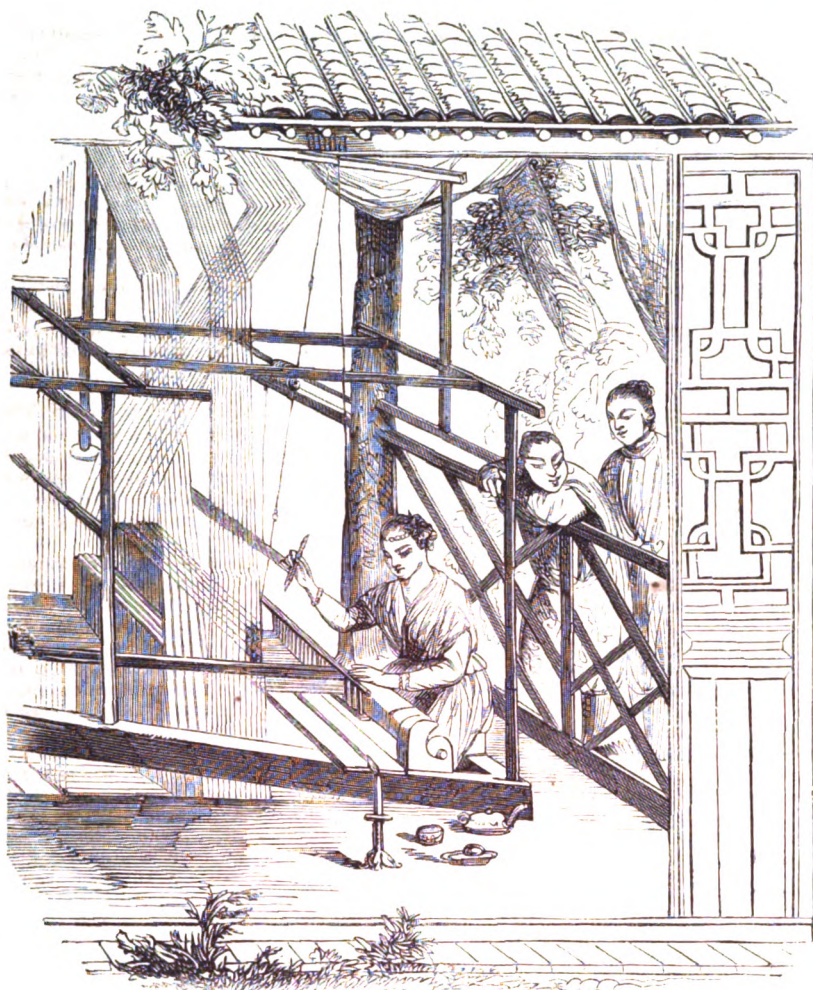
If, instead of falling from the point *a*, the ball had fallen from the point *c*, intermediate between *a* and *b*, it would have then oscillated between *c* and *c*'; two points equally distant from *b*, and the arc of oscillation would have been *c* *c*', more limited than *a* *a*'.

But in commencing its motion from *c*, the declivity of the arc down which it falls towards *b* would be evidently less than the declivity at *a*; consequently the force which would accelerate it, commencing its motion at *c*, would be less than that which would accelerate it, commencing its motion at *a*. The ball, therefore, commencing its motion at *a*, would be more rapidly accelerated than when it commences its motion at *c*.

The result of this is, that, although the arc *a* *b* may be twice as long as the arc *c* *b*, the time which the ball takes to fall from *a* to *b* will not be sensibly different from the time it takes to fall from *c* to *b*, provided that the arc of oscillation *a* *b* *a*' is not considerable.

It was at first supposed, as we have just stated, that, whether the oscillations were longer or shorter, the times would be absolutely the same. Accurately speaking, however, this is not the case: but if the total extent of the oscillation *a* *a*' do not exceed 5° or 6°, then the time of oscillation in it may be considered, practically, the same as in the lesser arcs.

This important principle may be easily experimentally verified. Let two small leaden balls be suspended from the same point of support, but one being in advance of the other, so that in oscillating the two balls shall not strike each other. This being done, let one of the balls be drawn from its point of rest through an angle less than 3°, and let it be disengaged. It will oscillate as described above. Let the other ball be now drawn from its point of rest through a much less angle, and let it be so disengaged that it shall commence its oscillation at the



EASTERN WOMEN WORKING AT THE LOOM. (SEE P. 21.)

same moment with the commencement of one of the oscillations of the other ball.

Let it, in short, be so managed, that when the one ball is at a , the other shall be at c ; and that both shall commence their descending motion towards b at the same moment. It will be then found that their oscillations will be synchronous for a considerable length of time, that is to say, the balls will arrive at a' and c' , respectively, at the same instant; and returning, will simultaneously arrive at a and c respectively.

If, in this case, the oscillation of the ball a were made through an arc, even as great as 10° , that is to say, 5° each side of the vertical, the oscillation of the ball c being made through an arc of 2° , it would be found that 10001 oscillations of the latter would be equal to 10000 oscillations of the former, so that the actual difference between their times of oscillation would not exceed the ten thousandth part of such time.

15. In the practical application of the pendulum, however, this departure from absolute isochronism, small as it is, becomes unimportant; for a power is always provided, by which the loss of motion which would be produced by friction and atmospheric resistance is repaired, and the magnitude of the oscillations is maintained uniform, as we shall presently show.

It might be expected that the time of oscillation of different pendulums would depend, more or less, upon the weight of the matter composing them, and that a heavy body would oscillate more rapidly than a lighter one. Both theory and experience, however, prove the result to be otherwise. The force of gravity which causes the pendulum to oscillate acts separately on all the particles composing its mass; and if the mass be doubled, the effect of this force upon it is also doubled; and, in short, in whatever proportion the mass of the pendulum be increased or diminished, the action of the force of gravity upon it will be increased or diminished in exactly the same proportion, and consequently the velocity imparted by gravity to the pendulous mass at each instant will be the same.

It is easy to verify this by experiment. Let different balls of small magnitude, of metal, ivory, and other materials, be suspended by light silken strings of the same length, and made to oscillate; their oscillations will be found to be equal.

If pendulums of different lengths have similar arcs of oscillation, the times of oscillation of those which are shorter will be less than the times of oscillation of those which are longer. Let a, b, c, d , and e , fig. 2, be five small leaden balls, suspended by light silken strings to the point of suspension s , and let all of them be supposed to form pendulums, having the same angle of oscillation the arc of oscillation of the ball a will be $a a''''$, that of b will be $b b''''$, that of c $c c''''$, and so on. In commencing to fall from the points a, b, c, d, e , towards the vertical line, these five balls are equally accelerated, inasmuch as the circular arcs down which they fall are all equally inclined at this point to the vertical line. The same will be true if we take them at any corresponding points such as a', b', c', d', e' . It may therefore be concluded, that throughout the entire range of oscillation of each of these five pendulums, they will be impelled by equal accelerating forces.

Now it is shown by the principles of mechanics, that when bodies are impelled by the same or equal accelerating forces, the spaces through which they move are proportional to the squares of the times of their motion; therefore it follows, that the lengths of these arcs of oscillation are proportional to the squares of the times. But the lengths of these arcs are evidently in the same proportion as the lengths of the pendulums, that is to say, the arc $a a''''$ is to $b b''''$ as a is to b , and the arc $b b''''$ is to $c c''''$ as b is to c , and so on.

It follows, therefore, that the squares of the times of oscillation of pendulums are as their lengths, or, what is the same, the times of oscillation are as the square roots of their length. This principle is easily verified experimentally.

Let three small leaden balls be suspended vertically under each other by means of loops of silken thread, as represented in fig. 3, and such a manner that they can all oscillate in the same plane at right angles to the plane of the diagram, the suspending loops not interfering with each other.

Let the loops be so adjusted that the distance of the ball 1 below the line $m n$ shall be 1 foot, the distance of the ball 4, 4 feet, and the distance of the ball 9, 9 feet.

Let the ball 9 be put in a state of oscillation through small arcs, and let the ball 4 be then drawn from its vertical position, and disengaged so as to commence one of its oscillations with an oscillation

of the ball 9; and in the same manner let the ball 1 be started simultaneously with one of the oscillations of the ball 9.

It will be found that two oscillations of the one-foot pendulum are made in exactly the same time as a single oscillation of the four-foot pendulum; consequently, the time of each oscillation of the latter will be double that of the former, while its length is fourfold that of the former.

In the same manner, while the one-foot pendulum makes three oscillations, the nine-foot pendulum will make one, and, consequently, the time of oscillation of the latter will be three times that of the former, while its length is nine times that of the former.

By this principle, the length of a pendulum which would oscillate in any proposed time, or the time of oscillation of a pendulum of any proposed length can be ascertained, provided we know the length of a pendulum which oscillates in any given time.

We have hitherto supposed that the pendulous body is a heavy mass of indefinitely small magnitude, suspended by a wire or string having no weight. These are conditions which cannot be fulfilled in practice. Every real pendulous body has a definite magnitude, its component parts being at different distances from the point of suspension; the rod which sustains it is of considerable weight, and all the points of this rod, as well as those of the pendulous mass itself, are at different distances from the point of suspension. In estimating, therefore, the effect of pendulums, it is necessary to take into account this circumstance.

Let suppose a, b, c, d, e, f, g (fig. 4), to be as many small heavy balls connected by independent strings, the weight of which may be neglected, with a point of suspension s , and let these seven balls be supposed to vibrate between the positions $s x$ and $s m'$. Now if these balls were totally independent of each other, and connected with the point of suspension by independent strings, they would all vibrate in different times, those which are nearer the point s vibrating more rapidly than those which are more distant from it. If, therefore, they be all disengaged at the same moment from the line $s m$, those which are nearest to s will get the start of those which are more distant, and at any intermediate position between the extremes of their vibration they will assume the positions $a', b', c', d', e', f', g'$. That which is nearest to the point s , and which is the shortest pendulum, will be foremost, since it has the most rapid vibration. The next in length, b' , will follow it, and so on; the most remote from s being the longest pendulum, g' being the last in order.

Now if, instead of supposing these seven balls to be suspended by independent strings, we imagine them to be fixed upon the same wire, so as to be rendered incapable of having any independent motion, and compelled to keep in the same straight line; then it is evident, that while the whole series vibrates with a common motion, those which are nearest to the point of suspension will have a tendency to accelerate the motion of those which are more distant, while those which are more distant will have a tendency to retard the motion of those which are nearer.

These effects will produce a mutual compensation; b and c will vibrate slower than they would if they were moving freely, while e and f will evidently move more rapidly than if they were moving freely. Among the series, there will be found a certain point, which will separate those which are moving slower than their natural rate, from those which are moving faster than their natural rate; and a ball placed at this point would vibrate exactly as it would do if no other balls were placed either above or below it. Such a ball would, as it were, be the centre which would divide those which are accelerated from those which are retarded.

Such a point has, therefore, been denominated the *centre of oscillation*.

It is evident then, that a pendulous mass, of magnitude more or less considerable, will vibrate in the same time as it would do if the entire mass were concentrated at its centre of oscillation, and formed there a material point of insensible magnitude.

By the length of a pendulum, no matter what be its form, is always to be understood the distance of its centre of oscillation from its point of suspension.

It will be seen from what has been explained above, that by varying the distance of the centre of gravity of the pendulum from the point of suspension, the centre of oscillation, and therefore the virtual length of the pendulum, and consequently its time of vibration, may be varied. The instrument may therefore be so adjusted, that the time of its vibration shall be a second, or any fraction of a second, that may be desired.

Supposing, then, the pendulum to be so adjusted, that it shall make its vibrations at any required rate, one per second for example, let us see how the motion of the indicating hands is governed by such vibrations.

Upon the axis on which the pendulum oscillates is fixed a piece of metal in the form of an anchor, such as *D B A C* (fig. 5), so that this piece shall swing alternately right and left with the pendulum. Two short pieces, *m* and *m'*, called pallets, project inwards at right angles to it from its extremities *A* and *C*.

The form and dimensions of the anchor *A B C* are accommodated to those of the escapement-wheel, *w w'*, which is part of the clockwork, and which, in common with the other wheels forming the train, is moved in the direction indicated by the arrow by the weight or main-spring. When the anchor swings to the right the pallet *m* enters between two teeth of the wheel, the lower of which coming against it, the motion of the wheel is for the moment arrested. When it swings to the left, the pallet *m* is withdrawn from between the teeth, and the wheel is allowed to move, but only for a moment, for the other pallet *m'* enters between two teeth at the other side, the upper of which coming against it the motion of the wheel is again arrested.

The wheel, therefore, is thus made to revolve on its axis, *z*, not with a continuous motion, as would be the case if it were impelled by the weight or mainspring, without the interference of any obstacle, but with an intermitting motion. It moves by starts, being stopped alternately by one pallet or the other coming in the way of its teeth.

When the pendulum, and therefore the anchor, is at the extreme right of its play, the pallet, *m*, having entered between two teeth, a tooth rests against its lower side, the wheel is arrested, and the pallet, *m'*, is quite disengaged from, and clear of the teeth of the wheel. When in swinging to the left the arm *D A* becomes vertical, the tooth of the wheel on the left has just escaped from the pallet, *m*, and the wheel being liberated, has just commenced to be moved by the force of the weight or mainspring. But at the same moment the pallet, *m'*, enters between the teeth of the wheel on the right, and when the anchor has arrived at the extreme left of its play, the tooth of the wheel, which is above the pallet, *m'*, will have fallen upon it, so that the motion will again be arrested.

Thus it appears, that during the first half of the swing from right to left, the motion of the wheel is arrested by the pallet, *m*, and during the remaining half of the swing the wheel moves, but is arrested the moment the swing is completed.

In like manner it may be shown, that during the first half of the swing from left to right, the motion of the wheel is arrested by the pallet, *m'*, that it is liberated and moves during the latter half swing, and is again arrested when the swing is completed.

The motion which is imparted to the hands upon the dial necessarily corresponds with this intermitting motion of the escapement-wheel. If the clock be provided with a seconds-hand, the circumference of the dial being divided into sixty equal parts by dots, the point of the seconds-hand moves from dot to dot during the second half of each swing of the pendulum, having rested upon the dot during the first half swing.

The whole train of wheel-work being affected with the same intermitting motion, the minute and hour hands must move, like the second hand, by intervals, being alternately moved and stopped for half a second. This intermission, however, is not so observable in them as in the seconds-hand, owing to their comparatively slow motion. Thus, the minute-hand moving sixty times slower than the seconds-hand, moves during each half swing of the pendulum through only the sixtieth part of the space between the dots, and the hour-hand moving twelve times slower than the minute-hand moves in each half swing of the pendulum, through the 360th part of the space between the dots. It is easy, therefore, to comprehend how changes of position so minute are not perceptible.

If the pendulum vibrated upon its axis of suspension disconnected with the clockwork, the range of its oscillation would be gradually diminished by the combined effects of the friction upon its axis and the resistance of the air, and this range thus becoming less and less, the oscillation would at length cease altogether, and the pendulum would come to rest. Now this not being the case when the pendulum is in connection with the wheelwork, but on the contrary, its oscillations having always the same range, it is evident that it must receive from the escapement-wheel some force of lateral impulsion, by which the loss of force caused by friction and the resistance of the air is repaired.

It is easy to show how the effect is produced. It has been shown that during the first half of each swing, a tooth of the escapement-wheel rests upon one or other pallet of the anchor. The pallet reacts upon it with a certain force, arresting the motion of the wheelwork, and receives from it a corresponding pressure. This pressure has a tendency to accelerated the motion of the pendulum, and this continues until the tooth slips off, and is liberated from the pallet. It is this force which repairs the loss of motion sustained by the pendulum by friction and atmospheric resistance.

Thus we see, that while on the one hand the pendulum regulates and equalises the motion imparted to the wheelwork by the weight or mainspring, its own range is equalised by the reaction of the weight or mainspring upon it.

Chinese Illustrations of Scripture.

THE LOOM.

THE industrious person seated at the loom in our illustration, answers, in a few outlines at least, the description given of the virtuous woman who girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms; and perceiving that her merchandize is good, she will not suffer her candle to go out by night. Two of her neighbors, we see, are come to bear their testimony to her unwearied assiduity, into whose mouth we might put the eulogy pronounced by king Solomon, as we find it written in the last chapter of Proverbs, from the tenth verse to the close—an eulogy that ought to be engraven upon the heart of every young female.

The taper burning by the side of the woman in our illustration, indicates that it is night. This candle, be it remembered, has not been lighted by the artist to suit the passage we have selected for our motto, but was faithfully copied from the Chinese original. Not far from the candle to which we have just adverted, a small plate is seen, replenished with about half-a-dozen cakes, to be used occasionally as an antidote against hunger and weariness. The Chinese take two principal meals during the day; one about ten in the morning, and the other about an hour before sunset. Between these meals, they sometimes eat a variety of cakes and pastry filled with minced meat, a basin of pea-soup, or a little gruel made of rice. But as they generally conclude their day's work before they take the second repast, or dinner, they need no refreshment between that time and the hour of going to bed. The woman, here, however, appears to be fully bent upon extending her labors to a late hour, and has therefore placed beside her a small charger garnished with sweet cakes to refresh herself at intervals. The virtuous person described by the king of Israel is

said to rise while it is yet night, and to give meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. Hence, she not only prolonged her labors till late at night, but again, before morning dawn had shed its first rays upon the earth, she rose from her bed, and prepared herself with her household for the duties of the day.

Close beside the platter of eatables, in our illustration, stand the teapot and the cup, which supply the workwoman with a draught of pure vegetable drink, from time to time. The apparatus for making tea is seldom absent from the spot where any work or enterprise is carried on. A cup of cold tea in China allays the thirst, delights the taste, soothes the excitement produced by labor, and affords a grateful break in the continuity of exertion. Habit has rendered it enough for the purposes just specified, without the aid of vinous or fermented liquors.

The Kingdom of Sardinia and its Sovereign.

THE kingdom of Sardinia, now a compact state, forming a powerful barrier to the north of Italy, and containing a hardy population, amounting nearly to five millions, has arisen from very small beginnings, and owes its increase and prosperity to the wise and brave policy of its rulers.

When Napoleon escaped from Elba, the Sardinians joined the allies against France, and in consequence the Congress of Vienna restored to the king his hereditary dominions, with the addition of the territory and city of Genoa. The French had, however, sown the seeds of revolution in the Sardinian states, which were distracted by various parties. In 1821 the Carbonari rose in rebellion; their defeat was followed by a second outbreak, which induced Victor Emmanuel to abdicate in favor of his brother Charles Felix, then absent in Modena, for whom Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, acted as regent, and by his judgment and forbearance restored order and tranquility.

Charles Felix occupied himself much with the island of Sardinia, which, though lying in the centre of the Mediterranean, and possessing all the capabilities both for internal improvement and prosperity, and for great maritime importance, has yet been neglected by its kings, and suffered to remain in a worse than semi-barbarous state. He died in 1831. He was the last prince of the male line of Victor Amadeus I, and Anne Marie d'Orleans. He was succeeded by Charles Albert, descended from Prince Thomas, brother of Victor Amadeus, who also endeavored to civilize Sardinia, and occupied himself in framing a constitution for the inhabitants. In 1848 Charles Albert was led into a war with Austria, by whose superior numbers he was overpowered; and, to allay the irritation of his subjects at his de-



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feat, he, in 1849, resigned the crown to his son, Victor Emmanuel II, the present sovereign of the Sardinian kingdom.

The new king, although both his mother and his wife (whom he has lately lost), were of Austrian family, adopted the policy of his father, and his reign has been marked by the continual progress of liberal measures, persevering in reforms in spite of the thunders of the Vatican, and the excommunication of the pope. In becoming the ally of the Western powers, it is evident that he is only following out the policy, equally bold and prudent, which for the last eight hundred years has dictated the acts of the Piedmontese sovereigns. Owing to the geographical situation of his domains, he has nothing to fear from the vengeance of Russia, from whom he is separated by the frontiers of many nations, and the all but impassable barrier of the Alps. With the Western powers for allies, and the assistance of their friendly fleets in the Mediterranean, he can have nothing serious to dread from Austria, in the event of her siding with Russia; while, should that event take place, and the Western armies invade Lombardy, nothing is more probable than that, in the case of the defeat of the Northern by the Western hosts, the cession of the Milanese provinces to the jurisdiction of Sardinia would follow as a matter of course.

The history of Sardinia is a subject which has engaged, until lately, but little of the public attention. There are few works in our language which contain much information on the subject. The Sardinians, are, in fact a brave, hardy, and independent race, powerful in war, as the exploits of the contingent in the Crimea have lately shown, and capable of as much hardship as any troops in the world. The old Ligurians, who were the ancestors of the present race of Piedmontese, were, it will be recollected, the last of the immediately surrounding nations to fall under the sway of the Romans, and remained the longest uncorrupted by luxury. Like all mountaineers, they preferred the hardships of freedom to any advantages purchasable by bondage to a foreign power, and were only subdued by overwhelming numbers.

A remarkable trait in the whole succession of Sardinian princes and sovereigns, is the absence of a single individual of the whole line whose life has been a reproach to his station or his race. On the other hand, numbers have endeared themselves to their people by their wisdom and self-denial, and are remembered, not by their names and titles, but by the epithets of the good, the brave, the gallant, the wise, spontaneously bestowed by their subjects.

ELECTRIC LIGHTNING AND ALUMINIUM.—Experiments have been made at Lyons by Messrs. Lacasagne and Sheers, in the presence of an officer of engineers, specially charged by the Emperor to report to him thereon, in electric lightning, and the simultaneous production of Aluminium. The principal feature or the invention of these gentlemen consists in a new electric battery, or, as they more appropriately term it, electric generator, which, while evolving the electric fluid, produces at the same time aluminium. A public exhibition of the invention recently took place at Lyons, in the Salle de l'Alcazar. The new generator is a dry battery, which works without water or acids. The liquids are replaced by anhydrous salts, brought into a state of igneous fusion. The apparatus is composed of two concentric crucibles, separated from one another by an iron cylinder. The crucibles are filled with muriate of soda and with a salt of alumina. A carbon electrode is placed therein, and the whole raised to a cherry-red heat. The salts enter into a state of fusion; and so soon as two conductors are soldered to the aforementioned parts, an electric current is developed, of remarkable intensity. The new battery, which it is stated may be worked at very moderate cost, may be combined with several elements, or with batteries of different constructions. The electric light gave the greatest satisfaction, and produced the same phenomena as did Stait's electric light in England some years ago. After the battery had worked some two hours, the crucibles were withdrawn from the furnace and broken. At the bottom was found a button of aluminium, surrounded with granulates of the same metal. Another important feature in this invention is the regulator, which has for its object to render the electric light always regular and invariable, however inconstant may be the battery employed, and whatever may be the state of the meteorological influences, and to moderate, as may be desired, the intensity of the currents.

THE PROPERTIES OF ALUMINIUM.—These properties are very interesting. In regard to its physical

qualities, it is ductile, malleable, an excellent conductor of heat and of electricity; its specific heat is great—its specific gravity very low (2.25); it is also very sonorous. But the chemical properties of this metal are yet more remarkable. Considering the great difficulty of detaching aluminium from the oxygen with which it is found combined, it might have been expected that, immediately on its coming into contact with the oxygen of the air, it would attract this element with the utmost avidity. So far from this being the case, aluminium is scarcely acted on by any of the strong acids (except hydrochloric acid) in the cold—neither is it attacked by sulphur. As to the uses of aluminium, this metal is at present too costly to be employed for many purposes for which it is singularly adapted. It is, however, adopted as the material of weights for the determination of small quantities. The lightness of this metal, and its freedom from all liability to rust or tarnish, recommend it to the surgeon and the dentist; while its property of conducting heat, its high specific heat, and the resistance it offers to corroding agents, indicate it as, perhaps, the best known metal for culinary vessels. Pianoforte strings are said to have been made of it. But, as soon as it is sufficiently cheap, it will doubtless be employed in covering iron surfaces, as rails, pipes, &c., which are exposed to the atmosphere. It has been found from experiment that a clean iron surface will receive an adhering plating of aluminium.

PYROTECHNY, OR FIREWORKS.—The word pyrotechny is derived from two Greek words, which signify *fire* and *art*; it was originally used in a military sense, and implied a knowledge of the art of gunpowder in warfare. In the present day pyrotechny is understood as fireworks for the display of devices and colors of a burning substance, used as signals of distress or joy. All fireworks are composed principally of gunpowder; that is, saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, in different proportions. For pyrotechnical displays the gunpowder is used in the form of a fine flour, commonly called meal powder, while for the "shooting iron" the gunpowder is formed into fine grains like seed. The mere difference in the mechanical state of the ingredients causes a great difference in the way it burns. In the grain, as ordinary gunpowder, it "goes off with a bang;" but in the meal it merely burns with a "fizz." Thus a rocket is filled three parts with meal powder, and the end or fourth part with grain powder; and it is this latter which explodes when the rocket is high in the air. The mathematical part of protechny consists in calculating the size of the aperture, as well as the length and diameter of the several parts of what is called a piece; and if this be not done with the greatest nicety, the various subdivisions of a piece do not take fire at the appointed moment. In works upon the subject various tables are given, in order to facilitate these calculations; the weight of the poise stick, and its length, have also been regulated to suit the size of the tube and weight of the rocket. The various colors that are so exquisitely shown in fireworks consist of—strontian, an earthy substance found at Strontia, Scotland: this produces brilliant crimson; salts and oxides of copper produce blue and green; zinc and antimony yield bluish white; iron filings and borings make fine stars; camphor and benzoin yield odoriferous fumes and white fire. The golden rain is dried hard wood sawdust. Great skill is of course required in mixing these ingredients, especially so as regards the disposal of them in their right place. To produce a given effect the case is sometimes filled three parts with meal powder, and the fourth with plain gunpowder, mixed with pellets made of the color-giving material, mixed with chlorate of potash. Now, when you see "the fireworks," you will see what you have read.

COLORS BY FIRE.

CRIMSON.		Parts by weight.	
Sulphur,	8	Sulphur,	8
Carbonate of Strontia,	12	Chlorate of Potash,	35
Chlorate of Potash,	30	WHITE.	
YELLOW.		Salt-petre,	30
Sulphur,	8	Sulphur,	10
Dried Soda,	12	Charcoal,	1
Chlorate of Potash,	30	PURPLE.	
BLUE.		Chlorate of Potash,	30
Burnt alum,	6	Sulphur,	8
Carbonate of copper,	6	Chalk,	12
Sulphur,	8	ORANGE.	
Chlorate of Potash,	30	Chlorate of Potash,	26
GREEN.		Sulphur,	16
Boracic Acid,	5	Chalk,	7

All that is necessary to remark is, that the materials are to be powdered *separately*, in a mortar, and finally mixed with the hand. Each material that is employed must be perfectly dry.

PERFORATED OR SOLID BRICKS.—Some experiments have lately been made on the comparative

sustaining power of patent perforated bricks, and bricks of the ordinary kind. In each case, a pier of four courses of the bricks to be tested was built, in Roman cement, on the table of a powerful hydraulic press, and allowed at least twenty four hours thoroughly to set. A light scale-board was suspended to the safety valve lever of the press, on which there were placed successive weights, until the pier of bricks on the table of the press was crushed. The number of weights was increased a quarter of a pound at a time (being equivalent to an increment of 10 tons on the press), commencing at 30 tons, this starting point being the effect due to the united weights of the level and scale board. The pump was worked very slowly, to eliminate the concussion produced otherwise by the inertia of the water. The first experiment was made with good ordinary brick, in a pier of 18 inches square, built in four courses. This showed symptoms of failing with 110 tons, and was crushed with 160 tons. A pier of the same dimensions of perforated bricks began to crack with 270 tons, and was crushed with 350 tons.

Many years ago, there lived in a large, cheerless, and dilapidated old house in St. Petersburg, a wretched miser. He confined himself to one room, and left the rest of the rambling edifice to moulder into ruin. He cared for no comfort, and deprived himself even of those things which the poorest regard as the necessities of life. He seldom lit a fire to repel the dampness which hung on the walls of his solitary chamber, and a few worthless objects of furniture was all that the room contained. Yet to this singular being the Empress Catherine the Second owed a million of rubles. His cellar, it was said, contained casks full of gold, and packages of silver were stowed away in the dismal corners of his ruinous mansion. He was one of the richest men in Russia. He relied for the safety of his hoards upon the exertions of a huge mastiff, which he had trained to bark and howl throughout the night, to strike terror into the hearts of thieves. The miser outlived the dog; but he disliked to part with any portion of his treasure in the purchase of another cur, and he resolved to save his money by officiating as his own watch-dog. Every morning and every evening would that insane old man wander about his dismal habitation, barking and howling in imitation of his recent sentinel.

LONDON FISH CONSUMPTION.—The calculations of Mr. Poole upon the subject of fish are very astounding. From these it appears that the Billingsgate sales for one year amount to the stupendous total of 3,000 millions of fish, weighing altogether 230,000 tons, and worth \$10,000,000. More than half of this value falls to the single item of herrings, wet and dry, of which fish alone 1,275 millions are sold in this market during a single year. Of soles there are 98 millions sold averaging in weight a quarter of a pound each; of eels there are 10 millions; of mackerel there are 24 millions; of oysters there are 496 millions; of lobsters there are a million and a quarter; the sprats are not to be counted, but 1,780 tons are annually sold. These figures will appear extraordinary to those unacquainted with the extent to which fish enter into the food of the poorer classes of the inhabitants of London. Accustomed to regard fish somewhat as a luxury, they will be surprised to hear of soles, mackerel and plaice being consumed by tens of millions, and oysters by hundreds of millions.

THE USE OF COSMETICS.—One of the dangers of this practice is illustrated by an amusing anecdote:—A lady, who piqued herself on the beauty, freshness, and pure white and red of her complexion, went to attend a chemical lecture. She had not been there long, when, suddenly, her face was observed by all present to become perfectly blue. Unconscious of the change, or of the attention directed to her ghastly features, she smilingly continued talking to her acquaintance, and if she remarked the wondering eye turned towards her, doubtless attributed their gaze to the fairness of which she was so vain. At length one of her companions ventured to whisper in her ear the strange and alarming alteration that had taken place, and which, on her making a perceptive retreat, was attributed by the lecturer to the true cause: the cosmetic she had used being affected by some salt or acid employed in his experiments, had caused the marvelous transfiguration!

POPULATION OF ROME.—The General Vicariate of Rome has just published an official census of the population of Rome, for the year 1855. In all, there are 177,461 inhabitants; among whom there are 36 bishops, 1,226 secular priests, 2,213 monks and other religious personages, 1,919 nuns, and 687 seminarians. At Rome, therefore, there are, in all, 5,081 priests, monks, nuns, or seminarians—that is to say, 1 to every 35 inhabitants.

The Railway System in England.

A REMARKABLE statement was recently made by Mr. Stephenson, on the occasion of his entering upon the Presidency of the Institution of Civil Engineers, on the railway system of Britain. The President observed that he would apply himself to the great question of British railways, which were described as spreading, like a network, over Great Britain and Ireland, to the extent of 8,054 miles completed;—thus, in length, they exceeded the ten chief rivers of Europe united, and more than enough of single rails were laid to make a belt of iron around the globe. The cost of those lines had been £286,000,000—equal to one-third of the amount of the national debt. Already, in two short years, there had been spent more than one-fourth of £286,000,000 in the war in which England was engaged; yet how small were the material advantages obtained by the war in comparison with the results secured by railways. The extent of railway works was remarkable;—they had penetrated the earth with tunnels to the extent of more than fifty miles; there were eleven miles of viaduct in the vicinity of the metropolis alone;—the earthworks measured 550,000,000 of cubic yards;—St. Paul's in comparison with the mountain this earth would rear, would be but as a pigmy beside a giant, for it would form a pyramid a mile and a half in height, with a base equal to a square of fifty acres. Eighty millions of train miles were run annually on the railways; 5,000 engines, and 150,000 vehicles composed the working stock. The engines, in a straight line, would extend from London to Chatham—the vehicles, from London to Aberdeen; and the companies employed 90,400 officers and servants; whilst the engines consumed annually 2,000,000 tons of coals, so that in every minute of time four tons of coal flashed into steam twenty tons of water—an amount sufficient for the supply of the domestic and other wants of the town of Liverpool. The coal consumed was almost equal to the whole amount exported to foreign countries, and to one-half of the annual consumption of London.

In 1854, 111,000,000 of passengers were conveyed on railways; each passenger travelling an average of twelve miles. The old coaches carried an average of ten passengers, and for the conveyance of 300,000 passengers a day twelve miles each, there would have been required at least 10,000 coaches and 120,000 horses. The receipts of the railways in 1854 amounted to £20,215,000, and there was no instance on record in which the receipts of a railway had not been of continuous growth, even where portions of its traffic had been abstracted by competition, or new lines. The wear and tear was great; 20,000 tons of iron required to be replaced annually; and 26,000,000 of sleepers annually perished; 300,000 trees were annually felled to make good the loss of sleepers; and 300,000 trees could be grown on little less than 5,000 acres of forest land. Nothing was so profitable as passenger traffic, as it cost less in every way than goods, and an average train would carry 200 passengers. The cost of running a train was overestimated at 1s. 3d. per mile, and 100 passengers, at five-eighths of a penny per mile, produced 5s. 2½d.

The electric telegraph—that offspring and indispensable companion of railways—was next considered. Seven thousand two hundred miles of telegraph, or thirty-six thousand miles of wires were laid down at least. Three thousand people were continually employed, and more than a million of public messages were annually flashed along this “silent highway.” To the working of railways, the telegraph had become essential. The needle was capable of indicating, at every station, whether the line was clear, or blocked, or if accident had anywhere occurred. The telegraph could, therefore, do the work of additional rails, by imparting instantaneous information to the officers, and enabling them to augment the traffic over those portions of the line to which their duty might apply. It also enabled large savings to be effected in rolling stock, by affording the means of supplying such stock to any station at which it was needed, from some other station where it had accumulated and was not wanted. The mode in which this system was worked was described, and its simplicity was commended. As a perpetual current was passing through the wires, the guard, or engine-driver, had only to break the train-wire, in case of accident, and the officers at the nearest station were instantaneously apprized that something was wrong, and that assistance was needed. Some statistics were given, to show that the business of the Electric Telegraph Company had increased fifty-fold in seven years.

Railway accidents occurred to passengers in the first half of 1854 in the proportion of one accident to every 7,195,343 travellers. Ladies and gentlemen could scarcely “sit at home at ease” with the im-

punity with which it appeared that they could travel by railway.

The results of railways were astounding—90,000 men were employed directly, and upwards of 40,000 collaterally; 130,000 men, with their wives and families, represented a population of 500,000 souls: so that one in fifty of the entire population of the kingdom might be said to be dependent upon railways! The annual receipt of railways now reached twenty millions; or nearly half the amount of the ordinary revenue of the state. If railway intercourse were suspended, the same amount of traffic could not be carried on under a cost of sixty millions per annum; so that forty millions a year were saved by railways. To the public “time is money,” and, in point of time, a further saving was effected; for on every journey averaging twelve miles in length an hour was saved to one hundred and eleven millions of passengers per annum, which was equal to 38,000 years in the life of a man working eight hours a day, and allowing an average of 3s. per diem for his work; this additional saving was two millions a year.

The moral results of railways were equally remarkable; railways were equalizing the value of land throughout the kingdom, by bringing distant properties practically nearer to the centre of consumption, and by facilitating the transit of manures; thus enabling poor lands to compete with superior soils. The stimulus afforded to national industry was exemplified by the progress of the boiler-plate manufacture; and the increased comforts afforded to the people were illustrated by the extraordinary progress of the fish trade, and the development of the inland coal traffic. It was observed, that before railways existed internal communication was restricted by physical circumstances; the canal traffic was dependent on the supply of water at the summit levels, and upon the vicissitudes of seasons of either drought or frost. Railway communication was free from all those difficulties, and every obstacle that nature had opposed, science had hitherto effectually surmounted.

The Southern Bank of the Caspian.

On approaching Ooromia, I was struck by the scenery. Nowhere—certainly not in the East at least—do I remember passing through a richer country. All around us, in whatever direction we cast our eyes, they fell on sheets of varied cultivation, cotton, rice, millet, castor oil plant, vineyards, orchards, and great fields, from whence already the heavy crops of wheat and barley had been reaped, prettily divided, and fringed here and there with coppice or rows of trees, willow, poplar, sinjeed (*juyube*), and others. Numbers of large villages, each encircled with its own garden, lay thickly scattered about, and the state of those we passed through was conclusive as to the wealth and comfort of their inhabitants. Thus, for at least twenty miles, did we ride through a perfectly rich and cultivated country to the very walls of the city, which were concealed by trees and gardens. Of the city and its environs I must say a few words. It has an aspect of more comfort and solidity than any other I remember in Persia. The gardens, which embrace it to the very walls, unite their foliage with that of many trees within them to produce a rich and verdant aspect; for every house of consideration has its garden, with rows of chenars and poplars towering above the inclosure. The streets are wider than in most other towns, and have generally a stream of water running in the midst, so that each house may enjoy at will this necessary of life. Few ruins are visible; for, where any exist, they are generally concealed by the wall, which incloses each tenement, like a fort. This mode of rendering each house—that is, those belonging to the great—a sort of stronghold, is remarkable, and very characteristic of the state of society which used to subsist in Ooromia. Situated on the borders of Koordistan, and in the midst of a “land debateable,” frequented by the fierce tribes and clans of that wild country, most commonly at blood-feud with one another, it became a matter of necessity for each chief to have at least a place of refuge in case of attack from his enemies. Bordering as Ooromia does upon Armenia, it reckons among its population a great many Armenians; and as Assyria, which may be said to be coterminous on the other side, is the chief abode of the Nestorian or Syrian Christians, usually called *Nasserdinees* (Nazarenes), the whole country affords a most interesting field for exploration, not only of antiquities, but of much that regards the history of the Syrian Church; for there is little doubt that in the rude receptacles of the Nestorian and Syrian monasteries, in these wild mountains, are to be found, could we but come at them, many ancient and probably valuable manuscripts, in the Syrian and Chaldean tongues, connected with the early times of

our religion, and many monuments and inscriptions on stone, which, if deciphered, might lead to very interesting historical, if not theological discoveries. The misfortune is, that the whole of this country is in the hands of barbarians, so rude and suspicious, that any search after such literary treasures becomes next to impracticable; for whenever inquiries regarding them are made, the universal opinion of the people is, that the object is not to discover literary or religious wealth, but hidden treasures of gold and silver—the only ones they recognise as valuable; indeed, to impress them with the belief that either manuscripts or inscriptions can be prized for any other purpose than that of using them for such discoveries would be impossible.

A CAPTAIN OF ZOUAVES.—The Captain of Zouaves could scarcely have exceeded five-and-twenty years of age. Handsome in person, manly, frank, and courteous in manners, he was by nature, as evidently by choice, a true soldier of the tented field. In fact, almost a child of the wild Arabs, from having served in Algiers since his beard had commenced its growth—his home the camp, his resting-place not seldom under the vault of heaven. In the course of conversation he informed me, without the slightest assumption of manner or bravado, that he had been five times wounded—four times in Algeria, and again at Inkerman. On the last occasion General Canrobert had sent to him to say that his wound should be bandaged with the riband of the Legion of Honor. “I ask for nothing more,” he replied. “This, however, is the third time it has been promised; but, as yet, I have never received it.” “Be satisfied,” said Canrobert; “the emperor will never neglect a brave soldier.” “I obtained the wished-for prize,” he continued; “and now, though scarcely recovered from my wounds, I am again returning, after a brief visit to my home, to the side of my brave comrades.” In truth, he gave sufficient evidence of not having recovered from his wounds; nevertheless, he was all anxiety to be once more in the battle-field, and full of energy and manly spirit. Indeed, the day subsequent to our arrival at Constantinople, I met him in the bazaar. He appeared so cast down, I really feared he had some great cause of sorrow; and so he had. His brave Zouaves, as he called them, had suffered severely in a recent sortie. Of this he had just been informed, and he took the fact of his not having been present to share their dangers as much to heart as if he individually had been the cause of those disasters. I asked him if he frequently visited his home. “Rarely,” he replied, “save when I have been wounded, and then I seek rest.” Nevertheless, his family were alike wealthy and of high birth.

CATTLE IN ENGLAND.—England possesses about two millions of horses; about eight millions of cattle, of which upwards of three millions are Irish, a million and a half Scotch; about thirty-five millions of sheep, upwards of three millions being Irish, and nearly five millions Scotch; probably about four millions of pigs, one million being Irish, and a half a million Scotch; besides dogs, mules, donkeys, and other creatures of which no satisfactory enumeration has been made. The money value of this large quantity of stock is about three times the ordinary expenditure. The horses at \$100 each, worth \$20,000,000; the cattle at \$30, \$240,000,000; the sheep, at \$5, \$165,000,000; the pigs, at \$5, \$420,000,000; the poultry of Britain are estimated by Leverque at 5,000,000; and this, leaving out of consideration all other animals, affords a total of six hundred and forty millions (\$850,000,000) as the value of these several kinds of stock.

NOT KNOWN BEFORE MARRIAGE.—A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware, until he has placed her in his own mansion, to be the guardian angel of his household happiness? If defects be brought to view by close inspection, so may the nobler and finer characteristics lie comparatively unknown till tested and expanded by the touchstone of family society. Most of us have met with persons who, though very agreeable as mere acquaintances, we should not wish to single out as our daily associates at home. But we may have also lived with others, one tenth part of whose worth we have never estimated until brought into daily communication with them, and under the same roof.

A MAN from the country applied lately to a respectable lawyer for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred. “Yes, sir,” replied the applicant; “I have told you the plain truth; you can put the lies to it yourself.”



REMBRANDT'S HOUSE.

The Mill and the Studio of Rembrandt.

On the banks of the Rhine, between the villages of Layordorp and Koukergeren, there stood, at the end of the sixteenth century, a large, old-fashioned mill, on ground slightly elevated, and commanding a less monotonous view than Holland exhibits in general. It must not be understood, however, that the Rhine here exhibits any of those features of romance which give its banks so much attraction higher up the stream; its flat unvaried course partakes of the melancholy of extinction, as it divides its water, and, losing itself in the marshy wastes of Holland, flows into the sea. Herman Gerritz van Rhyn was the owner of the mill, and on the 15th of December, 1606, the somewhat gloomy home he inhabited was rendered more joyous by the birth of a son who was destined to make the unknown name of his father immortal. The young Rembrandt van Rhyn appears to have been left to grow up in boyhood with a perfect freedom from all restraints, even of an educational kind. It is reported that he was schooled a little at Leyden, but it is evident that his attainments could never reflect back any honor on that seat of learning. Application of such a kind was never to Rembrandt's taste, and historic research, even when necessary for the *vraisemblance*

of his designs, he openly and avowedly despised. How soon his taste for art developed itself we do not now know, but it is very likely to have been exceedingly early, and the gloomy shade or vivid sunshine which alternated in his father's mill, may have impressed his youthful imagination most strongly at a time when the mind is most open to powerful impressions. His early days must have passed somewhat monotonously in his home, which by his own representation had few attractive features. The mill itself seems to be situated over the favorite ditch of a Hollander, which stagnates close by the house, a square, gloomy building, with heavy dormer windows, the roof partly overgrown with the rank herbage and parasitical plants of a damp climate. It seems the very realisation of Tennyson's "moated grange;" like that,

"The broken sheds look sad and strange,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch."

You can detect the marshy moss which "thickly crusted all," while the "sluice with blackened waters" is near, and the distant prospect is but

"The level waste, the rounding grey."

A boy born here, to have become an artist, must have been gifted at birth with a genius for art, and his visible powers for practising it must have been strong to have induced his parents, who appear to have cared little for his mental cultivation, to obtain instruction for their son of its professors. They were not wealthy, and, consequently, could

not obtain the best assistance; four mediocre professors of painting are named by Smith in his memoir of Rembrandt as his instructors. But, the very brief period he remained with each, and the small assistance they could have been to him, except as instructors in its simplest rudiments, is evident from an acquaintance with their works and his own. He soon left them all, and practised what he knew in his paternal home; with his taste for *chiar-oscuro* there can be little doubt that the strong opposition of light and shade constantly before him in the gloomy mill, where his father pursued his avocations, gave him the first hint of the hitherto undeveloped power he possessed, and which he subsequently carried to such high perfection in his works, that he may be said to have created a new era in painting. Through life he seems to have always worked as if he had the effect of a small amount of concentrated light before him, and as if every object he portrayed was more or less subject to that medium only. He gives no sharply-defined forms, but merely indicates them with a bold and vigorous brush; the principal points alone are made bright and prominent by striking lights, but at the same time the lights reflected from them penetrate in a wonderful manner the surrounding darkness, to which they thus give life and warmth.

He appears to have reached the age of manhood ere he left his father's roof, and to have had the mill and its neighborhood for his studio, and the boors who lived near for his companions. He never lost his early tastes, and seems to have loved, in more prosperous days, to revert to the lower companionships of his youth.

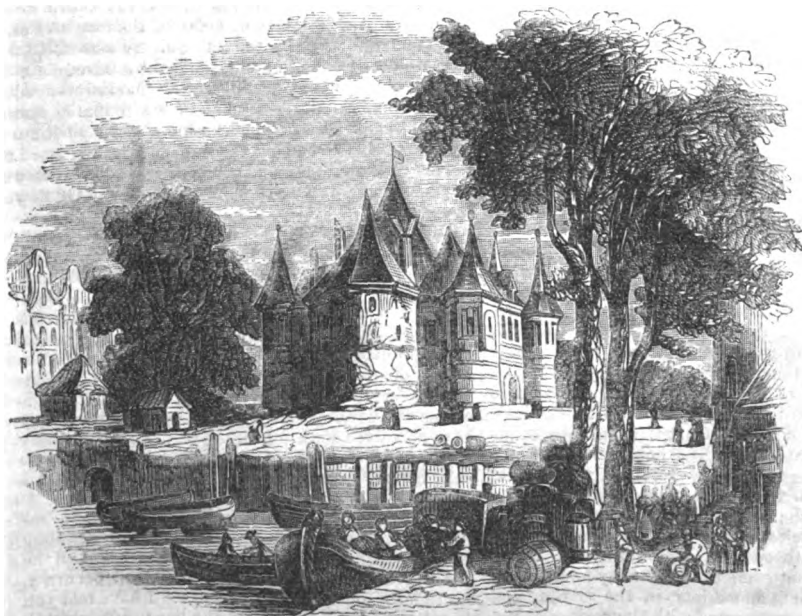
His vigor was untiring, and his industry unbounded. We possess, in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," a detailed account of 614 pictures by him, and he assures us, that "a list of drawings of perhaps triple the number might be made from the public and private collections in England, France, and Holland;" then add to these his etchings, consisting of 365 pieces, exclusive of the numerous examples of variations in the same plates, and



SIX'S BRIDGE.

we have an astonishing picture of his powers and industry. His extraordinary facility of hand is evident in all his works; there is an amusing record of its power in one particular instance, which deserves notice. The painter had gone to pass a day's holiday with his friend, Jan Six, the burgomaster of Amsterdam, at his country house.* The time for dinner had arrived; it was served; but when they had sat down to table, the thoughtless servant had forgotten to obtain any mustard; he was despatched in a hurry to the village close by to obtain it, but Rembrandt, fully aware that to hurry is no characteristic of a dutch servant, at once wagered with his friend that he would etch the view from the window of the dining-room before he returned. The painter had always some plates ready prepared for occasional use at his friend's house, so he took up one, and rapidly sketched upon it the simple view before him, completing it before the domestic returned. Our engraving is a faithful copy of this etching, about one-third of the size of the original; it is dated 1645, and represents the most simple elements of an ordinary Dutch view, a bridge, a canal, a low, level horizon, a village among trees, with a boat half-hidden in the canal beyond. The mark may yet be seen in the original impressions of this rare plate, where Rembrandt tried his etching-point before commencing his work, which is executed with the greatest freedom of hand, so that a few lines only express the trees and boats, and a few decisive shadows give solidity and effect to the scene. There is nothing in the etching to dissipate any faith in the tale of its origin, and it is popularly known as "Six's Bridge," or "The Mustard-pot."

* The *chef-d'œuvre* in the National Gallery, the cabinet picture, "The Woman taken in Adultery," was painted for the Burgomaster Six, and preserved with scrupulous care by the family until the great revolution at the end of the last century, when it was sold to a French dealer, who again sold it to Angerstein for \$25,000.



ST. ANTHONY'S GATE, AMSTERDAM.

At this time the artist was located in Amsterdam; his first recognition as a painter was at the Hague, in 1627, where he had journeyed to sell a picture to an amateur, who astonished him with a payment of 100 florins for it. Houbraken, who relates the story, tells of the joy of the young artist, who travelled from his father's house on foot to his patron, a distance of about ten miles, but was too eager to acquaint his parents with his good fortune to return by the same mode; he therefore mounted the diligence, and when it arrived at Leyden, jumped from the carriage and ran home as quickly as his legs could carry him. In the year following he took up his abode in Amsterdam, and (with the exception of a voyage to Venice, which it is conjectured by some of his biographers he must have taken about 1635), never left the important capital of Holland.

Amsterdam has been aptly styled a "Dutch Venice;" it is permeated with canals, and founded in the water. It is, perhaps, the most artificial site in the world for a city; being, in fact, nothing but bog and loose sand, and every inch of foundation for human habitation or use, has to be made by driving wooden piles through this into the firmer sand below; each pile is formed of a large tree, forty or fifty feet in length, and it is recorded that upwards of 13,000 were used for the foundations of the town-house alone. This may give an idea of the expense of building in the city, and the enormous quantity of timber upon which it is constructed, which led Erasmus to jocularly say of its inhabitants, that they, like crows, lived on the tops of trees. The distant view of the town from the Y* side is very curious, with its tall houses mixed with shipping, some mansions bending portentously forwards, others sinking sideways or backwards, and all showing the insecure nature of their foundations.† But the most curious feature in the view is the myriad of windmills mounted on the fortifications on the land-side of the town. There are thirty bastions now useless, and upon each of these works windmills are erected, the odd effect of the number of their sails rapidly whirling in the breeze, is a peculiarity as unique as the city itself.‡ These fortifications now make an agreeable promenade for the inhabitants, the city being built in the shape of a crescent from the water's edge. It is nearly seven miles in circumference, and consists of 95 islands, formed by stacks of houses, to which access is gained by 290 bridges. On the quays are many noble houses, the erections of the rich and powerful merchantmen who,

ments, and no idea of modern improvement seems to be sufficient inducement for the trouble of alteration. In walking through the best streets of Amsterdam (the Kalverstrasse), you see nothing but the quiet red brick houses, with their "crow step" gables, that we have been familiar with from childhood in the pictures by native artists; or the

heavy wooden shop-fronts, with their ponderous frames, and small squares of glass, much like the old London shops in the prints of the time of William and Mary. One spirited individual has recently built a showy shop here, light and airy, à la Paris; but it seems to be looked upon as a folly, rather than a want, by the inhabitants.

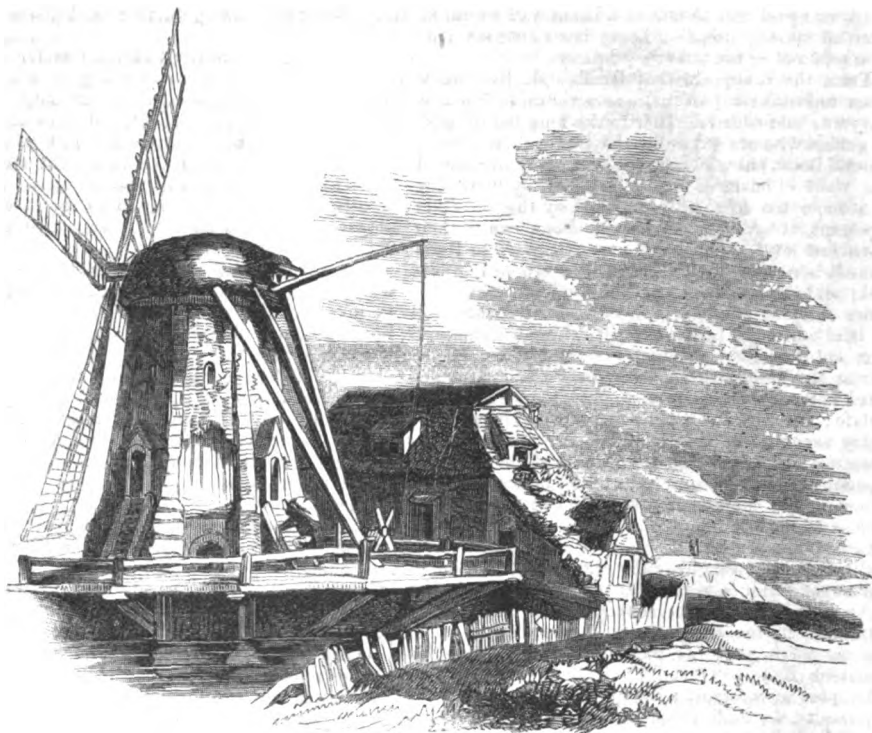
One of the oldest and most picturesque buildings in the city, of a public nature, is the Weighing House, situated near the Museum, and the

house where Rembrandt lived. It was originally a gate, before the town had increased to its present unwieldy proportions, and was known as the Gate of St. Anthony. It is said to have been erected in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and to have played its part in the wars between the inhabitants and their vindictive Spanish rulers. It is a quaint solid old building, and some few years since was used as a medical school, after its deser-

tion by the merchantmen. In the open space in front the scaffold used to be erected for criminals, and others for spectators around it; the burghers at one time firmly believing such spectacles, had their uses in deterring evil-doing: hence their families and dependants were compelled to attend these horrible "salutary warnings," as a great moral lesson.

Rembrandt's industry was untiring, as we have shown, and appears to have been so far rewarded with success, that he took a large house in the Blomgracht, and fitted it up for the reception of pupils. He had married the daughter of a farmer, named Uylenburg, living at the village of Ransdorp, in the swampy district opposite the city, appropriately called Waterland. His pupils, according to Sandrart, brought him an income of 2,500 florins per year, as he received 100 florins from each for that period. His paintings, drawings, and etchings must have also realised considerable sums. From 1640 to 1650 appears to be the culminating point of his genius and his fortune.

Rembrandt's misfortunes commenced with the purchase of the house delineated in our engraving. It was situated in what was then known as St. Anthony's Bree Street, and which is now called the Jews' quarter. It was a large handsome mansion with garden attached, and was freehold. The artist appears not to have been enabled to purchase it without borrowing the sum of 4180 guilders, which was advanced on mortgage; and being soon after unable to meet his engagements, his entire effects were seized and sold by order of the magistrates, in July, 1656. The homeless painter was obliged to lodge where he could, and make a charge for his necessary maintenance to the bankruptcy court. He was but fifty years of age when this happened, but he did not long outlive his altered position, for he is believed to have died in 1664, as his son Titus received the balance from the same court of 6952 guilders (upwards of \$3000), in the following year,



REMBRANDT'S MIL.

Rembrandt

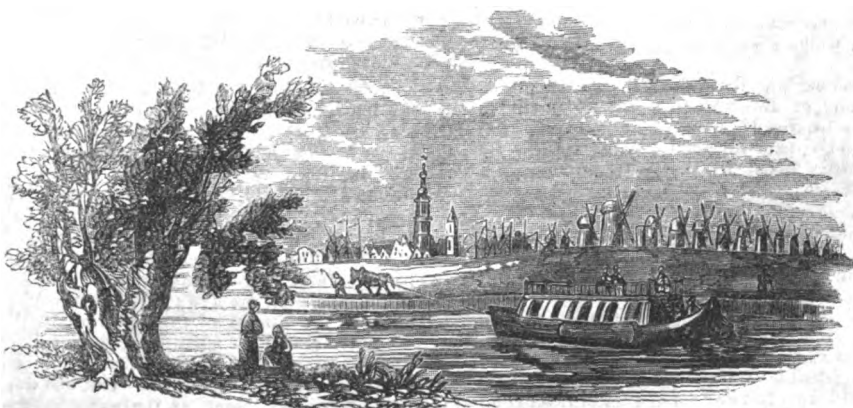
AUTOGRAPH OF REMBRANDT.

in the palmy days of the city, flourished there. The best bear dates of the days of Rembrandt, and testify to the wealth and taste of their inhabitants. There is a solid dignity and a well-understood comfort about these old houses, very characteristic of that strong domestic attachment which the Dutch so passionately feel. In their love for the substantial they even exceed the English, and the ponderous character of the carved staircases and panelled rooms would more than satisfy the objections of the veriest "John Bull" to flimsiness of construction. Every thing seems made as much for posterity as for personal use; and in walking over the town, you see that two centuries have passed over its buildings, though located in the dampest position, with scarcely a "defeat" from time, and that they may well last two more. There seems no desire for change in a Hollander; that which is substantial and useful is enough for his require-

* The Y or *Al* is an arm of the Zuyder Zee, which forms the port; and this syllable, or letter, resembles in sound the word used in Holland for water: *het Y*, the term by which it is usually known, means nothing more than "the water."

† In 1822, the enormous corn-warehouses used by the East India Co., loaded with 70,000 cwt. of corn, sank down into the muddy foundation, from the subsidence of the wooden substructure. The old Exchange has been demolished.

‡ Our view is sketched from the borders of the great ship canal, opposite the city, and shows the old church, the quay, and bastions. The boat drawn by a horse is the *treckschuyt*, or travelling boat, used by passengers on canals, consisting of a low covered saloon built in a broad barge, with an open raised platform above, to which passengers may ascend in fine weather. It is the most popular mode of conveyance.



DISTANT VIEW OF AMSTERDAM.

which was paid over to him as a balance of accounts after all claims, including heavy law expenses, had been paid out of his father's property.

From this it appears that Rembrandt, like many other unfortunate persons, was a victim to law and lawyers; and added another to the long list of men of genius who are fed on by the intellectual harpies around them, but who are still ever ready to sneer at the want of business habits displayed by their prey—a sneer too frequently repeated by the wealthier ignorant, always glad to drag genius down to their own low level. The parsimony attributed to Rembrandt is not unusual with his countrymen in general; and the stories of his dining off a herring, or a slice of bread and cheese, need excite no wonder in a land where all practise thrift. The fac-simile of his autograph we engrave is from a letter to the great Huygens, written on a piece of paper which had been previously used to fold round a copperplate; but with the artist's little love of trouble, we may account for that by other than parsimonious reasons. The tales so readily told of the painter's parsimony, and his unworthy tricks in accumulating money, are almost disproved by the melancholy close of his life. Still, at one period he must have earned much. Smith, his best biographer, is inclined to infer that his difficulties resulted from indiscreet conduct in the management of his affairs. Another easy mode of accounting for much loss of cash, is in the suggestion also thrown out in the same work, that the painter's intimacy with Manasseh Ben Israel and Ephraim Bonus may have tempted him to part with his money for alchemical pursuits, as both those persons were addicted to cabalistic studies, and the former wrote a book on the subject, for which the artist etched four plates, remarkable for mysticism. The etching of Faustus in his study, gazing on the mystic *pentapla*, which irradiates his gloomy chamber, gives us the best realisation extant of the cabalistic belief of the occult philosophers, and proves how far the artist had studied, and was familiar with the dreamy science.

Rembrandt's scholars were many; but his power of *chiar-oscuro* did not descend to any of them. Among them were Gerard Dow, Nicholas Maes, and Ferdinand Bol, all excellent in their way, but characterised by few peculiarities like those seen in the works of their early preceptor. Rembrandt cared little for historic proprieties.

The originality and peculiarity of Rembrandt's genius has left him undisputed master of his own walk in art. It would be impossible to improve his faults without injuring his productions. By the magic of his hand he has at times elevated low and disgusting forms into covetable marvels of light and shade; the grand management of pictorial effect is always present, while at times the conception of each picture in its totality is unrivalled in art.

Hawks and Hawking.

THE amusement of hawking, though it has now ceased to exist, is one of the most ancient pastimes of Great Britain, and prevailed among its inhabitants at a very early period. The art of falconry, or training and flying hawks to take other birds, was probably imported from the East, where it prevailed in the most remote antiquity. Among the Anglo-Saxons hawking was a favorite diversion; and their nobility and gentry claimed, as a mark of distinction befitting their rank, the privilege of appearing in public with their birds on their hands. In the tapestry of Bayeux, Harold is represented as carrying a hawk upon his hand. King Ethelstan imposed upon the inhabitants of North Wales a tribute of birds, "who knew how to hunt others along the atmosphere." Alfred the Great had falconers among the number of persons whom he encouraged for skill in their various professions; and those who are curious on the subject will still find in existence a metrical treatise on the Art of Falconry, which is ascribed to King Edward the Confessor.

Hawking was the principal amusement of the ancestors of England, from the Heptarchy to the time of Charles II. Gascoigne mentions it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: while, looking back to Doomsday Book, we find frequent entries which refer to this pastime. Aeries, or places destined for the breeding or training of hawks, are entered in the Survey, in Buckinghamshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and more frequently than in other counties, in Cheshire; as well as among the lands between the Ribble and the Mersey. In the reigns of Henry II., King John, and his successor, the value set upon hawks is frequently mentioned in history. The most valuable of these birds appear to have been fetched from Norway; and a letter from Henry III.

to the King of Norway on this subject is still preserved.

In the reign of Edward III. it was made felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own grounds, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure. The same enactment occurs in the reign of Henry VII. But in the time of Queen Elizabeth the imprisonment was reduced to three months; but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for three years, or, in default of doing so, to lie in prison.

The chronicler Froissart describes the falconers who formed part of the suite of Edward III. when he invaded France. There were thirty of them on horseback, who followed the army; and every day the king either hunted or hawked.

In the eighth year of the same monarch, a falcon arrived as a present from the king of Scotland, which Edward III. not only most graciously received, but rewarded the falconer who brought it with a donation of forty shillings—a large sum in those times—showing how greatly the bird was valued.

George Tuberville wrote a curious book in 1575, called "The Book of Falconrie or Hawking; for the onely delight and pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentlemen." In a wood-cut contained in this work, Queen Elizabeth is represented as enjoying the sport, accompanied by her courtly retinue. Indeed there was no out-door amusement in which ladies indulged to so great an extent as hawking. They not only accompanied gentlemen to the sport, but often practised it by themselves.

A writer of the fifteenth century complains in rhyme of the custom of bringing hawks and other sporting animals into churches:—

"Into the church then comes another sotte,
Withouten devotion, getting up and dote,
Or to be seen, and shows his garded cote.
Another on his fete a sparhawk or fawcone,
Or else a cokow; wasting so his shoure;
Before the altar he troweth froth and wander,
With even as great devotion as doth a gander.
In comes another, his hounds at his taylor,
With lines and leashes, and other like baggage;
His dogges bark, so that withouten fayle,
The whole church is troubled by their outrage."

When the hawk was not flying at her game, she was usually covered with the hood or cap provided for that purpose, and fitted to her head; and this hood was worn abroad as well as at home. All hawks taken upon "the fist" (the term used for carrying them upon the hand), had straps of leather called *jesses*, put about their legs. The jesses were made sufficiently long for the knots to appear between the middle and little fingers of the hand that held them, so that the *lunes* (or small thongs of leather) might be fastened to them with small *tyrrets* (or rings); and the lunes were closely wound round the little finger. Lastly, their legs were adorned with bells, fastened with rings of leather, each leg having one; and the leathers to which the bells were attached were denominated *bewits*, and to the bewits were added the *creance*, or long thread, by which the bird in tutoring was drawn back after she had been permitted to fly, and this was called "the reclaiming of the hawk." The person who was exercising the diversion of hawking had a glove on the hand to protect it from the talons of the bird.

In practising the pastime of hawking, or falconry, a hawk was held on the hand (whether the sportsman were on horse or on foot), and its head was hooded. When the dogs which accompanied them gave notice of the proximity of partridges, pheasants, or some similar bird, the hood was instantly taken off the hawk, he was made to see his prey, and then set loose. He immediately started in pursuit, killed his victim, and returned to the hand of his master or mistress. This was the task allotted to the hawk; and it may well be supposed that constant and severe training was necessary to bring it to that degree of obedience.

In Sir Anthony Weldon's account of the Court of King James, the following story is told:—"The king being at Newmarket, delighted much to fly his goshawk at herons; and the manner of the conflict was this: the heron would mount, and the goshawk would get much above it; then, when the hawk stooped at the game, the heron would turn up his belly to receive him with his claw and sharp bill; which the hawk perceiving, would dodge and pass by, rather than endanger itself. This pastime being over, both the hawk and heron would mount again to the utmost of their power, till the hawk would be at another attempt; and after divers such assaults, usually by some lucky hit or other, the hawk would bring her down. But one day a most excellent hawk being at the game in the king's

presence, mounted so high with his game, that both hawk and heron got out of sight, and were never seen more; inquiry was made, not only all over England, but in all the foreign princes' courts in Europe; the hawk having the king's jesses, and marks sufficient whereby it might be known; but all their inquiries proved ineffectual."

The hawk so lost was believed by many to have been found at the Cape of Good Hope, in the year 1793, being 183 years after its disappearance from the view of King James and his Court.

It appears that, in September 1793, several newspapers contained a paragraph, stating that a hawk had been found at the Cape of Good Hope, and brought from thence by one of the India ships, having on its neck a gold collar, on which were engraven the following words:—"This goodlie hawk doth belong to his most excellent Majestie James, King of England, A.D. 1610."

If the truth of this circumstance was ever authenticated (of which we are very doubtful), it affords wonderful instance of the longevity of these birds. Hone, in his "Year Book," is inclined to believe the story; but it is encompassed with other difficulties besides the lapse of years. It seems difficult to understand how the bird could have reached the Cape of Good Hope by accident, when its flight had commenced at an inland place like Newmarket. In some cases birds have been driven across the sea by high winds or stress of weather; but King James's hawk must have been too far from the sea at starting to render this conjecture possible.

We have alluded to the opinion that hawking is derived from Eastern nations. In India, in former times, kites were trained to catch animals of various kinds. To train these kites the Indians let loose a tame hare or fox, with a piece of flesh fastened to it, and suffered the birds to fly after it, in order to seize the flesh of which they are fond, and which on their return they received as the reward of their labor. When thus instructed to pursue their prey, they were sent after wild foxes and hares in the mountains. These they followed in the hopes of obtaining their usual food, and soon learned to catch them and bring them back to their masters. In Keppel's "Travels, in Arabia," published nearly thirty years ago, mention is made of an Arab chief who was accompanied by mounted followers, with hawks on their wrists and greyhounds by their sides.

The training of a hawk is a remarkable exercise of perseverance in overcoming the natural habits of the bird. They are sometimes taken from the nest, and at other times are captured in a grown-up state and then disciplined. The objects which the falconer has in view are—to accustom the bird to settle on his fist, to spring when he throws him off, to know the voice, the singing, and whistling, or any other signal from the falconer, and to return when called. At first they are bred with a string about thirty fathoms in length to prevent them from flying away; from which they are not released till they are completely disciplined, and return at the proper call or signal. For this purpose they must be *lured*. The lure is a piece of red stuff or wool, on which are fixed a bill, talons, and wings. To this is likewise fastened a piece of that flesh on which the bird feeds, and the lure is thrown out to him. When it is intended to reclaim or recall him, the sight of food brings him back; and in time the voice will be sufficient. The various plumage with which the lure is decked is called a "drawer." When they accustom the hawk to fly at a kite, a heron, or a partridge, they change the "drawer" according to the kind of game to which he is to be devoted. When this is a kite, they fix the bill and feathers of that bird to the lure; and so of the rest. And in order to entice the bird to his object, they fasten beneath the drawer or plumage the flesh of a chicken or other fowl, occasionally savored with sugar and spices, together with marrow and other delicacies. Thus he is prepared for springing at real game. Having been accustomed to a month's exercise in a room or garden, the bird is then tried in the open field, with little bells fastened to his feet in order to give information of his motions. He is always capped or hooded, that he may see no object but his game; and as soon as the dogs either stop or spring the game, the falconer unhoods the bird, and tosses him into the air after his prey. His various motions in the air furnish much diversion. At length he descends, and launches upon his prey with the rapidity of an arrow; and bears it to his master, who recalls him. On these first essays he is presented with the neck and other parts of the bird as a reward. These gratuities, and the caresses of the falconer, animate the bird to the performance of

his duty, and prevent him from "bearing away his bells"—that is, from flying and not returning. The principal means by which the falconer gains the ascendancy over the hawk is by appealing to his appetite. This is managed in various ways, to lead the bird by indirect means to obey the falconer. Sometimes the hawk is kept almost without food for several days, in order to break his spirit and reduce him to obedience.

The following passage, extracted from a play, entitled "A Woman killed with kindness," published by Thomas Heywood in the sixteenth century, describes in a spirited manner the diversion of hawking:—

SIR CHARLES.

So; well cast off; aloft, aloft; well flown.
O, now she takes her at the sowse, and strikes her down
To the earth, like a swift thunder clap.
Now she hath seized the fowl, and 'gins to plume her:
Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.
So: seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells;
Away.

SIR FRANCIS.

My hawk kill'd too!

SIR CHARLES.

Aye, but 'twas at the guerre;
Not at the mount, like mine.

SIR FRANCIS.

Judgment, my masters.

CRANWELL.

Yours missed her at the ferre.

WENDOLL.

Aye, but our merlin first had plum'd the fowl,
And twice renew'd her from the river too;
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tone above the other:
Methinks these Milan-bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk—

SIR FRANCIS.

Mine likewise seized a fowl
Within her talons; and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers: both her petty singles,
And her long singles gripped her more than other;
The terrils of her legs were stain'd with blood;
Not of the fowl only, she did discomit
Some of her feathers; but she brake away."

Some of the above phrases appear to require explanation for the benefit of readers uninitiated in the mysteries of falconry. When the hawk pounced upon its prey by approaching it stealthily, and without allowing time for it to take flight, it was said to have killed it "at the guerre." This was of course considered inferior sport to the killing of a bird "on the mount," or after it had risen in the air to escape from the hawk.

In the "Guardian"—a comedy by Massinger, published in 1655, there is also a description of the same pastime, which we here quote:

"In the afternoon,

For we will have variety of delights,
We'll to the field again; no game shall rise
But we'll be ready for it.

For the pye or jay, a sparrow-hawk
Flies from the fist; the crow so near pursued,
Shall be compelled to seek protection under
Our horses' bellies; a bearn put from her siege,
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
So high, that to your view she'll seem to soar
Above the middle region of the air!
A cast of haggard falcons by me mann'd,
Eying the prey at first, appear as if
They did turn tail; but with their laboring wings
Getting above her, with thought their pinions
Cleaving the pure element, make in,
And by turns bind with her; the frightened fowl,
Lying at her defence upon her back,
With her dreadful beak awhile defers her death,
But, by degrees, forced down, we part the fray,
And feast upon her.

Then, for an evening flight,

A tierced gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not: the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but, wanting breath, is forced
To cancel; then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird."

The character of a falconer is thus described by a facetious writer (John Stevens), in his "Satyrical Essays, Characters, &c.," published in 1615;—

"A falconer is the egg of a tame pullet, hatched up among hawks and spaniels. He hath in his minority conversed with kestrels and young hobbies; but, growing up, he begins to handle the lure, and look a falcon in the face. All his learning makes him but a new linguist; for to have studied and practiced the terms of "Hawk's Dictionary" is enough, to excuse his wit, manners, and humanity. He hath too many trades to thrive; and yet, if he had fewer, he would thrive less. He need not be envied, therefore, for monopoly; for though he be barber, surgeon, and apothecary before he commences hawk-leech; though he exercises all these, and the art of bowstrings together, his patients be compelled to pay him no further than they be able. Hawks be his object, that is, all his knowledge, admiration, labor, and all; they be indeed his idol, or mistress, be they male or female; to them he consecrates his amorous ditties,

which be no sooner framed than hallowed; nor should he doubt to reclaim the fairest, seeing he reclaims such haggards, and courts every one with a peculiar dialogue."

There is a great deal of curious information on the subject of this popular amusement in Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," wherein the fondness of the ladies and clergy for hawking is particularly alluded to. The sport was forbidden to the clergy by the canons of the church, but the prohibition was by no means sufficient to restrain them from its pursuit. Our monarch Henry VIII. nearly lost his life while pursuing his hawk on foot, at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire. Attempting, with the assistance of a pole usually carried by sportsmen of that period, to jump over a ditch full of muddy water, the pole broke, and the king fell with his head into the mud; where he would have been stifled had not an attendant leaped into the ditch and relieved his majesty from his perilous situation.

Hawking is now altogether a relic of times gone by. Nothing of the kind is now known in England, though several attempts have been made by British sportsmen to revive it. George, Earl of Oxford, who died in 1791, was a votary of the pastime; and in Yorkshire, Colonel Thornton had a hawking establishment at a rather later period. Sir John Sebright and a few other gentlemen also practiced it in Norfolk, at the beginning of the present century. The complete system of enclosing lands which has sprung up with advancing civilization has spoilt the diversion of those who loved to follow on horseback over hill and dale the flight of the falcon. Fox-hunting, coursing, and shooting hold undiminished sway over the tastes of our rural gentry, and probably with justice have superseded the more solitary amusement of hawking.

The Ling (Trapa Bicornis), Water Chesnut.

THE Chinese invariably make the best possible use of the various productions of nature; their alimentary resources are, therefore, almost unlimited. "God," say they "created nothing in vain," and the apparent inutility of many natural productions is wholly attributed to human ignorance. Aquatic plants are accounted of great value, not only for their real worth, but owing to the fact that they do not occupy ground which could be turned to any agricultural purpose.

The *trapa bicornis*, is a plant of this character. Stagnant waters produce these vegetables in great abundance, and Chinese cooks make of them divers savory preparations.

The *trapa bicornis* is superior both in size and flavor to the European water truffle, which it resembles; and in those districts of China where the rice crops are insufficient for the necessities of the population, is both a useful and agreeable article of food. It is known by the Chinese as *ling*. The plant blossoms from the month of June to August and its fruit is ready in September and October.

It is a curious and interesting sight to witness the animated scene which the ling harvest presents. Women and children embark in tubs, which serve to convey themselves, and to transport the aquatic plants as soon as they are collected. The songs, the cries, the shouts recall the saturnalia of the vine-dressers in France. When the tubs are filled they are moored to one another, and a boat conveys them to the landing-place. It appears that these tubs are employed in order to prevent the destruction of those vast aquatic branches which promise a fruitful gathering on a subsequent occasion. The Chinese sow the ling at the end of autumn in those parts of the stagnant pools which are the shallowest, and in those parts most exposed to the noonday light. Upon the proportion of warmth and light received is the abundance and excellence of the fruit which it bears mainly dependent. The Chinese declare that the cultivation of this plant absorbs the putrid or miasmatic emanations which arise from the surface of stagnant water. The ling is agreeable eating in summer when it is green; it is sold in the Pekin markets as nuts are in Europe. It is given to invalids, and is considered cooling to the mouth. When ground into flour it makes very good puddings, especially if mixed with a little wheaten flour. It is made into bread of a very passable quality. Prepared with sugar is forms an edible for the desserts, so tasty as to tickle the appetite of the most surfeited of mandarins.

This plant was known to the Thracians, and was used by them as bread. By the Egyptians it was held sacred, and specimens of it are found in the catacombs of the pyramids. Both Egyptians and Chinese have bestowed the epithet of sacred on

those natural productions which are most useful to man, as in Europe is given the name noble to the profession which destroys and kills. Which is the most reasonable? Sowing the grain in China and Thibet is always a holy festival, and the blessing of Tien Tien, the God of Heaven, is implored by the priests in the presence of the people, people and priests uniting in the petition that a fruitful harvest may crown the year.

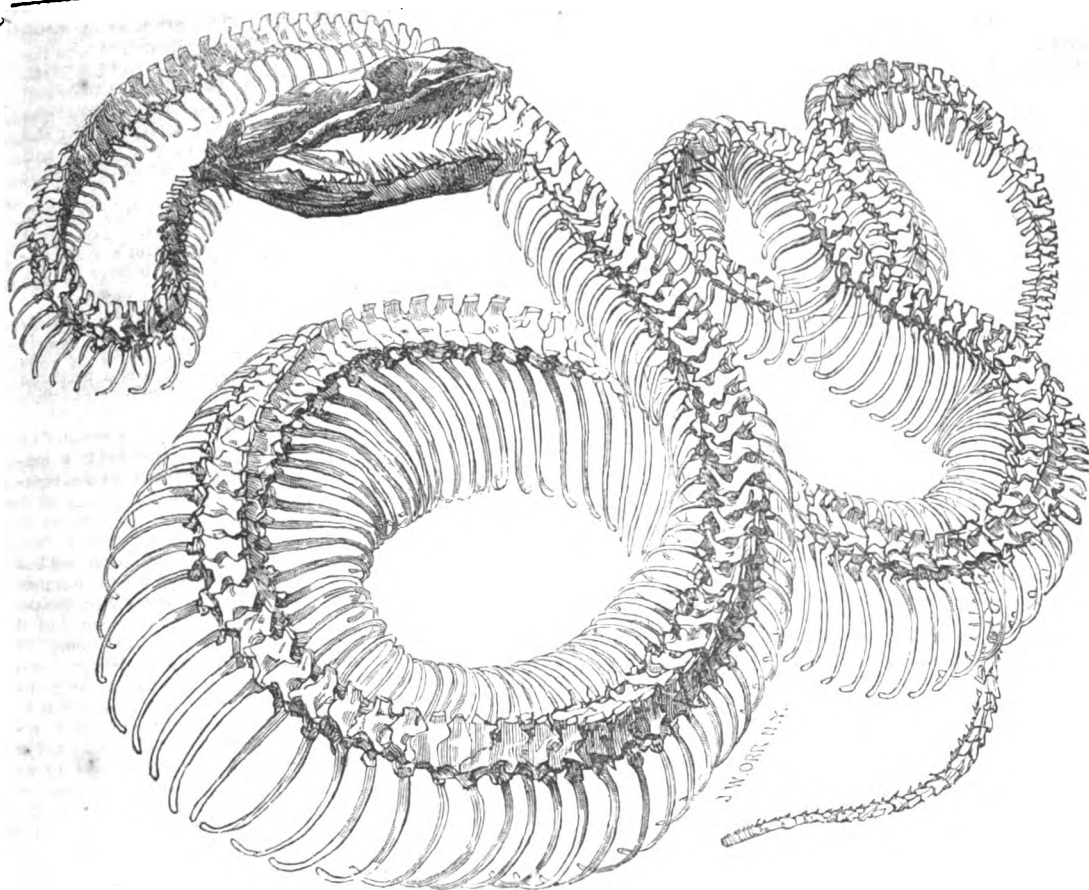
The *trapa bicornis* is not the only aquatic alimentary plant known in China. The great lake and moat about the Emperor's residence at Pekin are covered with the flowers of the *liene hoa*, the fruit of which serves to make excellent flour, and is prepared with milk for table. The ladies and the idlers who have nothing to do all day long but lounge about, and eat comfits, know the worth of the *liene hoa* when prepared with sugar candy, or when dexterously mixed with salt and vinegar.

To the observant inquirer, the aspect presented by the *liene hoa* is very interesting. It extends its tapering branches all over the waters of the lake, especially during the month of June.

ART OF MILKING.—The art of milking well is not taught in a hurry. It requires long practice to milk properly, and therefore all the young people on a farm ought to be shown how the labor should be done. It is quite important that this branch of the dairy should be particularly attended to, for a good milker obtains at least a quart more from the same cow than a poor milker. The first lesson to be taught to young people is gentleness and kindness to the cows. They never need be treated harshly in case the business is properly commenced. Cows that have been caressed and uniformly well treated are fond of having the milk drawn from the udder at the regular time of milking, for it gives them relief from the distension of the milk ducts. Let young people be put to milking the farrow cow first, as such are to be soon dried, and then the loss from bad milking will be less injurious; the hands should extend to the extremity of the teats, for the milk is then drawn easier. They should be taught to milk as fast as possible. More milk is always obtained by a rapid milker than a slow one. They should, therefore, be taught to think of nothing else while milking, and no conversation must be permitted in the milk-yard. They should sit close up to the cow, and rest the left arm gently against her flank. Then if she raises her foot on account of pain occasioned by soreness of the teats, the nearer the milker sits to her, and the harder he presses his left arm against her leg, the less risk will be run of being injured. Cows may be taught to give down their milk at once; and they may be taught to hold it a long while, and to be stripped indefinitely. The best way is to milk quick, and not use the cow to a long stripping or an after-stripping. The *Northern Farmer* gives the following rules for milking:—If you would have a gentle cow, be gentle yourself. If a cow kicks much, place a switch under the left arm, the pail in the left hand, and if while milking she kicks, let it be followed invariably by a single blow. Never strike but once at a time, even if she kicks so hard as to break your leg, and never omit it if she hits nothing. By never striking but once she has no time to "get mad," and it is all the more terrific; for who cares for a blow while stimulated by fury? A small mess of pleasant food at the time will serve to do away with any disagreeable impression in connection with milking. To be a good milker you must pare your nails short, sit on a stool, milk fast, never scold a cow, never get out of patience, tie her tail to her leg in fly time, and never wet the teats with the first stream of milk. Milk applied to the teats to soften them, dries and forms a glossy varnish, which tends to cause cracking or chapping of these parts. Cold water is much better, becoming quite dry by the time the milking is finished, and leaving the teats clean and soft.

AN EXCUSABLE WEAKNESS.—A regard for personal appearance is a species of self-love from which the wisest are not exempt, and to which the mind clings so instinctively, that not only the soldier, advancing to inevitable death, but even the doomed criminal who goes to certain execution, shows an anxiety to array his person to the best advantage.—*Sir W. Scott.*

A WORD IN COUNSEL.—It is not unfrequent that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her, he ought always to continue the same, and she neglects those attentions which first engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of neglect and sorrow.



Serpents.

To the most formidable class of reptiles might be added the asp, whose bite, however, is not attended with those drowsy symptoms which the ancients ascribed to it. The Jaculus, of Jamaica, also, is one of the swiftest of the serpent kind. The hemorrhoids, so called from the hemorrhages which its bite is said to produce: the seps, whose wound is very venomous, and causes the part affected to corrupt in a very short time; the Manilla serpent whose bite is fatal. But of all others, the Cobra de Capello, or hooded serpent, inflicts the most deadly and incurable wounds. Of this formidable creature there are five or six different kinds; but they are all equally dangerous, and their bite followed by speedy and certain death. It is from three to eight feet long, with large fangs hanging out of the upper jaw. It has a broad neck, and a mark of dark brown on the forehead; which, when viewed frontwise, looks like a pair of spectacles; but behind, like the head of a cat. The eyes are fierce and full of fire; the head small, and the nose flat, though covered with very large scales, of a yellowish ash-color; the skin is white, and the large tumor on the neck is flat, and covered with oblong, smooth scales. The bite of this animal is said to be incurable, the patient dying in about an hour after the wound: the whole frame being dissolved into one putrid mass of corruption.

Respecting the fascination of serpents, it appears that that property which has obtained the name of fascination does not exclusively belong to any certain species, but that it is in some measure common to all the serpent race; and that there are a few of the more subtle and cunning ones, who know how to improve by their natural endowments, and to turn those powers to advantage in their predatory pursuits. Dr. Hancock says, "I am decidedly of opinion, from the observations I have been able to make, as well as from the testimony of others, that there is in reality no such property as fascination in serpents. It is not a faculty of charming or of fascination, in the usual acceptance of the term, which enables certain serpents to take birds; but, on the contrary, their hideous form and gestures, which strike the timid animals with impressions of horror, stupefying them with terror, and depriving them of their proper sensations, which renders them unfit for any exertion. How, indeed, is it possible that a form so terrific and forbidding as that of the crocodile, should be possessed of a power to render itself agreeable or inviting? It is, on the contrary, natural to suppose that it is terrifying, not the charming, principle by which serpents of the most disgusting or hideous forms are most successful in taking birds; and this we find to be actually the

case, for those serpents to which have been ascribed the power of fascinating, are among the most terrific of the tribe. The torpedo benumbs its prey with an electrical shock; but the serpent disables the more timid birds by the mere presentation of his horrible front. The one hurtful or destructive agent is communicated by the touch, or some conducting medium, as water, and acts with energy upon the muscular fibre; the other finds its way by the organ of vision, and exerts its influence upon the sensorium commune, or brain, and thence paralyzing the whole nervous and muscular system. No wonder that these small birds, so feebly constituted, and the most sensible, perhaps, of all animals to impressions of fear, should fall insensibly into the devouring jaws of their terrific adversary. Thus the fascinating power attributed to serpents, if properly viewed, falls entirely to the ground. It is not the timid little bird or rabbit alone which is thus overcome, but the larger animals also, and even man in some instances. An occurrence of this kind is related of a negro belonging to Mr. John Henley, who, in the swamp of Pomeroy, fell in with a serpent of great magnitude, as the negroes asserted, and was so dreadfully terrified that he fainted away, and was picked up for dead by his companion. The serpent was said to be a camoudi (*boa scytale*), and might have made an easy prey of the man, but was overgorged. They rarely, however, attack man, unless much provoked."

In Demerara snakes abound. They are frequently met with in the woods betwixt the sea coast and the rock Saba, chiefly near the creeks and on the banks of the banks of the river. They are large, beautiful and formidable. The rattlesnakes seem partial to a tract of ground known by the name of Canal, No. 3; there the effects of his poison will be long remembered. The camoudi boa has been killed from thirty to forty feet long; though not venomous, his size renders him destructive to the passing animals. The natives on the Orinoco positively affirm that he grows to the length of seventy or eighty feet, and that he will destroy the strongest and largest bull. His name seems to confirm this; there he is called *matatoro*, which literally means bull-killer. Thus he may be ranked amongst the deadly snakes; for it comes nearly to the same thing in the end, whether the victim dies by poison from the fangs which corrupts his blood, or whether his body be crushed to a mummy and swallowed by this hideous beast. The whip-snake, of a beautiful changing green, and the coral, with alternate broad traverse bars of black and red, glide from bush to bush, and may be handled with safety; they are harmless little creatures. The labarri snake is speckled, of a dirty

brown color, and can scarcely be distinguished from the ground or stump on which he is coiled up; he grows to the length of about eight feet, and his bite often proves fatal in a few minutes. Unrivalled in his display of every lovely color of the rainbow, and unmatched in the effects of his deadly poison, the counacouchi glides undaunted on, sole monarch of these forests; he is commonly known by the name of the bush-master. Both man and beast fly before him, and allow him to pursue an undisputed path. He sometimes grows to the length of fourteen feet.

The class of serpents without poison, may be distinguished from those that are venomous, by their wanting the fang teeth; their heads also are not so thick in proportion to their bodies; and, in general, they taper off to the tail more gradually in a point. But notwithstanding their being destitute of venom, they do not cease to be formidable; some grow to a size by which they become the most powerful animals of the forest; and even the smallest and most harmless of this slender tribe, find protection from the similitude of their form.

The fangs make the great distinction among serpents; and all this tribe are without them. Their teeth are short, numerous, and, in the smaller kinds, perfectly inoffensive; they lie in either jaw, as in frogs and fishes, their points bending backwards, the better to secure their prey.

They want that artificial mechanism that inflicts such deadly wounds; they have no gland in the head for preparing venom; no conduits for conveying it to the teeth; no receptacles there; no hollow in the instrument that inflicts the wound. Their bite, when the teeth happen to be large enough to penetrate the skin, for in general they are too small for this purpose, is attended with no other symptoms than those of an ordinary puncture, and many of this tribe, as if sensible of their own impotence, cannot be provoked to bite, though never so rudely assaulted. They hiss, dart out their forked tongues, erect themselves on the tail, and call up all their terrors to intimidate their aggressors; but seem to consider their teeth as unnecessary instruments of defence, and never attempt to use them.

From hence we may distinguish the unvenomous tribe into two kinds: first, into those which are seldom found of any considerable magnitude, and that never offend animals larger or more powerful than themselves, but which find their chief protection in flight, or in the doubtfulness of their form; secondly, into such as grow to an enormous size, fear no enemy, but indiscriminately attack all other animals and devour them.

The black snake is the largest of European serpents, sometimes exceeding four feet in length. The neck is slender; the middle of the body thick; the back and sides covered with small scales; the belly with oblong, narrow, transverse plates; the color of the back marked with two rows of small black spots, running from the head to the tail; the plates on the belly are dusky; the scales on the sides are of a bluish white; the teeth are small and serrated, lying on each side of the jaw in two rows. The whole species is perfectly inoffensive; taking shelter in dunghills, and among bushes in moist places; from whence they seldom remove, unless in the midst of the day in summer, when they are called out by the heat, to bask themselves in the sun. If disturbed or attacked, they move away among the brambles with great swiftness; but if too closely pursued, they hiss and threaten, and thus render themselves formidable, though incapable of offending.

Of the common English snake, a writer says:—"I have been trying, a great part of this summer, to domesticate a common snake, and make it familiar with me and my children; but all to no purpose, notwithstanding I favored it with my most particular attention. It was a most beautiful creature, only two feet seven inches long. I did not know how long it had been without food when I caught it; but I presented it with frogs, toads, worms, beetles, spiders, mice, and every other delicacy of the season. I also tried to charm it with music, and my chil-

dren stroked and caressed it; but all in vain—it would be no more familiar with any of us than if we had been the greatest strangers to it, or even its greatest enemies. I kept it in an old barrel, out of doors, for the first three weeks; during that time, I can aver, it ate nothing; but, after a very wet night, it seemed to suffer from the cold. I then put it into a glass vessel, and set it on the parlor chimney-piece, covering the vessel with a piece of silk gauze. I caught two live mice, and put them in to it; but they would sooner have died of hunger than the snake would have eaten them; they sat shivering on its back, while it lay coiled up as round as a ball of worsted. I gave the mice some boiled potatoes, which they ate; but the snake would eat neither the mice nor the potatoes. My children frequently took it out in their hands, to show it to their school-fellows; but my wife, and some others, could not bear the sight of it. One day took it in my hand, and opened its mouth with a penknife, to show a gentleman how different it was from the adder, which I had dead by me; its teeth being no more formidable or terrific than the teeth of a trout or eel; while the mouth of the adder had two fangs, like the claws of a cat, attached to the roof of the mouth, no way connected with its jaw teeth. While examining the snake in this manner, it began to smell most horribly, and filled the room with an abominable odor; I also felt, or thought I felt, a kind of prickly numbness in the hand I held it in, and did so for some weeks afterwards. It made its escape from me several times by boring a hole through the gauze; I had lost it for some days at one time, when at length it was observed peeping out of a mouse-hole behind one of the cellar steps. Whether it had caught any beetles or spiders in the cellar, I cannot say; but it looked as fierce as a hawk, and hissed and shook its tongue in open defiance. I could not think of hurting it by smoking it out with tobacco or brimstone; but called it my fiery dragon which guarded my ale cellar. At length I caught it, coiled up on one of the steps. I put it again into a flour-barrel; but it happened not to be the same he had been in, and I observed a nail protruding through the staves, about half-way up. This, I suppose, he had made use of to help his escape, for he was missing one morning."

The blind worm is another harmless reptile, with a formidable appearance. The usual length of this species is eleven inches. The eyes are red, the head small, the neck still more slender; from that part the body grows suddenly, and continues of an equal bulk to the tail, which ends quite blunt; the color of the back is sinerous, marked with very small lines, composed of minute black specks; the sides are of a reddish cast; the belly dusky, and marked like the back. The motion of this serpent is slow; from which, and from the smallness of the eyes, are derived its names; some calling it the slow, and some the blind worm. Like all the rest of the kind in our climates, they lie torpid during the winter, and are sometimes found, in vast numbers, twisted together. This animal, like the former, is perfectly innocent; however, like the viper, it brings forth its young alive.

But in the larger tribe of serpents, there is nothing but danger to be apprehended. This formidable class, though without venom, have something frightful in their color, as well as their size and form. They want that vivid hue with which the savages are so much pleased in the lesser kinds; they are all found of a dusky color, with large teeth, which are more formidable than dangerous.

The first of this class

is the great python, which Legaut affirms he has seen fifty feet long. Nor is he singular in this report, as many of the missionaries affirm the same; and we have the concurrent testimony of historians as a further proof. The largest animal of the kind, which has been brought into Europe, is but thirty-six feet long; and it is probable that much greater have been seen and destroyed, before they were thought worth sending so far to satisfy European curiosity. The most usual length, however, of the python is twenty feet, and the thickness in proportion. The teeth are small in proportion to the body; nor are they used but when it seizes the smallest prey. It lies in wait for wild animals near the path, and when it throws itself upon them, it wraps them round so closely as to break all the bones; then moistening the whole body over with its saliva, it makes it fit for deglutition, and swallows it whole.

The boa is supposed to be the next in magnitude, and has often been seen to swallow a goat whole. It is thickest in the middle of the body, and grows shorter and smaller towards the head and the tail. These serpents lie hid in thickets, from whence they dart out unawares, and will attack both men and beasts. They make a loud hissing noise when exasperated; and sometimes winding up trees in India or Ceylon, will dart down upon travellers, and twist themselves so closely round their bodies, as to despatch them in a very few minutes.

To this class of large serpents we may refer the depona, a native of Mexico, with a very large head and great jaws.

Such are the most noted animals of the serpent tribe; but, to recount all, would be a vain, as well as a useless endeavor. In those countries where they abound, their discriminations are so numerous and their colors so various, that every thicket seems to produce a new animal. The same serpent is often found to bring forth animals of eight or ten different colors; and the naturalist who attempts to arrange them by that mark, will find that he has made distinctions which are entirely disowned by nature. However, a very considerable number might be added to enlarge the catalogue; but having supplied a general history, the mind turns away from a subject where every object presents something formidable or loathsome to the imagination. Indeed, the whole tribe resemble each other so nearly, that the history of the one may almost serve for every other. They are all terrible to the imagination, all frightful to behold in their fury, and

have long been considered as a race of animals between whom and man there is a natural antipathy.

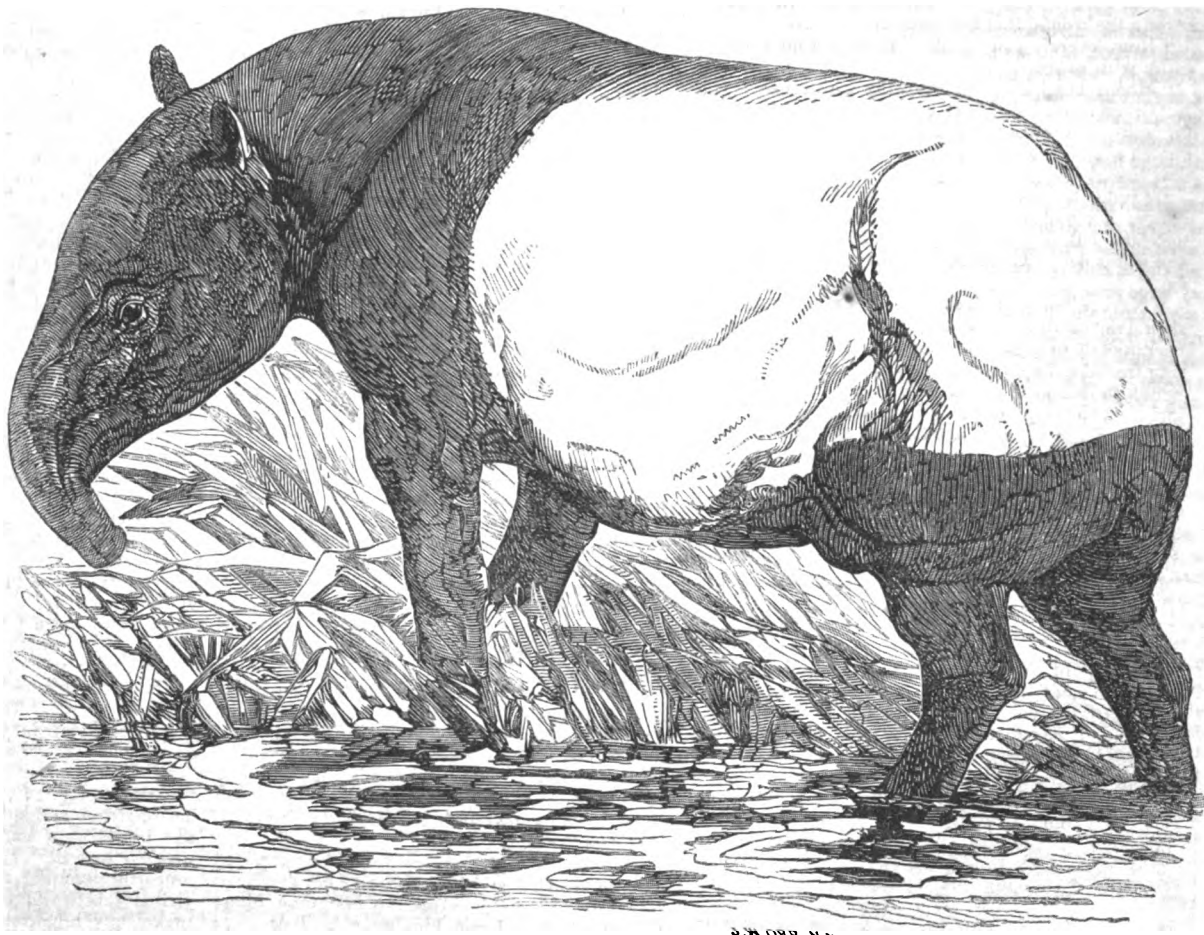
Malayan Tapir.

The *Saladan Gindol Tenu*, or Malayan Tapir (*Tapirus Malayanus*), much exceeds the American Tapir in size, and is peculiarly remarkable in respect to color. It is a native of Sumatra, and some of the other islands of the Indian Archipelago, as well as of the Malayan Peninsula. The above specimen was obtained from the latter locality, having been captured at the foot of Mount Ophir, about the end of summer, in 1851. It is now about seven years' old, and is about the size of a buffalo.

Although differing in many essential characters from the Tapir of America, the Malayan Tapir resembles it in the spotted coloration of its young, which, however, disappears at a much earlier period than in that species.

BURNING CLOUDS.—In the year 1772, a bright cloud was observed at midnight to cover a mountain in the Island of Java, which emitted flames of fire, so luminous that the night became as clear as day. It destroyed everything for twenty miles round. Buildings were demolished, plantations buried in the earth. Fifteen thousand cattle, a vast number of horses and other animals, and above two thousand human beings, were destroyed by the agency of this tremendous cloud. On the 29th of October, 1757, in the Island of Malta, a little after midnight, a great black cloud appeared, which changed its color as it approached the city, till it became like a flame of fire, mixed with black smoke, and a dreadful noise was heard on its approach. It tore an English ship to pieces, and carried the masts, sails and cordage to a great distance. Small boats, in its course, were broken to pieces and sunk. In passing through the city, it had laid in ruins everything in its way: houses were levelled with the ground, the roofs of churches were demolished—not one steeple was left in its passage—and the bells, together with the spires, were carried to a distance. In this awful catastrophe the number of human beings killed and wounded amounted to nearly two hundred.

PHOSPHORESCENT SPAR.—Coarsely powder some fluor-spar (obtainable at a chemist's), and sprinkle it, in a dark room, on a fire-shovel made hot, but not red hot; and it will emit a beautiful phosphorescent light for some time.



S. H. ORR N.Y.

THE MALAYAN TAPIR.

Ida Walstein.*

"How strange and sudden a friendship you have formed for Madame Walstein! Do you think it safe or desirable to enter into such close habits of intimacy with one of whose very existence you were ignorant a month ago?"

Such was the speech addressed to me by an old friend of the family, who, like most family friends, was apt to give his opinion on every subject in terms of unmitigated plainness, and who was always so provokingly in the right, that I could never have the pleasure of recurring to his past errors of judgment by way of excusing myself from attending to his present admonitions.

"I have known Ida Walstein but a short time," I replied, "but long enough to make me esteem, love and pity her. Young, beautiful, unhappy, living among strangers in a land distant from her own, surely it is an office of kindness to visit and to console her."

"Why does she require consolation?"

"How strange a question to ask! Do you not know that she only lost her husband a few weeks ago?"

"Why, then, not remain in her native country, where she could have received consolation from her own relatives and friends?"

"I have no doubt that she had some excellent reason for her conduct; but Ida is, in some respects, of a reserved disposition. I have never heard her mention her family."

"Depend upon it, that where so much is concealed, there is something that stands in great need of concealment."

"At all events, there can be nothing reprehensible in poor Ida's present conduct, even in your cynical eyes. She is living in the strictest seclusion; her landlady, as you are aware, was formerly a house-keeper in my mother's family, and it was owing to the account she gave me of the melancholy and desolate state of poor Madame Walstein, that I was induced to show her some slight attentions, which were so gratefully received, that our acquaintance has, indeed, as you remark, progressed into friendship."

"A very hasty, ill-advised measure! Your charming friend may turn out to be a mere adventurer."

"Pardon me; Teresa, the waiting-maid of Madame Walstein, whom she brought over with her from Germany, represents that she lived in style and affluence with her husband, and that his loss almost broke her heart."

"And so she came to Bath with the view of healing the wound that her heart had received?"

"How severely you speak! Have you no sympathy with sorrow?"

"Much; but I have no sympathy with crime."

"Crime! you are indeed cruel, and also unjust; for you have recently remarked that nothing is known of Ida's antecedents; why then should you thus harshly judge her?"

"I judge her from the expression of her countenance: her melancholy is not that of suffering innocence, but of suffering guilt. She has sinned, and she is daily apprehensive of the discovery of her sin."

"Nay, when you accuse me of romance, you should not err in a similar manner yourself. What an exciting tale of wonder and mystery you are concocting from the simple fact of the visit of a newly-made widow to that most unromantic of all places, Bath; and from the circumstance of the said widow being of rather a taciturn nature than it suits your satirical ideas to think it natural for a woman to be."

"Enough. I have warned you truly and sincerely of the dangerous situation in which you have placed yourself. I have some experience of the world, some discrimination of character—rely upon it that if you persevere in your intimacy with Madame Walstein, you will see cause bitterly to repent of your obstinacy."

Perhaps my readers, if they are aware of the contradiction of human nature (some would say especially of feminine nature) will not be surprised to hear that the conversation which I have just narrated only served to heighten my interest in Ida. I considered her unkindly and unjustly aspersed, and surrendered myself completely to the charm of her personal beauty and fascinating manners—nay, I had even determined to ask Ida to be my guest when I returned to town, and to introduce her, as soon as her spirits could bear it, to some of my favorite friends; nor was I altogether guiltless of thinking that a certain cousin of mine

—a warm admirer of pensive loveliness, retiring timidity, and a voice "gentle and low"—might, in the course of a twelvemonth, prevail on my interesting friend to exchange her weeds for bridal attire. One morning I called on Ida, admitting myself, after the convenient fashion of watering places, by lifting the latch of the door, and was somewhat surprised to meet a foreign officer on the stairs: his countenance as well as his dress clearly denoted that he was not of my own country. It was the first time that I had ever known of any visitor but myself breaking the strict seclusion to which my poor friend had devoted herself. I felt glad, however, to think that Ida had received a visit from one who was most probably a relation, and entered her drawing-room, fully prepared to be greeted with the intelligence of her kinsman's arrival. Ida, however, discoursed on various subjects with her usual ease and grace, but never alluded to her visitor. "Ida is unquestionably a little too reserved," I soliloquised. At length I could not refrain from introducing the subject. "You have already had a morning visitor, Ida," I remarked, "even at this early hour—have you not?"

"No, indeed," replied Ida, with evident and ingenuous astonishment; "I have no acquaintance in Bath, and therefore am not very likely to receive morning calls—your own kind, charitable visits I do not consider as coming under that denomination."

I quitted Ida with uncomfortable feelings. I could not conceive why she should wish to deny a circumstance so unimportant in itself, but receiving consequence from the fact of concealment. My faith in her perfection was somewhat shaken, and I resolved to "watch and wait" for a little while, before I gave her an invitation to town. I was rather longer than usual before I called on Ida, but when I did so, the sweet gratitude of her reception, her fear that I must have grown weary of devoting my hours to a melancholy recluse, and the gentle and subdued archness with which she expressed a hope that "I had not supposed her to be engaged in other society," quite reinstated her in my good opinion. Two days afterwards I again visited Ida. She was not in her drawing-room. I concluded that she might be preparing for a walk, and passed on to her dressing-room. Ida was absent, but the dressing-room was not unoccupied. To my horror and amazement, I beheld, extended on the sofa, the same foreign officer whom I had met on the staircase! I need not say that I did not stop to enter into any conversation with Ida's very familiar visitor. I quickly descended the stairs, and walked home, seriously and deeply displeased with my new friend, I could not doubt that the foreign officer was a favored lover; if not, why deny all knowledge of him to one like myself, to whom Ida professed to disclose all her thoughts? It must be so—the exemplary, broken-hearted, beautiful widow had already made a second choice; she, who had fled from the society of her nearest and dearest friends, had done so, not to indulge her grief in solitude, but to console herself with the society of a friend prized beyond them all. I was indignant with Ida; indignant with myself for having been the dupe of her trickery; and, most of all, indignant with the lover who had dared to tempt her to sacrifice thus early her constancy to the dead—who had dared to profane the shrine of the divinity, and recline on her dressing-room sofa with as much carelessness as if he had been "taking his ease at his inn."

The next morning I called on Ida, determined to come to an explanation with her. She received me with her usual sweetness, and expressed her concern that she had been from home on the preceding day.

"My landlady," she added, "told me that she had seen you quit the house scarcely five minutes before I returned from my walk."

"As you returned so soon," I said, laboring to speak in a very quiet, collected tone, "I hope you met with the officer who was awaiting you in your dressing-room."

Ida looked at me with the unquestionable calmness of innocence.

"Surely you are jesting," she replied; "I found no one in my dressing-room. I have no friend at Bath but yourself. Officers are not very likely to intrude on a sad and solitary widow, nor would they be likely to meet with a favorable reception if they did so."

Such was her ingenious charm of manner, that I actually felt shaken in my belief of her duplicity.

"Ida," I said, "this is not the first time I have seen this officer. I met him on your staircase a few days ago."

"This is very extraordinary," said Ida, "but yet it admits of explanation. I have read and heard that persons have sometimes been haunted for months by some particular figure conjured up by their own powers of imagination, and it has generally augured a feverish state of body or mind in those subject to such illusions."

I did not at all approve of the idea of being haunted for months by the foreign officer, and had serious thoughts of going home and sending for a physician; but yet I was glad to think that if such an illusion really existed, it would prove Ida to be perfectly innocent of deception.

"It may be so," I replied, doubtfully; "and yet I have never been considered liable to nervous fears."

"Perhaps," said Ida, with a smile, "the officer in question may have the honor of occupying a very high position in your favor, and you may picture him in your sight, even when he is far distant."

"Not so," I replied, "he was a perfect stranger to me. It was evident from his uniform that he belonged to a foreign regiment."

"A foreign regiment!" said Ida, turning pale; "can you describe his personal appearance?"

"Sufficiently so," I said, "to recall him to your remembrance if you know him."

I described to her the dress and appearance of the stranger as well as my two hasty views of him enabled me to do. Ida made no remark. I looked up; it was evident that I had sketched my portrait very successfully; Ida had faint! I watched her reviving; and then, consigning her to the care of Teresa, I took my departure, fully convinced of the deceptiveness of my new friend, but still feeling somewhat surprised that the discovery of it should have occasioned a fainting fit. Were Ida really encouraging the addresses of a suitor, she would be violating no law, human or divine; she would merely sacrifice her character for feeling and constancy in the eyes of a friend of a few weeks' standing; and although I was quite ready to believe that she would be sorry to lose my good opinion, it appeared, even to my self-love, that such a loss was scarcely sufficient to produce the startling results that I had just witnessed. The next morning I called to inquire after Ida's health. She was pale, subdued, and seemed like one who had undergone some terrible visitation, or received some awful summons.

"I leave Bath in a few hours," she said in scarcely audible tones; "circumstances have occurred which render me desirous of proceeding immediately to town."

I could hardly tell how to address Ida; I spoke a few words of consolation to her, but her wandering eyes and apprehensive expression of countenance absolutely shocked me. I murmured some hopes relative to our future meeting in town; but I did not, as may readily be supposed, give her any invitation to become my guest there. It appeared likely to me that the lover of Ida was some man of doubtful or disreputable character; and that pride, shame, and love were contending for the mastery in her heart. I gave her a parting embrace, and left her; but I had scarcely descended the stairs before my heart smote me for my want of feeling. I resolved to seek Teresa, and obtain from her a promise to write to me from town, giving me an account of the health and spirits of her lady, and of the residence in which they had fixed themselves. I found her in the bed-room busily engaged in preparations for departure; several trifes which she had laid on the top of a trunk had fallen over the side of it. I assisted her in replacing them. A miniature was among them which had escaped from its case. I looked at it. What was my surprise to recognize the features and dress of the foreign officer whom I had twice seen? I resolved to avail myself of this opportunity of gaining the information from Teresa which otherwise I should have deemed it wrong to endeavor to extract from her.

"Do you know the original of this miniature?" I asked, with assumed carelessness.

"It is the likeness of Madame Walstein's late husband," replied Teresa, replacing in its case; and is considered by every one to be an excellent resemblance."

I could not reply to her; I could not request her to write to me. I could only flee from the room—horror-struck and aghast at the terrible solution of the mystery of Ida's unknown visitor. Yes, it was too certain. The form that I had seen was of no earthly mould; the spirit of Walstein had revisited this world of trial; and why? Was it to make any important revelation, or to utter any urgent request? or was it that the earthly love

* Founded on an anecdote related to Moore by Sir Walter Scott, and alluded to in the fifth volume of Lord John Russell's "Memoirs of Moore."

of Walstein for Ida had been so true and tender, that his spirit was still permitted occasionally to hover round her? These were secrets that I could not penetrate; enough that I had beheld an inhabitant of the land of spirits. I trembled and shuddered at the recollection, and earnestly did I hope that I might never again hear of Ida. My friends had often accused me of being extremely romantic; but to cultivate the acquaintance of a lady whose dressing-room was haunted, was a stretch of romance to which I felt myself quite unequalled. I was glad that Ida was on the point of quitting Bath, and glad that I had never introduced her to any of my associates. A few whom I knew expressed a laughing hope that I should survive my separation from my new friend, the interesting widow; but in a short time her name completely passed into oblivion. I received no letter from Ida; I imagined that I should never again hear her name. Vain hope! A few days after her departure I cast my eyes carelessly over the newspaper. The name of Madame Walstein met my eye. Officers of justice had been dispatched from Germany to track her residence. She had been arrested on the charge of poisoning her husband! Her hasty departure from Germany had excited some suspicion in the mind of the family of Walstein. Other circumstances had tended to corroborate these suspicions; the body was disinterred, and evidences of poison had been discernible in it.

Ida, it appeared, had made no defence when arrested. "Her life," she said, "was a burden to her; a witness from the dead had arisen against her, and she was ready and willing to pay the penalty of her crime."

All Bath was eagerly employed in discussing this sad history; all were condoling with me on the unfortunate choice I had made of a particular friend. The occasion for secrecy being now at an end, I told the tale of the supernatural appearance that I had witnessed. Had I lived in the days of Mrs. Radcliffe, such a revelation would have made me the heroine of private life for at least a twelve-month; but ours is a sceptical, argumentative age, and many were disposed to throw doubt upon the story of horror that I had related to them. Some talked of "optical illusions," and "Brewster's Natural Magic." Others, again, considered that the foreign officer was a living being—perhaps a friend and brother officer of the late Walstein, who had suspected the cause of his death, and had come to trace the locality of the fugitive widow; and they accounted for the resemblance of the miniature by supposing that there might have been some likeness between the officers, strengthened by the similarity of the dress, and that my imagination had done the rest. A few remarked that the spirit seemed to have come for no definite purpose, else why appear to me, an innocent person, and not Ida, the murderess? To this I replied, that we are so rarely honored by visitors from the spirit-world, that we ought not to be too critical as to the manner or the reason of such visits; and I added that it seemed to me exceedingly probable that the spirit *had* visited Ida, with the view of drawing her to repentance and confession, but had softened the terrors of its visit by causing her first to hear of its appearance on earth from the lips of another person.

In the midst of these disquisitions, the friend returned to Bath whom I have mentioned in the beginning of this narrative. "I understand," he said to me, with a provoking smile, "that you are enlisted among the privileged band of ghost-seers. Do you not think that the story of the foreign officer might be worked up into an effective melodrama?"

"Scarcely I think," said I; "but I have some idea of making it the subject of a narrative for one of the magazines."

"Do so, by all means," he replied; "and if you are inclined to indulge your reader with a moral, just hint to all those liable to be fascinated with beautiful incognitas at watering places, that they cannot *always* expect a ghost to be at hand to convince them of the folly and danger of hasty friendships."

Misers.

SOME years ago there lived in Marseilles, an old man of the name of Guyot; he was known to every inhabitant, and every urchin in the streets could point him out as a niggard in his dealings, and a wretch of the utmost penury in his habits of life. From his boyhood, this old man had lived in the city of Marseilles; and although the people treated him with scorn and disgust, nothing could induce him to leave it. When he walked the streets he was followed by a crowd of boys, who, hating him

as a grasping miser, hooted him vociferously, insulted him with the coarsest epithets, and sometimes annoyed him by casting stones and filth at his person. There was no one to speak a kind word in his favor, no one to bestow an act of friendship or a nod of recognition upon Guyot. He was regarded by all as an avaricious, griping old miser, whose whole life was devoted to the hoarding up of gold. At last this object of universal scorn died, and it was found that, by his parsimony, he had amassed an ample fortune. What was the surprise of his executors, on opening his will, to find these remarkable words: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use."

When it was proposed to build Bethlehem Hospital, many benevolent individuals volunteered to solicit contributions by calling on the inhabitants of London. Two of these gentlemen went to a small house in an impoverished neighborhood; for the pence of the poor were solicited as well as the pounds of the rich. The door was open, and as they drew nigh, they overheard an old man scolding his female servant for having thrown away a match, only one end of which had been used. Although so trivial a matter, the master appeared to be so much enraged, and the collectors remained some time outside the door before the old man had finished his angry lecture. When the tones of his voice were somewhat subdued, they entered, and, presenting themselves to this strict observer of frugality and saving, explained the object of their application; but they did not anticipate much success. The miser, however, for such he was reputed in the neighborhood, no sooner understood their object, than he opened a closet, and bringing forth a well-filled bag, counted therefrom four hundred guineas, which he presented to the astonished applicants. They expressed their surprise and thankfulness, and could not refrain from telling the old gentleman that they had overheard his quarrel with his domestic, and how little they expected, in consequence, to have met with such munificence from him. "Gentlemen," replied the old man "your surprise is occasioned by my care of a thing of such little consequence; but I keep my house, and save my money in my own way; my parsimony enables me to bestow more liberally on charity. With regard to benevolent donations, you may always expect most from prudent people who keep their own accounts, and who pay attention to trifles."

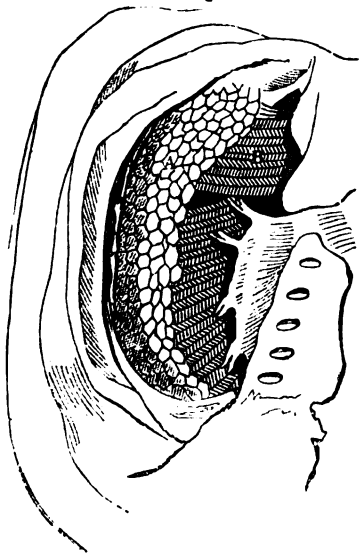
Vandille is one of the most remarkable characters, as a miser, that is to be found among the eccentric biographies of France. His riches were immense, and his avarice and parsimony extreme. He hired a miserable garret in one of the most obscure parts of Paris, and paid a poor woman a sou a day to wait upon him. Excepting once a week, his diet was never varied; bread and milk for breakfast; the same for dinner, and the same for supper, all the week round. On a Sunday he ventured to indulge in a glass of sour wine, and he strove to satisfy the compunctions of conscience by bestowing in charity a farthing every sabbath. This munificence, which incurred an expenditure of one shilling and a penny per annum, he carefully noted down; and just before his death he found, with some degree of regret, that during his life he had disbursed no less than forty-three shillings and fourpence! Forty-three shillings and fourpence! prodigious generosity for the richest man in France! Vandille had been a magistrate at Boulogne, and while in that office he partly maintained himself free of cost, by constituting himself milk-taster general at the market. He would munch his scrap of bread, and wash it down with these gratuitous draughts. By such parsimonious artifices, and a most penurious course of life, he succeeded in amassing an enormous fortune, and was in a position to lend vast sums of money to the French Government. When he had occasion to journey from Boulogne to Paris, he avoided the expense of coach fare by proceeding on foot; and lest he should be robbed, he never carried more than threepence in his pocket, although he had a distance of a hundred and thirty miles before him. If he found this sum insufficient, he would profess poverty, and beg from the passers on the road a trifle to help him on. In the year 1735, Vandille, the miser, was estimated to be worth nearly four million dollars! He used to boast that this vast accumulation sprang from a single shilling. The winter of the year 1734 had been very cold and bitter, and the miser felt inclined to purchase a little extra fuel in the summer time, to provide, to some extent, against the like

severity in the ensuing winter. He heard a man pass the street with wood to sell. He haggled for an unconscionable time about the price, and at last completed his bargain at the lowest possible rate. Avarice had made the miser dishonest, and he stole from the poor woodman several logs. In his eagerness to carry them away, and hide his ill-gotten store, he over-heated his blood, and produced a fever. For the first time in his life he sent for a surgeon. "I wish to be bled," said he; "what is your charge?" "Half a livre," was the reply. The demand was deemed extortionate, and the surgeon was dismissed. He then sent for an apothecary, but he was also considered too high; and he at last sent for a poor barber, who agreed to open the vein for threepence a time. "But, friend," said the cautious miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed me?" "Three times," replied the barber. "Three times! and pray, what quantity of blood do you intend to take from me at each operation?" "About eight ounces each time," was the answer. "Let me see," said the possessor of three quarters of a million, "that will be ninepence; too much! too much! I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole twenty-four ounces at once, and that will save me sixpence." The barber remonstrated, but the miser was firm; he was certain, he said, that the barber was only desirous to extort an extra sixpence, and he would not submit to such scandalous imposition. His vein was opened, and four-and-twenty ounces of blood were taken from him. In a few days Vandille, the miser, was no more. The savings of his life, the wages of his vice and avarice, he left to the King of France.

A similar anecdote is related of Sir William Smith, of Bedfordshire. He was immensely rich, but most parsimonious in his habits. At seventy years of age, he was deprived of his sight, unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold. This was a terrible affliction. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched; who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles, during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum; he felt no joy as others would have felt, but grieved and sighed over the loss of his sixty guineas! His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist; he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes were continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas instead of sixty. Yet Sir William was an old bachelor, and had no one to care or provide for. At the time Taylor attended him, he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in the stocks, and thirty thousand dollars in the house.

A miser of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth, by the most sordid parsimony, and the most discreditable extortion, was requested by the Government to advance a sum of money, as a loan. The miser, to whom a fair interest was not inducement sufficiently strong to enable him to part with his treasured gold, declared his incapacity to meet this demand; he pleaded severe losses and the utmost poverty. Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the Government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they attempt to institute a search to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his plea. With great care and secrecy he dug a deep cave in his cellar; to this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trapdoor he attached a spring lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By-and-by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made; the house was searched; woods were explored, and the ponds were dragged, but no Foscue could they find; and gossips began to conclude that the miser had fled with his gold to some part where, by living incognito, he could be free from the hands of the Government. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily engaged in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. They drew back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp was reflected was the ghastly body of Foscue the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold, and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of Mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion!

The Torpedo.



ELECTRICAL ORGAN OF THE TORPEDO.

A, Transverse section, slightly oblique: B, Position of prisms, or seat of electricity.

Among the living wonders of the deep we may reckon the torpedo. Long before our scientific men knew anything about electricity, this marvellous fish kept up an electric battery ready charged on his own account, making the very best possible use of it for his own particular purposes. With a circular body, a soft, smooth, yellowish colored skin, liberally spotted with dark marks, with small eyes and a tapering tail, the torpedo, to all appearance, was as quiet and inoffensive—nay, defenceless—fish as any that ever floated in the waters. But appearances are not always to be relied upon; for supposing that some pearl-diver happened to touch it, supposing that some brother fish approached too near, the passive swimmer exhibited his power at once, and gave them both a shock—a shock that stunned the fish completely; and the pearl-diver experienced a sensation easier imagined than described—a sort of internal trembling followed by a painful numbness. Galen affirmed that the meat of the torpedo was of excellent service dietetically to epileptic patients; that the shock of the living fish, applied to the head, was efficacious in removing any pain in that part of the body; it was supposed to deprive trees of their verdure; that rocks were incapable of resisting its power; that with its subtle potency it was the terror of the vasty deep, and was in ancient times confounded again and again with other fishes of the ray kind.

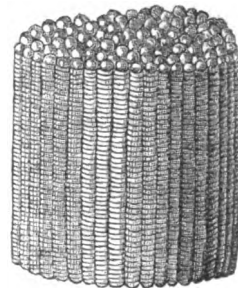
When we touch with the hand a living torpedo, upon certain parts and in particular states, we receive a shock similar to that produced by the Leyden jar—in proportion to the vitality of the fish, the shock is more or less violent: it is felt in the joints of the finger, the wrist, the elbow, and in the shoulder. If the creature is full of life, and has just been taken from the sea, the succeeding discharges of electricity are very strong and rapid, and are received whatever part of the body may be touched. It is affirmed that those who touch it with the foot, are seized with as strong a palpitation as those who touch it with the hand. The numbness produced bears no resemblance to that which we feel when a nerve is a long time pressed, and the foot is said to be asleep—the pain is real, and the person struck imagines that the bones of the limb receiving the blow, are driven out of joint. This is accompanied by tremor and sickness. The powers of the animal, however,

decline with its vigor; for as its strength decreases the force of the shock diminishes, till at last, when the fish is dead, the whole power is destroyed, and it may be handled with perfect security. It is evident from the researches of scientific men that the torpedo, the gymnotus, and other fishes of the same kind, possess the power of generating electricity, and employing that electric fluid at their will, either for offence or defence. Davy, Volta, Galvani, Hunter, Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, Gay Lussac, Humboldt, and others, have all in turn studied this electrical phenomenon in its nature and effects. It is now clearly established that the torpedo exercises complete control over the marvellous power which it possesses, and that it is not necessarily, but by an effort, that the torpedo exerts that power. The fish is sometimes perfectly harmless, but on being excited, discharges electricity.

There is found to exist in the torpedo, at each side of the mouth and respiratory channels, an organ, half-moon shaped, composed of a number of prisms, arranged parallel with each other, and perpendicular to the ground. More than eleven hundred of these prisms have been counted in a single organ of a torpedo not more than a yard long. These prisms, which are longer in the middle than they are at the extremities, give to this organ a thickness greater in the middle than at the sides. Careful anatomical investigation of this most curious and interesting organ, has been made, and from this it appears that the electricity is produced in the brain, under the guidance of the will; that it is conveyed from thence to the nerves, in the principal organ, where it charges the small pile, and the effect is analogous to the result of any part of the body being brought into contact with a good conductor, strongly charged with electricity, for which it is sufficient to touch only one of the surfaces of the electrical organ to receive a shock; it would not be thus if the little piles which compose the electrical organ resembled the voltaic pile; in that case it would be necessary to touch two surfaces in order to receive a shock.

Various causes considerably modify the electrical properties of the torpedo. Their power depends very materially on the temperature of the ocean and on that of the atmosphere. When the tor-

pedo has been excited for any length of time, the skin of the head and of the lower part of the body loses its yellowish-white color, and turns to a very marked red. Torpedos are found in the Mediterranean, and on the shores of the ocean, but they suffer very much in being transported from one place to another, and are thereby rendered unfit for experiment. The researches of Breschet and Bequerel were made at Venice, where the fish are to be easily obtained. From the experiments made by these gentlemen many curious and interesting results have been obtained, especially with regard to the electrical powers of the animal.

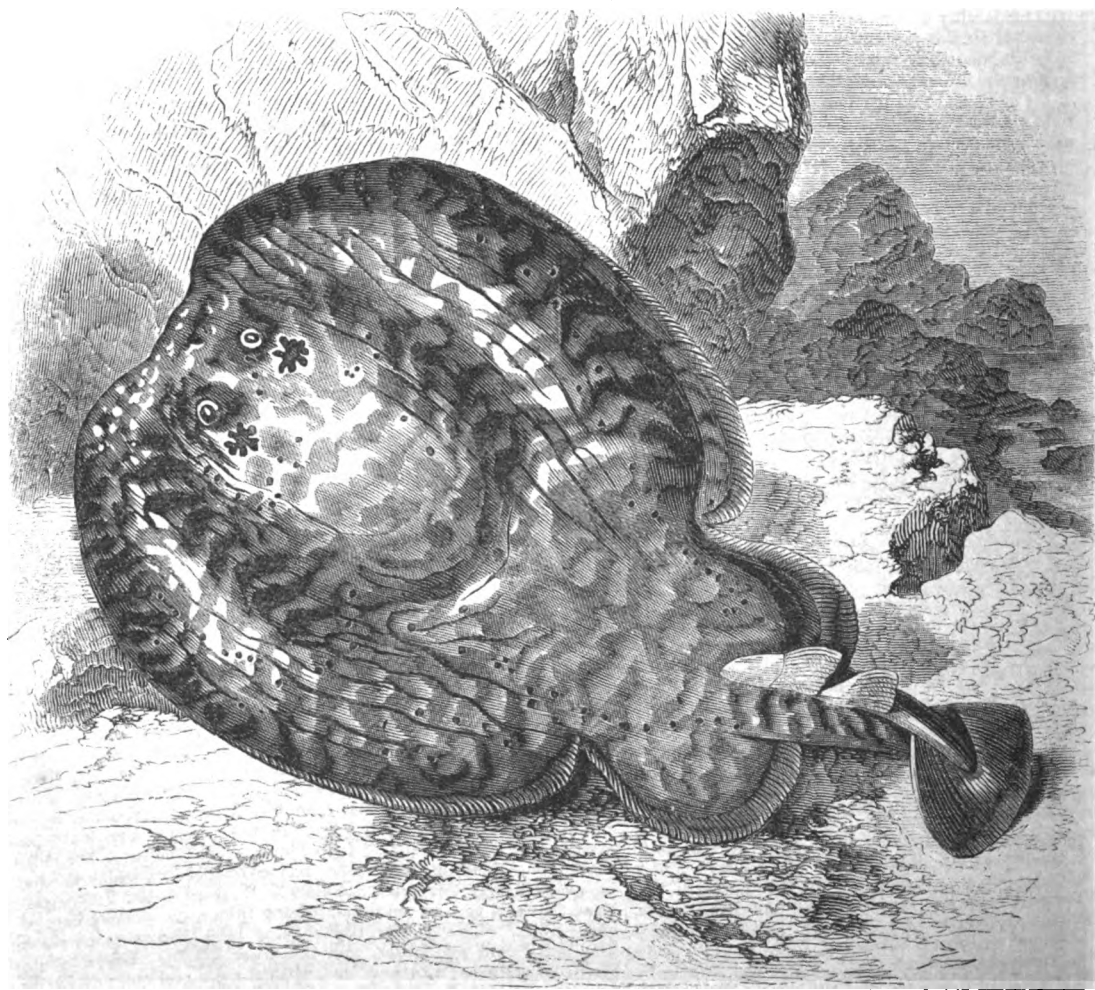


PERPENDICULAR SECTION OF PRISMS.

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

AN HUMBLE HOME.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

It is observed that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others.



THE TORPEDO.



LEILA OR THE STAR OF MINGRELIA.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 363, vol. III.)

CHAPTER XXII.

TARKHANA.

Though the name of Ayesha might be regarded as purely a Mussulman one, yet it had found prevalence amongst the Christian population of the Caucasian districts; and, therefore, when borne by a Christian maiden coming from those regions to the imperial palace, it was looked upon as one which ought to receive a Moslem substitute. Hence the change of the Christian name of the Georgian widow's daughter for that of Tarkhana. We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to observe—though the matter has but slight reference to the present portion of our narrative—that the name of Leila was likewise in its origin purely Islamite; but that it had obtained favor and popularity amongst the Christians of the Caucasian provinces,—who, it may easily be supposed, were insensibly led on by the circumstance of having the Ottomans as their near neighbors, and several Mussulman tribes in their very midst, to borrow names as well as customs from those with whom they were brought into such contact.

Tarkhana, as we have already said, was about twenty-one years of age, and of a superb as well as imposing beauty. The Georgian widow had been led astray by no maternal prejudice when she had depicted her lost daughter's charms in such strong terms to Leila Dizila; the young Sultana did indeed well merit all that eulogy. She was tall, and of a very fine figure—slightly inclined to *embonpoint*—yet without having lost any of that justness of proportion which is indispensable for a perfect symmetry. Here eyes were large and dark: the masses of her raven hair shone with a glossy glory that was all their own; and though her complexion was pale, it gave not an air of insipidity to the countenance—nor was it of that inanimate coldness which characterized the Sultana-Valida. She had caught a certain amount of the dignified stateliness which belonged to her rank and position as Sultana in the imperial harem: but still she could easily fall back upon that natural affability and ingenuous cordiality which marked her manners and address when she was the comparatively obscure Georgian maiden in her own native clime. A close observer might notice that though the general expression of her countenance was that of a serene composure, it was

not so much the reflection of calm and unalloyed contentment in the heart, as the resignation of a strong mind accepting a destiny against which there is no appeal, and from which there is no hope of change.

The Star of Mingrelia hastened forward to receive Tarkhana as she entered the room; and she would have sunk at her feet—in gratitude and joy for this visit, rather than in abnegation of her own dignity as a Sovereign-Princess—had not the Sultana prevented her from assuming that suppliant posture. Taking her by the hand, and drawing her to her bosom, Tarkhana said in a voice that was low and tremulous with emotions, "Let me embrace you, beautiful Leila: for I learn that you bring me tidings from those who are ever dear to me; and as the friend of my mother and my sisters, you must be regarded as my friend likewise!"

The Princess of Mingrelia was rejoiced and elate with hope, though at the same time her tenderest sympathies were moved, at being thus so kindly and affectionately treated by Tarkhana.

"Your mother and sisters are all well," Leila hastened to say; for she knew that the Sultana must be anxiously impatient to receive the promised tidings.

"Allah be thanked!" murmured Tarkhana, in a low deep voice of the most fervid devotion: for if in her heart she had not abjured the Christian creed in which she was brought up, she at least, of necessity, adopted the Moslem forms of religious expression within the walls of the imperial palace.

Leila Dizila now conducted Tarkhana to a seat, placing herself by her side. The young slaves stood at a respectful distance, appearing not to notice whatsoever passed between the two ladies. Leila would have signalled them to quit the room; but she knew not whether this would be a breach of the usage or the etiquette maintained within the precincts of the harem. Tarkhana, however, understood by Leila's looks what passing in her mind in this respect; and she said to the girls, "You may retire until summoned again to our presence."

The two slaves accordingly withdrew into the outer room, or ante-chamber: the Sultana and the Princess were now alone together.

"Tell me," said Tarkhana, hastily passing her kerchief across her eyes,—"tell me, beauteous Leila, how do my mother and sisters bear up against their bereavement?"

"I should be deceiving your Highness," answered the Princess of Mingrelia, "if I were not to admit that they feel it deeply. It was from your mother's lips that I heard the sad tale. Travelling through the district where she dwells, I received her hospitality for a night; and she gave me the details of

your cruel abduction. But I feel convinced that if she could receive tidings of you—if she could learn that you are not altogether unhappy, but that you have become resigned to your destiny—she also would become resigned!—or at least the poignancy of her affliction would be much mitigated. The same too with your sisters—who, however, feel your loss much less than does your mother, because they are young—youth itself is cheerfulness—and moreover a kind maternal precaution forbids the mention of the name of Ayesha in their presence."

Tarkhana wept while Leila was speaking; and for nearly a minute after the Princess had ceased there was a complete silence.

"If I dared," Tarkhana at length said in a low and scarcely audible voice,—"if my duty towards my imperial master—the father of my child—permitted, I would ask after the welfare of one—but only as a friend—for a more tender sentiment than mere friendship I can no longer feel—I am incapable of proving faithless to the august Sovereign who has established every claim upon my devotion! Yet in respect to that one—"

"That one to whom you allude," softly responded Leila—for she knew that Tarkhana was speaking of the young Georgian farmer who had loved her—"feels your loss likewise! I would no more deceive you in respect to his sentiments than with regard to those of your mother and sisters."

Again there was a long interval of silence, during which Tarkhana reflected with profound pensiveness; and then she said,—"If I could but convey one single message to those who are thus interested in me—if I could but transmit to them the assurance that, if not happy, I am yet resigned to my lot—if I could but thus prove that I have never failed to think of those who are so dear to me—it relieve my mind of an immense burden! But here, within these walls, I may summon a hundred slaves around me—I may command the choicest gems to be purchased for the embellishment of my person—I may revel in all luxuries: but if I were to implore that the services of one poor solitary messenger might be allowed to bear a single cheering word to my beloved relatives in their far-off home, the boon would be denied me!"

"Highness," said Leila, looking with earnest significance in Tarkhana's countenance, "were I emancipated from this odious thralldom—freed from this hideous position—I would myself undertake to become your messenger to that far-off Georgian home from which you were torn away!"

Tarkhana gazed upon Leila with mingled interest, compassion, and astonishment; and she said,—"Is it possible that you also are suffering as I have suffered?"

"Yes," replied Leila: "and the same villain—Mustapha Yakoub—who forcibly stole you away, is the author of my calamity! Vainly have I appealed to the Sultana-Valida—"

"Ah! no wonder that it was in vain!" said Tarkhana, with boundless sympathy in her looks; "for you are eminently beautiful, Leila!—and the Sultana-Valida will be proud and rejoiced when the moment comes at the close of the Ramazan to present you to her son, the Sultan!"

"There was a moment," continued Leila, "when the Sultana-Valida was moved on my behalf—until she became prejudiced against me by a horribly insidious and malignant report that was wafted to her ears. In a word, they say that I am mad—that in mere conceit and vanity I believe myself to be the Princess Leila of Mingrelia: and yet, as there is a heaven above us—as there is an attesting Divinity to hear the words I utter—I am truly and veritably that most unfortunate Princess!"

"Just Allah! is this possible?" exclaimed Tarkhana. "Yet, it must be! There is sincerity in your looks—there is truth in your words! And, besides, this matchless beauty can be possessed only by Leila the Star! O unfortunate Princess!" continued Tarkhana, again pressing our heroine to her bosom, "how has this calamity befallen you?—and how can I possibly serve you?"

The Star of Mingrelia gave to Tarkhana those same hasty explanations which she had previously given to the Sultana-Valida,—how urgent and secret business had summoned her from Kutais to Tiflis—how she had journeyed in the strictest privacy—and how a base treachery had thrown her as a slave amongst Mustapha Yakoub's bevy of damsels. Her Highness listened with the deepest interest, as well as with the fullest credence to the tale that was thus told her: and her countenance continued mournfully serious and sorrowfully pensive when our heroine had finished.

"In those matters, dear Princess, which so intimately regarded myself and my own tenderest feelings," she said, "you ere now exhibited the most candid sincerity; and it is my turn to deal similarly with you. It were vain and useless to hope for aught favorable from an appeal to the Sultan. He is good and amiable, just and generous: but he is as much a slave to the silken chains of usage and etiquette, as any slave in his dominions is bound indissolubly to the iron trammels of a viler servitude. The Sultan dares not reject, nor emancipate, nor show mercy unto the damsel selected by his illustrious mother as the favorite of the Ramazan! For myself, it were useless to plead your cause in the presence of his Imperial Majesty. A suspicion that I was impelled by jealousy, or envy, would at once evoke from the imperial lips a command to be silent. Besides, while the Ramazan lasts, the Sultan is forbidden access to his harem; and on no ground nor pretext could I obtain an interview with him. As easy were it for you, Princess, to go forth from within these walls, as for me to entertain the hope of performing any of those impossibilities. As for escape, beautiful Leila," added the Sultana, with a mournful shake of her head, "do not—do not for an instant yield to an idea which can only result in the bitterest disappointment!"

The Star of Mingrelia became deeply dejected on hearing the Sultana thus speak: the hope which she had entertained—almost the last hope—had died away within her: for what reliance could she now place on the ability of the obscure and humble Thekla, out of doors, to succour her, since the powerful and influential Sultana, within the walls of the palace, was utterly unable to hold out a single cheering prospect? The tears traced their pearly path adown the cheeks of the unfortunate Princess; and the amiable kind-hearted Tarkhana wept with her in sympathy.

"Rest assured, dear Leila," she said, "that I would incur no ordinary risk and make many sacrifices to be enabled to render you a service. But I have explained how powerless to that end I am, and how feeble we both are in the presence of the colossal evil which menaces you. Oh! if there were any means—"

At this moment the door communicating with the ante-chamber opened; and the young Greek slave glided noiselessly into the apartment. Making a low obeisance before the two ladies, she said, addressing herself to Leila, "The Kislara-Aga craves an audience."

"Let him enter," said Tarkhana, instantaneously replying for Leila; and as the young slave withdrew, she whisperingly added, "Let us see what this high functionary wants; for every circumstance now becomes of the utmost importance to you, my dear friend."

The Kislara-Aga entered and on perceiving the

Sultana, he made her a much lower obeisance than that which he immediately afterwards paid to Leila.

"Speak," said Tarkhana: for without this permission he dared not open his lips in the presence of one of her rank.

"Lady," began the Kislara-Aga, addressing himself to Leila, "a young woman who was your slave in your own country, has found her way to Constantinople; and she solicits permission to attend upon you as was her wont."

"Ah!" exclaimed Leila, her countenance lighting up with a sudden gleam of pleasure as she thought of the faithful Zaida and Emina, and naturally concluded that the present applicant might be one of those damsels. "What name did she give? But no matter! Admit her at once!"

"Softly, my dear Leila!" whispered Tarkhana, who knew more of the rules and regulations of the imperial harem than did our inexperienced heroine: "the girl cannot be admitted so easily. But this incident may perhaps be important. Let the Kislara-Aga speak."

The sable functionary was respectfully standing at too great a distance to catch the words which the Sultana thus whispered in Leila's ears; and her Imperial Highness desired him to continue.

"The female to whom I am alluding," he said, still addressing himself to Leila, "appears most anxious, lady, to be attached to your person. This being a message which is not inconsistent with my duty to be delivered, I promised her that I would ascertain your pleasure upon the point. I comprehend from your looks and words that it will be gratifying to you to have this former dependant of your's to minister unto you again. But in that case it will be necessary that the consent of the Sultana-Valida be previously sought."

"I will myself undertake that task," said Tarkhana. "I will go forthwith to the apartments of her Imperial Highness"—and then, in a whisper to Leila, she added, "I will soon return."

The young Sultana thereupon issued from the room, followed by the Kislara-Aga; and Leila was now alone. She thought to herself that if either Zaida or Emina were permitted to approach her, she should at least feel less friendless than she had hitherto done since her forced abduction from Tiflis: she should also receive tidings of Mansour and Aladyn; and she even indulged in a faint hope that since her fate had been discovered, some means might at that moment be in contemplation for her rescue and deliverance. Oh! it is so necessary for the human heart to cling to hope, even when the darkest clouds of despair are gathering in around it!

The absence of Tarkhana lasted for about a quarter of an hour; and when she returned to Leila's apartment, the expression of her countenance at once showed the Princess that she had succeeded in her aim.

"It was with little or no difficulty," said the kind hearted lady, "that I obtained the consent of the Sultana-Valida to that which is indeed after all so slight and simple a request. But her Imperial Highness stipulated for the usual condition—namely, that this faithful slave who seeks to follow your fortunes must remain during your lifetime"—and here Tarkhana spoke softly and hesitatingly—"within the walls of the imperial harem. This is the usage, inasmuch as it never permitted for any one to go forth who may communicate with the families of those that have once found their way within the walls of the palace to become the favorites of the Sultan."

"Oh! it is a frightful condition to impose upon either of those devoted girls!" exclaimed Leila, her thoughts again settling upon Zaida and Emina.

"And yet," added Tarkhana, "that same devotion which has led the faithful slave to follow you all the way from Tiflis, will doubtless now prompt her to give a ready assent to this stipulation. At all events we shall know the result in a few minutes; for the Kislara-Aga has gone, in obedience to the Sultana-Valida's command, to explain to the damsel the terms on which her desire may be gratified."

Scarcely had Tarkhana finished speaking, when the sable functionary himself re-entered the apartment; and after the usual obeisances, he said to Leila, "The slave has accepted the terms proposed her, and she is waiting in the ante-chamber for permission to appear in your presence."

"I will leave you now, my dear Leila," said Tarkhana; "for you will doubtless have much to hear from the lips of the faithful girl who is thus seeking you. To-morrow evening—when the Sultan's barge shoots forth from Seraglio Point upon the bosom of the Bosphorus—I will visit you again."

The young Sultana then embraced Leila and retired, followed by the Kislara-Aga. Leila rose with anxious suspense from her seat to await the coming

of the devoted damsel who had thus sacrificed all her own personal interests and prospects for the sake of a beloved mistress. At least so Leila thought: and she was wondering whether it was Zaida or Emina whom she was prepared to fold in her arms, when the door opened and a stranger made her appearance.

Leila's heart suddenly sank within her, for she thought that there must be some mistake. But the very next moment her feelings changed again—hope sprang up in her bosom, as a reminiscence flashed to her mind. She recollected the tall, deeply veiled, swarthy complexioned female whom she had seen with Thekla on board the ship; and though she had not then obtained the slightest glimpse of that dusky stranger's countenance, yet she felt persuaded—or at least hoped that it was the same person who now appeared before her.

The door had closed behind the entering female; she and Leila were alone together. As that female advanced with an air of the profoundest respect, Leila's eyes took a rapid survey of her person. She was handsomely dressed, in a manner becoming a superior kind of slave belonging to a lady of distinction; and her complexion was of a swarthiness between that of the Hindoo and the Ethiopian. It had not the admixture of the olive tint which characterizes the skin of the former; nor was it of the sable darkness which belongs to the latter. It may be better described as a deep dusky complexion—the deepest that is known amongst the gipsy or Spanish races. Nor had she anything of Ethiopian peculiarity in her features. On the contrary she was exceedingly handsome; her profile was regular, her raven hair shone with a natural gloss, her large black eyes flashed brilliantly from beneath their ebony fringes. Her form was finely developed and richly sculptured; her lips were of the reddest hue; and her teeth, naturally white, derived an additional brilliancy from the contrast formed by her swarthy complexion. Leila was too little accustomed to behold dark beauties of this description to be enabled to form an accurate idea of her age; but so far as she could conjecture, her years were perhaps three or four in advance of her own.

Slowly did the swarthy female advance towards the Princess of Mingrelia, who, as we have said, had risen from her seat in the hope of embracing either Zaida or Emina. On reaching a proper distance, the self-constituted slave sank upon her knees, and remained with her arms crossed over her bosom and her head bowed down.

"Rise," said Leila, "and tell me who you are."

"I answer, lady," replied the slave, "to the name of Klodissa;"—and her voice was low and harmonious, though it had something peculiar in its accents.

"And how comes it, Klodissa," asked the Princess, forcing her to rise from her kneeling posture, "that you have thus sacrificed yourself on my behalf? There is some deep meaning in this! Speak frankly, I conjure you!—relieve me from the tortures of suspense!"

Klodissa glanced towards the door—then she sent her quick bright looks sweeping round the room, evidently to assure her that she was entirely alone with the Princess; and in the faintest whisper she said, "It is Thekla who has sent me hither!"

Although Leila was more or less prepared for this announcement, yet on finding that her hope was realized, so sudden a thrill of joy swept through her heart that it almost overpowered her. But quickly obeying an impulse of the most fervid gratitude, she threw her arms about Klodissa's neck and embraced her warmly.

"Oh, then I am not altogether friendless nor without a hope!" she tremulously but exultingly murmured. "Oh, give me the assurance that my case is not so desperate as to be beyond the possibility of deliverance!"

"Yes, lady," answered Klodissa, but in the same low, cautious, whispering tone as before, "there is every reason to hope that you may be emancipated from this odious thralldom!"

Leila flung a look of indescribable joy and gratitude upon the swarthy but animated countenance of the slave; and then, sinking upon her knees, she buried her face in her hands, and in silence she offered up her devout thanksgivings to that heaven in which she had trusted as the last asylum of hope, and which had not abandoned her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KLODISSA.

On rising from her knees, Leila motioned Klodissa to take a seat by her side upon the divan; for her generous and grateful heart could not think of treating as a slave the female who had come as a friend.

But Klodissa said, "Pardon me, lady, if I maintain the distance which best suits a humble being, as I am, in the presence of a Sovereign Princess. Your rank is known to me; and even if I did not entertain a becoming sense of the respect which is due to it, motives of policy and prudence would at least induce me to maintain the semblance of that menial condition which has already served me so well as a pretext to obtain access hither."

"Be it as you will, Klodissa," responded Leila; "but rest assured of my eternal gratitude. Whether you be indeed able to accomplish my deliverance—or whether, in case of failure, you be henceforth doomed to share this gilded imprisonment with me—that gratitude of mine shall ever be testified to the best of my ability. But tell me—tell me quickly, Klodissa, what hope is there?"

"The project which Thekla has devised," responded the slave, "and which I am here to execute—if it meet with your approbation—"

"Oh! can you doubt that I shall approve of it?" exclaimed Leila; "for the encountering of any peril—the daring of any risk, were preferable to a complete self-abandonment to the odious fate that would be otherwise in store for me! And you may the better understand what my feelings on the subject are, when I assure you, Klodissa, that I would sooner perish as a suicide—appalling though that crime be, and monstrous as the announcement may sound from the lips of one who has just knelt in prayer—yet would I sooner rush into the arms of death itself than become the victim of a hideous moral immolation!"

A singular expression for an instant wavered over the lips of Klodissa; but it passed away so rapidly that Leila fancied the reflection of the light must have deceived her eyes; and the slave hastened to observe, "The project which Thekla has devised, and which I am here to execute, cannot be explained in a few moments. Neither can it be entered upon immediately. Let us defer the subject, gracious Princess—for I have intelligence of an important, yet distressing character to impart."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Leila, with looks and accents of affright, "what mean you?"

"Prepare yourself, Princess," continued Klodissa, "for a terrible announcement! The worthy Mansour—your friend—"

"Oh! what of him?" demanded the anxious Leila. "Has any evil overtaken that venerable—that good—that kind-hearted old man?"

"Princess," answered Klodissa, with the deepest mournfulness, "the worthy Mansour is no more—he has ceased to exist—he has been foully murdered!"

Anguish seized upon the countenance of Leila—consternation fastened itself upon her brain; and in speechless horror did she gaze upon Klodissa.

"Alas, it is but too true!" proceeded the latter; "and the perfidious youth Tunar has been arrested as the author of the crime."

"Oh, that I had proclaimed to the venerable Mansour," cried Leila, bitterly, "the suspicions which had been hanging in my mind in reference to Tunar!"—and then the Princess, covering her face with her hands, wept piteously.

"There can be no doubt," continued Klodissa, "that Tunar was the author of that fearful crime. He was detected and captured by the young Turkish gentleman, Aladyn Bey; and it is presumed that the murderer must have been implicated in the cause of your disappearance. Thekla by some means discovered that you had fallen into the power of Mustapha Yakoub, and without loss of time she quitted Tiflis, taking me with her, in order to follow you to Constantinople. But first of all she despatched a note to Aladyn Bey, to acquaint him with the treachery of which you were the victim, and the calamity which had befallen you. Signor Aladyn was not at the residence of the murdered merchant when Thekla's messenger left the billet; he had gone forth in search of your Highness. Doubtless, however, he returned to that mansion after his fruitless search; he would there have found the billet; and if he should come to Constantinople, he will know where Thekla is residing."

"Oh, you have become the bearer of frightful and afflicting intelligence!" exclaimed Leila; "and my heart is well nigh riven in twain at the thought of the worthy Mansour's death! But Tunar—"

"He was already in custody when Thekla and I left Tiflis," interjected Klodissa. "We tarried not to learn many particulars of that foul deed of assassination; the wise-woman was all anxiety to render prompt assistance to your Highness; for she comprehended full well for what purpose Mustapha Yakoub had obtained possession of you. All therefore that I can tell your Highness relative to the crime, is that Mansour was discovered a corpse in

the garden—that Tunar was arrested upon the spot—but that it was not until some time afterwards your disappearance was ascertained. Might I be bold enough to solicit an explanation of the circumstances under which your Highness was carried off?"

"I sank into slumber in my own chamber at the lamented Mansour's dwelling," replied Leila; "and when I awoke I found myself in an *araba*, journeying rapidly through the night air. Some stupefying drug must have been administered to me—or else some powerful soporific essence must have been applied to my nostrils while I slept; for my mind remained a perfect blank during the interval that my removal took place. I have however learnt that Tunar was the author of the treachery—in which he must have had two accomplices; for these were the men that surrendered me up to Mustapha Yakoub—and who, to give a color to the proceeding, passed themselves off as my brothers."

Leila was again about to question Klodissa relative to the project which had been devised by Thekla for her deliverance, when the two young slaves entered, bearing trays containing a variety of refreshments. The evening guns had long since proclaimed to the citizens of Constantinople that the hour had arrived when they might break their fast; but the Star of Mingrelia had been so occupied in her interview with Tarkhana, and in her discourse with Klodissa, that she had taken no thought of any less important subject. Yet in pursuance of the invariable custom observed within the walls of Mussulman habitations, she had not partaken of food since an early hour in the morning; and the slaves now considered that as it was much past the setting of the sun, their mistress must need refreshment. It was absolutely necessary to keep up appearances before those girls, so as to prevent them from suspecting that there was any particular understanding between herself and Klodissa. Of this too Leila was reminded by a significant look flung upon her by the swarthy slave's large black eyes—a look which was however unperceived by the Greek and Wallachian girls.

The Star of Mingrelia avoided as much as possible the betrayal of those feelings which were now agitating within her—her affliction for the death of Mansour—the hope which Klodissa's presence inspired in her bosom—the pleasure that she experienced at the idea of being so much an object of interest on the part of her handsome young cousin—and her dread lest circumstances should prove adverse and create an eternal separation between herself and him. Though really without the slightest appetite, she nevertheless forced herself for appearance' sake to partake of the refreshments set before her; and she could not now dismiss the two girls for fear lest it should seem as if she were over-anxious to find herself again alone with Klodissa. She found no further opportunity of discoursing confidentially with the swarthy slave during the remainder of the evening; and she retired to rest with all those conflicting feelings to which we have alluded agitating in her bosom.

On the following day, so soon as Leila could with prudence and propriety closet herself alone with Klodissa, she besought the swarthy slave to enlighten her in reference to the project which Thekla had formed for her deliverance. She was naturally anxious to ascertain the extent of the reliance which might be placed upon the hope that was fluttering in her heart.

"Your Highness said to me yesterday," responded Klodissa, "that you would sooner dare death itself than encounter the fate which, according to other circumstances, would be in store for you."

"I said so," responded Leila emphatically; "and I repeat the declaration now."

Again did that peculiar expression waver upon the lips of the dusky-complexioned slave; and this time Leila was convinced that it was no deception of her own eyesight—but that it was actually as she conceived it to be. A disagreeable sensation crept over her: an idea of treachery stole into her brain: her experiences, alas, had latterly been of a nature which were only too well calculated to render her thus susceptible of such an impression.

"You would dare death, Princess," said the slave fixing her lustrous eyes with a strange scrutinizing keenness upon Leila, "you would dare death rather than fulfil your part as the favorite of the Ramazan! Well then, gracious lady, it shall be as one dead that you must escape hence! The solemn circumstances of death must surround you; and as a corpse shall the favorite of the Ramazan be borne from the imperial palace, instead of being dragged to the couch of the Sultan!"

"Just heaven!" ejaculated Leila, starting up in horror and affright at these words so strange in their awful mystery—so appalling in their dread

and vague significancy: "what terrible language is this?"

"Do not be alarmed—do not excite yourself, beautiful Princess," said Klodissa: "you may perhaps think me capable of treachery—but judge me by my actions. What object could I have to retain by dealing traitorously with you? what purpose could Thekla have to accomplish! You have trusted the wise-woman before; you may trust her emissary now! There were suspicions of treachery lurking in your mind on that memorable night when Thekla besought you to follow her to the couch of the perished Myrrha, that you might proclaim your forgiveness of the deceased by the side of her cold corpse itself; and yet Thekla betrayed you into no danger! Will you not trust her now, through the medium of the humble but faithful slave who is at present addressing your Highness?"

"Oh! heaven knows," exclaimed Leila, terribly bewildered how to answer and how to act, "that alike from inclination and from the desperate position in which I am placed, I feel that I ought to put every confidence in yourself and in Thekla. But your words are replete with so fearful a mystery—and then too—forgive me if I wrong you—but there was something in your looks—"

"Ah! I comprehend!" ejaculated Klodissa, with a smile. "Your Highness spoke of daring death; and I was struck by the observation, inasmuch as there was a certain analogy between the thoughts that were passing in your brain, and the details of that very plan which Thekla has advised for your deliverance."

"Explain yourself!" ejaculated Leila, with feverish anxiety; "tell me your meaning! Why do you proceed thus cautiously?—why do you appear as if you were feeling the ground on which you tread, step by step?"

"Because, Princess," rejoined Klodissa, "the point to which I would arrive is not to be abruptly jumped at. Your mind is now prepared for the development of those views which Thekla has entertained and which are to be carried out through my agency. You know that the wise-woman is well acquainted with the nature of different drugs: she comprehends the uses of all the materials and elements of pharmacy. Here, lady, is a powder," continued Klodissa, producing a paper from her bosom, "a small portion of which being administered, will plunge the individual into a trance so dead and death-like that the cunningest physician would pronounce that the spirit has indeed fled for ever. And what is more, it imparts to the skin the marble coldness of death, though internally the vital functions be in no way destroyed—simply checked and arrested in their wonted play. Now your Highness understands the nature of Thekla's project; and it is for you to decide whether it shall be carried into execution."

Leila listened with mingled interest and consternation to a proposal that was alike strange and frightful. To tamper with the grave—to play as it were with death itself, appeared to her almost in the light of a crime: though when on the other hand she envisaged the hideous fate from which she was so anxious to escape, her scruples on the point began to diminish. Besides, had she not deliberately settled her mind on suicide rather than be dragged to the couch of the Sultan?—and would it not be a miserable affectation to hesitate at this mere semblance of death as a means of accomplishing her deliverance? The only reason for hesitation which remained in her mind, was the possibility of a treacherous intent. And yet, even if it were so, would it not be better to perish by the poison administered by the hand of unaccountable enmity, than to remain in that palace until the moment for the desperate alternative of suicide should arrive?

Klodissa comprehended much of what was passing in Leila's mind, even if she read not everything; and she said, "Princess, there is ample leisure for you to reflect and to decide. It is not until the evening of the day after to-morrow that the crisis of your fate will arrive. Then, on the eve of the close of the Ramazan—"

"Enough, enough!" said the Princess, shuddering to the uttermost confines of her being: "I understand you but too well!"

"Listen to me, Princess," continued Klodissa; "and hear the words to which your faithful slave has to give utterance. In case of any emergency that might arise—in case, for instance, that you plunged yourself by means of this powder into a trance-like sleep, and that the demand which I should make to convey you hence to be buried as a Christian lady in a Christian cemetery should be refused—and in case that it should be sought to inter you elsewhere—Thekla has provided me with a small phial, a few drops of whose contents poured

between the lips, would bring you back to life. Now take this phial, lady—and presently use it in respect to myself."

"What in the name of heaven, are you about to do, Klodissa?" demanded Leila in affright; for the swarthy slave had shaken a portion of the powder into a glass and had poured some water upon it.

"You shall see, Princess. Interrupt me not," responded Klodissa.

Leila now comprehended that the slave was about to swallow the potion and plunge herself into a death-like trance, from which she was to be revived by a few drops from the phial that she had placed in her heroine's hand.

"No!" exclaimed Leila: "I will not put you to this test! Suspicion on my part now becomes the blackest ingratitude. Forgive me, Klodissa!—pardon me on your own account as well as on Thekla's! I was wrong—I was ungenerous to suspect you!"

With these words, Leila seized the glass containing the potion, which she emptied into a large porcelain vase filled with flowers.

"Enough!" she exclaimed, when she had done this: "not another syllable of doubt or suspicion shall drop from my lips! You are my friend—Thekla is my friend—and I will be guided solely by your counsel! This evening," she added, firmly and deliberately, "I will take the drug through the medium of which my deliverance is to be effected."

Leila now passed into another room, where the two girls had remained during the time that their mistress was closeted with Klodissa; and throughout the hours which elapsed until the Sultan entered his barge at Seraglio Point in the evening, Leila never once wavered in her intention of taking the trance-producing narcotic.

True to her promise, the generous-souled Tarkhana revisited Leila in the evening; and when they were alone together, the Star of Mingrelia confided to her friend the whole particulars of the plan which had been devised for her deliverance. The young Sultana questioned Leila closely in respect to the amount of trust that might be reposed in Klodissa; but when she found that the Princess was full of confidence in the sincerity and good faith of Thekla's agent, she offered not a syllable of remonstrance. On the contrary, she cordially congratulated the Star of Mingrelia on the prospect of her emancipation from an abhorred lot; and she pointed out the way in which she herself could essentially further the success of the scheme when once the report should have spread through the palace that the favorite of the Ramazan had ceased to exist. As Leila Dizila and Tarkhana could hope to meet no more when once they parted now, the latter, with tearful eyes, charged the young Princess with many kind and affectionate messages for her mother and sisters in their far-off Georgian home, and our heroine, deeply affected, promised to deliver them faithfully. They then embraced with warmest fervor, and they separated."

The evening gun from the guard-ship on the waters of the Golden Horn, announced the close of that day's fast: the roar of the artillery from the land batteries of Constantinople re-echoed the sound, and the din went reverberating hither and thither amidst the hills of Thracia and of Anatolia. Then the two young slaves entered Leila's apartment, bearing trays covered with refreshments; and the Princess dismissed them on some pretext to her sleeping-chamber, in order that she might be alone with Klodissa.

"Now, my faithful friend, said the Star of Mingrelia, as she sat upon a velvet ottoman—and her voice was firm and her looks were collected—"mix me the potion. Give it me at once—let there be no delay! In the Sultana who visited me ere now, we shall find one who will materially assist the final accomplishment of our views."

Klodissa dropped a portion of the powder into the bottom of a goblet: and upon the drug she poured some iced sherbet from a porcelain vase which had been brought in with the other refreshments. She approached Leila and handed her the goblet. The Princess unhesitatingly raised it to her lips—silently commended herself to God—and swallowed the contents.

At the instant, she gave back the goblet into the hand of Klodissa. Leila's eyes chanced to alight upon the flowers in the very vase into which the potion which Klodissa had mixed, as if for herself, in the morning, had been emptied. All those flowers were withered.

Stricken with consternation, the Princess glanced rapidly at the other vases which embellished the room; and the flowers therein were all fresh and blooming!

A feeling as if of death was coming rapidly over

the Star of Mingrelia; horrible suspicions were shooting through her mind; and as she raised her eyes towards Klodissa's countenance, she beheld upon her lips the same singular expression which she had twice before noticed, and which now seemed to be most wickedly sinister.

"Great God!" murmured the unhappy Princess, "I am poisoned!" and she sank back, unconscious, upon the divan.

Within a few minutes afterwards the fearful report spread with wild-fire rapidly through the palace, that the favorite of the Ramazan had died suddenly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INDESCRIBABLE, indeed, was the extent of consternation and dismay which spread throughout the imperial palace, when the report circulated that the favorite of the Ramazan had expired suddenly. A shriek from the lips of Klodissa, instantaneously followed by lamentations indicative of the strongest anguish, alarmed the two young girls who were in Leila's sleeping chamber; and they rushed into the apartment where they had left their mistress with the swarthy slave. There they beheld Leila stretched, white, motionless, and inanimate, upon the divan—Klodissa kneeling by her side, giving way to those lamentations with every appearance of the wildest grief. The two girls were for a moment shocked and stupefied by what they beheld; and while they still remained transfixed with horror and dismay, Klodissa seemed to recover her self-possession. She flew to fetch a crystal vase filled with water; she sprinkled the limpid element upon Leila's countenance, and she bade the girl speed to fetch the Court physicians.

The Greek maiden hastened to the Kislar Aga, and then to the apartments of Tarkhana; while the Wallachian repaired with the afflicting intelligence to the Sultana-Valida. A few moments afterwards all those persons, accompanied by two imperial physicians, were gathered in Leila's apartment, where Klodissa was again giving way to affectionate lamentations. In the midst of the ejaculatory expressions which thus burst from her lips, were certain words which appeared to be flung out as if they were the results of recollections suddenly flashing in unto her mind; but at first every one was too much absorbed in the more important feature of the scene to pay any particular attention to Klodissa's exclamations. In respect to Tarkhana, however, we should notice that, inasmuch as she had been instructed in the secret of that which was to take place in reference to Leila, it was only a simulated grief on her part.

The two physicians bent over the form of Leila, feeling if there were the slightest beating of the pulse—and placing a small mirror before her lips to see if the least sign of breath dimmed its surface. And all the time the Sultana-Valida, the Kislar-Aga, the two young damsels and Tarkhana were looking earnestly on; while Klodissa, on her knees at a little distance, was continuing to give way to her lamentations. At length the physicians shook their heads with that ominous solemnity which forbade the entertainment of any hope, and which implied that all was over!

These two physicians were men well advanced in years, and were really possessed of great skill: but all their knowledge and experience were completely baffled by the present case. They exchanged with each other looks which mutually asked if either could divine the cause of this sudden death; and they perceived that they were both equally unable to hazard even so much as a conjecture upon the point—for there were no symptoms of poison—none of the usual indications pointing to any particular seat of fatal disease. They knew that they should be closely questioned upon the subject; and for their credit's sake they liked not the idea of being compelled to avow their supreme ignorance as to the cause of the maiden's death.

All of a sudden the elder of the two physicians caught something that was being ejaculated from the lips of Klodissa, and, advancing towards her, he said: "Rise young woman!—in the name of the Prophet, rise!—and tell me what mean lifese words you have just spoken!"

"Words?" repeated Klodissa, with an air of bewildered vacancy; and she rose from her kneeling position, as if startled from the midst of a hideous nightmare dream.

"Yes," responded the physician, fixing his eyes keenly upon Klodissa—on whom the attention of all the others present was now riveted; "I conjure you, in the name of the Prophet to speak! What meant the words you uttered when you just now proclaimed that Mustapha Yakoub had done it all?"

"Ah! Mustapha Yakoub!" said the Sultana-Valida: "that is the name of the slave-dealer from whom the unfortunate favorite was purchased."

"Illustrious Highness!" exclaimed Klodissa—throwing herself at the feet of the Sultana-Valida, "listen to my words, though they be but the words of a slave! My beloved mistress has been murdered by the wretch Mustapha Yakoub! He tore her away from her home—he stupefied her with a drug, the potent effects of which lasted for hours! The narcotic poison infused itself into her veins—and behold the result! Oh, it was that wretch who has done it all!"

Having thus spoken in wild ejaculations, as if with frenzied and vehement utterings, Klodissa bent down her head, and her face nearly touched the carpet as she knelt before the Sultana-Valida; and again giving vent to her lamentations, she cried—"Vengeance, illustrious Highness, on the murderer of my mistress!"

"Rise, woman—rise!" said the Sultana-Valida: "assuage this grief of yours—and fear not that the deplorable tragedy shall pass without due investigation."

Meanwhile the Kislar-Aga had drawn the Greek and Wallachian girls a little aside, and had questioned them relative to Klodissa. They assured the sable functionary that the swarthy slave could have entertained nothing but the most affectionate feelings for her deceased mistress, and that she was kind, amiable, and good natured towards themselves. The Kislar-Aga having received these assurances, hastened to whisper them to the ear of the Sultana-Valida.

"This young woman," said the elder physician, after exchanging a significant look with his colleague, "has doubtless, thrown a sudden light upon this awful mystery."

"Allah is great!" ejaculated the colleague, "and it is no longer a mystery."

"Am I to understand," inquired the Sultana-Valida, bending her looks upon both the physicians, "that your excellencies are of opinion, the unfortunate favorite of the Ramazan has perished from the effects of some narcotic of a powerful character?"

The two physicians were only too happy to seize upon such a solution of the difficulty in which but a few minutes back they had found themselves placed. They armed themselves with all their most solemn professional gravity—they again approached the inanimate form of Leila—they examined her countenance for upwards of a minute; and then they exchanged looks which appeared to be replete with an ominous sagacity.

"May it please your Imperial Highness," said the elder physician, "there can be no longer a doubt upon the subject. There are drugs which, if administered cautiously and in small proportions, prove to be mere narcotics, the effects of which pass away in due time. But these, if used by unskilful hands, may prove to be veritable poisons, the fatal effects of which may only develop themselves after a while. In this present case, the constitution was, no doubt, naturally too feeble to recover from the shock which it sustained from a powerful narcotic; the principles of life were undermined—the system was not vigorous enough to rid itself of the effects of the poison, and the unfortunate victim has sunk under it."

The physician was proceeding to enter upon a still more learned disquisition upon the point, when Tarkhana interposed; and addressing the Sultana-Valida, she said: "May it please your Imperial Highness, I am enabled to corroborate the statement of the swarthy slave Klodissa."

"Speak, Sultana," said the Sultan's mother.

"Availing myself of the privileges of the harem," continued Tarkhana, "I have visited the deceased favorite Leila; and the assurances which I received from her lips were fully to the same effect as those which Klodissa has ere now proclaimed. Last evening I saw Leila; and she made to me many complaints. This evening I saw her again—and she declared to me her conviction that she had not long to live."

"From everything I have heard, there can be no doubt upon the subject!" exclaimed the Sultana-Valida; then, turning to the Kislar-Aga, she added, "Hasten and bring that wretch Mustapha Yakoub to the palace."

The sable functionary made a low obeisance and retired. The physicians also withdrew—inwardly congratulating themselves that the tragic affair should have thus terminated, so far as they were concerned, without any detriment or injury to their own professional credit.

"I have now a boon to solicit of your Imperial Highness," said Tarkhana to the mother of the

Sultan. "Since I have been an inmate of the harem, I have received naught but kindness at your illustrious hands; and I feel convinced that I shall not now vainly supplicate for an additional favor."

"Speak Sultana," responded the mother of the Sultan—who, beneath her cold demeanor, not only possessed a heart that was naturally good, but whose vanity was flattered by any appeal to her power and authority for a boon which she might grant without deviation from any of the laws or rules by which the harem was governed.

"I have already informed your Imperial Highness," proceeded Tarkhana, "that on two occasions I visited the unfortunate perished lady; I have likewise stated that she entertained the sad presentiment of her death being near at hand. Under the influence of this mournful impression, she besought that if she should pass out of this life while still a Christian, and before having been called upon to accept the Moslem faith, she might receive Christian burial. This is the boon which on behalf of the deceased, I have to proffer to your Imperial Highness; and I would, moreover, solicit that the duty of superintending all the preliminary arrangements for these obsequies may be confided unto myself."

"Be it as you say, Tarkhana," responded the Sultana Valida; then turning towards Klodissa, she said, "Of your fidelity and attachment towards your deceased mistress, there can be no doubt. Exquisitely beautiful was she!—and pity 'twas that vanity and flattery had impaired her brain! But she is gone, and a treasure of loveliness is lost unto my august son! Fear not, Klodissa, that Mustapha Yakoub shall escape punishment, while your fidelity, on the other hand, shall be richly rewarded ere you leave the palace."

Klodissa knelt down and touched with her lips the small white hand which the Sultana-Valida presented to her. Her Imperial Highness then kissed Tarkhana upon the cheek; and having bent a last lingering, melancholy look upon the marble countenance of Leila, she issued from the apartment.

The Greek and Wallachian damsels retired to a distance, where they stood motionless as statues, in mournful attitudes; while Tarkhana seated herself on a footstool by the side of the sofa on which Leila lay. Klodissa knelt down, with her face towards the inanimate form of the Star of Mingrelia; and Tarkhana softly whispered, "Doubtless it was for vengeance' sake that you so skilfully threw the whole blame upon Mustapha Yakoub?"

"Yes, Sultana—for vengeance' sake!" responded Klodissa, likewise in low whispering accents;—"and the Princess will be avenged!"

"But did she crave this vengeance at your hands?" inquired Tarkhana, who from the first had been surprised at that which to her was a new phase in the whole proceeding; for Leila had not intimated to her that the same project which would give freedom to herself, would likewise bring down punishment upon the head of the slave-dealer.

"No, Highness," answered Klodissa; "the Princess of Mingrelia is too good, too kind, too amiable, too forgiving to have dreamed of vengeance. This was a portion of my plan which I did not explain to her, but which I nevertheless contemplated from the very first. There were two purposes to serve—namely, to avert all suspicion from myself, and to punish the wretch who has been the cause of inflicting so much misery upon this amiable Princess. And in both objects have I succeeded,—aided, as I found myself by the concealed ignorance of the physicians, and by the friendly corroborations furnished by your Highness to the Sultana Valida."

"Yes—a vengeance will now be wreaked!" said Tarkhana;—"and vengeance is sweet!" she added in a tone so low that it even escaped the ears of Klodissa.

The reader will not have forgotten that it was Mustapha Yakoub who upwards of two years previously had torn away Tarkhana from her home;—and naturally generous-hearted though this lady were, yet she had the feelings of a woman—and when she suddenly found an opportunity of avenging herself on Mustapha Yakoub, she had not hesitated to render it available. Thus was it that she so readily corroborated Klodissa's assurances in the presence of the Sultana Valida, and that she had suffered the whole blame of the seeming tragedy to alight upon the head of the slave-dealer.

But we must direct the attention of the reader to another apartment in the imperial palace. There—now closely veiled—the Sultana Valida sat upon a divan; and in a chair placed a little lower than her own elevated position, was a venerable man with a long white beard, and dressed in the robes of a

solemn office. This was the Kadasker, or Chief Judge of Constantinople. Several black slaves, with drawn sabres, stood like statues on either side of the dais on which the seats of the Sultana and the Judge were placed; and a profound silence prevailed. In a few minutes a door at the extremity of the large apartment opened: the Kislar-Aga and half a dozen other sable functionaries made their appearance, leading in the slave-dealer Mustapha Yakoub, his arms bound with cords. They conducted him up to within a distance of three or four yards of the Kadasker's seat; and the wretched man—only too well aware that something was wrong, but as yet uninformed of what it might be, for the report of Leila's death had not spread beyond the palace-walls—sank all pale and trembling upon his knees. Having made his obeisance, he rose—and stood, still quivering with nervous apprehension, before the Judge and the Sultana.

"We are about to question you, Mustapha Yakoub," said the Kadasker; "and beware how you deal in lies—for we have proofs and corroborations of many things."

"Allah is great—and your Excellency is a wise man!" responded the slave-dealer. "Who shall dare eat dirt by lying unto your Excellency?"

"You brought from Tiflis," continued the Kadasker, "a damsel whom you sold to become the favorite of the Ramazan."

"True, O Judge!" rejoined Mustapha. "But if this be an offence—"

"Silence, man of iniquity!" ejaculated the Kadasker. "Answer me. Did you administer, or cause to be administered, a potent narcotic drug unto that damsel of whom we are speaking?"

"As Allah is great, the truth shall be told!" responded the slave-dealer. "The girl was brought to me by her own brothers: she was then in a state of unconsciousness; I placed her in an *araba* and bore her away. Some time elapsed ere she returned to consciousness—"

"Base wretch!" exclaimed the Kadasker, "by your own words you are convicted! You received this damsel when laboring under the effect of a narcotic poison; and you dared bring her to the imperial palace. Know you not, O man of iniquity! the law upon the subject? that whosoever shall present before her Imperial Highness, the Sultana Valida, a maiden as a favorite for the Ramazan who possesses any bodily ailment, who has undergone recent illness, or who is of a known weakly constitution, shall be subjected to condign pains and penalties! And this law is imperiously necessary, to guard against the arrival of a sickly offspring to perpetuate the lineage of our august sovereign. Know, then, O man of iniquity! that the damsel whom in your avarice and perfidiously you sold with the usual guarantees of health, has expired under the influence of the narcotic poison which lingered in her system. Dare not laugh at our beard by words of denial; for you see that we know many things."

Mustapha Yakoub was stricken with terror and consternation at this announcement of Leila's death and at the threatening language which had been held out to him; for he saw how fearfully circumstances had combined to bring him within the meshes of the law. He stood transfixed with dismay and horror, for nearly a minute; and then falling upon his knees, he began to supplicate in the most piteous terms for mercy.

"Silence! man of iniquity!" exclaimed the Kadasker; "and listen to the sentence which I am about to pronounce. All your property is confiscated for the benefit of the public hospitals and the asylums of orphans and foundlings. Your slaves shall be sold, the proceeds to be devoted to the same object. You yourself shall receive fifty blows of the bastinado; and if at sunrise to-morrow morning you be found within the walls of Constantinople, you shall assuredly suffer death. Begone, thou man who art less than dirt!"

The Kislar-Aga's retinue of black slaves seized upon the wretched Mustapha Yakoub and hurried him from the apartment. He was taken into a court-yard where he was stretched upon the pavement with his face downward; and the fifty blows of the bastinado were forthwith administered in no sparing manner. He was then hurried to a boat at the palace-stairs, and wafted across to Scutari, on the Asiatic shore—where he was landed with an intimation that he had better make his way thence into some remote district under circumstances of as little delay as possible.

Tarkhana and Klodissa watched throughout the whole night by the side of the inanimate form of Leila—the Greek and Wallachian girls likewise remaining in the apartment. Were it not for their presence, Klodissa might have revived the Star of

Mingrelia by means of a few drops of the contents of the little phial with which she was provided; and in the morning she might have plunged her back again by aid of the powder into a death-like trance. But though Tarkhana could have exerted her authority to order the two girls from the room, she forbore from doing so, inasmuch as such a proceeding might have proved suspicious; for it was as a usual token of respect towards a deceased mistress that the two damsels remained to keep their vigil in the apartment where Leila lay. Besides, even if through a semblance of considerate kindness they had been told that they might retire to rest, they would only have withdrawn into an adjacent chamber, whence at any moment they might have emerged;—and thus, for all these reasons, it is obvious that the safest policy was to suffer the Star of Mingrelia to remain wrapped up in the torpor which so nearly resembled death.

Her Highness, Tarkhana, having received full permission from the Sultana Valida to superintend the arrangements for the supposed funeral of Leila—had lost no time in despatching a message, by means of a black slave, to a Christian undertaker residing in Constantinople. Klodissa had intimated to the Sultana the name of the particular person to whom it was requisite thus to send, as Thekla had come to an understanding with the undertaker, who for a considerable price had consented to assist in carrying out the stratagem by which the favorite of the Ramazan was to be restored to life and to the world. It was at this undertaker's house that Thekla was lodging; for she had long been acquainted with the man and his family, and she knew that she could fully rely upon them. Accordingly, at a very early hour in the morning—indeed just before sunrise—four females, dressed in the mourning costume worn by Armenian Christians, arrived at the imperial palace with the intimation that they had come to bear away the corpse of the favorite of the Ramazan for interment in the Christian cemetery in the neighborhood of the suburb of Pera. One of these women was Thekla. They bore a shell, or coffin without a lid—covered with a pall of violet-hued velvet, richly embroidered; and they were admitted with their burden into the apartment where Leila lay. Rapid glances of intelligence were exchanged between Thekla and Klodissa—glances expressive of their triumph at the success which their project had thus far experienced.

When the moment came for depositing the form of Leila in the coffin which Thekla and her companions had brought, Tarkhana bent over our inanimate heroine and deposited a kiss upon her brow. This example was followed by the two young Greek and Wallachian damsels; and that brow was of such marble coldness that it was impossible for them to suspect otherwise than that their mistress was really no more. The form was consigned to the coffin, and covered over with the pall. Thekla and her companions were then about to bear their burden away, when the door opened and the Kislar-Aga made his appearance.

The presence of this functionary was so little expected at the moment, that the blood turned to ice in Tarkhana's veins—Klodissa herself started—Thekla was seized with misgiving—and her companions (the last-mentioned being likewise in the secret) felt as if an explosion were about to take place. But all these feelings and evidences of alarm either passed unperceived by the Kislar-Aga, or else were mistaken by him as the results of some other emotion; for his demeanor conveyed no suspicion; but having made the usual obeisance to Tarkhana, he turned to address himself to Klodissa.

"I come," he said, "at the command of the Sultana-Valida, that I may bear to you the assurance of the satisfaction with which her Imperial Highness regards your fidelity towards your deceased mistress. If it suit your views to remain in the palace, attached to the service of her Imperial Highness, or to that of her Highness Tarkhana, those views shall be gratified. But if, on the other hand, you think fit to avail yourself of the deplorable circumstance that releases you from the stipulation on which you obtained access to the harem, and if it please you to go hence, you are at liberty so to do."

"With every feeling of gratitude for the generous consideration of her Imperial Highness," responded Klodissa, "I am bound to adopt the latter alternative which your Excellency has explained. It is for me to return into the native country of my deceased mistress, and undertake the mournful task of bearing to her family and friends the sad intelligence of her death."

"Be it as you say," answered the Kislar-Aga. "Conceiving that such might be your decision, her

Imperial Highness has charged me to present you with this token of her condescending kindness."

With these words, the Kislar-Aga placed a small casket in the hands of Klodissa, who received it on her knees as a tribute of respect to the high authority whence the gift emanated. The Kislar-Aga then made his obeisance to Tarkhana, and withdrew. As the door closed behind him, the Sultana and Klodissa exchanged rapid looks, indicative of the relief which their minds experienced at the issue of a circumstance which had for a moment filled them with so much alarm.

Thekla and her companions raised the coffin covered with its velvet pall; and they bore it from the apartment. The Greek and Wallachian girls were weeping together at a little distance; and Tarkhana seized the opportunity to follow the example of the Sultan's mother by bestowing a valuable gift upon Klodissa.

"I need it not, Highness," said the swarthy slave in a low whispering voice: "but I retain it as a memorial of one whom I must ever esteem, and of whom I must ever think with gratitude on account of her kindness towards Leila whom I dearly love."

Having thus spoken, Klodissa bowed to the young Sultana and issued from the room. She speedily overtook the female coffin-bearers in the passage with which the ante-chamber communicated. They were being conducted by one of the black slaves belonging to the harem; and the procession, having descended the staircase, entered the court-yard. Thence it passed into an adjoining court; and now the portals of the sacred enclosure of the harem's precincts were shut behind it. Klodissa drew her veil over her countenance; Thekla and her companions likewise wore veils; but these were of a dark mourning hue, while that of the swarthy slave was of white muslin.

The second court-yard was traversed by the procession; and, in the third, which was now entered, a funeral-hearse with two black horses, and driven by the undertaker himself, was waiting. At the door opening from that court-yard into the palace, there was a guard-house; and three or four young Turkish officers were lounging in front, contemplating the funeral ceremony.

"It is the favorite of the Ramazan who died last night!" said one of the officers to his companions.

"They say," remarked another, "that she was of so matchless a beauty she used to be compared in her own country to the Star of Mingrelia—and that this flattery turned her brain. By Allah! I would give my best Arab steed for a single glance at her countenance, even though it be now pale and rigid in death!"

"And why not?" exclaimed another of the officers. "The law forbids us to look upon the countenance of the living woman, unless she be wife, mother, sister, or daughter; but I know not of any law which prohibits us to gaze upon the dead woman."

"By the Prophet, well spoken!" cried another of the young wild reckless officers. "We will have a glimpse of her countenance!"

They accordingly moved forward in a body towards the coffin—which, still covered with the pall, was about to be placed in the hearse; and the foremost commanded Thekla and her companions to wait an instant, as they intended to take a peep at the countenance of the deceased.

"Signors, you would not commit this outrage!" exclaimed Klodissa, indignant at the insult which was thus to be offered to the Star of Mingrelia, unconscious though our entranced heroine remained of the whole proceeding.

"By Allah, we will do it!" exclaimed the officers; and one of them placed his hand upon the pall in order to raise it.

"Stop!—dare not perpetrate this outrage!" authoritatively exclaimed the voice of a personage who at the moment issued from the palace-door near the guard-room.

He was a distinguished looking individual, somewhere about fifty years of age—not above the middle stature, of rather slender figure, which was admirably symmetrical. He wore a military uniform, the massive epaulettes of which indicated the highest rank in the profession to which he belonged. He had a handsome aquiline countenance; his hair and beard, naturally of raven darkness, were only just beginning to turn grey; and his keen black eyes flashed the fire of indignation as he imperatively commanded the wild young officers to desist from their meditated outrage against decency and propriety.

On hearing that voice—which was evidently well known—the young officers started; terror and dismay seized upon them; they shrank back from the neighborhood of the coffin; and they carried their

hands to their caps, in respectful military salutation towards the high functionary, as they passed him in their hurried retreat towards the guard-room.

"Proceed with your sad duty," said that distinguished personage, thus addressing himself to Klodissa, Thekla, and her companions.

The coffin was accordingly consigned without further molestation to the hearse, which drove out of the precincts of the palace. A carriage, provided by the undertaker, was waiting to receive Klodissa, Thekla, and the other females; and as the swarthy slave entered the vehicle, she whisperingly inquired of the coachman, "Who is the distinguished officer that so generously interfered to prevent that outrage?"

"That," responded the individual thus questioned, "is the illustrious Omar Pasha, who has just been appointed Generalissimo of the Army of the Danube."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN Leila awoke to complete consciousness, she found herself lying upon a couch in a comfortably furnished apartment, with Thekla and Klodissa bending over her. But slow and very gradual was her recovery from the trance which for so many long hours had steeped her senses in utter oblivion and had given to her form the coldness of death. It seemed to her as if she were awakening from a long dreamless sleep; and she could not immediately recognise those who were bending over her, nor collect her thoughts sufficiently to comprehend the past. There was a species of vague terror in her mind, as if she were dimly conscious of some stupendous peril from which she had escaped, but the influence of which still weighed heavily upon her, though blended with a sense of deliverance.

At last she began to recognise the countenances that were looking down kindly and smilingly upon her own, and which seemed to reveal themselves as if from the depth of a long vista of gloom. Then memory became busy with its combinations: ideas, thoughts, and reminiscences fitted themselves into their proper places, like the pieces of a puzzle which having been broken up, is being put together again. And now Leila fully comprehended all that had occurred—all that she had gone through. A glance flung around the room showed her that it was a place which was strange to her: it was not her apartment in the imperial palace. The presence of Thekla was still more reassuring; but all in a moment the recollection flashed to Leila's mind, or the last ideas which had harbored there ere she sank into unconsciousness after imbibing the potion presented by the hand of Klodissa.

"I wronged you—Oh, I wronged you!" murmured the Star of Mingrelia, now winding her arms around the neck of the swarthy slave, and straining her to her bosom.

"Think of it no more, dear Princess," said Klodissa, who knew full well what Leila meant. "Such a suspicion on your part was far from unnatural under the circumstances. You thought you were drinking poison; but, Oh! it was the elixir which after a temporary trance, was to lead you back to new life—to an existence that God grant may henceforth be a happy one!"

Leila now expressed her warmest gratitude towards Thekla; and the wise-woman said, "Dear Princess, humble though I be, yet shall I ever remain devotedly attached to your interests. And now prepare yourself to receive intelligence which will not, I think, prove altogether ungratifying."

"Heaven be thanked," said the Princess, "that you are enabled thus to preface whatever intelligence you have to impart; for that which Klodissa brought to me within the palace walls was melancholy and afflicting enough!"

"Alas, poor Mansour!" said Thekla. "Your Highness may have perhaps discovered that he was not altogether unknown to me?"

"Yes—I understand your meaning," replied Leila. "It was he who conducted you some eighteen months ago, during the depths of that terrible winter—but tell me," exclaimed Leila, interrupting herself as she suddenly recollected Klodissa's presence; for she naturally fancied that the swarthy slave could have no knowledge of the existence of the paradise in the heart of the Caucasian mountains—"tell me, kind and generous Thekla, what intelligence you have to impart that will not prove displeasing to me?"

"The young Turkish nobleman, Aladyn Bey," answered the wise-woman, "arrived at Constantinople last night. He is here beneath this roof—and he is most anxious to see your Highness."

A blush overspread Leila's countenance; and she

was on the very point of ejaculating, "Thank heaven, my cousin is here!" when she recollected that the secret of their relationship could scarcely by any possibility be known either to Thekla or Klodissa. Quickly recovering her self-possession the Star of Mingrelia said, "I feel only as if I was awakened from a deep and refreshing sleep; there is not the slightest lingering sensation of my recent trance-like torpor. Conduct me, therefore, presently to an apartment where I may receive his Excellency Aladyn Bey."

Leila's command was quickly complied with, so soon as she had performed her ablutions and arranged her toilet. She was led from the chamber to another apartment beneath the roof of the friendly disposed Christian undertaker, where she had thus found an asylum. Thekla and Klodissa left her, and in a few moments the young and handsome Aladyn, radiant with joy and delight, made his appearance.

Will the reader be surprised if we announce that Aladyn caught Leila in his arms, or that she remained for some moments locked in his embrace? Was it not upon the breast of a relative that her beautiful head now rested, and that she wept with the overpowering sense of happiness?—was she not aware that he loved her?—and had she not, in a recent analysis of her own feelings, comprehended that she loved him in return?

The lovers had much to talk about—pleasing and painful topics, which speedily engrossed their discourse. The foul murder of Mansour and the arrest of Tunar, were prominent amongst them; while Aladyn had also to hear the recital of Leila's adventures since she had been borne away from the dwelling of the unfortunate merchant at Tiflis. The youth could not help shuddering at the bare idea of his beloved Leila having been compelled to plunge herself into the torpor of death in order to escape a doom which, by giving her to the arms of another, would for ever have separated her from his own; but immeasurably beyond the painful sensation thus temporarily experienced, was his sense of joyous delight at the success of the project which had been conceived and executed for her deliverance. In respect to himself he had but few explanations to give. On returning with Ibrahim and Hafiz from the unsuccessful search which they had made after Leila, as soon as her disappearance was discovered, he had found Thekla's billet waiting for him at the mansion. The billet informed him that the wise-woman had discovered how Leila had been sold as a slave to Mustapha Yakoub, and that she was resolved to proceed to Constantinople in the hope of effecting the Star of Mingrelia's deliverance. Aladyn, accompanied by Ibrahim and Hafiz, had likewise without delay taken their departure from the Georgian capital for the Ottoman metropolis; but as they had previously expended many long hours in their long search after Leila, they reached Batoum too late to save the vessel which conveyed the object of their interest along with Mustapha Yakoub's bevy of maidens. Aladyn had accordingly hired another vessel expressly to convey himself and his two followers to the imperial city—where, as already stated, they had arrived on the preceding night.

In discussing a variety of circumstances connected with the death of Mansour, it naturally occurred to Aladyn and Leila to speculate whether the secret in reference to the terrestrial paradise in the Caucasian mountains had utterly perished with him, or whether those written documents of which he had spoken when telling them his narrative, were still in existence? The youthful couple conceived that a man so cautious and prudent as the lamented Georgian merchant, was but little likely to have destroyed such documents ere he had finally committed the grand secret to the keeping of those for whom he had intended it; and therefore they came to the conclusion that the papers must have been somewhere concealed at his house. That house, when Aladyn left, was in the possession of the officers of justice; and the youth felt assured that everything which it contained, especially private papers, would be respected by the representatives of the law. As for the proclamation of his own rank as a Prince of Mingrelia, Aladyn had thought but little more on the subject; all his anxious interest had been riveted on the beautiful Leila, who until the present hour was so cruelly lost to him. On one point, however, he had fully made up his mind: and this was, to take the earliest opportunity of formally abjuring the Mussulman creed, and being re-baptized in the Christian faith.

As the conversation turned upon a variety of topics, it presently embraced one which we must specially notice. Leila suggested to Aladyn the necessity of making some handsome recompense to

Thekla and Klodissa for their conduct towards her, and likewise of indemnifying the wise-woman for all the expenses she had incurred in the proceeding. These must evidently be heavy; for the cost of travelling from Tiflis to Constantinople incurred by herself and Klodissa, could have made no mean inroad upon the wise-woman's purse; and then there was the large bribe promised to the undertaker. Leila had about her all the gems with which she had been decked by Mustapha Yakoub previous to being introduced with the bevy of damsels into the Sultana Valida's presence: but these she scarcely considered to be of sufficient value to answer the numerous demands that she would have to satisfy. Fortunately, however, Aladyn was well supplied with gold and valuables; and thus our heroine's anxiety on this point was set at rest.

The reader must not suppose that the kind-hearted young lady had forgotten to make inquiries concerning Zaida and Emina: and Aladyn assured her that before he left Tiflis he had said everything of a hopeful character that he dared advance to sustain the spirits of the two faithful young maidens. He had also charged them to remain at the dwelling of the deceased merchant, until they received further intelligence from him. When Leila spoke of the approaching journey that was to be undertaken into the Caucasian provinces, she failed not to mention to Aladyn her resolve to fulfil her promise to Tarkhana with the least possible delay, and to deliver the tender messages with which she was charged for that young Sultana's mother and sisters.

Long was the discourse between Aladyn and Leila: hours passed away, until at length the Princess of Mingrelia thought it necessary to ascertain what arrangements Thekla had made or purposed to suggest for her departure from the undertaker's house. For on this point Aladyn was ignorant; all he knew was that the journey was to be commenced at nightfall; and he was quite prepared to be guided altogether by the instructions of the wise-woman, who had already proved herself so capable of careful combinations and successful plannings. Our young hero temporarily withdrew from Leila's apartment; and Thekla was then summoned thither.

Leila renewed all the expression of her gratitude to the wise-woman; and she then questioned her on the principal subject for which she had desired the present interview.

"Everything is arranged for the departure of your highness," replied Thekla; and she proceeded to explain how it was to be accomplished. "I myself," she continued, "purpose to remain some little while at Constantinople; but Klodissa has a boon to beg of your Highness—and this is that she may avail herself of your escort into Georgia."

Leila cheerfully signified her assent,—adding, with some little degree of wonder, "Then Klodissa is not actually your slave?"

"No, Princess," replied Thekla: "the poor wandering wise-woman requires not a slave. Klodissa is a friend in whom I could trust; and therefore I enlisted her services for that enterprise which has been so fortunately crowned with success. She dwells in Tiflis; and thither would she fain return."

"But you, Thekla," continued Leila, "need be the poor wanderer no more. Indeed, you must be already in good circumstances to have disbursed these large sums on my account. I am about to repay you: but that is nothing in comparison with the immensity of the obligation in which I am indebted to you. If you will come with me, you shall be enriched when I again reach my native province of Mingrelia: you shall have a happy home."

"Pardon me, lady," interrupted Thekla; "but to nothing of all this can I assent. If your Highness owes me so great a debt of gratitude as that whereof you are kind enough to speak, you will best acquit yourself by suffering me to have my will in all things which in any way concern myself. You will repay me nothing that I may have disbursed—you will speak not to me of gold—and you will leave me to pursue that wandering life which I love, and in the course of which I may perhaps do some good."

Leila vainly remonstrated against these decisions on the wise-woman's part; but Thekla was resolute—and she moreover declared that she should take offence if the Princess persevered in her endeavor to overrule her. She would not so much as accept the reimbursement of the expenses incurred by herself and Klodissa—nor aught beside some small gift from Leila's hand—it was the least costly jewel that she wore—and which the wise-woman herself designated for the purpose,—de-

claring that she took it only as a memorial of a Princess whom she was proud and happy to serve.

"Tell me, Thekla," said Leila, in the course of conversation, "how it chanced for you to discover that I had been carried off from Tiflis by Mustapha Yakoub?"

"I happened to be aware," responded the wise-woman "that the vile slave-dealer was in the neighborhood of the Georgian capital: I knew how capable he was of any mischief; and thus, the moment the intelligence reached me that your Highness had disappeared, a suspicion of the truth flashed to my mind. I sped to the hostelry which serves as the slave-depôt in the suburb of Tiflis; and by means of a bribe I elicited from the old porter sufficient to convince me that my suspicion was only too well founded. But he was guarded in his answers; and he was either unwilling or unable to tell me who were the authors of the outrage. I wasted no time in useless inquiries—but at once adopted my measures for departure, accompanied by Klodissa."

After some further discourse, Thekla took a temporary leave of the Princess of Mingrelia,—who was forthwith rejoined by her cousin Aladyn; and she explained to him the arrangements that had been made for their approaching departure. Our young hero readily coincided therewith; and the time passed quickly until nightfall.

The evening guns fired as a signal that the day's fast was finished; and soon afterwards a carriage drove up to the undertaker's door. Leila and Klodissa, muffled in shawls and thick veils, took their seats in the vehicle,—which immediately drove away. At the same time Aladyn, Ibrahim, and Hafiz mounted their steeds; and issuing from a yard at the back of the undertaker's premises, bent their way in a different direction from that which the carriages had pursued. The vehicle proceeded to the nearest point on the shore of the Bosphorus; and there a caïque, already hired through Thekla's agency, was waiting. Leila and Klodissa took their seats in the boat, which speedily darted forth on the bosom of the channel; so that in a short time Scutari was reached. Almost at the same moment a barge—propelled by eight stalwart rowers, and bearing Aladyn, his followers, and the three horses—shot into the same landing-place where the lighter caïque had just touched. Thus far all went successfully:—but here we must interrupt the thread of our narrative for a few moments in order to give some explanations which are requisite for the progress of our story.

Mustapha Yakoub had been landed on the preceding night at Scutari, with an intimation that he would do well to depart thence into the interior of Asia Minor with the least possible delay. But the slave-dealer was in no hurry to obey the mandate, despite the threats that accompanied it. Suffering terribly from the effects of the bastinado, he was more in a humor to seek a comfortable couch than to wander forth, a penniless wretch, on foot. He had a friend at Scutari—likewise a slave-dealer; and to this man he repaired. His friend gave him an asylum; and when Mustapha Yakoub had passed the night beneath that hospitable roof, he held a conference with his brother slave-dealer in respect to the course which he should pursue to save his property from the threatened confiscation. It was determined to memorialize the Grand Vizier: and accordingly, before daybreak, Mustapha Yakoub's friend crossed the Strait to Constantinople to leave the memorial with the Prime Minister's Secretary,—a proceeding that was permitted during the hour which preceded the announcement made by the morning gun that the day's fast had commenced. Mustapha's friend, having some influence with the private secretary, pressed the matter so well that he received an intimation to the effect that he had better pass the day in Constantinople and present himself at the Grand Vizier's palace in the evening to learn the answer that would be returned to the memorial. To this the friend agreed:—but in the meanwhile Mustapha Yakoub remained at Scutari, a prey to the utmost suspense. He fully comprehended for what purpose his friend had remained at Constantinople; and he therefore knew that the evening would be decisive of his fate—whether he should once more become a rich man or continue a beggar! After the evening guns had fired, Mustapha Yakoub's suspense became so acute that he could not wait in the house for his friend's return, but he sped down to the nearest landing-place, so as to be in readiness to receive the response on which his doom depended, the moment his intermediary should set foot upon the shore.

It was a beautiful starlit evening; and Mustapha Yakoub had not long tarried at the landing-place:

ere he perceived an *araba*, or closed vehicle, drawn by two good horses, stop at a short distance. A few minutes afterwards he beheld a caïque gliding in towards the shore; and scarcely had its prow touched the steps, when a barge, with horses and several persons on board, was seen making for the same destination. Having satisfied himself that his anxiously expected friend was in neither the caïque nor the barge, the old slave-dealer retreated behind some blocks of granite, for fear of being recognised by any one who might chance to know him. From his hiding-place, however, he kept watch upon the landing-stairs, so as not to miss his friend whensoever that individual should make his appearance;—and he thus beheld everything that passed when the caïque and the barge landed their freights. Two females, closely muffled in shawls and veils, issued from the caïque: three men, in Turkish costumes of the modern style, stepped ashore from the barge—whence the horses were quickly landed up a ramp, or slope, provided for the purpose. One of the females—who we need hardly say was Leila—hastened forward to join the foremost of the three Turks in the modern costume; for she scarcely felt herself safe until clinging to the arm of Aladyn as to that of a protector. Having breathed a few reassuring and encouraging words in her ear, Aladyn handed Leila into the *araba*; then Klodissa entered—and the door was closed.

Ibrahim and Hafiz had already mounted their horses: Aladyn sprang into the saddle of his own. At that moment Leila drew aside the curtain of the *araba*, to assure herself with a parting glance that everything progressed without molestation or menace; and as ill-fortune would have it, she had thrown back her veil the instant she had taken her seat in the vehicle. The Argentine splendor of the moon and stars streamed fully upon our heroine's countenance; and what words can express the wonderment, the amaze, the petrifying surprise which seized upon Mustapha Yakoub, when he beheld the features, so unmistakable in their matchless beauty, of the late favorite of the Ramazan!

He stood transfixed, as if turned into stone. Away sped the *araba*,—the light vehicle being borne onward like a thing of no weight by the two powerful horses which drew it: away sped likewise Aladyn and his two followers! It was not until the rolling of the wheels and the clatter of the horses' hoofs had died in the distance, that Mustapha Yakoub started from his transfixed condition of petrification; and smiting his breast in a strange state of feeling betwixt rage and joy, he ejaculated, "By Allah, some vile trick has been played after all!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

IMMEDIATE pursuit on Mustapha Yakoub's part was out of the question: he had no horse—no vehicle, and no money in his pocket for the hiring of either. His first impulse was to rush off to the principal Turkish authorities in Scutari, and tell them of the discovery he had made: but a second thought held him back; for he said to himself, "They will declare I am a madman—they will affirm that instead of a wise man knowing many things, I am less than a vile ass! They will laugh at my beard, and will plunge me into gaol! It will be like throwing myself into the lion's den!"

He stood bewildered how to act, until an idea struck him; and then he said to himself, "Let the issue of the presentation of the memorial to the Grand Vizier be what it may, I will presently speed directly to the imperial palace: for when I have told my tale, doubtless there will be some circumstances connected with Leila's supposed death, that will tend to corroborate it. I must dare every risk and incur every peril to put myself right in this matter!"

But still Mustapha Yakoub was strangely bewildered by the incident which had taken place. Not even in the wildest conjecture could he form an idea how the favorite of the Ramazan could have been reported dead within the walls of the palace, and yet now be alive and at freedom. That it was indeed she whom he had just seen, he entertained not the slightest doubt: for her's was a countenance which if once seen, never could be forgotten—a beauty that was unapproachable by the loveliness of any other being in female shape; and therefore it was no mere resemblance on the part of some other which could have deceived Mustapha Yakoub. And then too, her departure was evidently being managed with a stealthiness which corroborated all the suspicions he entertained on the subject.

While he was still giving way to his reflections, the rippling of the water caused by the oars of a caïque, met the slave-dealer's ears; and flinging his

looks towards the Bosphorus, he beheld a bark shooting in to the landing-place. A few moment afterwards his friend stepped ashore; and Mustapha Yakoub, with excited tone and manner, desired that the *caïque* might wait.

"It is useless," said his friend, drawing him aside, "Your memorial has utterly failed—the Grand Vizier will not listen to any appeal against a judgment delivered by the Kadiasker under the auspices of the Sultana-Valida. You will not, therefore, be insane enough to return to Constantinople."

Mustapha Yakoub hastened to inform his astonished friend of the discovery which he had made: but that individual could scarcely give credit to the tale: he fancied that grief had turned the slave-dealer's brain. Mustapha persisted, describing all he had seen with so much minuteness, and repeating each particular in a manner that was so perfectly consistent, although excited, that his friend began at last to imagine there must really be something more in the tale than he had at first supposed. Still he considered it somewhat dangerous to mix himself up any further with Mustapha Yakoub's affairs: he therefore declined to accompany him across the Bosphorus; but he readily supplied him with funds for his expenses. Mustapha Yakoub, gratefully wringing his friend's hand, stepped into the *caïque*—which was soon gliding rapidly over the stirlit waters, on its way back to the imperial city.

We must here observe that Thekla, the wise-woman, had her own special reasons for not accompanying the Star of Mingrelia, although she had actually no personal concerns which detained her in Constantinople. But she was shrewd, sagacious, and prudent: she was too well experienced in the ways of the world to be sanguine in respect to anything; and thus, although she had made every arrangement which consummate tact, ingenuity, and caution could suggest, not merely for Leila's escape, but likewise to shroud the whole transaction in the deepest mystery, yet she knew that an unforeseen accident often frustrates the most cunningly-concocted schemes and drags the best preserved secrets to light. An entire Christian family, with whom Thekla was on the most friendly terms, and in whom she felt an interest, had become implicated in the plot by which the favorite of the Ramazan was emancipated from the imperial harem; namely, the family of the undertaker. If Thekla had consulted her own safety only, she would have fled with Leila and Klodissa; but she was too generous to act so selfish a part: she was resolved to remain in the Ottoman capital until fully assured that everything had passed off well—that nothing was suspected—that no storm was gathering in readiness to burst. In a word, the wise-woman was determined to watch over the safety of the undertaker and his family, until she should have acquired the assurance that all peril had passed away.

We have seen that she had penetrated into the imperial palace, disguised as an Armenian Christian, together with the three females of the undertaker's family who had acted as coffin-bearers. It was now therefore in her usual garb—with the common white calico veil coming up to her eyes, and with her box of drugs, nostrums, and perfumes in her hand—that Thekla loitered about the precincts of the palace after she had bidden farewell to Leila and the others who had taken their departure. Some of the soldiers of the guard purchased medicines of her: some of the officers bought her perfumes, her cerates, or her tablets of fragrant soap; and it was considered by no means extraordinary that she should now be plying her trade at that hour in the evening—for during the time of the day's fast it would have been forbidden her to do so; and moreover, as we have already said, the streets of Constantinople were invariably the scenes of business, bustle, and activity after the evening guns had fired, during the month of the Ramazan.

Thekla therefore wandered about the precincts of the palace, unmolested and unsuspected—appearing to be anxious only to dispose of her goods, but in reality maintaining a keen look-out for the slightest sign that might manifest itself of anything unusual taking place. She likewise had her ear open to catch any report that might be circulated amongst the soldiers of the guard who were lounging about. In a word, the wise-woman had eyes and ears for whatsoever might transpire of a nature at all interesting to the object which she had in view.

Time passed on—and as nothing happened to enlist the attention of Thekla, she began to indulge in the hope that all had gone off well with respect to the fugitives on the other side of the Bosphorus. She had even begun to lounge away from the vicinage of the palace, when she suddenly beheld a per-

son hurrying thither in a somewhat excited state. She at once recognized Mustapha Yakoub. The punishment he had received and the judgment passed upon him, were generally known throughout Constantinople; and thus, when Thekla beheld him within the city, despite the sentence of exile which he had received—and when, too, she saw that he was speeding to the palace-gates—she knew that there must be something wrong. She accordingly lingered, to obtain a clue, if possible, to the threatening mystery.

"By the Prophet!" exclaimed one of the soldiers lounging about at the gate. "here is this villainous slave-dealer who sold the poisoned girl to the Sultana-Valida!"

"Is he come to laugh at our beards?" cried another. "It is not only the bastinado that he will this time receive, but the fingers of the executioner will be busy about his neck."

"I come not to laugh at your beards," exclaimed Mustapha, "but to prove that all our beards have been laughed at! We have eaten dirt—much dirt! A vile trick has been played—and I am an injured man. The beautiful Leila lives!"

"What dog is this," exclaimed one of the soldiers, seizing upon the slave-dealer, "that he comes to defile us with his touch? Speak, O man of lies!"

"By Allah and his Prophet, I tell no lies!" ejaculated Mustapha. "The beautiful Leila lives! With my eyes have I seen her! She has fled with another woman in an *araba*—there were three Osmanlis as an escort!"

"By the Prophet, this grows serious!" cried one of the numerous soldiers who had gathered around the excited and vociferating slave-dealer. "We must away with him to the Kislar-Aga."

Thekla tarried to hear no more. She had caught every syllable of the brief and rapidly uttered discourse which we have just recorded; and she had heard enough to convince her of two substantial facts. The first was that Leila, Klodissa and their escort had succeeded in effecting their escape from Scutari; the second was that a storm must presently burst over the undertaker's family and herself, unless they all fled to evade it.

"My precautions were not fruitlessly adopted," she inwardly said, as she hastened back to the undertaker's house. "May Allah protect and guard the Princess and her companions! The young Aladyn Bey is valorous, energetic, and discreet: may the Prophet ordain that his measures be taken accordingly! As for Tarkhana, she can scarcely come to mischief: she will boldly proclaim that she was deceived along with the rest! But this worthy family must be saved from the consequences of the deed in which they have become implicated."

While hurriedly making these reflections, Thekla continued her way towards the undertaker's house; and on arriving there, she at once informed him of the danger which was imminent. The unfortunate man began to weep and to speak wildly of ruin—for the bribe which he had received would not, large though it were, compensate him for the total abandonment of his house, furniture, and little property. Thekla, however, speedily encouraged and reassured him on this score. Lifting the tray of her nostrum-box, and touching a spring, she opened a false bottom, which revealed several costly jewels and gems in the depth of the box. Of these she bestowed a sufficient amount on the undertaker to indemnify him thrice over for the loss of his goods; and active measures were then at once adopted for flight. In various disguises the undertaker and the members of his family issued forth, having previously agreed to take different roads, and eventually to meet at some point whence they might all repair into Greece—in which kingdom the man might commence his trade anew. The escape was thus far effected with complete success; and when Thekla had witnessed the departure of the last remaining member of the family, she likewise prepared for flight. She was already clad in a deep disguise; and abandoning her box of drugs, she secured the remnant of her jewels and other valuables about her person. But just as she was leaving the house, a number of black slaves belonging to the imperial palace, suddenly made their appearance in the streets. She was seized upon; and though she vehemently protested that she was a stranger and ignorant of having given any offence, she was retained in custody. The undertaker's house was searched: but the man and his family had already fled; and those who instantaneously went in pursuit, failed to discover the slightest clue to their track.

When thus taken into custody, Thekla was so rudely handled by the black slaves that the veil which she wore came off; and one of them imme-

diately recognised her countenance. This was the slave who had conducted the procession of coffin-bearers from Leila's apartments in the palace to the court-yard at the extremity of which were the portals of the sacred enclosure of the harem's precincts. Be it remembered that while the procession had been moving thus far, Thekla and the other coffin-bearers, as well as Klodissa, had kept their veils raised, according to the rule which governed the etiquette of that department of the palace. Thus the slave of whom we are speaking, had seen Thekla's countenance: and he now at once recognised it when her veil was torn off by those who took her into custody. The slaves were thus so far satisfied that they had captured at least one person who had been implicated in the plot; and they hurried her away to the imperial palace.

But let us now return to Mustapha Yakoub, whom we left at the moment that he was about to be conducted into the presence of the Kislar-Aga. The soldiers who had seized upon the slave-dealer, speedily consigned him to the charge of some of those black slaves whose duty specially related to the sacred enclosure of the harem; and by them he was led to the apartment of the Kislar-Aga. To this functionary his tale was soon told. At first the Kislar-Aga refused to put the slightest faith in it—believing that it was a mere pretext on Mustapha's part to exculpate himself and procure the reversal of the sentence of exile and confiscation which had been pronounced. But the slave-dealer persisted so vehemently in his assertions, and repeated his details so consistently, that the Kislar-Aga was staggered. Then, too, all in a moment a reminiscence flashed to the brain of the sable functionary. He recollected that when he had penetrated into Leila's apartment to bestow the Sultana-Valida's gift upon Klodissa, his sudden appearance had seemed to disconcert that swarthy slave, as well as Tarkhana and the four coffin-bearers. He had fancied at the time that it was merely some lively emotion of grief which they were displaying; and thus he appeared not to notice it: but now he beheld it in another light—indeed as a corroboration of the marvellous tale which Mustapha Yakoub was telling him. He therefore at once summoned the officer of the guard into his presence, and hurriedly gave him instructions for the institution of a pursuit after Leila and her companions. He then sent a posse of his own special retainers to the Christian undertaker's house, with orders to arrest whomsoever they might find beneath that roof, unless it should happen that the corpse of Leila were veritably and actually found there, awaiting its interment.

Having adopted these measures—and leaving Mustapha Yakoub still in the custody of the slaves who had brought him thither—the Kislar-Aga bent his steps to the suite of apartments occupied by the Sultana-Valida. On his way thither, he reflected that it would be politic on his part to abstain from whispering a syllable that might tend to implicate Tarkhana. He knew that she was a great favorite with the Sultan, and that his Majesty loved her not only on account of her beauty, but likewise because she had borne him a princess. The Kislar-Aga felt assured that Tarkhana, if accused of complicity, would indignantly deny the charge; and if she should be believed—which was more than probable—she would retain all her influence and power as a Sultana—which influence and power she might from vindictive motives wield against himself. The sable functionary had no inclination to encounter the risk of such an useless and unnecessary conflict; and he therefore came to the wise conclusion to abstain from mentioning Tarkhana amongst those who had appeared disconcerted when he had entered Leila's apartments in the morning to bear the Sultana-Valida's gift to Klodissa.

Her Imperial Highness the Sultan's mother was astounded when she heard the report which the Kislar-Aga now brought to her. She herself could scarcely believe it, until the sable functionary assured her that he had some reason for believing that it was founded upon truth. He explained his reason—but carefully abstaining from mentioning the name of Tarkhana. Indeed, when the Sultana-Valida began to give credence to the tale, her suspicions alighted not for a single moment on Tarkhana; she felt convinced that Klodissa alone in the first instance, and afterwards the four coffin-bearers, together with the undertaker—must have been the active agents in carrying out the plot. But then, how was it possible that Leila could have seemed as one dead, her appearance defying even the skill of the physicians? This was the mystery which was yet to be cleared up.

The slaves who had been despatched to the undertaker's house, returned to the palace with the intelligence that they had made but one prisoner, the



other culprits having fled. This flight was a further corroboration of Mustapha Yakoub's tale; it implied guilt and a dread of its consequences. The prisoner who had been arrested was proved to have been one of the coffin-bearers: this was another corroboration. Finally, the slaves had discovered the empty coffin at the undertaker's house; and beyond this fact no additional corroboration was needed.

In that search which the slaves had instituted at the dwelling abandoned by the fugitive Christian family, a box containing a variety of drugs had been found, and it was brought to the palace. This was the box which Thekla had left behind her when about to make her escape. So soon as all these fresh circumstances were reported by the Kishlar-Aga to the Sultana-Valida, she ordered the physicians to be summoned into her presence; and directing their attention to the box, she commanded them to explain the nature of the drugs found therein. They quickly recognised the nature of several: but there were some concerning which they could not pass an opinion without having previously performed an analytical investigation. The Sultana-Valida desired them to enter on their analysis without delay; and they departed for this purpose. But the rumour that the favorite of the Ramazan was alive, had in the meanwhile spread through the palace; so that the physicians, on hearing it, began to suspect for what purpose the drugs had been submitted to them. They conducted their analysis in the hope of discovering some potent narcotic—but all in vain; and they dared not agree together to make a false report, for fear lest other person skilled in chemistry should be called in to assist in the process. They were therefore compelled, at the expiration of a couple of hours, to return to the Sultana-Valida with a report to the effect that the drugs consisted partly of mineral, but chiefly of vegetable compounds, applicable to a variety of diseases and surgical cases. When questioned if there were any exceedingly powerful and peculiar narcotic amongst them, the physicians answered in the negative.

Meanwhile, although it was now deep into the night, the Sultana-Valida had proceeded to the apartments of Tarkhana, to whom she communicated all the circumstances which had so recently come to her knowledge. Tarkhana—who felt it was almost a matter of life and death for her—affected to be seized with the wildest astonishment; and so well did she play her part, that the Sultan's mother still remained utterly without suspicion that the young Sultana was an accomplice in the plot by which the favorite of the Ramazan had escaped from the palace. As for the two young Greek and Wallachian slaves, they likewise passed without any

suspicion falling on them, it being deemed quite clear that if Tarkhana were deceived throughout the long vigil by the side of Leila's inanimate form, those girls likewise must have been unsuspecting of the real truth. At least so reasoned the Sultana-Valida; and such reasoning was natural enough under the circumstances.

So soon as the Sultana-Valida had received the physician's report, she determined to examine Thekla, whom she had not as yet seen. The wise-woman in the meantime had been kept a close prisoner in a chamber belonging to the suit of her Imperial Highness; and she was now conducted by the Kishlar-Aga and a couple of his retainers into the apartment where the Sultana-Valida was seated. It was with a firm but respectful bearing that Thekla advanced towards her Imperial Highness; and the slaves taking their hands off her, she made a low obeisance.

"Woman," said the Sultana, "confess all your iniquities; for, as you may suppose, everything is discovered."

"If everything be discovered, Highness," responded Thekla, "there is naught for me to confess; and nothing remains but that I should endure the punishment which your Highness may order to be inflicted."

"You admit, then, woman," said the Sultana, with all the cold sternness of her dignity, "that you were an active accomplice in the escape of the favorite of the Ramazan?"

"It were useless to deny," rejoined Thekla, still firmly, though with the profoundest respect, "that which is evidenced by facts. Moreover, Highness, I am not prone to falsehoods; and inasmuch as at the outset I knew there were great risks in the task I undertook, I am not now a craven who will shrink from the consequences."

"You will tell me, woman," said the Sultana, "by what means the favorite of the Ramazan was enabled to pass as one dead—to be cold, colorless, and pulseless—and to wear an appearance which defied even the skill of the most learned physicians?"

"If your Imperial Highness asks for mere curiosity's sake," responded Thekla, "it were well that such curiosity should not be gratified. But if, on the other hand, your Highness be desirous that something should be added to the skill and knowledge of the scientific men of the empire, my secret shall be told."

The Sultana-Valida, with all her glacial dignity and her freezing stateliness, possessed the feelings of a woman; and amongst them was the liveliest curiosity. She burned to discover the marvelous secret by which a person could be rendered like one

dead and then be brought back to life again. But still she did not choose to betray her weakness; and therefore she said with her wonted chill monotony of voice, "I care not for the knowledge of your secret beyond an appreciation of the benefit which it may produce to the medical science."

"And in what sense," asked Thekla, "does your Highness imagine that it will prove beneficial?"

The Sultana had a reply in readiness; and she said, "If it were some drug which plunged Leila into that death-like torpor, it must have been another drug of equal potency that revived her. Now, without being deeply learned in such matters, it occurs to me that the latter drug might prove of singular efficacy in cases where the frame is so prostrated as to sink into the trance that resembles death."

"Assuredly so, Highness," replied Thekla. "Does it happen that your Highness ever heard how, when the plague ravaged Constantinople some thirty years back, a celebrated physician named Ahmed Arslan, went about performing the most wondrous cures?"

"I have heard of that celebrated physician, answered the Sultana. "And it has likewise been told of him that when many persons were supposed to have been stricken with sudden death through mere terror of the plague, Ahmed Arslan brought them back to life in a wondrous manner. Would you have me infer from your questions that the sovereign remedy which Ahmed Arslan thus possessed, bears any affinity to the revivifying drug whose secret is known to you?"

"The query of your Highness will perhaps be best satisfied," rejoined Thekla, "by the announcement that I am the daughter of that same Ahmed Arslan."

"And wherefore have you not profited by the mysteries bequeathed to you by your deceased father?" inquired the Sultana-Mother. "Doubtless it was for gold that you sold your skill in the case of Leila: whereas if you turned your knowledge to a legitimate use, you might become rich."

"It is unnecessary, Highness," replied Thekla, "for me to explain the motives which led me to assist Leila but rest assured that they were not mercenary. As for the secrets which I possess, so long as they produce me the means of earning my bread, I am contented. Mine is a wandering life—the circumstances of my youth," she added mournfully, "doom me to that species of existence."

"We have travelled somewhat from our subject," said the Sultana, her usually imperturbable countenance relaxing with an expression of interest and even compassion as she contemplated the wise-

woman. "Will you reveal this secret of yours for the benefit of science and to be used for philanthropic purposes?"

The wise-woman appeared to reflect deeply for a few moments; and then she answered, "Yes, Highness—on one condition."

"And that condition?" said the Sultana, a shade suddenly coming over her countenance. "But you need not tell me. You would stipulate for life and liberty; and this is a boon which I cannot accord after the great crime of which you have been guilty."

"Then my secret will perish with me," answered Thekla, resignedly.

It was now the Sultana's turn to reflect; and presently she said, "If I give you your life, you must consent to be deprived of liberty for the remainder of your days."

"Life without liberty, Highness," answered Thekla, "were nothing worth! Unless it were to wander free and unrestrained amidst the beauties of nature, existence for me would have no charms. Take my life—apart from liberty I value it not!"

"Singular being!" ejaculated the Sultana; and it was indeed most unusual for that cold-looking stately Princess to give utterance to an expression in a manner which indicated emotion. "But tell me—if I were to accede to your demand—if within the hour that is passing I were to summon hither skilful physicians—what proof would you afford them that you rightfully and truthfully reveal the details of your secret?"

"It were impossible to afford such proof," answered Thekla, "except by the way of test. Were I to descend into the garden of the imperial palace, pluck certain herbs and flowers—drag up certain roots—and tell your men of science that it is possible to eliminate therefrom a compound fluid which should be as the elixir of life, they would laugh at me—they would assure your Highness that I am an impostress—and you would doom me to death! Yet should I be speaking naught but the truth. I would therefore say to your men of science, 'Let my elixir be put to the test, and may I be dealt with according to the result.'"

"The woman speaks fairly," murmured the Sultana to herself; then, again bending her eyes upon Thekla, she said, "Are you willing to leave your life and liberty to this issue? If you fulfil the promises you have held out, you shall live and you shall be free; nay, more—you shall be enriched! But if, on the other hand, you fail, death in the waters of the Bosphorus shall be your portion."

"I accept the terms, Sultana," replied Thekla, with a calm, placid confidence.

"Be it so," rejoined the mother of the Sultan.

She then made a sign to the Kislar-Aga and the two black slaves, who forthwith conducted the wise-woman from the apartment. When the Kislar-Aga returned into the presence of the imperial mistress, she instructed him how he was to deal with Mustapha Yakoub. The sable functionary accordingly repaired to the room in which the slave-dealer was still retained in custody; and he announced to this individual that he was free—that the sentence of exile and confiscation had been revoked—and that he might return in peace and security to his dwelling to enjoy his own again. The slave-dealer, forgetting his basinado in the joy which he now experienced, threw himself at the Kislar-Aga's feet to testify his gratitude; and he then took his departure from the palace.

In the meanwhile, Tarkhana had been infinitely delighted to receive the intelligence that Leila had contrived to effect her escape across the Bosphorus to Scutari, and that he had lost no time in departing thence. She devoutly prayed that the Princess of Mingrelia might finally elude the pursuit which had been instituted, and that she might regain her native land in safety. The young Greek and Wallachian slaves were on their own side rejoiced to learn that a being so amiable, so beautiful, and so charming as Leila had been spared by the hand of death—though they were long lost in wonderment at the extraordinary means which had been adopted to rescue her from within the walls of the imperial harem. Another favorite for the close of the Ramadan was found; and she, prizing her destiny as highly as Leila had abhorred the prospect loathingly, was presented to the Sultan with the usual ceremonies, festivities, and rejoicings.

CHAPTER XXVII.

We must now return to the fugitives, whom we left at the moment when they were taking their departure from Scutari. Mustapha Yakoub had remained altogether unperceived by them; and little, therefore, thought Leila that an act so simple on her

part—namely, that of glancing forth unveiled for an instant from behind the curtains of the *araba*—was to lead to so many serious results. Indeed, now that the Princess was seated in the vehicle, which was bearing her rapidly along—and while she had the consciousness that her cousin, with his two faithful dependants, served as her escort—all idea of danger vanished from her mind. Klodissa too was evidently in excellent spirits; for she ventured to converse more with our heroine than on any previous occasion she had done; and Leila, mindful of a deep debt of gratitude towards the swarthy female, seemed well inclined to treat her as a friend rather than as an inferior. She could not help thinking that there was some little degree of mystery attached to Klodissa; but the natural delicacy of Leila's feelings prevented her from putting any pointed question on the subject; while Klodissa on her own part volunteered no explanation in respect to her circumstances, her social position, or the reasons which had induced her to join with Thekla in undertaking the enterprise for Leila's deliverance. That she was in reality a slave, or had ever been one, Leila could not reconcile to herself after the way in which Thekla had spoken of her as a trusty friend, and considering likewise that there was a certain superiority about Klodissa's manner which she could not altogether conceal, though she evidently strove to enact the part of humility and inferiority.

There were moments when the sounds of Klodissa's voice appeared to vibrate strangely upon Leila's ears, and when her flashing looks produced a similar effect upon Leila's mind. Yet what these sensations were the Star of Mingrelia could not for the life of her conceive: she could not understand them—she could not explain them to herself; and if she set deliberately to think on the subject, she found her ideas rapidly falling into bewilderment and confusion.

It was a beautiful starlit night: the *araba* was drawn by two fleet and powerful horses; the steeds which Aladyn had purchased for himself and his followers in Constantinople, were of the finest Arab breed, swift of foot, and capable of much endurance. The road which was taken was the most direct towards the Georgian frontier, which, however, lay at a distance of no less than seven hundred miles; for the whole of the huge province of Anatolia had to be traversed. It was Aladyn's plan to journey as rapidly as was consistent with circumstances; and he had already made up his mind not to take Kars in his way, much though he longed to call upon the Pasha, his uncle by adoption, and reveal to him the marvellous things which had come to his knowledge, as well as to present his cousin the Princess of Mingrelia. But so long as Leila was within the Turkish frontier, her safety could not be looked upon as completely ensured; and it would moreover seriously compromise the generous and excellent Pasha of Kars if it happened to transpire that he had received at his palace the fugitive favorite of the Ramadan.

Hafiz, who was fond of exciting adventures, was now in his element; and even the cautious Ibrahim was well contented to serve his beloved master in the present undertaking—for he had conceived the utmost esteem and respect for the character of the Star of Mingrelia. Moreover, Aladyn had afforded his two faithful followers some little insight into the circumstances for which he had been summoned in the first instance from Kars to Tiflis; he had revealed to them the secret of his birth, and they therefore knew that it was his own cousin whom they were all engaged in escorting away from the vicinity of the perils which had threatened her.

Throughout the night the *araba* and the horsemen continued their way; and after sunrise they reached a hamlet where it was determined to rest for a little while, but more for the sake of the steeds than for the travellers themselves—Leila and Klodissa being in no sense wearied—on the contrary, being anxious to continue the journey with the least possible delay. The halt, however, enabled our travellers to refresh themselves with the requisite ablutions and food; and so soon as it was considered that the horses were likewise sufficiently refreshed, the party set out again.

The road now lay across a wide open tract of country, where, in consequence of the ungenial nature of the soil, there were but few signs of agriculture, and where the habitations of human beings were few and far between. The path itself was not always good, and our travellers progressed less rapidly than they had hitherto done. The *araba* was occasionally much jolted; but Leila begged that a too delicate consideration for her sake might not impede the celerity of their pace more than unavoidable circumstances were already checking it; and Aladyn could not do otherwise than admire the

heroism and the fortitude of his young and beautiful cousin.

In consequence of the increasing difficulties of the route, Aladyn and his two dependants rode a little way in advance of the *araba*—exploring, as it were, the nature of the country; for it was occasionally found that by a divergence from what was actually the road, the equipage would better achieve its progress. Frequent were the glances that Aladyn, Ibrahim, and Hafiz flung behind them, to scour the horizon and assure themselves that they were free from pursuit. For some time there was no cause for apprehension on this point; but at length Aladyn when casting a look over his shoulder, gave a sudden start, which was instantaneously noticed by Ibrahim and Hafiz. Quick as lightning did these two faithful dependants glance rearward; and their looks, the next moment meeting those of Aladyn, proved to our young hero that they were struck by the same cause for apprehension which had startled himself.

"We are pursued!" he said. "Those objects move!—they are horsemen in the horizon!"

"Yes—it is so," observed Ibrahim, with a more phlegmatic quietude. "We shall soon ascertain how many there are; and if there be only such odds as two to one, they may rely upon a warm reception."

"Yes—by Allah!" ejaculated Hafiz, "the Princess shall not be captured so long as a spark of life remains in our bodies!"

"Well spoken, my good and trusty followers!" replied Aladyn. "But hush! let us not alarm the Princess or Klodissa, until our fears receive some better confirmation! The driver of the *araba* already notices the quick looks which we have cast behind us, and the sudden excitement which has been the result."

Aladyn accordingly made signs to the driver to quicken the pace of his horses, but to forbear from asking any questions; and as he again glanced towards the horizon, he said, "The horsemen have disappeared! It may be a false alarm after all!—But no! it was merely a hollow which concealed them from our view! See! they emerge into sight again!—and, by heaven! it is a numerous party!"

"At least twenty," said Ibrahim. "They are cavalry-soldiers. Behold! the sun glitters upon their weapons!"

"Doubtless," added Hafiz, "it is a detachment of the Light Horse which do duty at the Sultan's palace. And now what will your Excellency do?"

"They gain upon us!—that is but too evident!" exclaimed Aladyn. "Were we trusting to our own good steeds only, we might outstrip them yet! But that *araba* progresses at a snail's pace in comparison with the fleetness of those who are coming on!"

It was with rapid utterance that Aladyn thus spoke,—yet with only that degree of excitement which a brave mind might naturally display, but which did not for an instant overrule his firmness or self-possession. And all the while he was looking behind as his steed cantered along the road; his keen eyes were measuring the distance between his own party and those whom he could no longer doubt to be otherwise than pursuers. He saw that they were indeed gaining ground; and his resolve was quickly taken how to act.

"Yes," he said, "they are at least twenty in number—and it were utter madness for us to dream of resistance! We should but be courting inevitable death for ourselves and throwing away the last chance of saving the Princess! The *araba* must be abandoned! I will take charge of her Highness! You, Hafiz, must do the same by Klodissa! And then to the fleetness and strength of our steeds, as well as to the mercy of heaven, must everything be committed!"

Aladyn read approval in the looks of his two followers: their opinion coincided with his own; he had suggested the only alternative. The *araba* was therefore suddenly ordered to stop; and Ibrahim, putting a well-filled purse into the hand of the driver, said, "There is no farther need for your services. The pursuers are close upon us—but no injury can happen to you—you were following your vocation without knowing that there was anything peculiar in the present circumstances thereof."

Meanwhile Aladyn had hastily approached the vehicle, and he said, "Now, Leila—and you, too, Klodissa—the instant is come when you have need of all your fortitude. Alight!—there is not a moment to spare!"

The Princess and Klodissa sprang forth from the vehicle; and what followed was the work but of a few seconds. Aladyn's outstretched hand lifted

Leila to a seat on the front of the saddle; while Hafiz did the same in respect to Klodissa.

"Cling tight to me, dearest Leila!" whispered Aladyn; and away sped his steed, as if unconscious of the double burden which it had now to bear.

Hafiz had likewise spoken encouraging words to Klodissa; and his horse also started off in full career, stretching like a greyhound along the road.

Ibrahim was close at hand. It was a thrilling and exciting scene; and the driver of the *araba*, looked on with wonderment for a few moments—at the expiration of which the steeds and their burdens disappeared from his view in the distance.

Quick as the three horses went, Aladyn's was nevertheless, the fleetest; but not for a moment did he check its whirlwind rapidity. Useless were it for him to diminish the celerity of his own flight in order to keep with his companions. The Princess must be saved, if within the means of possibility, no matter what might become of his two followers and Klodissa! There was nothing selfish in this idea which flitted across Aladyn's brain; because, even if he were to linger, he could render no effective assistance to those others—but all might be overtaken! On, therefore, he went—his eyes keenly surveying the ground ahead, and every now and then glancing back over his shoulder; while his lips gave almost continuous utterance to words of encouragement for Leila. And she, seated upon the front part of the saddle, with one arm thrown round the slender form of her heroic young cousin, thus clung tightly to him—ever and anon answering him in a tone as cheerful as she could possibly render it; and as much akin to the encouraging nature of his accents as under circumstances it could be.

The noble steed appeared as if it actually comprehended that this was a matter of life and death, or of happiness or misery, for those whom it bore; and it sped along with the fleetness of the hurricane. For upwards of a quarter of an hour had the flight and chase now lasted; Aladyn glanced over his shoulder, and the position of those whom he beheld may be briefly described. Ibrahim was keeping up with Hafiz, who retained Klodissa in his arms; and they were about half a mile behind Aladyn and Leila. Half a mile further off still, were the foremost of the pursuers, who did not now seem to be gaining any further ground. Scarcely had Aladyn's sweeping glance thus ascertained the relative positions of those in his rear, when his steed began careering down the descent of a hollow, the eminence which was just left now serving as a barrier betwixt the view of himself and all who were in the rear.

The outskirts of a wood was at a little distance; and thitherward Aladyn guided his willing horse; for he thought that if he could place this wood betwixt himself and his pursuers, and then on the opposite side make some *detour*, he might escape altogether from their view. Along the border of the grove did the steed continue the almost miraculous fleetness of its way; the angle of the wood was reached; Aladyn glanced over his shoulder—neither his followers nor the pursuers were to be seen. The corner was turned: in a few moments a path presented itself at the entrance of the grove; and into this did our young hero unhesitatingly wheel his steed. Through the wood the way continued—the path being wide enough and the trees sufficiently high to prevent their branches from marring his progress; and more encouraging became the words that he uttered to his beloved Leila, whose head reposed upon his breast, and whose arm circled his waist.

In about ten minutes the opposite extremity of the wood was gained; and upon the open country once more emerged the fugitives. Aladyn glanced around; no one was to be seen. But still he dared not relax his horse's pace. He looked far ahead; and he felt that if he could only succeed in gaining the wilds that were stretching there, pursuit might be altogether baffled—at least for the present—and there would be breathing time to think of the course that was next to be adopted. On, therefore, he went, explaining to Leila the circumstances of their present position, and the hopes which he entertained; for she dared not move even so slightly as to glance over his shoulder, for fear lest she should glide from the saddle, or unsettle her heroic young cousin in the steadiness of his own seat.

At length Aladyn thought he was warranted in reining in his steed and suffering the noble animal to take breath. And well was it that he did so; for a few moments brought him close upon the brink of a chasm, into which the horse and its burden would inevitably have plunged down, if the same careering pace as heretofore had been continued. Though startled, and for a moment

alarmed by the discovery—indeed, we may even say horrified by the idea of a tremendous danger, from which himself and all he held dear had so providentially escaped—Aladyn betrayed not his emotions to Leila; but slowly conducted the steed in the same direction which the chasm itself took. It was a singular opening, as if the earth had yawned for a considerable length, and had not closed its mouth again. It may be better describe as an immense long crack, several yards wide in some places, narrower in others—but nevertheless anywhere of a width sufficient to engulf both horse and riders if abruptly coming upon it at the tremendous pace which Aladyn had so recently been adopting. He could discern neither the end nor the beginning of this chasm; and having walked his steed along the edge, though at a safe distance therefrom, for nearly a mile, it still continued its yawning, gaping way as far as his eye could reach. In short, it seemed as if the earth had suddenly thus opened in order to bar the progress of our youthful hero and his lovely burden.

All in a moment certain sounds were wafted to his ears, which made him turn his eyes in a particular direction; and he beheld four of the Turkish cavalry-soldiers galloping from a distance. This time he could not avoid giving a sudden start; so that Leila anxiously inquired whether the pursuers were at hand?

"Yes, my beloved!" responded Aladyn, with a tender earnestness. "But for heaven's sake retain your fortitude!—cling to me! I will defend you to the last!"

Supporting her light beautiful form with his left arm, Aladyn drew his sabre; and brandishing it in his right hand, he nerved himself for the encounter: for at the moment he felt convinced that this was the only alternative left him by the desperation of the circumstances in which he was placed. Before him was the gulf—behind him were the pursuers; and their relative position was such that if he were to gallop along the side of the chasm, he would be inevitably cut off—for it was an uneven and broken part of the ground where he now was, while they might career over a soft and easy sward-like grass.

Nearer they came; and all in a moment there was the report of a pistol. The bullet went whistling past Aladyn's leg. His pursuers, ignorant that his course was barred by the chasm, evidently feared that he might betake himself to renewed flight: they were discharging their firearms—but levelling low with the view of striking his steed and thus accomplishing an easy capture.

"Oh, dearest cousin! beloved Daniel!" exclaimed Leila, in accents of rending anguish: "to think that on my account you must die!"

"Courage, sweetest Leila!—courage, my angel!" he ejaculated, as a sudden idea struck him: and he strained her more forcibly to his heart.

Bullet after bullet was discharged by the pistols of the pursuers—report after report rang through the sunlit air: but fortunately the winged balls failed to hit their mark. Aladyn's eyes swept round upon the scene. Nearer came his pursuers: in two more minutes they would be up with him! To combat against them, provided with firearms as they were, would be a deed of madness. He knew that Leila would prefer death to what she looked upon as dishonor in the Sultan's harem: there was a chance of escape—a single chance—it was a desperate one—Oh, so desperate!—but if it failed they would at least die together, locked in each other's arms!

No sooner resolved upon, than executed!

"Cling to me, beloved Leila!" exclaimed Aladyn in thrilling tone: "cling to me, darling, for your life!—and we shall be saved!"

He wheeled round his steed as he thus spoke: he commended himself to God—a sufficient distance from the chasm for his purpose was gained—once more with skilful hand did he turn the willing, yet spirited animal—then into its flanks he dashed the rowels of his spurs—and right ahead towards the gulf, at one of the narrowest parts which in that neighborhood it presented, did the careering courser go. The pursuers were now close behind: they thought that Aladyn was turning to flee on fair ground; another pistol was discharged, this time point-blank at himself—but the bullet whistled by his ear; and at the same instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the steed cleared the yawning Abyss.

Well was it for his pursuers that the leaping action of the horse suddenly struck their attention, as they themselves came dashing on upon their own steeds: otherwise into the chasm would they have plunged, deep down—headlong! But expert masters of their animals, they reined them quickly in, literally throwing themselves back in their saddles

with horror at the awful peril which they had escaped. And on the other side of the Abyss—now already far away—was the fugitive Aladyn, with the lovely Leila in his arms—borne onward by the gallant steed which had saved them from falling into the hands of their enemies!

When the four Turkish soldiers had recovered from the horror and stupefaction into which the terrific leap had thrown them—a feat which they felt by no means inclined to imitate—they rode hastily along the course of the chasm in the hope of arriving at its extremity or at some part sufficiently narrow to be leaped fearlessly. But after proceeding for about a couple of miles, their way was barred by a deep ravine, from which that chasm stretched out at right angles; and they had to follow the ravine—to turn it when it ceased—and then pursue it on the other side, before they could continue the chase. Thus an hour was lost to them; but the gain of it to Aladyn and Leila was their salvation.

At a hamlet some twenty miles distant from the scene where that terrific exploit was accomplished by our young hero, he and Leila were rejoined by Hafiz, Klodissa, and Ibrahim. It is not requisite to linger over our narrative in order to explain by what hair-breadth means they likewise had escaped from the pursuers, who had divided themselves into three or four different parties in order to beat the country when Aladyn with his lovely burden had disappeared from their view in the vast hollow containing the wood. Suffice it to say that our fugitives had all succeeded in eluding those who were bent upon the chase; and it was a happy accident which reunited them at this hamlet.

Thence, so soon as the steeds were suitably refreshed, the journey was continued. But here again it is unnecessary to spin out our story with minute details. Suffice it to record that at the nearest town steeds were purchased for Leila and Klodissa; and that the Star of Mingrelia as well as the swarthy female displayed the most heroic perseverance, the most untiring energy, and the most marvellous fortitude in pressing on with their escort through the immense province of Anatolia. That distance of hundreds of miles was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time; and at length the Georgian frontier was reached. There Leila was safe; and oh! what a recompense for all perils that had been dared—for all fatigues that had been endured, was the ability to pronounce in confidence that single word "Safe!"

A rest for two whole days in a Georgian town was now enjoyed by our travellers, and then the journey was resumed towards Tiflis. Leila had not forgotten her sacred promise to Tarkhana; and the direct route was accordingly diverged from in order that a visit might be paid to the farm-house inhabited by the Georgian widow and her daughters. Most hospitable was the reception there experienced by Leila and her companions; and the Star of Mingrelia lost no time in explaining to the Georgian widow all those circumstances which had thrown her in the way of that worthy woman's lost daughter Ayesha, now her Highness Tarkhana. The Georgian widow's astonishment was only equalled by the feelings of tenderness at what she heard; and when Leila had delivered the messages sent by Tarkhana, the good woman murmured, with tears in her eyes, "It is heaven's dispensation, and I must submit! At least I am relieved of all anxious suspense in reference to my dearly beloved Ayesha. She is alive—she is resigned, even if she be not altogether happy!"

The journey was continued towards the capital of Georgia. The sun was setting amidst the mountains of the Caucasus, as our party of travellers came in view of Tiflis. It was from the summit of a hill that they thus obtained the first glimpse on this occasion of that city from which Leila had been so cruelly torn away, and which Aladyn had quitted with a heart that was filled with the cruellest affliction. On they went; and soon they drew near to that gloomy fortress which served as the metropolitan gaol. All of a sudden a singular spectacle met their view; and Aladyn exclaimed, "By heaven! 'tis a daring feat! Behold that prisoner who is escaping!"

They all reined in their steeds with astonishment at the occurrence which was passing before their eyes, but the details of which we must reserve for the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE last beams of the setting sun were quivering above the Caucasian hills, as the spectacle mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter met the eyes of our travellers at a little distance. In consequence of the elevation of the ground on which they now halted to contemplate that scene, it was dis-

cernible in all its details. An individual, having the appearance of a tall slender man, was lowering himself by a rope from a window in one of the lofty towers which flanked the fortalice that served as a prison.

"What can the guard be about," exclaimed Hafiz, "that you daring adventurer deems it feasible to attempt this exploit while it is still light?"

"Doubtless," observed Ibrahim, "from the rules and circumstances of his captivity, this is the only opportune moment that he could possibly find for such an achievement."

"See!" cried Aladyn, "he has glided down to the full length of the rope! Poor wretch, it is too short!—he has much to risk! But no! he plants his foot on the roof of some low out-building!—he makes a spring!—the rope flies from his hand! Ah! he has fallen to the ground!"

There was a silence of nearly half a minute—during which the travellers kept their eyes fixed upon the spot where the escaping prisoner had so suddenly disappeared; and then Aladyn ejaculated, "No! he has not fallen! Behold him again!—he is creeping along the roofs of those houses!"

"But they are within the precincts of the fortalice," said Ibrahim; "and he has yet much to achieve. What will your Excellency do?"

Hitherto the interest which was so suddenly excited by a spectacle of such a bold and daring character, had absorbed all other thoughts; but this abruptly put question from the lips of Ibrahim was suggestive of a duty on the part of those who heard it. A prisoner was escaping before their eyes; and by remaining there as simple spectators of the proceeding, they were becoming almost accessories to it. Yet merciful considerations mingled with the sense of duty with which they were suddenly inspired.

"Perhaps," suggested Leila, "it is some unfortunate debtor?"

"Or the victim of some injustice?" added Klodissa.

"A political prisoner, perchance?" interjected Hafiz—"one who has felt the iron yoke of Russian tyranny."

"Yes—who knows?" exclaimed Aladyn. "The life of an innocent man may be at stake!—the happiness of a wife and children may at this moment be depending on the result of that bold adventure!"

"And on the other hand," observed Ibrahim, "it may be a criminal of the blackest dye—such a wretch, for instance, as Tunar."

This colloquy consisted of a succession of remarks so rapid that they only occupied a few moments; and the whole time the eyes of the travellers remained riveted upon the object of their interest and of their discourse. He was still passing along the roofs of several low outbuildings and houses, which were in the immediate neighborhood of the gloomy stone fortalice itself, and, as Ibrahim had observed, within the precincts of the defence-works themselves. Indeed, it was clear enough to our travellers that the daring adventurer, whoever he were, would have to cross a moat and scale a wall before his escape could be finally accomplished. From the point where they stood they could not discern whether there were actually any sentinels to bar the way which the individual must necessarily take; and though it seemed scarcely possible on the one hand that such precautions would be neglected by the Russian soldiers who garrisoned the city and who were charged with the protection of the fortress—yet on the other hand it appeared equally incredible that the prisoner would attempt so desperate an exploit with the certainty of encountering armed opposition ere it were completed.

"Yes!" cried Aladyn, after a brief pause in the discourse, during which his thoughts had remained settled upon the concluding observation made by Ibrahim; "it is possible that it is Tunar! Tall and slender that escaping adventurer assuredly is!—and by heaven, 'tis he himself!"

It was the last ray of the setting sun which, falling upon the escaping captive just at the moment he was gliding down the sloping roof of an outhouse, revealed his glossy chestnut hair to the keen eyes of Aladyn. Ejaculations of excited wonderment burst from the lips of Aladyn's companions; and Ibrahim exclaimed, "The murderer of the worthy Mansour must not be suffered thus to escape from the arms of justice!"

"No!" ejaculated Aladyn. "Away with you, Hafiz!—gallop down to the gate—give warning of what is being done—and we will intercept the young criminal, if in the meantime he should succeed in passing the moat."

Away sped Hafiz down the sloping road as quick as his careering steed could go; and the other travellers remained stationary upon the eminence, in

order that Aladyn and Ibrahim might keep watch over all the neighborhood of the fortress, which the extensive range of their view from that point commanded.

And Tunar it indeed was whom Aladyn had thus recognized, and who was making this seemingly desperate attempt at escape. But it was not altogether so foolhardy a one as Aladyn had supposed in the case that there were sentinels to be passed ere he could finally achieve his freedom. During the period of his imprisonment, which had lasted for nearly a month, certain friends outside had found the means of communicating with him, by bribing two soldiers of the depot at the fortalice. By virtue of certain arrangements and understandings, Tunar was to make the attempt on the very first occasion when it should happen that those two sentinels could best further his aims. Thus, according to this necessity which ruled his actions, it was impossible for him to choose an hour of darkness, if it should happen that the favorable conjuncture presented itself during the period of light. In plain terms, there were invariably two sentinels posted on the side of the moat which Tunar would have to traverse; and it was only when the couple of soldiers who were bribed to his interests, should be on duty there together, at the same time that the attempt could be made. Hence the execution of the project on this particular evening, at the setting of the sun only some twenty minutes before the guard would make its round to relieve those two sentinels and leave others in their place.

Let us now for awhile follow the fortunes of Tunar. On gliding down from the roof of that low out-building where, by the aid of the parting sunbeam, he was recognized by Aladyn, the adventurous youth found himself in a courtyard enclosed on three sides, but open on the brink of the moat, along which indeed a pathway ran for the use of sentries. The two friendly sentinels might easily—without much risk of being charged with complicity or dereliction of duty—keep their beats at such a distance, and so completely under the cover of buildings, as to remain beyond the view of the course which Tunar had hitherto taken. But finally he was to make a dash into the moat, swim across it, scale the low defence work which was on the opposite side, and trust for the rest to whatsoever crowning arrangements his friends outside might have made. According to the previous understanding, if all things went thus far well, the sentries would fire their muskets on hearing the splash in the water, so as to keep up appearances and divert suspicion from themselves; but they had promised, and, indeed, intended to fire wide of the object, and thus ensure his escape.

The reader now comprehends the circumstances in which this escape was attempted; and Tunar flattered himself that everything was going well. His keen eyes had discerned a party of men and women on a hill at a little distance; but he had not recognized any of them; and though from the fact of their remaining motionless, the idea naturally struck him that they were watching the progress of his escape—yet, on the other hand, as they seemed to manifest no inclination to interfere, he ceased to be alarmed on the point. Gliding down from the roof of the house at the very moment when Hafiz darted away in obedience to Aladyn's order, Tunar, noticed not the incident; for on alighting in the courtyard, the little troop of halting travelers had suddenly been lost to his view. And now he was on the very point of rushing toward the moat and plunging into it to dare the final exploit, when all in an instant the sound of a voice speaking angrily met his ears. This was none other than the corporal of the guard, who having taken it into his head—without any motive for suspicion, however, to make a round at that particular time, was ordering the two friendly sentinels to keep more on a particular beat than he found them doing. For an instant, on hearing that voice, Tunar was bewildered how to act; he could not catch the words that were being spoken; and he was uncertain whether the voice belonged to one of the friendly sentinels or not. His mind was, however, quickly made up how to act; and springing forward, he plunged into the moat.

"By St. Nicholas, an escape!" ejaculated the Russian corporal; and his musket being instantaneously levelled at Tunar, discharged its bullet.

The ball splashed in the water within a few inches of the youth's head, at the very moment that he dived down; and the first report was instantaneously followed by that of the two sentinels, who, however, took very good care to fire sufficiently wide of the escaping prisoner to guarantee him against injury, and yet to avoid being suspected of such complicity in his flight.

"After him!" ejaculated the corporal; and he dashed into the moat, the two sentinels immediately following.

Tunar quickly gained the opposite bank; but as he was making for the defence-work, which now alone seemed to stand betwixt himself and freedom, his foot caught in the elongating, curving, bared root of a tree, so that he fell headlong. In the twinkling of an eye he was upon his feet again; but the corporal was now close behind him. The Russian non-commissioned officer's bullet had been discharged; his piece was unloaded—but he rushed at Tunar with his fixed bayonet. The youth's position now seemed perilous to a degree; and he felt that naught but desperate daring could save him. He seized the bayonet with both his hands; it was at the instant by an almost preterhuman development of strength that he forced it back as its point was within an inch of his breast; but impelled with the energy of a thousand, he wrenched the musket from its possessor. Then one tremendous blow, and the unfortunate corporal was hurled into the moat!

All that we have just been describing was the work of a few instants; and the two sentinels, having in their turn gained the same side of the moat as that where this scene took place, made a show of rushing with their fixed bayonets towards Tunar. But fleet as a careering steed—swift as the hound loosed from its leash—rapid as an arrow shot from a bow, Tunar dashed away, at the moment that some dozen of Russian soldiers, alarmed by the report of the muskets, came rushing round the inner side of the moat, towards the scene of those incidents which we have been describing.

Up the outer defence-work flew Tunar—a dozen bullets whistled past his ears—but unhurt, he sprang down the exterior slope of the fortification, and vanished from the view of those who were within the precincts of the fortalice. Away he sped!—away as if it were the hunted deer pursued by the hounds!—and at a distance of some two hundred yards he plunged into a little copse in the neighborhood of one of those antique grotesque-looking windmills which are to be seen in the vicinity of Tiflis.

There, just within that copse, two men were ready mounted upon their steeds; and a third horse, as yet riderless, was held by one of them. These two men were Kyri Karaman and Djemzet—and we should observe that having been for the last half-hour hidden in that copse, they had not noticed the party of travellers that had halted on an eminence at no great distance. But still, from the point where Karaman and his follower were thus concealed, they had been enabled to watch through the trees Tunar's descent from the tower; they had heard the reports of the musketry—for a few minutes they had fancied that all was over; but they had resolved to await the issue—and they were as much surprised as gladdened when they suddenly beheld Tunar gliding with an almost magical swiftness towards them.

But soon—indeed, within a few moments—the outwork from which he had so abruptly re-appeared to their view, presented the spectacle of a dozen or more Russian soldiers clearing it as rapidly as he himself had just done. The copse was, however, reached in safety by the daring youth, as we have recently said; he sprang upon the steed that was in readiness for him; and away he dashed in company with Kyri Karaman and Djemzet.

Meanwhile, from the eminence to which we have so often alluded, Aladyn, Ibrahim, Leila, and Klodissa watched the progress of the singular and exciting adventure of which accident had thus rendered them the witnesses. They, too, heard the reports of the musketry—they, too, thought that all was over, that Tunar was re-captured or killed, and that therefore the mission of Hafiz to the gate of the fortalice would in the end prove an unnecessary step. But presently they beheld Tunar flying like the wind from the external defence-work, and making towards the copse in the neighborhood of the windmill. Then Aladyn and Ibrahim, leaving Leila and Klodissa upon the eminence, urged their steeds into a gallop, that they might cut off Tunar's retreat and surrender one whom they regarded as a murderer, back again into the hands of justice. But between the spot which they had just quitted and the mill in the neighborhood of the copse, there was a deep and extensive quarry; so that they were compelled to make a considerable circuit in a direction still farther off from the fortalice. In consequence of this delay, Tunar succeeded in gaining the copse whence he and his two friends, Kyri Karaman and Djemzet quickly emerged in full career as already described.

Not many minutes had elapsed since these three

darted forth on their steeds from the copse when they beheld two horsemen galloping towards them. Kyri Karaman and Djemzet had never before seen Aladyn and Ibrahim; but an ejaculation from the lips of Tunar speedily made them aware who these two horsemen were.

"Tis well!" cried the Guerilla-bandit, a fierce joy flashing from his large brilliant eyes: "the moment is come for me to avenge upon that young Turk the defeat of my men, which was my primal cause of all my misfortunes! Level your weapon, Djemzet!—take good aim—and fire!"

While thus speaking, Kyri Karaman had rapidly unstrung the rifle that was suspended to his back; and in another moment it was pointed towards Aladyn. But our youthful hero's keen eyes had caught the proceeding; a pistol snatched from his holster, was already in his own hand; he fired—and Kyri Karaman's horse dropped dead upon the ground. Down came the Guerilla-bandit at the very instant that the trigger of his rifle was pulled; and well was it for Aladyn that the usually unerring aim of Kyri Karaman was thus abruptly diverted by the prostration of his steed. The bullet of that rifle whistled harmlessly by our hero; at the same moment Ibrahim discharged a pistol at Djemzet—but without effect. This guerilla's steed darted aside at the report of the firearms; and thus the man's rifle proved as ineffectual in respect to Ibrahim as Kyri Karaman's was with regard to Aladyn.

But already was Tunar scouring away across the hills; for the reader has seen enough of his character to be aware that self-preservation was with him the ever uppermost thought; and besides, in the present instance flight was really his best alternative—for he was unarmed, and therefore unable to afford any succour to his comrades. Djemzet, on the contrary, would have tarried to share the fortunes of his master: but his steed, completely beyond his control, dashed off in the same direction which Tunar had already taken; and the next instant Aladyn and Ibrahim were in hot pursuit. For when they perceived that Tunar had taken to flight, they lingered not to care for the individual who had fallen, and whom they little suspected to be Kyri Karaman. It was Tunar, the supposed murderer of the venerable Mansour, whom they sought—him whom they therefore pursued! Fleet as a whirlwind went the steeds of those who were fleeing and of those who were intent upon the chase!

Meanwhile Leila and Klodissa had remained upon the eminence where they had been left, and whence so wide a range of view was commanded. With their eyes they followed Aladyn and Ibrahim as these two made the circuit of the immense quarry, across which the looks of our heroine and the swarthy female could likewise travel towards the three horsemen, who, having emerged from the corpse, were careering along on the farther side of the vast pit. Leila's heart palpitated with terror at thought of what might be the result of an encounter between her beloved Aladyn and the faithful Ibrahim on one side, against the odds of three desperate individuals on the other;—and when in a few minutes the report of firearms reached her ears, Klodissa saw she became pale as death.

It must be remembered that although we stated that it was the last ray of the setting sun which had revealed Tunar to Aladyn, when the former was yet in the midst of effecting his escape, yet that all the subsequent incidents had followed each other with such startling rapidity, that not above a dozen minutes or so had elapsed since that expiring beam was flung from behind the hills of the Caucasus. Thus, although the twilight was so very short in that Georgian region, there was still a sufficient clearness to render all objects visible even at a distance. But amidst the smoke of the several weapons that were fired, the actual circumstances of the conflict were hidden from the view of Leila and Klodissa: and when that smoke cleared off, they beheld four riders careering swiftly away, in another moment to be lost in the gathering gloom of evening. One therefore had fallen:—who was that one?

"Let us speed to the spot!" cried Leila, her heart fluttering with the most anxious fears: and away she urged her steed, in company with Klodissa.

A few minutes brought them to the spot where the one who had fallen lay:—his right leg was beneath the steed that was as motionless as its master. Either dead or unconscious was that man: but Leila was in a moment relieved from an immensity of apprehension; for though she at first caught not a glimpse of his countenance, yet a glance at his apparel showed that he was not her much-loved Aladyn.

The Star of Mingrelia and Klodissa glided from

their steeds to render help to a fellow-creature, if it were not too late, and whoever he might be: but at the first glance which they bent upon his countenance, Klodissa ejaculated, "Just heaven! it is Kyri!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

As it recollects that the Princess Leila had never hitherto seen the countenance of Kyri Karaman; for he had worn a mask when he penetrated into her chamber at the hostelry for the purpose of obtaining possession of her ring: and though Klodissa now only ejaculated a portion of his name, yet did our heroine feel instantaneously smitten with the conviction that it was the formidable Guerilla-bandit whom she beheld stretched before her.

"But he lives!" exclaimed Klodissa, at the expiration of a few moments, during which she had bent her countenance closely down to his own. "He breathes! Perhaps he was but stunned by the fall?—for his horse has evidently been shot under him!"

Then Klodissa rapidly and keenly ran her eyes over Kyri Karaman's form; and perceiving no blood oozing out anywhere, she said in a low voice, "No—he is not wounded!"

Leila was all nervousness and agitation at having been thus suddenly thrown in with the Guerilla-bandit: for although he were at present unconscious of what was passing around him, yet was it impossible to say how speedily he might return to life—how he might start up—and how he might do her some mischief. It was natural that the Star of Mingrelia, knowing full well how desperate a character was Kyri Karaman, should thus be full of vague wild apprehensions at being brought suddenly into contact with him. For the delicate-minded female who in her pathway beholds a reptile stretched torpid or seemingly dead, cannot repel a feeling of repugnance, nor shake off a sensation of dread lest it should suddenly become inspired with life and fling its loathsome length at her.

"Assist me, dear Princess," said Klodissa, "to lift him from beneath the steed which is crushing one of his limbs. You know that he is a fellow-creature," continued the swarthy female, fixing her large dark eyes earnestly upon our heroine; "and however bad he may be, we must not suffer him—"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the generous-hearted Leila, anticipating the remainder of the sentence; "we must not suffer him to languish painfully—much less to perish miserably—for want of that assistance which common humanity would render to the worst and to the lowest!"

Leila and Klodissa accordingly managed to disencumber the fallen bandit's limbs from the weight which was pressing upon it; and he then groaned heavily. But still he was unconscious of what was passing around him; and his eyes remained closed. Klodissa hastily passed her hand down the limb which had lain beneath the steed: then more slowly she felt to ascertain if a bone were broken. She gently raised it—the bandit groaned again; but Klodissa expressed her conviction that the leg was not broken, though it might be bruised to an extent which produced great physical anguish.

At this moment the sounds of a horse's hoofs rapidly approaching reached the ears of the Princess and Klodissa; and though the gloom was now deepening around them, yet while the horsemen were still at some little distance they both recognised Hafiz. He had been to the fortalice to warn the authorities of Tunar's proceedings with a view to flight: he had reached the gate when the first reports of the musketry were ringing through the air; and he had tarried a little while to learn the result. On returning to the eminence where he had left his fellow-travelers, in order that he might communicate to them the fact that Tunar had succeeded in accomplishing his escape,—he found that the spot was deserted: but convinced that the party had not entered Tiflis, he had ridden about at random in search of them, until in a few minutes he discerned some persons a little way off; and he now therefore came up to the spot where the Princess and Klodissa were bending over Kyri Karaman.

"Hush! not a word!—breathe not his name, dear Princess;" said Klodissa, in a low, hurried, but earnest manner: "for Hafiz knows him not!—and your Highness would scarcely—"

"No—I would not wilfully do this man an injury," replied the Star of Mingrelia emphatically: for at the moment she recollects the solemn pledge which she had given to Myrrha.

The next instant Hafiz had sprung from his horse, in wild alarm lest the prostrate individual should either be his beloved master or Ibrahim: but on perceiving some one whom he knew not, he said

"May it please your Highness, who is this? and where—"

"His Excellency your master and your friend Ibrahim," Klodissa hastened to exclaim, "are gone in pursuit of Tunar. That youth has others with him: they are desperate men—there may be a conflict—"

"Ah!" ejaculated Hafiz, his hand instantaneously clutching his horse's mane in readiness to spring into his saddle: "if my services be not wanted here, I will speed whither they may be actively employed!"

"Go, good Hafiz," said Leila. "Your master may need the succor of your arm."

One bound, and Hafiz was in his saddle. Leila indicated the direction in which he was to proceed; and away sped the faithful and chivalrous Turk as quickly as his horse could bear him. Leila had bidden him depart for two reasons. In the first place because she was anxious that her well-beloved Aladyn should be as well supported as possible against the desperadoes with whom he might have to deal; and in the second place she saw that Klodissa was for some reason or another desirous that Hafiz should be temporarily gotten rid of—for she had given him to understand that Tunar had several persons with him, whereas he had really but one. After the many obligations which the Princess had received at the hands of Klodissa, it was no wonder she should thus strive to humour her or to further her views, whatever they might be, to the extent of her power.

"If Hafiz had chanced to discover who this is," said Klodissa, when he had taken his departure, "he would have felt himself bound to adopt stringent measures with respect to him. But I, dear Princess, was acquainted with the ill-fated Myrrha, as you likewise were acquainted with her; and for her sake—for the memory of that unfortunate being who was cut off in the bloom of her years—I would save this man if possible: for I know how tenderly and devotedly she loved him!"

"And I likewise, for the self-same reason," answered Leila, sadly and mournfully, as she thought of Myrrha, "would not merely refrain from doing Kyri Karaman an injury, but would even endeavor to ensure his safety. Yet what is to be done? He is still unconscious: and who knows but that some of the Russian soldiery, if speeding in pursuit of Tunar, may come this way? Ah, Tunar!" exclaimed the Princess, her thoughts now suddenly settling again on one from whom for some minutes past they had been turned into another channel: "Kyri Karaman must have been in some way instrumental in aiding his escape?"

"For heaven's sake," ejaculated Klodissa, "Let us not waste precious time in idle conjectures. Oh? if I dared ask you a boon, dear Princess—"

"Ask me anything," eagerly responded the Star of Mingrelia. "I am not unmindful of how much I owe you—my honor, my happiness—nay, more, my very life!"

"The unfortunate Kyri Karaman," resumed Klodissa, hastily and excitedly, "show no sign of returning consciousness; and we have not here the means of resuscitating him. Speed, dear Princess, to the nearest mill—procure wine, spirits—anything in short—"

"Enough, Klodissa! I understand!" exclaimed Leila, ready and willing to perform a service which she regarded as so simple: and the next moment she was again in her saddle. "In a few minutes I shall return!"—and away she sped.

Though the shades of evening had now completely gathered in, yet the moon and stars were beginning to send forth their silver lustre; and all objects in the immediate neighborhood were still plainly visible, though it was not so with objects at any distance. On Leila's right hand was the immense quarry, all gleaming white and ghastly like a tremendous riven sepulchre. A little on her left hand was the grotesque windmill,—its uncouth shape and its singularly-fashioned sweeps standing out in bold blackness against the starlit sky. Straight ahead were the tall towers of the fortalice, rearing themselves like sombre giants, and flinging still darker shadows across the maze of buildings which looked white in the moonbeams save where those deep shades remained. And farther beyond that gloomy edifice stretched the Georgian capital, with its towers denoting the churches of Christians, and its minarets indicating the temples of the Mussulman,—architectural types of two distinct creeds—yet all alike pointing to the same heaven, as if indicative of the acknowledged power of one and the same God!

But not long had Leila to contemplate the scene thus spread before her; for the windmill was soon

gained—and her summons at the door quickly brought forth an old man who by his whitened costume was evidently the miller himself. Leila's object was quickly explained: she required a little wine, spirit, or any cordial which he might happen to have in his habitation—and he should be liberally recompensed. But he was one of those who can do nothing without asking a multitude of questions. What was the wine for? did the fair young lady purpose to drink it upon the spot? was she athirst? would she honor him by dismounting and entering his dwelling? or did she need the wine for some poor sick person in the neighborhood?

"Interrogate me not," she said, mildly yet firmly. "Give me in a bottle or flask whichever of the liquors you have to dispose of; and here is your remuneration."

The coin which she displayed made the old man bustle about to supply his customer's want; for he was anxious to earn it, and too eager to grasp it to waste time with any more questions. Entering his dwelling, he speedily reappeared with a small flask, which he placed in Leila's hand: she gave him the coin and then urged her steed briskly back to the spot where she had left Klodissa and Kyri Karaman.

She reached that spot: a steed was standing there; but she failed to perceive at the first glance that it was *not* Klodissa's:—her astonishment and alarm were at once excited by beholding nothing of Klodissa herself. Yet there, upon the ground, lay stretched a form—the form of a man—motionless, as Kyri Karaman was when she had quitted the place a few minutes previously. But this was not the form of Kyri Karaman! Just heaven! was it possible?—or did her eyes deceive her? Oh no!—it was indeed all but too true what she fancied—all too real what she beheld!

For Klodissa and the Guerilla-bandit had disappeared: but there, stretched upon the spot, lay motionless—good God! perhaps dead—perhaps murdered—her own well-beloved cousin Aladyn!

CHAPTER XXX.

In order to enter upon the explanation of those mysteries with which the preceding chapter concluded, we must first speak of certain proceedings on the part of Klodissa. No sooner had Leila disappeared from her view when that amiable Princess rode away towards the windmill, than Klodissa, with a remarkable display of strength, raised the unconscious form of Kyri Karaman and placed him across her steed. She then sprang into the saddle; and urging the horse into a rapid pace, sped away from the spot with the still inanimate Guerilla whom she had thus taken in her charge.

It was not however to any very great distance that Klodissa proceeded; and she seemed to be looking out for some convenient place where she might adopt the means for his restoration to consciousness. In about twenty minutes she reached a little valley, in which there was a narrow limpid rill; and in a spot shaded by trees she halted. Alighting from the steed, she lifted off the form of the Guerilla-bandit, and deposited him upon the grass. She then dipped her kerchief in the crystal rivulet: she sprinkled the pure element upon Kyri Karaman's countenance; and she anxiously watched, as well as the obscurity of the shaded place which she had chosen would permit, for the slightest sign of returning life. For though the moon and stars were now shining, yet be it remembered that it was under the shade of the trees that Klodissa was thus pursuing her kind ministering offices; and therefore it was but dimly that she could scan the features of the Guerilla-bandit.

At length he slowly opened his eyes: spasms appeared to shoot through his frame, as if the process of revival were a painful one—as indeed it often is in such circumstances. Words began to mingle with the sighs and gaspings that came up from his throat; but those words were at first spoken so lowly and incoherently that Klodissa could gather no meaning from them. By degrees, however, they acquired a sense and a significance which became intelligible enough, though it was in broken and disjointed sentences that Kyri Karaman thus spoke.

"It was not Tunar!" he said: "no—no! it was not Tunar! But he would not tell all the truth—he would not—he dared not! Ah, ah! as well, perhaps, he thought to die for the one charge as for another. No he did not do it! It was—it was—Ah, poor old man! I did not mean that! No, no—I meant not that his blood should be spilt! His spectre has haunted me—yet 'twas not my hand that struck the blow. Not mine! not mine! It was—it was—Djemzet! Djemzet did it—not I—not Tunar! Why did the poor old man so suddenly appear? Ah! perhaps it was to save Leila. Yes, yes—to save her, as we carried her off! Insensate

Tunar, to have lingered in the garden—to have suffered himself to be captured! Oh, my brain is in a whirl—my head aches—my thoughts are confused! What can have happened? where am I? Is it a prison? are chains upon my limbs?"

"No—you are free," murmured Klodissa gently, as she bent over the bandit, whose head reposed upon her lap.

"Ah! who speaks?" said Kyri Karaman, another strong spasm shooting through his frame, as its symmetrical well-knit shape lay lengthwise upon the grass. "Was it Myrrha's voice?"

"No," replied Klodissa, still more softly and gently than before, though in accents as tremulously clear as the rippling of the rivulet which flowed at her feet: "you know that Myrrha has gone hence, and that you will never see her more!"

"Yes—she is gone!—the angel of my life is gone!" murmured Kyri Karaman: "the only being whom I ever loved, and whom I shall never see again!"

There was then a long silence,—during which the Guerilla was slowly and painfully collecting his thoughts as the light of reason became proportionately stronger and stronger. But still he had not sufficient strength to move—nor a sufficiently clear comprehension of the most recent circumstances which had occurred to him, to put any questions to Klodissa. And Klodissa herself continued to support Kyri Karaman's head upon her lap, and to bend over him, as she kept the moistened kerchief laid across his brows, so that his brain might be cooled and the aching of his head mitigated.

"Some one spoke to me of Myrrha," at length said Kyri Karaman, again slowly breaking silence. "Ah, poor Myrrha!"

"If the love of Myrrha still be sweet unto your heart," murmured Klodissa, "and if her image still linger thus in your memory, wherefore do you pursue a course which is constantly raising up perils in your path? Do you not reflect that if it be permitted to the departed Myrrha to look down upon you from that world to which she has gone, it must sadden her to behold the criminality and the danger of your ways? Ah! who can tell but that this is the punishment which she experiences in another sphere for the misdeeds of which she was guilty in this?—and who can tell but that her happiness might be complete if she only saw that you, whom she has left upon that earth where she loved you so tenderly and so well, were pursuing a career of honor and of probity?"

"Who is it that thus speaks to me?" asked Kyri Karaman: "or is it all a dream? Is it veritably the low soft voice of a woman which thus steals upon my ears, speaking things to which those ears are so little accustomed?—or is it all a delusion?"

"It is no delusion that you are in the care of one who for the departed Myrrha's sake has brought you to a place of safety, and who is ministering unto you. To me your late wife," continued Klodissa, "was well known before she became your bride. Yes, Kyri Karaman, I loved her—and knowing how well she loved you, I am doing all this for her sake!"

"And who are you?" asked the Guerilla-bandit, endeavoring to raise himself up so as to obtain a better view of her who was thus supporting his head, and who was speaking in tones so soft and gentle: for as her countenance bent over him in the shade of those trees, he could only catch a dim and indistinct idea of her dusky-complexioned lineaments.

"Repose where you are for a few minutes longer," she said; "and then measures shall be taken to ensure your safety."

"If it be for Myrrha's sake," said Kyri Karaman, with a considerable degree of emotion, "that you whomsoever you may be, manifest all this kindness towards me,—then does the love of my departed angel shed its influence upon me even yet! But tell me who you are—tell me your name that I may hereafter recollect it with gratitude!"

"Little would it matter to you," responded Klodissa, "to learn my name: for you know me not—you never saw me until now. Though a dweller in these Caucasian climes, I am a native of a far off land—a province of the sun, where the complexion of the inhabitants is darkness indeed in comparison with the fair skins of the people of these regions. Yet from mine infancy have I been a dweller in Georgia; and in past years your beloved and lost Myrrha was my friend. But as for my name—or who I may be—or whether I am now going, it lists not you to know!"

"Ah, I understand!" said the Guerilla, with some degree of bitterness in his tone: "you would be ashamed that your name should ever be breathed in the presence of others by the lips of the bandit Kyri Karaman!"

There was again a long interval of silence,—during

which the Guerilla felt his physical strength returning and his mental faculties becoming more collected. But still he lay in that position, with his head on Klodissa's lap; for there was still a sufficiency of lingering dreaminess in his thoughts to enable him to indulge in the idea that the influence of Myrrha's love was shed upon him, and there was a soft ecstasy in that idea—for the reader knows how well and how tenderly, despite all his failings, he had loved her whom he had lost. But at length he again broke silence, as he now slowly raised himself up to a sitting posture.

"At least suffer me," he said, "to behold more plainly the countenance of her who is testifying so much kindness towards me—so that if ever it should happen that you have need of friendly succor, and I should chance to be near at the time, I may prove all my gratitude by wielding a weapon in your defence."

Klodissa rose up to her feet; Kyri Karaman rose likewise; and though he staggered and stood unsteadily upon his limbs for a few moments, yet did he soon regain the power of sustaining himself as usual.

"See!" said Klodissa, in a low gentle voice as before: "you know me not!"—and she suffered him to gaze upon her countenance.

But it was still beneath the shade of the trees that this scene took place; and the over-arching boughs shut out the beams of moon and stars. Kyri Karaman contemplated that countenance for a few moments; then all of a sudden, as if smitten by some strange or wild idea, he seized Klodissa by the hand; and the next instant he had dragged her forward so that the argentine splendor of the night now streamed fully upon her features. Indescribable was the expression which suddenly appeared upon the bandit's own countenance; and a wild cry rang from his lips.

But then it seemed as if all in a moment some delusion through which he had been passing were abruptly dispelled—as if some vision in which his senses had been carried onward, were in a moment dissipated. For Klodissa glided away from him as if she were a fleeting ghost: his eyes followed her for an instant—and she vanished amongst the trees. Kyri Karaman was transfixed to the spot; he had not the power to follow her. Bewilderment and perplexity held him there motionless as a statue. He felt as if he were a somnambulist slowly awakening from a dream in which he had been wandering; and he was even frightened as if surrounded by unearthly things and strange superstitions. Thus several minutes elapsed ere he became sufficiently master of himself to control his ideas and to collect his thoughts.

But no!—it was not a dream through which he had been hurried—no delusion of the imagination! For there stood the steed on which Klodissa had brought him from the spot where he had sustained the accident that had rendered him the object of her care: and there, upon the grass, lay the moistened kerchief which had fallen from his brows! He rushed wildly about in every direction, looking for Klodissa: there was a maddened celerity in his pace—the effect of the most powerful excitement, and which seemed as if the vivid energy of the mind had imparted a kindred galvanism to the form which but a short while back was so helpless. Yet nothing of Klodissa could he see; and speeding back to the spot where the steed was quietly basking upon the grass, he leapt upon its back. Then he galloped about in every direction in the hope of finding her who had disappeared as if with such magical strangeness: but still all in vain! The nature of the country was however such that it was only too easy for her to elude his pursuit, especially as she had many minutes' start of him before he had even thought of commencing his wild search on foot: for there were copse interspersed about—there was a wood stretching for upwards of a mile—there were hills and valleys—and there were some few isolated habitations, in any one of which the swarthy-complexioned fugitive might have found refuge.

But leaving Kyri Karaman for the present, we must return to the spot where we left Leila at the instant when she discovered that Klodissa and the bandit had disappeared, and that Aladyn lay stretched senseless on the ground. The Princess, springing from her steed, threw herself upon her knees in a half-distracted state by the side of her cousin: but soon regaining her self-possession, she endeavored to ascertain whether he yet lived. Yes!—his lips were wavering—he breathed a name—it was her own name—that of Leila—which thus came forth gaspingly and sighingly from his throat! The Princess gave vent to a cry of joy on finding that he lived; and bethinking herself of the wine she had purchased from the miller, she hastened to apply to

Aladyn's lips the flask which contained it. To her infinite delight his revival was now rapid; and in a few minutes his consciousness was completely restored. His arms were thrown round Leila's neck; and he embraced her tenderly.

She now perceived that the horse which was standing upon the spot at the moment she came up to it on her return from the mill, was not Klodissa's, but Aladyn's own steed. Our young hero's own explanations were speedily given. He and Ibrahim had succeeded in overtaking Tunar, whom they had promptly made their prisoner—his capture being effected indeed without the slightest difficulty, for he was unharmed and could offer no resistance. The other individual (whom the reader knows to have been Djemzet) had succeeded in effecting his escape. Soon after Aladyn and Ibrahim had captured Tunar whom they were conducting back towards Tiflis—they had been joined by Hafiz. This Osmanli informed them that he had left Leila and Klodissa ministering to the individual who had been stunned by the force with which he was thrown to the ground when his horse was shot under him. Aladyn considered it to have been indiscreet on the part of Hafiz to leave the Prince and Klodissa alone with that desperado—though he was very far from suspecting that he might be Kyri Karaman. He did not however tarry to express his displeasure at the thoughtless conduct of his younger follower—especially as he was well aware that it arose from the most faithful devotion towards himself. But leaving Tunar in the custody of Ibrahim and Hafiz, Aladyn galloped forward to rejoin the Princess and Klodissa. He thought to himself that if the desperado, whosoever he were, should be restored to complete consciousness, he might offer insult or outrage to Leila and the swarthy female, notwithstanding the generous ministrations they had bestowed upon him. Away therefore he sped at full career: but on drawing nigh the spot where he expected to find the objects of his search, he distinguished them not; and therefore fancied that he had mistaken the neighborhood of the place and that it must be still farther off. All of a sudden his horse swerved and shied violently at a black object which lay upon the ground; and skilful an equestrian though Aladyn were, he was flung with force from his saddle. The object which had caused this accident was none other than Kyri Karaman's steed that lay dead upon the ground. Aladyn had been stunned by his fall—but, as we have seen, he was far more speedily recovered on that spot than Kyri Karaman was on another. He had sustained no actual injury beyond a few severe bruises; and in five minutes after his restoration to consciousness he was enabled to think of departure from the place.

He had already inquired concerning Klodissa; and Leila now explained to him everything that had happened—so that Aladyn speedily shared in her astonishment and grief at the disappearance of the swarthy female. But when Aladyn heard that the desperado was none other than Kyri Karaman, he was still more deeply afflicted; and he exclaimed, "Alas, our poor Klodissa! she has fallen into the power of that unscrupulous bandit!"

But what was to be done! Despite all the chivalry of his disposition, Aladyn was suffering too much from the contusions he had received to be enabled to speed in pursuit. Besides, his horse was by this time completely knocked up; and this he knew must likewise be the case with the animals which his followers rode. And even if it were otherwise, in what direction could pursuit be instituted? what effective search could be carried on in those hours when the obscurity of night was struggling against the lustre of moon and stars. There was no help for it but to abandon Klodissa to her fate—at least for the present. Yet this conclusion was not arrived at without many regrets on the part alike of Leila and of Aladyn; and it was therefore in sadness on the swarthy female's account that, having mounted their steeds, they took their way into Tiflis.

They arrived at the house which had belonged to the unfortunate Mansour, expecting that, probably, they might obtain an asylum there; but if it should prove otherwise, they had decided upon repairing to the best hostelry in the city. They were not, however, compelled to have recourse to this latter alternative; for all the domestics of the late Mansour were still at the dwelling; and by them were Leila and Aladyn received with a most joyous welcome. The matron-housekeeper was amongst the first to hail their presence with delight; and then in a few moments Leila was embraced in the arms of her faithful and overjoyed dependants, Zaida and Emina. This was truly an affecting scene. The Princess forgot the etiquette of rank and station; the two damsels forgot, likewise, the great social dis-

tinction which separated them from Leila. In the luxury of those first minutes of their meeting, it was as if friends had met; it was a beloved mistress who was restored to her hitherto disconsolate, but now rejoicing handmaidens—it was two faithful and devoted damsels who, with ecstatic effusion, were welcoming the return of that beloved mistress.

And how much had Leila to tell Zaida and Emina!—what wondrous adventures to describe—what perils and afflictions to speak of—what kind friends to mention—what successful escapes to afford a subject for congratulation! It was only, however, the most slightly outlined sketch which the Princess could at first give; and it was not until the following day that she found an opportunity of entering into minutest details.

The kind attentions of the matron-housekeeper soon caused a tempting little banquet to be served up, to which Aladyn and Leila sat down: but though some hours had elapsed since last they tasted food, yet they were unable to do justice to the delicacies now set before them—their minds were again sorely grieved as they thought of Klodissa. After the lapse of some little while, a domestic entered, with the announcement that Ibrahim and Hafiz had just arrived at the mansion, having re-consigned Tunar to the gaol from which he had escaped. Then again a little while elapsed, and the door of the apartment presently opening, Klodissa made her appearance.

To be continued.

The Laurel—Its Use Among the Ancients.

THE tree which is known to us by the name of the laurel, called by the Romans *laurus*, and by the Greeks *daphne*, is one of those which were held in high honor by the ancients. They chose it as the recompense of virtue and valor, of which it was considered the symbol. In their religious ceremonies the laurel branch was used as an instrument of divination. If the leaves crackled loudly when thrown into the fire it was considered a good omen, and if they made little noise, the reverse. If any one wished for pleasant dreams, nothing more was required than to put a few laurel leaves at the head of the bed; whence we may conclude that indigestion among the ancients was never very severe. A man who wished to preserve his house from evil influences planted laurels before his door. The ancients also used certain decoctions of the leaves as medicines, and from this circumstance may probably have arisen the custom of decorating the statues of Esculapius with crowns of laurel. The sap of the tree was considered an excellent antidote for poisons, and was used to cure epilepsy and various other diseases.

Juvenal tells us that when any happy event took place, it was the custom to decorate the doors of the houses with laurel, as a token of rejoicing. The laurel was especially dedicated to Apollo, in consequence of the general belief that he it was who conferred upon men the gifts of poetry and prophecy. Pausanias tells us that one of the priests of this god was always crowned with laurel and bore its name. A laurel crown was the reward of all those who were the victors in the Pythian games, and was conferred also upon the poets and chief orators. Pliny says that Cicero had deserved a nobler laurel by his genius and eloquence, than the generals by their conquests.

The custom of binding the brows of conquerors with laurel is described as existing in the time of Æneas. The Romans adopted this mark of distinction at an early period, but it was chiefly used in their triumphal ceremonies. Then it was that the victorious general bore the laurel on his brow as well as in his hand, as represented on the medals of the period. Sometimes even a second crown was placed on his head by a figure representing victory. According to some writers, this crown had only the form of the laurel, the leaves being made of gold.

Messengers who carried the news of a victory placed a bunch of laurel on the point of their javelin. By this token it was that the death of Mithridates was announced to Pompey. It was also used to ornament letters and tablets containing news of this kind. Victorious ships of war were decorated with it, as were those about to depart on some glorious expedition. The laurel was placed at the stern of the vessel, because there were the tutelary gods of the ship, and it was to these gods that the sailors directed their prayers when threatened with a storm.

The laurel was also a sign of peace and friendship. In the midst of the fight a soldier would offer it to his enemy, as a sign that he surrendered and demanded quarter. Lastly the laurel was bound about the brows of the dead who had distinguished themselves in battle and who died victorious.

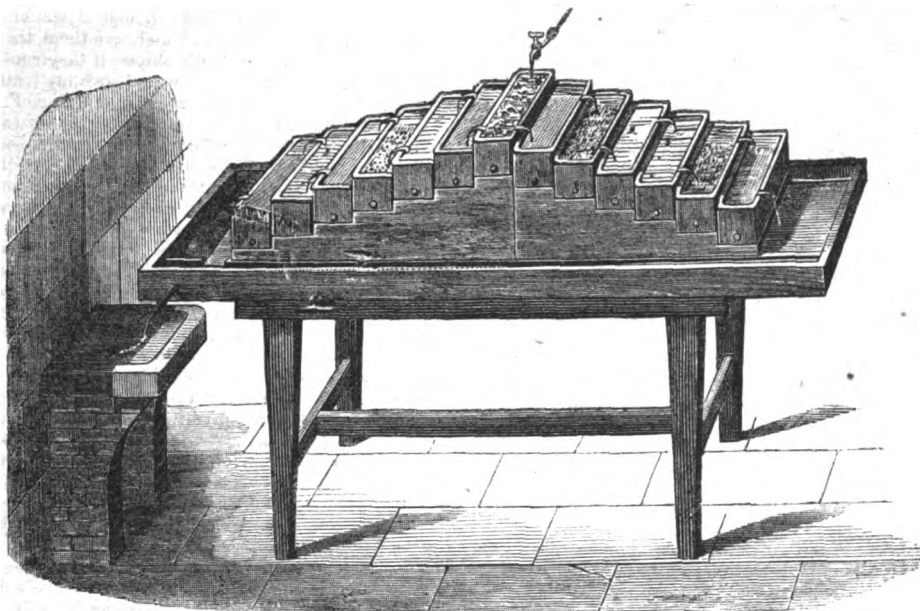
Corruption of Russian Officials.

THE Emperor Alexander once observed, in allusion to the venality of his subjects in official stations, "If they only knew where to warehouse them, they would purloin my line-of-battle ships—if they could do it without waking me, they would steal my teeth while I slept." The speculation common to the officials of Government, which extends from the lowest to the highest step of the administrative ladder, had marked the conduct of affairs at Cronstadt. Soon after Nicholas came to the throne, on the occasion of a grand review of troops at one of his provincial residences, four men of the class of monjiks, or peasants, with long beards, and wearing caftans, made their appearance. They boldly approached a superior officer, and requested permission to see the Emperor. Being required to state their business, they declared it to be of the utmost importance; but had resolved only to communicate with the Emperor in person. No opportunity would, of course, have been afforded them to do this, had not the Czar observed the interview, inquired its object, and ordered the peasants to be brought before him. One of them, as the spokesman of the rest, then informed him that they had discovered a vast system of depredation in practice, at Cronstadt, in which some of the highest functionaries there were implicated. The Gostinni Dvor, or bazaar, they affirmed to be crowded with goods belonging to the Crown—rigging, iron-work, copper lining, anchors, cables, cannons, and an endless variety of fittings for ships. These articles, they stated, had been stolen from the arsenals, and were heaped up in the shops behind partitions, to which purchasers were secretly introduced who came to make cheap bargains. Nicholas refused to credit the story; but the peasants persisted in it, and he dismissed them sternly, with the remark, "Take care! I hold you responsible for your language. Resolved to ascertain the truth, an aide-de-camp was ordered to proceed to Cronstadt, with a detachment of troops, at the head of a commission of inquiry. Suddenly surrounding the bazaar, the proofs of the veracity of the peasants were soon found. The officer set seals upon the shops, left them under guard, and returned to make his report to the Emperor, who announced his purpose of punishing the guilty parties. But a night or two afterwards, the inhabitants of the capital observed the western sky illumined with a red glare. The Gostinni Dvor of Cronstadt was in flames, and had been intentionally fired to destroy the evidences of fraud. Some of them, however, resisted the consuming elements. A number of cannon were found in the ruins, which on reading the inscription on them, were identified as having belonged to a man-of-war reported to have been lost in the gulf of Finland, with all guns and stores on board. This afforded clear proof that the vessel had been sent out to be sunk, having previously had the valuable part of her armament abstracted.

Crows have a wonderful instinct of atmospheric changes; and so those country people whose pecuniary circumstances do not enable them to possess one of those useful instruments, termed a barometer, now so common in our country, the crow may be found by no means a bad substitute. In the summer season of the year, it is a sure indication of a fine day when it leaves its rookery early in the morning, takes a high flight in the air, and moves with acceleration in a direct line as if it had a long journey to perform. On the other hand, when it rises late, and moves slowly from its roosting place with a slow hesitating flight, and alights on solitary trees, dykes, or palings at no great distance from its domicile, rain may be expected in less than twenty-four hours. When they hold a merry meeting in the air, darting to and fro in every conceivable direction with the rapidity of lightning, each piping to himself in his highest and merriest key, such exhibitions foretell soft squally weather, with occasional showers. In winter, from one to two or more days before a fall of snow, they may be seen congregated in the fields in immense numbers, moving slowly along the surface of the ground, diligently searching as it would appear for food.

THE Crimean medal, distributed to the French troops in the name of the Queen of England, is so heavy that it breaks away from the pin which fastens it to the coat. Among the articles picked up and deposited at the Prefecture for one week were no less than twelve of these medals, which had been lost by the soldiers.

THE President, in his late message to Congress, stated that during the year, 15,729,524 acres of land had been purchased from the government, which will form an addition to the already cultivated land equal to nearly half the area of England—32,509,429 acres.



APPARATUS USED BY THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE FOR HATCHING FISH.

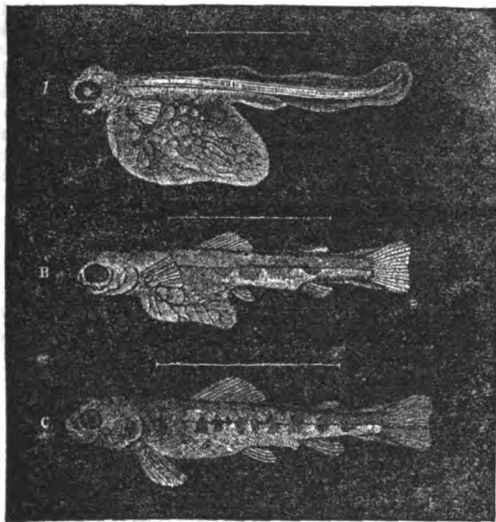
Fish.—Artificial Breeding.

As metals are easily oxidized and cause thereby great mortality, their use must necessarily be rejected. Wood, likewise, is apt to decay in the water, otherwise it might be convenient to use it; but experience has proved that stone vessels, or terra cotta, or still better, enamelled earthenware are the best adapted for this delicate operation. There might be different styles of arranging these receptacles for the eggs, but the most convenient is to put them alongside each other, rising from each end to a middle point, in form of a double staircase, the most elevated one serves, in water not of a very clear nature, likewise as a filter, by placing in it fine sand or water herbs. This upper basin receiving the

of the vivid light hide themselves in the shelter of a stone.

It cannot be however adopted as a general rule to liberate the young fishes at the moment of their existence and leave them to take care of themselves. Some species require to be sheltered and nursed until they will be able to protect themselves from the attacks of their enemies, or their instinct teaches them how to guard against them. The young fish maintains a most strict diet, varying according to the species.

MIGRATION OF FISHES AND BIRDS—It has always appeared to me that the two great sources of change of place in animals, were the providing of food for themselves, and resting-places and food for their young. The great supposed migrations of herrings from the poles to the temperate zone, have appeared to me to be only the approach of successive shoals from deep to shallow water, for the purpose of spawning. The migrations of salmon and trout are evidently for the purpose of depositing their ova, or of finding food after they have spawned. Swallows and bee-eaters decidedly pursue flies over half a continent; the scolopax, or snipe tribe, in like manner, search for worms and larvae—flying from those countries where either frost or dryness prevents them from boring—making generally small flights at a time, and resting on their travels where they find food. And a journey from America to Africa is no more for an animal that can fly, with the wind, one hundred miles in an hour, than a journey for a citizen to his seat in a distant province. And the migrations of smaller fishes or birds always occasion the migration of larger ones, that prey on them. Thus, the seal follows the salmon in summer to the mouth of rivers; the hake follows the herring and pilchard; hawks are seen in great quantities in the month of May, coming into the east of Europe, after quails and landrails; and locusts are followed by numerous birds, that, fortunately for the agriculturist, make them their prey.



A. Trout at birth. B. The same, one month old. C. The same after the absorption of the umbilical vessel.

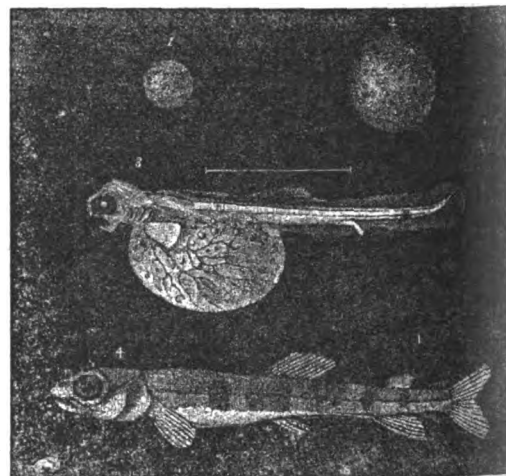
water first, should be furnished with a gutter on each side, that the water may flow equally down to the others beneath.

The temperature exercises a great influence on the fertilization. Some species require only one or two weeks to ripen, others two or three months, but experience has proved that the process can be quickened by artificial heat, which must be varied according to the species, but at all times avoiding any sudden changes.

The parasites which attach themselves to the eggs must be promptly destroyed, either by increased rapidity of the current, or by using pincers, and if this cannot be done, the eggs thus attacked must be sacrificed.

After hatching, the behavior of the young fish is very variable; some run around and almost immediately disperse into the middle seeking the brightest light, while others stay near the place of their birth resting on one side and fearful

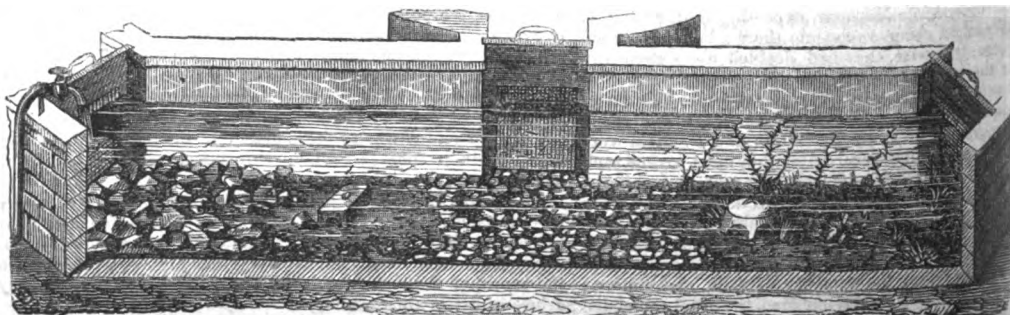
THE SORROWS OF AN OYSTER.—The enemies of the oyster are many, and all of them go about seeking what oyster they may devour. First comes the sea-crab, who seats himself on an oyster and drills a little hole in his back, and makes poor oyster's back ache, which causes him to open his mouth to take a long breath, when the villanous crab runs a "stinger" down his throat, and poor oyster is in the sea-crab's stomach. On the sea shore bushels of shells are found perfectly riddled with holes by the crab. Sometimes the crab files the oyster's nose off, so as to run in his stinger. Second comes the drum-fish, who weighs about thirty or forty pounds, and is about two feet long: he is large about the stomach, and tapers off towards both ends. He is by no means a modest fish, for just as soon as his eye rests on an oyster, he starts towards him, for the purpose of making his acquaintance, and, seizing him in his mouth, crushes him "in the twinkling of a cat's tail," and immediately looks about for his nearest relative—being opposed to have families separated, he is anxious to have them all rest in his stomach at once. It is often the case that two or three pounds of oyster shells are found in a drum-fish's stomach. Thirdly comes the sea-star—everybody knows what a sea-star is, for they look like a star. These stars have five points, but no legs; and as they do not keep homes and gigs, they find it very inconvenient to go a-foot, so, when they wish to travel, they lock themselves fast to each other until they form a large hill, sometimes ten feet in circumference, and permit themselves to be driven about by the waves of the sea, and roll away, they know not, nor care not, whither; but if they happen to roll over an oyster-bed, they all immediately let loose of each other and hug an oyster, and wrap their five points about him, and hug him



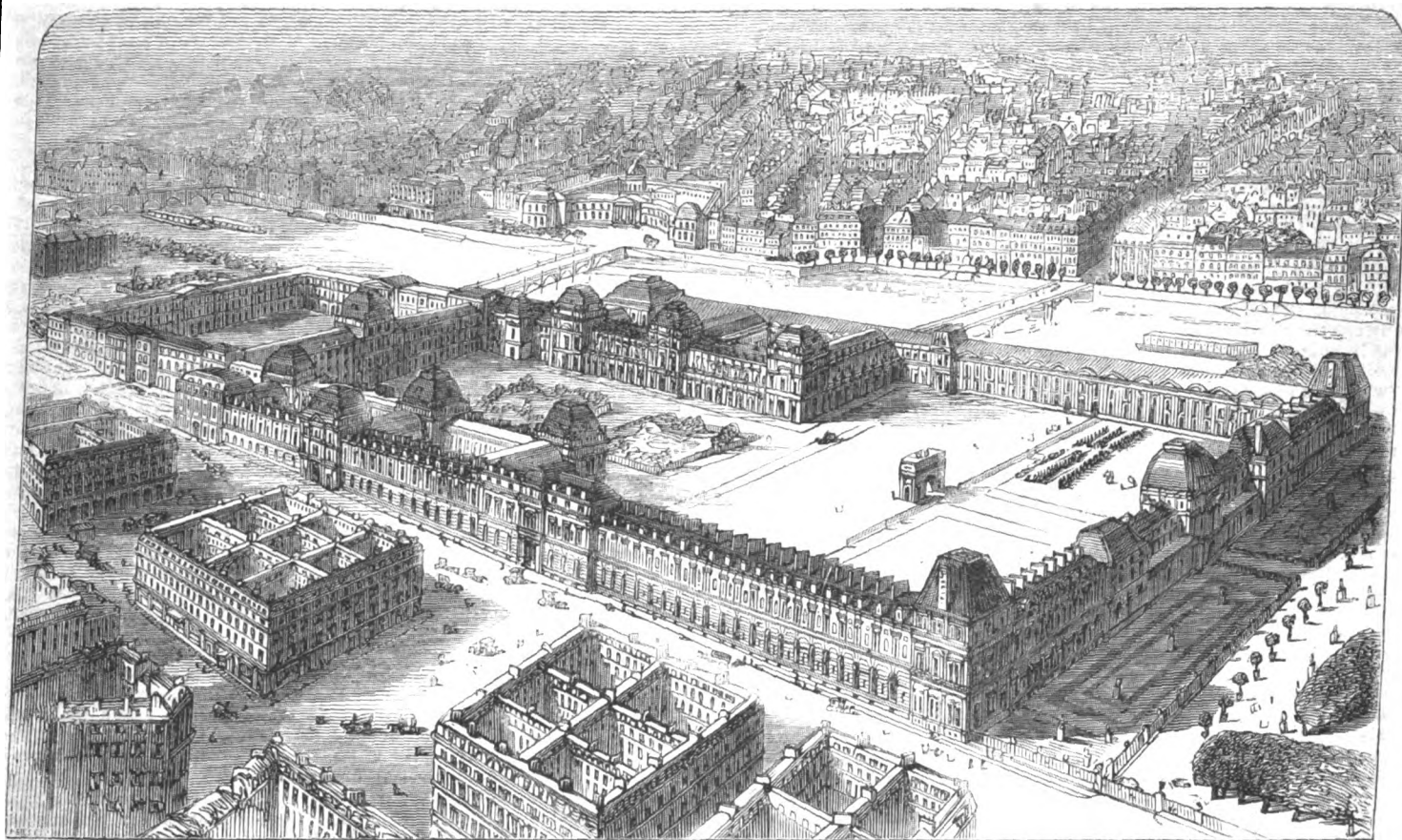
1 Egg of the Pike Salmon, natural size. 2 The same during growth. 3. Embryo of the Pike Salmon at the birth, twice and a half natural size. 4. The young two months after birth.

closely, hug him dearly, until the oyster desires him to stop, and just opens his mouth to say, "Hold, enough!" when the rascally star runs a little "nipper" down oyster's nose, and he is gone. Fourth comes man, with dredging-irons, with scoops, shovels, and tongs, pulling him, and making him into an oyster soup, pie, fry, roast, and so on and so forth, eating him whole, and indiscriminately. Thus it is with poor oyster; troubles beset him on every side, and though thousands desire to have him, yet none wish to be him.

ONE OF THE MISERIES OF PUBLIC LIFE.—The member of parliament, who, thirty-three years ago, concluded a brilliant speech of six lines abruptly by telling the Prime Minister that he "paused for a reply," has become so deaf in the meantime that if the reply was to come now he would not be able to hear it.



APPARATUS USED BY THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE FOR HATCHING FISH.



PARIS.—THE TUILERIES.

Paris.

The great charm to a stranger in Paris is the public buildings—the churches, the palaces, and the structures devoted to science, art, literature, and education. We present our readers with what we may term a bird's eye view of this gay and luxurious capital. On the Pont du Carrousel a scene replete with beauty presents itself to the eye. In an eastward direction may be observed the Gothic and grave Nôtre Dame, the massive domes of the Palais de Justice, and the slender turrets of the Conciergerie. The river flowing above in two channels here unites, and imparts much beauty to the *ensemble*. Amid the houses, resplendent with light, unburdened with smoke, tall towers raise their heads, and through the morning's slight mist a colossal statue, or a spire slowly revealing itself to the eye, has a fine effect. Opposite, a view is obtained of the Institute of France, and between these masses of building the Seine, dotted with boats, rolls swiftly. Turning westward, we behold on the right the Louvre and the tree-lined avenue of the Tuileries. On the left is the Quai de Voltaire and the Palais d'Orsay; and in the distance, the houses and verdure-clad heights of Chaillot and Passy. But the view from the Pont du Carrousel does not exhaust the prominence of Parisian architecture. Ascending to the south of the quays, the Panthéon, crowning a hill, greets our sight; and to the north we behold the declivities of Montmartre and Belleville.

The principal building shown in our engraving is that vast pile called the Tuileries, which, together with the Louvre, to which it is so contiguous that they may be said to form one grand mass of architecture, is one of the principal ornaments of Paris. It is the chief city residence of the present Emperor. The palace extends along the banks of the river Seine, and has on its western boundary the famous Gardens of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées. The name is derived from the fact of the site having once been a tile field, the word *tuilerie* in French meaning a tile field, or, as we would say a tile kiln. Louis XIV perceived the advantages of the spot and had it converted into gardens. He enclosed about sixty-seven acres, distributed a portion as flower gardens, and had the remainder planted so as to form walks and groves of trees—the interstices, if we may so term them, and commanding open places, being ornamented with statues and groups in bronze and marble, classical and modern subjects being judiciously blended.

The palace was commenced in 1564, and was intended for the clever but infamous Catherine de Medicis. The Pavillon de l'Horloge is the oldest part, the adjoining pavilions and wings being after-

wards added. Henry IV considerably extended the original design by enlarging the building to its present length, and constructing the two terminating pavilions—Maison and De Flore. Not many kings of France have resided in the Tuileries. Louis XIII was the first to occupy the palace, and Louis XVI occasionally made it his abode; but during his and subsequent reigns it was chiefly occupied by members connected with the Court. After the Restoration, 1815, it became a permanent royal residence. During the Revolution of 1848, the Democratic party seriously proposed converting it into an asylum for invalid workmen; but the election of Louis Napoleon as President prevented the design being carried out, and when he was constituted Emperor he made it an imperial palace, and has ever since sedulously attended to the many improvements that were previously in progress, as well numerous others that suggested themselves to his enterprising intellect.

The interior of the palace is pre-eminently grand; and when, on occasions of high festivals, the state rooms are a blaze of light, the *tout ensemble* can scarcely be matched by any other structure of the kind. There is the reception room of the first Emperor, and the Diana Gallery, 176 feet long by 32 broad. Another apartment is devoted to the portraits of the chief marshals of France, and in the Salon de la Chapelle the Emperor and Empress hear mass when in Paris.

The exterior corresponds with the magnificence of the interior. Outside the Tuileries is the Place du Carrousel, so named from a tournament held there in 1662. Part of the place is enclosed by handsome iron railing, so as to form a court to the Tuileries. This was done by Napoleon I, who, at the grand entrance into the court, erected, in 1806, a triumphal arch, forty-five feet high, at a cost of \$280,000. On the south side of the palace there is a long and spacious gallery, which connects it with the Louvre, and contains the national collection of pictures. On the north there is also a gallery, commenced by Napoleon I, and completed, or in course of completion, by the present Emperor. Other buildings are in course of construction by the Emperor, which, when finished, it is confidently anticipated, will render the Tuileries the most perfect, and beyond all question the largest royal or imperial residence in the world.

A ROARING BUSINESS.—A recent writer, Mr. Gerard, who says, "I have long studied the roar of the lion," proceeds to give the following interesting particulars:—"The roar is composed of some dozen

sounds, beginning with subdued moans, which go on *crescendo* until they at length diminish, and finish as they began. There is an interval of some seconds between each sound." We are told that the lion generally "continues to roar for a quarter of an hour," and, "when he is by himself, he also roars on getting up in the morning." This practice on the part of the lion may furnish some useful hints to those members of Congress who evince an anxiety to perfect themselves in the imitation of the noises made by various more or less noble animals. It is true that the lion is not such a popular beast in Congress as the donkey, whose bray has been brought in some cases to such perfection that there are some members whom it would be almost impossible to distinguish from the brute they imitate. Perhaps the hints furnished in the above extracts will encourage the adoption of the lion as a model, in preference to the jackass, who has hitherto been the Congressional favorite. If honorable gentlemen who delight in braying would exercise themselves for a quarter of an hour every morning in a good roar, the character of the noises by which the legislature is sometimes disturbed would become somewhat more dignified.

TO MAKE PLASTER CASTS.—Into a wooden tub or trough, put a strong and warm solution of alum. Into this plunge the bust or plaster cast, previously made perfectly dry, and let it remain therein from fifteen to thirty minutes; then suspend it over the solution, that the superfluous portions may drain off, and when it is cold, pour over it a fresh portion of the solution, and apply it evenly by a sponge or cloth. Continue this operation until the alum has formed a crystallized coating over the whole surface. Put it aside, and when perfectly dry, polish it with fine sand-paper or glass-paper, and complete the polish with a cloth slightly moistened with pure water. A wooden vessel is best for the solution, warmed by steam from a boiler, because metals are apt to color the solution. This coating gives greater solidity to the substance, and possesses the whiteness and transparency of the finest marble. It stands the attacks of moisture in any apartment, is less subject to become soiled, and is as easily cleaned as marble. In this manner excellent copies may be obtained of antiques, as well as moderns, at a price little exceeding common plaster casts.

THE Boston Post is guilty of circulating if not of perpetrating, the following, to wit:

"It is understood that the dress-making business is about to be incorporated with coopering. A number of active coopers will be required to hoop the ladies' petticoats; the model of female elegance being now a molasses cask or beer barrel."

Cheap Trip from Nuremberg and Venice.

Our scheme was to make a few weeks' trip into the Tyrol, going as far as our united funds would take us, and then to return by a fresh route. Our time—mine at least—was limited to a month. We each put eighty florins (about \$38) into a common purse; and to make the most of this sum, we agreed to carry no luggage but a carpet-bag each (luggage is the dearest part of continental travelling), and when possible, to make use of *stellwagen* and second-class carriages on the railways; "For," said my companion (a young Berliner), "you know our German proverb, 'It is only princes, Englishmen, and fools, who travel first-class in Germany!'" And let me here say what is to be understood by *stellwagen*. They are the shabbiest, noisiest, and queerest travelling-carriages conceivable. Nowhere, surely, but in old-fashioned Germany are such lumbering, slow coaches to be found! for since Stephenson took to ruling the ways with rods of iron, one fancies that stage-coaches have "gone out." But no; here they are, a mud-bespattered collection, with clinking chain and iron shoe, drawn by a little horse and a big horse, and perhaps a mule, all harnessed to the one only shaft, by old ropes and a "few leathers." After all, though, it was something new and jolly; and for aught I saw, there was no great difference between these *stellwagen* and the post or diligence, except perhaps that the cost is about half, and that (if it be possible) you proceed a little slower; and there is no gay post-boy, with huge tassels and musical horn, whom at the end of the day's journey you must fee with a half florin.

Our passports having been signed by both English and Prussian authorities, it was on a fine September morning of 1853 that we whirled briskly away from Nuremberg, "the dear old town of art and song," towards its modern sister-city Munich, where we unluckily arrived too late in the day to see her famous galleries; for the Pinakothek and Glyptothek, and all other *theks* can only be seen of a morning. So after dining at the *table-d'hôte* of our hotel, we contented ourselves with promenading the "streets of palaces, and walks of state," until six o'clock; and then wending our way to the theatre, were in time to secure good places in the "dress circle" (dress being simply white gloves and no bonnets for ladies), and for one florin and twelve kreuzers (or half a dollar) in that beautiful royal theatre we heard "Fidelio," the single opera bequeathed to us by the beloved Beethoven.

The next day we separated, to meet again in a week, when each should have paid a visit to some of our friends. Pauline's were in Munich; mine at some distance, in the Bayerisch-gebirge, or Bavarian mountain district.

At six o'clock I was in the *coupe* of the post. Munich still lay hidden as it were under a *plumeau* of mist, her existence only indicated by the golden-tipped spires piercing arrow-like her fleecy night-mantle of soft white clouds. As the sun appeared, the morning broke clear, and cold, and gossamer-webbed. The glistening heights of the distant Alps were lost one by one as we entered a dark pine-forest, and oh! the mighty sighing murmur, the black, heavy shadow, and the dreary vault-like coldness of that primeval forest! Anon, then we came to the king's hunting-wood, where the forest seemed fuller of human interest—to the oaks, and the beeches, and the lovely lady-birches, where there was green shadow, and long gleams of yellow sunshine, streaming as through a chancel window. Green mossy swards skirted the broad wayside, where the fragile chicory-flower fluttered her pale-blue petals. Beneath the branches is a solemn morning shadow, and the old trees stand knee-deep in lady-fern—a fairy forest in itself. Again, we come to open country; and now we start up the jagged peaks of the Alps. What a relief to my eyes were their snowy summits, backed by the blue sky, after the sleepy, yellow Pignitz and "broad meadow-lands of Nuremberg!"

A ride of some six hours, and the post set me down at the little inn at Königsdorf, half-way on the road to Koehel-see. Here I was to be met by my friends. I will pass over this meeting, and the pleasant week that followed, the details of which, with its varied entertainments, excursions, and amusements, would more than fill the space allotted to this paper, and briefly say that at the end of it, having retraced my steps as far as the little town of Starnberg, on the north of the Wurmlake, Pauline and I again resumed our journey. The scenery was flat, after that of Koehel: still Wurm-see has its beauties. Tiny coracles danced over the sparkling water; the king's castle of Berg on one shore, and that of Possenhofen on the other, each rising from its bower of glossy laurels and gay gardens,

were reflected clear and sharp in the sunny lake; the hazy mountain-tops looming like a dream-land in the purple distance. With all this before us, and basking beneath our parasols on the deck of the little steamer, I thought of lotus-eaters gliding away life in a glowing fairy scene.

Reaching Leeshaut after a few hours' sail, we took our seats in the *stellwagen*, which was then awaiting its passengers. A gentleman stood to superintend the placing of his fishing-tackle, and the like tourist paraphernalia. When it was all arranged, he turned to take leave of his five sons who stood by. They all uncovered: and then, from the little lad of nine years to the tall moustached fellow of nineteen, were each embraced and kissed by their fond papa. It reminded me of our friends, the brothers H—, whose embraces on the flags of the Liverpool railway station were, to their great indignation, so grossly misunderstood by a policeman, who seizing the arm of each brother, endeavored to separate them, saying, "Now, gentlemen, no fighting here, if you please, gentlemen!"

Up, up, we went, on our road to Partenkirch; now through narrow mountain-passes, now between sombre rows of solemn pines, and then across wide expanses of undulating meadow land, without a hedge or fence of any kind to break the ocean-like sweep; only here and there a tall wooden cross, upon which hung the martyred Chrystus, with drooping head and extended arms. At Murnau we waited half an hour, and not caring to regale ourselves upon *sauage soup* and beer, we walked down the one long street, to the lake of Staffel. Dark and black it lay, hemmed in by abrupt rocks, casting heavy shadows on its gloomy waters; here and there a single cottage standing alone on the narrow shore. What strange, shy lives must those be, led by that dark, lonely lake! Evening closed in, and awful indeed in the darkness did that rugged landscape become; presently the deep, quiet blue above was bespangled by a million stars, and the paly light of the glow-worms on the mossy ground below seemed to mimic the "light of stars."

At eleven o'clock we stopped at Mittenwald, where we stayed all night. Our inn in its youth might have had a light compact little figure; but now in its old age it had grown stout and rambling in its proportions. Galleries of half-a-dozen patterns girded its ample waist. A vain young gable stood full face to the road, showing half-a-dozen jaunty green shutters and a frescoed virgin in bright blue, holding in her arms a very pink baby, for the devout admiration of all passers by. As we drove up, a strong light fell upon us from behind a big, benevolent-looking window on the ground-floor, and we caught a view of seated peasants in grey coats, turned up with green, green felt hats, with plume of moor-fowl or goat's-beard cockade, drinking from crimson glasses, or smoking short pipes with silver chains and tassels. We were very hungry, and so did not quarrel with the somewhat *qucer* supper, which was *nudel soup* (otherwise force-meat balls in hot water) boiled beefsteak, with stewed prunes, potato sallad, and a pan-cake. Our supper, beds, and breakfast the next morning, cost us fifty-four kreuzers, or thirty-six cents. This is the usual charge for the same in the Tyrol.

It was a glorious morning! Eternal old hills, soft leafy forests, and bands of picturesquely-dressed peasantry (it was a saint's day) glided past us like paintings in a picture-gallery. We were in a land of fruits, flowers and fertility. The road-side and meadows were full of blue, chickory, purple orchis, maroon, scabious, crimson sweet-william, acres of lilac autumn crocus, yellow hawkweed, and the glorious blue-green bells of the gentian, and the glistening star-like flowers of a dwarf artichoke. The hedges were brilliant with scarlet barberry, and the bead-like berries of the dogwood; but the ruddy glory of the "Alpine rose" *Rhododendron hirsutum* had departed from its prickly-leaved bushes, which hung in abundance from the rocks. Upon the delicate fronds of an oak fern lay a "snack-eating-grandfather" snail of the deepest orange. Even Hunt and Millais do not paint in more vivid colors than does nature in the Tyrol. Crossing the frontiers at noon, we came to the black-and-yellow flag of Austria. A couple of *gens d'armes* issued from a salt-box sort of abode, at the road side, and crying "Halt!" as we drove up, and bidding us to alight, took out our bags and books to examine; but like the Welshmen in the old ballad, "They hunted and they hunted, but nothing could they find."

So, without further let or hinderance, we went on our way rejoicing, soon after reaching the Insbruck *Polizei*, which is also the posting-station. Here our having so little luggage caused us some amusement. The room was crowded with travellers, *gens*

d'armes in Hungarian costume. The floor was strewn with portmanteaus and luggage of all kinds, lying open for inspection; and we in our turn were asked for our passports and luggage. Our passers, being women, were soon examined, stamped and signed; and then we laid our bags upon the high table or counter, to be next overhauled by the clerk, instead of doing which, he looked very benignly down upon us, and smiling said, in very good English, to me, "It is not madame's bag which I require to see; but madame's *baggage*—luggage, I believe you do call it." Well, said I, "here it is. I have no more." The "Herr Conducteur" was appealed to: "was *this* the whole of the ladies' luggage?" holding up our tiny bags. "Yes, the ladies had only their night-bags with them." The bureau clerk's incredulous countenance, would at that moment have made a wonderful study for a St. Thomas; but he was fain to content himself with exclaiming to the company in general, in unfeigned astonishment, "Two ladies travelling from Nuremberg to Insbruck, and carry no luggage with them! So!" Thus having relieved himself, he handed us our passports, with a solemn bow; and right thankful were we to escape so easily from the stifling room.

We walked to the "Austrian Arms Hotel" had a bath and dinner, and having paid our golden apiece, we sallied out to purchase a store of fruit and cakes for our night's journey, and to take a view of the little Tyrol capital, half-Italian half-Tyrolean in its appearance. The mountains surrounding it on three sides, its situation is magnificent. We visited the Franciscan church, saw the famous bronzes and the tomb of Maximilian I, and returned to the *Polizei*, where we found some of our companions of the morning just finishing the strapping and packing of their numerous pieces of *baggage*!

We were in the heart of the mountains at sunset. The distant snowy peaks of the Alps are seen as through dissolving-views of intensest color—pink, gold, deep rose, amber, violet, and copper color. Surely it was the "light of God's countenance" resting upon them. Our ride was cold—across the Brenner-pass; but never shall I forget that glorious night! All is so still; the moon sailing calmly over the blue above, bathing every object in her magic light; the shadows of the pine forests deepen, and grow so solemn and heavy; like a silvery snake, the river shoots down the rocky fissures; but its tumult at the depth of several hundred feet below, suggests the idea of the fettered river-god, Nek, roaring for deliverance; but how peacefully do those quest villages at our feet rest beneath the moonbeams! We have ascended very high, and halt, that our eight panting horses may have a moment's breathing space. Tinkling of bells and the notes of a song sound through the clear air. After a pause, it is answered by our post-boy in a wild Tyrolean melody, making one's being vibrate with an impulse of joy, like the surrounding rocks and mountains which, catching the sound, re-echoed the voice of the singer as he rang out the final *Jodel*. All this at last roused my sleepy neighbor, a student, who demanded the meaning of the bells? Pointing to a goods-wagon—a very caravan of tierces, chests and sugar-bags—laboring up the steep, I suggested their belonging to its team of horses. We counted them as they passed, actually twenty! And fine glossy creatures they were, harnessed two a-breast as cart-horses always are here. "The thousand!" exclaimed the student; "carriage must be costly here: I see now why a cup of coffee costs so much in the Tyrol!" and fitting his head snugly into his corner again, was soon lost in slumber.

Horribly tired, and dusty and hot, we arrived at Botzen. Our room, however, was nicely shaded; and having coaxed the chamber-maid to give us two carafes of water each, we played at having a bath, and then went to eat our dinner in the open gallery—our table hidden behind clustering vines and oleanders. Here we sate half the afternoon, watching the gaily-dressed crowd, as they passed to and fro in the streets below—women in scarlet bodices, over delicately white chemises, terminating at the throat and elbows with broad lace frills; and handsome black-eyed fellows, with easy dignity of gait, and straight onward gaze. The clear, dark complexion and oval form of face told us, too, that we were approaching Italy. In the cool of the evening, we walked into the town, and out into the hills beyond, and came home with a handful of cyclamens, of a rosy, flesh-colored tint, much deeper than I have ever seen them in our gardens or greenhouses. We talked over our plans, took stock of our finances, and determined to go further south. On inquiry, we found that a *stell-*

wagen was to leave Botzen in the morning at six o'clock. Capital! We would go by it to Riva. What a queer little inn at the roadside was that in which we breakfasted!—the house, the landlord, everything about the place, had such a broken down look; still, with the smile and air of a gentleman doing the honors of his house, our host served our fruit and coffee; but some way his cambric ruffles and diamond ring contrasted uncomfortably with his slipshod feet and tattered pantaloons. The road was hot and dusty; we had lost sight of the snowy peaks, but, instead, we were surrounded by what, to my northern eyes, seemed a tropical vegetation. Such bright, glossy greens! White-blossomed creepers festooning the rocks; orange trumpet-creepers and purple clematis climbing over high garden walls; fruit-trees, like forest-trees for size, dimpled over with golden plums and ruddy peaches; Indian corn, eight or ten feet high, whose bearded heads told of a plentiful harvest of the famous polenta for next year; heavy crops of corn waving beneath fruit-trees, from whose branches swung tangled wreaths of vine, with fields of buckwheat, the delicate bloom-colored flowers of which scented the air. Over the white stone walls which begin here, and run all through Italy; romp the leaves and tendrils of pumpkins, and their jolly speckled fruit lie basking at the base. The warm scented, noiseless air wafts gently the hedges of acacia; and the mournful grey green of the olive in this bright, joyous landscape, seems like an occasional minor note, in a melody set in a major key.

We came to Riva in the moonlight, and after supper at the *table d'hôte*, we lay in bed, gazing through the open window, watching the square-bottomed fishing boats glide stealthily over the moonlit lake, and listening to the sweet sounds, the ripple and splash of the waves, the tolling of a convent bell on the opposite shore, and the deep mellow voices of the fishers answering one another in snatches of song which gradually lulled us to slumber and sweet dreams. The next morning we were on board the Austrian steamer at six o'clock, and cutting gallantly through the deeply blue waters, as clear as any amethyst. We sailed down the western coast, which is quite the most varied and interesting side of the lake; passed close by the orange and citron gardens; saw the girls kneel and beat and wash their linen at the lake's edge, and heard their merry voices; glided under the walls of a white stone convent, perched, eyrie-like, on the point of a rock, and watched the purple morning light vanish from the brown old hills of the opposite shore. On board was an English family, whose rather complicated travelling comforts somewhat amused us; for, after a disuse of many of the so-called necessities of English life, I had almost forgotten their existence. "What a material people you must be, to need so many comforts!" said Pauline, after watching the proceedings of the English family for some minutes. The previous night's dew had left the deck rather damp in places; my good country people, therefore, made themselves a carpet of plaids and railway rugs, and prepared to take breakfast. Servants opened leather cases, carpet-bags, and satchels, which were presently disgorged of a perfect larder of English good things: flasks of soda-water, brandy, and ready-made coffee, seed-cake, potted meats, a tin case of "Carr's Biscuits," and actual bread-and-butter! Where the loaf had been bought, to cut it from, Goodness knows! for, as an American once said to me, endeavoring to crunch a hard *semel*, "I've never had a good loony slice of crumb-bread either in Germany or Italy," which I dare say was true enough. Breakfast being ended, they essayed to examine the lake and its scenery, by the aid of lorgnettes, maps, and Murray's guide-books. In the meantime, we had passed the best end of the lake. After a while, the pretty well-dressed lady coughed or sneezed—prophetic of coming illness—at least, so thought mamma, who instantly had a portmanteau unpacked, a plate and medicine chest opened, and out came a flask of pure water, and another of ominous pink powder, a gold goblet and a spoon, and forthwith the little chit received an orthodox dose of "Gregory's" powder to celebrate its sail down Garda Lake.

Arrived at Pischiera, we proceeded by *stellwagen*, through a perfect simoom of hot dust, to Verona. There is nothing beautiful along the road but avenues of glossy-leaved walnut-trees, and hedges of acacia. A shudder involuntarily shot through me, as we drove by the long level lines of entrenchments and passed flank after flank of dead masonry of the new Austrian fortifications. What a contrast was all this to the fine old city itself! whose traceried windows, many gables, and perpetual carving, re-

minded one of Nuremberg; only that there was a greater variety, a wilder, madder fancy, as though Art had kept carnival when she built Verona. There were lions', and bulls', and dragons' heads, looking grimly down from carved nooks and corners; and millions of stems and tendrils; and serpent gurgoyles, shooting their shining, scaly sides along the deep roofs, with bristling heads and divided tongues, projected far beyond the deep eaves, carrying the water over the colonnaded causeways, and flinging it out into the gutters of the street below; and a southern smell of fruit and matting meets you as you thread her sunny streets, and pass along her quaint market square, where fruit and strange-looking vegetables, in long narrow barrows and carts, drawn by pairs of beautiful white oxen, are being sold by brightly-dressed women, resting under the shadow of enormous scarlet umbrellas; while a sainted fountain flings a crystal jet into the air, falling again in cooling showers into a carved stone basin below.

The same evening we reached Venice by railway. I confess to being rather crazed at finding myself actually in the city of my childish longing; and great was my delight to hear that we must sail down the Grand Canal, and past the Rialto, in a veritable black-hooded gondola, with its polished steel prow, in the moon's magical light, from the old palace—now the railway station—to the lodging house recommended by a friend of Pauline. Landing at the marble steps of the Piazzetta, opposite to the granite pillars, surmounted, the one by St. Theodore and his dragon, the other by St. Mark's flying lion, in a few moments we were in the middle of that fantastic scene which St. Mark's Place presents of an evening. A gaily dressed throng promenades the great plain of patterned flags; the air vibrates with the trill of music. The crowd, the mighty square, the emblazoned front of St. Mark's Church flanking it at one end, are all befooled with moonlight, which gives to the lamps hanging from each capital of that vast perspective of pillars, a strange and fairy-like effect. Leaving this magical scene, and hurrying on to a bridge on the right, we found ourselves at the door of our lodgings. The room had a disconsolate, uncleanly look, and I wished to go for the night to some hotel; but Pauline remonstrated, saying that all rooms and houses in Italy had more or less this appearance; so, however unwilling, I was forced to make the best of our condition, and, after a cup of coffee, go to bed—but alas! not to sleep. After an hour's endurance, I rang for a light; and the lively state of my bed, revealed by the lamp, forbade a second trial of it; so wrapping myself in a plaid, I slept soundly on a couple of chairs until morning. It was Sunday: and after breakfast I was too impatient to visit St. Mark's Church, to remain longer in-doors. This church has been built at many separate periods, having been commenced in the year 1000; and through eight succeeding centuries it received constant additions from one or other of the reigning Doges, who delighted to make this grave of St. Mark the nucleus of Holy Art; and various are the names, and various the nations of the artists, whose works enrich and beautify this magnificent church. The architecture bears instant marks of many times and many tastes. Byzantine and Arab color of beauty is wonderfully intermixed with perpetual carvings and beautiful forms, telling of a northern intellect, a Saxon aspiration, a mediæval piety. Rising out of the flags of the square in front of the church, are three taper pillars of bronze, from which crimson silk banners float against the cobalt sky; bright mosaics glow on the golden grounds of the five grand retreating arches of entrance; four gilt bronze horses break eagerly forward, impatiently chafing at restraint, as of old their donor, Barbarossa; bannerets flutter at the pinnacles; and higher still, statuated forms of apostles, saints, and animals, breathing a living sentiment, if not actual life: and domes and slender marble spires and minarets, amongst the mass of coloring, seeming like rounded lily cups and spray of fair white flowers, in a handful of roses and blue fleur-de-lis; while inside are porphyry pillars and marble walls, tessellated pavements, arches and ceilings emblazoned with arabesques and fretted patterns, undying mosaics, bas-reliefs, and carvings in ebony, ivory, and bronze, painted altar-pieces, and golden candelabras and altar frontals, embossed with countless precious stones; and over all falls the light, purple and golden, as though the unseen windows were mazes of tangled gems. How wonderful! how grand! My heart panted exultingly, that aught so fair, so glorious, still lingered upon earth. Can even the magical city of the Apocalypse exceed in beauty this mighty tomb of an Apostle!

We heard mass; but the music was spoiled to

me by an incessant chink, made by a priest turning a huge iron money-box over and over, to remind the kneeling crowd of the necessity to "give, give;" and also by the director literally beating time on the music-desk rail—a custom, Signor R—told us, common through Italy. We had ordered our dinner from an hotel, and found it waiting us on our return. After it and a nap, in the evening we again went out into the now lively square; and, like the rest of the world, there promenaded, or sipped coffee and ices in front of one of the numerous *cafés*. Ladies, whose fair necks and shoulders were only shaded by a veil of black lace thrown over the head and fastened by golden arrows into heavy plaits of jetty hair, kept up an incessant flip-flap with their painted fans, which look like enormous flitting butterflies in the crowd. Flower-girls, in white muslin, wreathing bouquets from heaped-up baskets on their arms, are tempting people to buy little knots of roses and violets. We seem to hear every European language spoken; French, English, German, Greek, Russian, and Italian, we certainly do. A group of Greeks, in full white *kiltis* and embroidered jackets, lounge against a pillar near us—they are, no doubt, transacting business over that open letter; they are attended by a couple of servants, whose scarlet fezzes and leggings are only one degree less costly in the heavy gold embroidery than their masters'. Two Turkish sailors, brilliant in turbans and yellow sashes, go by: and passing in and out of the crowd are bare-legged water-bearers, whose copper kettles, slung by a long pole over one shoulder, dazzle one, as the rays of the setting sun catch for a moment their ruddy sides. The military band began to play a march, which not suiting our fancy, we crossed the Piazzetta towards the quay. What a scene! On the steps of the granite pillars in front of the Palace of the Doges, and on the steps of every bridge along the Riva dei Schiavoni, looking on to the Lagoon and the Adriatic, are men and boys with baskets and buckets, barrows and tables, filled with the most incongruous edibles, each vendor singing out the name of his particular article, making the air ring with their elongated intonations. The people had performed their devotions in the morning; in the afternoon they had slept; and now had arrived the time for them to eat, drink, and be merry. At my request, Signor R—took me to some of the stands, where I saw crabs, sea-snails in green shells as big as a child's fist, large prawns, and a creature with long tentaculi, in narrow shells, five or six inches in length, swallowed, one after the other, with the greatest gusto. Curled bread, steaming macaroni, nuts, lemons, green figs, grapes and peaches, nectarines and huge water-melons, with luscious crimson insides, also quickly disappeared before a hungry public. The moon had now risen, and skimmed, emotion-like, on the breast of the fickle young waves. In the west, the heavens were one glow of green, orange, gold, and silver; and on the horizon rested turbulent black clouds, behind which the jagged lightning kept up a rapid play, suggesting the idea of some nether-world demon, struggling for release, and striking fire from his chains, as he fruitlessly dashed them against the flinty walls of his prison. "Yes," said Signor R—, "we shall have a hurricane to-morrow." But the morrow rose sunny and burning hot. Pauline went to the Academy to see Signor R—about tickets to the opera in the evening. I accompanied her as far as the Palace of the Doges, which was all old to her, as she had visited Venice the summer before. Ascending the marble steps, I came to desolate chambers, stripped of all save the remnant of a library, and glowing paintings—pictures of the Republic in the days of her grandeur, when the blind Dandolo led forth a victorious crusade; when the Pope betrothed Venice to his beautiful bride, the Adriatic; when the Brides, like a knot of pearls, went to the church of Sta. Maria Formosa. Parties of tourists, marshalled each by a valet-de-place, passed in and out of the rooms; but preferring to be alone, I paid a small fee to an officious guide to secure his distance, and seated myself upon a balk of timber on the floor, to study at leisure Tintoretto's strange and curious picture, "The Pleasures of Paradise," hanging above the ten golden seats and the dais, at one end of the Council Hall. A few of the groups in this picture had just become clear and definite to me, when my further glimpse into the abode of the blessed was interrupted by a band of eager strangers coming between me and the picture; so I rose, and walked through room after room, and out along marble balconies, corridors, and courts, returning in half an hour, and to my surprise finding every room empty and still. Where could the people have vanished to? My loneliness, however, did not much disconcert me; on the contrary, I

was only too glad to have undisturbed possession of my balk and the pictures; and in a few minutes Bordone's picture of "The Fisher" became living before my eyes. On the dais sat the Doge, and on the ten golden chairs were his ten councillors, and the vast hall was thronged by a crowd of nobles and attendants; there was a low murmur of voices, and I heard the trail and silken crash of purple and ermine robes, and I watched the eager press of the gorgeous throng to catch the words of that earnest man, who, in a loose fisher's dress, kneels on the steps of the platform, and, unmindful of the presence of the proud and stately nobles, relates in a few simple words, how the holy St. Mark had appeared to him while out fishing, and had presented him with his own blessed ring, which he now has brought as a gift—an offering to the Doge, who with pious fervor rises from his throne, and stepping forward, receives the miraculous gift! But the dream has vanished; the steps bear no kneeling figure, the seats of gold hold neither Doge nor Senators—all are gone; the room is dark, and dim, and empty! It must be very late—why it is as dark as night! How long have I been here? I spring to my feet, and at the same moment a rushing mighty wind howls through the chambers, and with an echoing clang bangs many a door and window. There is a heavy, hot, awful pause—the air stifles me. Where am I? What is the matter? And then the tearing lightning, dashing hither and thither, flings defiance into the remotest corner; the next instant thunder, with one mighty bound, comes cracking, roaring, shivering, and rolls grumbling away into the far distance. There is a moment black and dark as the grave, and again the blue lightning flashes and dances, and again Nature speaks in so grand and awful an utterance, that to quail before it is a sentiment of reverence, and not fear. The "blue Adriatic" was now a yellow pond—the hurricane had raised its sandy bottom. The rain fell in torrents, hiding everything as it were in a mist; the queenly church of Maria della Sainita looked like a shadow resting upon the waters. The streets and quays were as still and empty as in a city of the dead; I walked the balconies and "golden staircase" until, growing impatient, I resolved to make my way home. Watching the rain drops fall and swim on those chipped and battered marble steps and balustrades, had something too maddeningly sad about it, producing upon me the same physical pain that certain sweeps of a bow across the wailing strings of a violin have done before. I could not remain hour after hour in that empty palace, haunted by a legion of stories of bad and good men, and listen alone to the never-ending dull sounds of drip! drip! splash! splash! I would rather by far be wet through than stay. Arrived at our lodgings, I found Pauline, and wet through of course. We held a council, and not being rich in changes of raiment, sent for our landlady, as yet unknown to us; for our landlord, after Italian custom, attended to all our demands—brought our coffee of a morning, and made the beds and dusted while we breakfasted. Our landlady, a graceful young creature, with a kind of Raphael stoop of her beautiful neck, was full of sympathy for our miserable condition, and backed it most manfully by heaps of black silk skirts and lace mantillas for our use, while our own dresses were hung across the head of the stairs to dry, for the whole house could not boast a fire! Our friend, Signor R—, made himself very merry at sight of our metamorphosed appearance, when he came in the evening to tell us that nothing worth hearing would that night be given at the theatres. So, for lack of better amusement, we ordered supper. Signor R—, more learned than we in this matter, wrote out a list, and despatched our landlord to an hotel. Presently he returned, and placed the contents of a long narrow basket upon the table; it was a worthy study for Lance or Bartholomew; but then we discussed it otherwise than we should have done a picture by either of these artists. Sparkling iced fruits, strung upon straws, and purple musty grapes heaped on their own graceful leaves, and green figs, and fresh milky almonds, and ruddy peaches and nectarines, and lemons, yet green-tipped, young and crisp, with a strange mixture of macaroni and fish, called a *pasty*, a basket of bon-bons and confectionary, another of curled *breads*, flakes of ice, wine in a huge glass vase, and water in a small carafe. The water cost as much as the wine, but the whole supper was something less than a half dollar! While placing dishes and plates on the table, our landlord was very talkative; and from relating stories of hurricanes and thunder-storms, he went on, somewhat to our amusement at the time, to admire and examine my English watch and an Indian brooch, which in changing my dress I had laid on the table.

"Oh!" said he, "doubtless la Signora is very rich—the English nation has such blessed money heaps!"

The rain had ceased; the sky was clear; Signor R— had left us; we had gone to bed, and Pauline slept; but alas! "night seems no time for rest" to me. I sat up in bed and longed for the day. The deep, rich voices of singers, and the buzz-buzz of mandolins had long since ceased—all was still, not even the splash of an oar was heard in the canal beneath our window. The thought of cool, clean beds in England, comes into my head, and oh! my eyes are so painfully sleepy! It strikes two, thank goodness that this horrid night is so far over. The lamp-light shows Pauline sleeping—how I envy her! At this instant my eye falls on the folding-doors—'tis a dream, 'tis a nightmare—no, it is a fact, that the door does move, that the arm and foot of a man are in the room, before I have power to move. God in heaven! we are robbed and murdered! I seem to have endured it all. With one bound I was on Pauline's bed, and whispered, "Some one's in our room!" She seemed to take absolutely no time to awake, but with a single jerk stood upright like a ghost, in the middle of her great uncurtained bed, and then uttered three such terror-stricken shrieks as horrified me at the time, and convulses me with irrepressible laughter when I now recall the scene. Pauline's fright had, however, the effect of rousing courage in my heart; I rushed to the door—which had been shut—found that the bolt had been withdrawn by some means from without, and was just in time to see another door, down the passage, being cautiously closed. Our watches had been admired to some purpose! Barricading the door as best we might, and opening the shutters to give alarm in case of necessity (the windows had, of course, never been shut), we again lay down to wonder and conjecture, each keeping up the other's courage by stories of murder, robbery, and sudden death. At five o'clock we dressed; and after arranging our plans, Pauline sallied out to seek the lodging-house occupied by herself and party last summer, while I remained guardian of our bags. At seven o'clock she returned with the joyful tidings that we could have a couple of rooms in the *Riva dei Schiavoni*, looking over the sea. After our coffee, we asked for our bill. "Should he take our bags to the railway station?" inquired our landlord. "No, we were going elsewhere to lodge." "Why," demanded the guilty man—"because of the little disturbance in the night?" And without waiting for an answer, and in the most injured tone, he upbraided us for our suspicion. "Why he could bring, oh, a very legion of worthies to testify to his honesty, good name, and what not!" "Quite possible, but we preferred cleaner rooms than his were." "Cleaner!—cleaner!" screamed he in a rage; "why, his rooms were as clean as any in all Venice, and hadn't he given us fresh clean sheets when we came?" We did not choose to parley any further, but insisted on immediately having our bill. We had paid each evening; so, very luckily, there but remained our lodgings and this morning's coffee to settle for, and a few hundred *centimes* was all that, by way of revenge, our landlord could add to it; and quietly paying this, we marched off with great dignity and coolness. What a famous laugh we afterwards had, at finding, despite this grand show of courage, how inwardly terrified we had both been. Giving our bags over to a ragged little Pedro, we proceeded to our new rooms; they would not be at liberty until evening; so leaving our bags, and ordering supper for seven o'clock, we hailed a gondola, made our bargain with the gondolier, crossed the water to the Church of Maria della Salute, then down the Grand Canal to the Bridge of Sighs, the Manfrim Palace, and to the Academy, where Signor R— was engaged copying one of Titian's pictures, taken from the Church's traditional history, "The Ascension of the Virgin." This picture is considered Titian's masterpiece, but it is to me less touching and beautiful than "The Presentation of the child Mary in the Temple." Who can see unmoved the timid clinging of that little hand to the mother's robe, and yet consciousness of her own great destiny just dawning in her young face, sending her eagerly up the Temple steps, to meet fearlessly that solemn High Priest? The groups of men in this picture are very grand, but, like so many of Titian's figures, have a characteristic heaviness about them. We stood before the great master's great work in silence; it seemed natural for even admiration to speak only in whispers; there was a hushed stillness through the room; suddenly it was broken by the entrance of a gentleman exclaiming—"Now, *booes!* notice all you see—look at this ceiling—*superb!* ain't it? What gilding! dear me, 'tis won-

derful!" "It must have cost a lot," answered the promising youth. "And the floor," continued the father, "of what-d'ye-call-it work?" "Tessellated," suggested his lady. "Ah, to be sure. Now, *booes!* don't forget." By this time they had made their way up the room, and stood before Titian's picture—"Oh! that's the 'Ascension,' is it?" by *Titiano*, as we must say here. Well now, what an extraordinary face he's made Christ; why, it is just for all the world like a woman's. "It isn't Christ; it is the Virgin," said his wife, turning to "Murray." "Ah!" said he, raising his lorgnette, "can't deceive me; I knew it was a woman, and, by Jove, a very pretty face he's given her; but I say, where is it in the Bible about her ascension to heaven?" Too thankful was I that my companions understood not one word of all this, since neither was an English scholar. Pauline, indeed, was not present: she had darted off, and was now smiling and shaking hands with a party of ladies and gentlemen who had just entered the room. I was soon introduced; they were English residents in Berlin, and old friends of Pauline's. In company with them, we passed the day in visiting, industriously, museums and galleries, and our evening in St. Mark's, where

"All nations met as on enchanted ground."

Our newly-found friends were charmed with our two pretty, well-furnished rooms, which being on the third story, commanded all the better view of the quays, now growing lively with evening groups hastening towards a crowd of gondolas, (some black hooded and others gay, with flowing silk or white cotton awnings), moored to the marble landing-stairs, while the air was ringing with the musical, metallic voices of the gondoliers. As we stood at the open window, I could not but notice one fairy-like gondola, long and narrow as a race-boat. I watched its handsome gondolier, in crimson sash and cap, spread a Turkish *segadeh*, carpetwise along the bottom of the boat, and turn over the silken cushion, and on the approach of a muffled figure, in shadowy lace and muslin, meet her half way up the stairs, attend her down, assist her over the side of the slight skiff, and to her seat beneath the pink damask awning; and then taking his stand at the other end of the boat, and seizing his long oar, he sent the bright steel prow cutting swiftly through the phosphoric, silvery water, and in a few moments the little bark looked like a drifting rose-leaf, and was lost in the clear, warm, colored haze, which is the peculiar atmosphere of Venice.

The charge for the two rooms on the *Riva dei Schiavoni*, and for attendance, was "five vier-und-zwanzigers Austrian, or eighty-eight cents for a week; while our English friends were paying ten dollars a day for three bed-rooms and a sitting room on the first (or fashionable) floor of one of the hotels in St. Mark's Place.

At the end of the week I must return home; but Pauline's friends had persuaded her to remain and accompany them further south. For me, other engagements in Germany prevented my accepting the invitation. I did not fear making the journey back alone; and taking my place in the yellow gondola, on which in great black letters was painted the word, "Omnibus," I soon reached the railway station, and was again on my road to Verona. Instead of going by Garda Lake, I took Roveredo, on my way to Innsbruck. Everywhere I received marks of politeness and attention, both from my fellow-travellers and the Austrian officials. One instance may serve, as it then did, to close a somewhat long journey. Our *stellwagen*, in which we crossed the Brenner Pass, held ten inside—myself the only woman. Conversation was general, and an exchange of journey-experience proved sometimes very amusing. We had a discussion on the differences of North and South Germany. One of the two priests remarked, that though all English people wished to speak *hoch* (or North German), they strangely enough went to South Germany to do it.

"That," said a student—a fine, gentleman-like young fellow—"that is because they are such lovers of beautiful scenery; and this, with their national enterprise, makes them also the greatest travellers in Europe."

We all became friendly, and when at a little country-inn my fellow-passengers alighted to refresh themselves with Bavarian beer, a plate of apples and bread (all the house afforded) was brought to me by the student; and had I not been hungry, I must still have accepted them out of sheer gratitude. The inn at Innsbruck looked extremely miserable; so I inquired for a *droescke* to take me somewhere else.

"No," said the Bonn student, "give me your bag and mantle; my companion and I are going to

an hotel on the Isar Bridge; if you will allow us, we will show you the way to it."

"But I must go to the post for letters."

"Oh, we too must go for ours, and we can ask for yours at the same time."

So off we marched, to a pretty inn overlooking the Promenade. On asking for rooms, the waiter said, "The Fraulein would of course wish to have one next to her brothers," which caused us very naturally a hearty laugh.

The next morning I again met my student friends in the *stallwagen*, who both seemed too intent in searching and comparing notes from their hand-books to converse, or even notice the wild-mountain scenery. Presently, however, one of them turned to me and said—

"Fraulein, we are going to seek Edelweiss in the summit of Windback, in Zillerthal, and we shall leave the *stallwagen* at Halle almost immediately. 'You,' continued he 'will only reach Kreuth to night, and Munich to-morrow. We shall not then be able to render you any assistance; and I advise you, on reaching Munich, to drive to the Hirsch Hotel. We find it is well-spoken of in the hand-books.' At the same time he handed me the address, which he had just written out.

What real politeness! At Halle we parted, I thanking these young fellows for their kind and most unstudent-like attention; and bade them adieu, wishing them according to approved German form, a "beautiful journey and happy return home." And in the warm sunshine, on we went by the side of the long, blue lake of Achen, and through the sylvan valley of Achenthal, to the little bath of Kreuth; and the next day over a desolate flat country till we got to Munich, where I had come to the last of my eighty gulden, which made me not a little anxious until, on reaching Baron Eichthal's bank, I found that my necessities had been forestalled by thoughtful friends; so that I was enabled to take the mail-train to Nuremberg, and was right glad to reach my dear German home next morning.

A Wolf Chase.

"ALL of a sudden, a sound arose; it seemed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, until it ended in one long yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of defence. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best means of escapes, I darted towards it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely outstrip my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double mine. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much-dreaded grey wolf. The bushes that skirted the shore," continues the hunted of wolves, "flew past with the velocity of light, as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more, and I should be comparatively safe—when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no time for thought; I bent my head, and dashed wildly forward. The wolves sprang; but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, whilst their intended prey glided out into the river. Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was now some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was again the fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel sorry or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never see me again, and then my energy of body and mind was exerted for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days I spent on the skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half-minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers made me but too certain they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light; and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, when an involuntary motion

turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn, slipped, fell—still going on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tusks gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and, as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with rage and fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them—viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except in a right line. I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round, and dashed past them. A fierce howl greeted my evolution, and the wolves slipped upon their haunches, and sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the wolves getting more excited and baffled, until, coming opposite the house, a couple of stag-hounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. The wolves, taking the hint, stopped in their mad career; and, after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house."—*Forest Life and Forest Trees.*

The Conibos Indians.

THE city of Cuzco, ancient capital of the empire of the Incas, is situated 11,320 feet above the level of the sea. Once upon a time it was a grand and magnificent metropolis, where the Inca dwelt in state, before the days when Pizarro brought his hosts from Spain and carried death and desolation in his march. Among the principal houses still remaining, though in very bad repair, are the mansions of Pizarro, and of Christoval de Castille. The ruins of the palace still mark the spot where the virgins of the sun kept watch and ward, and the architecture is very peculiar. On a small hillock, to the north of the city, are the ruins of the famous fortress of Cuzco, or the Sacsahuama; here are to be seen some of the most beautiful monuments of

the ancient power of the Incas. This fortress was of an oval form, and was defended with three walls. The Spanish chronicle tells us that the Indians defended the fort with a courage which even the Christians could not surpass. One of the most romantic episodes in that romantic period of history is the story of Inca and his Spanish invaders. The Spaniards found not a race of savages, wild untutored herds, but a great and powerful people, whose magnificence had never been equalled, even in the regal cities of boastful Spain. The historians relate the surprise of the Spaniards as they beheld the beautiful city of Cuzco and the brilliant court of the Inca; and the prowess displayed in defence of their land—a prowess paralysed at length by superstitious fear—called forth even Spanish encomiums. But the glory of Cuzco has long departed, and the wild flocks pasture where towers and palaces arose. The Conibos, on the Ucayale, of all the South American Indians, still preserve, in a great degree, the manners, custom, and superstitions of the ancient people. A recent traveller describes their nomadic condition and national peculiarities, which are strikingly suggestive of the race against whom Spanish valor waged war in the old time. The traveller to whom we have alluded came suddenly upon a group of Indians in one of the most beautiful parts of South America. It was evening, and seated around some blazing logs they were preparing their repast. But although these Conibos Indians in some degree resemble the Inca people, the power and magnificence of their race has passed away for ever.

NATIONAL LANGUAGE.—The language of a people expresses its character. The French is smooth, flowing, elegant; but it has no such word as *home*, no such word as *comfort*, and no word to express the distinction between *love* and *like*. On the contrary, *ennui* and *eclat* are famous words, which have no equivalent in English. Add, moreover, the fact that the French term for *spiritual*, means simply *witty*, with a certain quickness and versatility of talent—and you have a sufficient hint with regard to the character of the people.

The following toast was given at a colored party not long since;—"Here's to de colored fare seek—dare color needs no paint—dare smell no 'fumery.'"



THE WOLF.

Unknown Tongues.

It was a dark and dismal night when the brave Almeida's ship stood off and on the coast of the fragrant island of Ceylon. With a stout heart and a bold hand he had sailed into seas unknown. Day after day, the smooth, glassy surface had shown him only his own vessel's graceful rigging and quietly rocking hull, until famine began to shed pallor on the face of the bravest of his followers; and his own proud Portuguese soul felt terrors creeping over it, and despair even menaced life. So they prayed to their saints and their God, and He heard them. The waves curled in silvery crests, the huge sails hailed the coming breeze, and at last the sweetest of sweet sounds on the wide ocean, the gentle wash of the waters up the ship's bow, greeted the ear of the anxious mariner. At night, dark mountains rose on the far horizon, and "Land!" shouted the exulting watch from the mast-head. And as dusky shadows covered the sea, fresh, sweet odors came from the distant island. Bright fires!—oh, how welcome a sight!—were seen rising; and even the voices of men were heard in strange, unintelligible accents. But what was that voice, which, all of a sudden, swelled on the air, and like magic filled their minds with unutterable sorrow? Now it seemed to rise from the dark depth by their side, and now it came far and faint as from a distant world. At one moment, it broke in fierce, fearful cries, and then again it sank to such melancholy complaining, that anguish seized on their souls, and tears trickled down their rugged and weather-beaten faces. They crossed themselves; they fell on their knees; and even their fearless leader implored the Lord on high, to spare their lives and to guard their souls against the power of Satan.

Often were those deep, mournful sounds heard in those distant waters, and many were the accounts that science and superstition gave of the fearful "Voice of the Devil." Or was it, as some fondly believed, even in our own age, the mysterious utterance of the Spirit of Nature, dwelling in our globe and in all the vast realms of creation. Later days brought other explanations. There were enormous gullies there, it was said, and narrow passes cut through the gigantic mountains, so that the rushing of winds and the roaring of waters, played as on an æolian harp of colossal size.

Our day has, at last, torn the veil of superstition and fancy, and replaced a tale of impossible wonders by facts of even more marvellous beauty. There lives, near the shores of Ceylon, a large and most gorgeous shellfish. And when the light of the moon rests dreaming on the bosom of the ocean, and gentle breezes, laden with fragrance, come cooling and calming from distant homes, it opens its bright-colored lips, and pours forth its mild, melancholy music, that the breakers on shore are heard no longer, and the hear of man is moved.

It was surely not said in vain, nor was it a mere figure of speech, when the Psalmist exclaimed: "All thy works praise thee, oh Lord!" For all creation unites in the vast hymn of praise that daily rises to his throne on high. The morning stars ever sing in the heavens, the mountains echo back the voice of thunders, the earthquake replies to the roar of the tempest; and even the tiny insect, in its mazy dance, adds a feeble note that is heard by him.

Thus we have a thousand voices around us, sending up their great, never-ceasing anthem. But proud man has little heeded, heretofore, the countless accents of nature. Infant nations hear them, and comprehend them not; the higher races listen to their own words only, and their ear is closed to the humbler voices around them. Thus they are truly Unknown Tongues. Quite recent researches, however have thrown some faint light on this strange and attractive province of knowledge.

As the unfortunate child that is born deaf can neither hear the sweet voice of its mother, nor learn the mystery of language, so animals also cannot have speech unless they have hearing. For ages, all the lower tribes were curiously classed among dumb creation. Mollusks, it was said, had neither eyes nor ears, the cuttlefish only excepted; their life was a mere dream; they were doomed to eternal silence. Now, we have learned to admire the beautiful structure of their eyes; now we know that they hear, and with an ear not only open to sounds, but able to distinguish the depth and volume of voices. In some shellfish, the ear is a marvel of beauty; and even the lowest have at least one or more tiny chambers in which to catch the faintest sound, and a special nerve to carry it to their imperfect mind. A thunder-clap frightens the lobster to death; and the pirates of the north used to threaten the fishermen with the firing of a gun, which would kill their rich freight in a moment, and render it unfit for market.

Locusts hear each other, for their strange call invites the female, and is always accepted. Ants, also, are not devoid of such a sense. When the termites are busy building their gigantic houses, watchmen are seen to stand from distance to distance. Every two minutes, with truly marvellous appreciation of time, they strike their tiny tongue against the hollow wall. Instantly a loud hissing is heard, uttered by the laborers all over the vast building; and with double zeal and renewed vigor, they work in passage and chamber. The proud soldier-sentinel looks carefully round to see that all are duly employed, waits his appointed time, and then repeats the curious warning. Bees are lovers of music, and know the voice of man. Huber, who, though blind, knew the strange people better than we who have eyes, tells us how they listen to the command of the "bee-father," and follow him wherever he calls them. This fact is well known in the East, where the owner draws them thus from their hives into the fields, and leads them back again by a hiss or a whistle. Hence "it shall come to pass that the Lord shall hiss for the fly and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria."

How easily spiders are made to know the voice of their master, is familiar to all, from many a sad prisoner's tale. When the great and brilliant Lauzun was held in captivity, his only joy and comfort was a friendly spider. She came at his call, she took her food from his finger, and well understood his word of command. In vain did jailors and soldiers try to deceive his tiny companion. She would not obey their voices, and refused the tempting bait from their hand. Here, then, was an ear not only, but a keen power of distinction. The despised little animal listened with sweet affection, and knew how to discriminate between not unsimilar tones. So it was with the friend of the patriot, Quatremère d'Ijonville, who paid, with captivity, for the too ardent love of his country. He also had tamed spiders, and taught them to come at his call. But the little creatures were not only useful to him, but to the nation to which he belonged. For when the French invaded Holland, the prisoner managed to send them a message that the inundated and now impassable country would soon be frozen over so that they would be able to march over the ice-bridged swamps and lakes. The spiders, true barometers as they are, had taught him to read, in their queer habits, the signs of approaching weather. The frost came, and with it the French; Holland was taken, and the lucky prophet set free. The spiders, alas! were forgotten.

Even the "hateful toad" has been the captive's friend and companion, and shown itself endowed with a fine ear and remarkable talents. They come out of the dark night of their holes, when their self-chosen master's voice is heard. They take flies from his hand; but, what is the strangest of all, they actually learn to measure time; for more than one well-authenticated instance speaks of their having appeared only at stated times, when the jailor was absent and all was safe.

Vile, venomous serpents and their kin have an ear as subtle as their tongue, and show a curious love of sweet melodies and gentle words of affection. The hooded snake, as many of us have seen in the East Indies, is fierce and furious when first captured. But the so-called conjuror rouses her wrath still more by blows and threats; the next moment, however, the blandest words woo and win her heart, and weave a charm which even the crafty snake cannot resist. Anon he raises his hand as if to strike; she follows it with wistful eye and playing tongue. It is a sight of strange, irresistible beauty, this combat between man and serpent. Each watches with intense attention—the dusky Indian ready to strike with brutal force, the cunning reptile waving in graceful curves, raising the strange spectacle-mark that surrounds her glittering eyes, and gathering venom for the fatal bite. But man remains the master. Now with soothing words, and now with soft caresses, he tames her fierce temper. Then he calls in the aid of music, and soon the animal raises her head as if in a rapture of enjoyment, and in a short time learns to weave quick mazes in the air, to twist and twine in most beautiful lines, and follow the master's hand wherever it bids her. Pliny tells us of sons of the African desert, who, with their eyes' glances alone, could rule over serpents. That race of men is lost; but many a Nubian may be seen at the upper falls of the Nile who can imitate, with surprising precision, the call of the reptiles, and tempt them to come forth from every corner and crevice.

Vipers, also, and adders are neither deaf nor dumb, and cannot help listening to the voice of temptation. They were, it is well known, formerly much used in medicine; and the precious theriak,

known even at the time of Nero, and still manufactured in Venice, Holland and France, consists mainly of the flesh of vipers. So, poor, persecuted animals, they are caught in all countries; and—who would have thought it?—almost always by means of their acute hearing. In Italy, grim, swarthy men, of gypsy cast, are seen to stand in the centre of large hoops, and then to indulge in strange, fanciful whistlings. After awhile, an adder is seen gently to glide up; another, and still another appears, no one knows whence; and all, gazing with glittering eye at the quaint musician, raise their spotted bodies up again the magic hoop. The deceiver takes them one by one, with a pair of tongs, and thrusts them into a bag that hangs on his shoulders. The poor, deluded vipers are then carried to town, and kept by druggist and doctor, or sent in boxes filled with sawdust, alive all over the world. The French take the first they obtain, or any other snake they can seize upon, and, throwing it into a kettle of boiling oil, there roast it alive. The fearful hissing of the tortured creature is heard by its kindred; they come from under sunny banks, from the low furze and scrubby bramble bushes, and as they approach, they are eagerly seized with hands defended with leather gloves.

Fish have no visible ear, it is said, and no external avenue for sounds from a distance. Still they hear with great acuteness. On the continent of Europe, few castles and villas are without the favorite pond, and its broad-backed carp and speckled trout. They all learn to obey the ringing of a bell, and come in eager haste to seize the morsels that young and old are fond of seeing them catch. Lacépède even speaks of some carp of venerable age, that were kept in the gardens of the Tuilleries for more than 100 years. They would come not only at the usual signal, but actually knew the names that were given, and rose to the surface as they were called. They were, however, haughty and proud, for they listened only to those they loved, and in vain were sweet words, in vain even tempting morsels, offered by strangers. The royal pensioners disdained to receive alms—they took only the crumbs that fell from the table of their master, the monarch. But even plebeians among fishes hear; and it is not the fastidious carp only that cannot bear the grating sound of sawmills and has his nerves shaken by the firing of guns. Sturgeons, also, are frightened by loud cries, and thus driven into the fisherman's net; and the bleak-fish detests a drum, so that he will rather surrender than endure its abominable rolling. An Italian has, of late, proved in a brilliant manner, that fishes can not only hear, but actually obey and execute orders; that, in fact, they show much higher endowments than they have heretofore been thought to possess. He has tamed a variety of fishes, from the humble tench to the gorgeous gold-fish of China, and as he bids them, they come and go, they rise or sink and display their rich, ever-changing colors. Nay, they perform a miniature drama: a pike seizes a trout, and lets it go, or brings it up to the surface, as the master commands with his voice.

It needs no proof to establish the hearing of higher animals; but even the lowest among them, and those that are almost mute, show their appreciation of sounds when carefully watched. The shapeless hedgehog, when tamed, will uncoil at the word of his owner, and the grotesque seal raises its uncouth head, with such beautiful eyes, high out of the water, to listen to music on shore. It loves to hear gentle voices, and is grateful for kind words. Of all things else, they bind it firmest to its master, and calls forth its warmest affections. The tiny mouse that finds a home in the hut of the Alpine herdsman, becomes there so tame, that it points its silky ears, and approaches at the whistle of the herdsman, when at night he returns to his meal and his rest. Even with us, it has been known to come timidly out of its corner to listen to a song.

The ancients say much of the delight with which the grazing herd listens to the flute of the shepherd. The Swiss, on his meadows and Alps, also knows full well, how exquisite is the ear of his magnificent cattle. There, in far greater freedom than in the narrow valley below, in the pure, bracing air of lofty mountains, with a clear, blue sky above, and rich, fragrant pasture around them, all their senses are sharper, all their instincts more fully developed. The leading cow, with the largest of bells, is not unconscious of her honor and station. She shows it in her more stately gait, she affects a proud and haughty carriage. Woe to the bold intruder who should dare to precede her. But woe, also, to the wanderer from another herd. She knows—and they all know—in an instant, the tone of a bell that belongs not to their set, and with eager curiosity, often with savage hatred, they run to meet the stranger,

and show her no mercy. But, oh! the grief when the bell is taken from her! As upon leaving the stable of her home, or her own favorite pasture, high on the mountain, so when she has to part with her love and her pride, she will weep bitter tears; and many are the instances of cows that have died when deprived of their harmonious ornament.

Some animals, on the other hand, detest certain sounds. The Sophist Acteon, in his seventeen books on the nature of animals, speaks of the strong aversion Greek wolves had to the flute, and tells the oft-repeated story of Pytochares, the musician, who saved his life from the pangs of a hungry pack, by playing, with heroic perseverance, on that instrument. The West has the same account, only there it is a modern "fiddle," and the poor owner is caught in a cabin, surrounded by fierce wolves, mad from starvation. He plays, and they listen with horror; he rests for a moment, and they are ready to rush upon him. High on a rafter, at last, sits the sufferer, playing through the dark hours of night. String after string has broken, his arm is tired, his hands are benumbed. But, just as the last string snaps, as his hand sinks powerless at his side, and with exulting yells and glaring eyes, the blood-thirsty host leap upwards, the bright light of day breaks through the forest, and the wolves—true children of the night—flee in terror. Even the fierce lion, it is said, cannot bear the cock's crowing, and, like the great Wallenstein, dreads it more than all things earthly. And of the horse, we are taught that

"At the shrill trumpet's sound he pricks his ear.

And

"At the clash of arms, his ear afar
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war."

The Tribulations of a Prima Donna.

BY GIULIA FLORINI.

Yes, girls, I don't doubt but what you'll do me credit as my pupils, and that you will take my advice too in other matters, and be prudent, and not listen to all the nonsense young men will be talking to you by and by. But don't run away with the idea that all is smooth and pleasant in even a successful vocalist's career. I am now past sixty, and I have had a long experience of the stage in my time, and I can tell you that although every young actress can remain virtuous if she chooses, she will find it much more difficult to maintain her reputation unsullied. Ay, you look incredulous, but so it is! People are never willing to allow that a poor actress can be a woman of character. If ever you go to the town of —, in the north of Italy, and speak of Giulia Florini to persons of my own age, who may remember I was prima donna at their theatre for a couple of years, you'll be certain to hear that I ruined the son of one of the principal merchants in the place, while another family will accuse me of laying my snares to entrap their eldest son—and Lord knows how innocent I am of either of those sins!

Now you shall hear how little of a syren I was with regard to luring these three young men. I had been at — for about six months, when we were joined by a baritone our company stood in great need of. This was in the year 1814. The new singer was a fine-looking man, with very elegant manners, and about twenty-eight years of age. His name was Adriano Lonati. He had served in the French army, and was a high-spirited young man, who left the service partly out of attachment to the emperor, partly because he was certain to obtain no advancement under the Bourbon dynasty, and partly because he had no taste for garrison life. Having an excellent voice, he went on to the stage, which offered him a less precarious livelihood than his half-pay; and thus he became my comrade.

I was at that period in the bloom of youth and beauty; not only the prettiest girl in the theatre, but the prettiest in the whole town. I was applauded with a degree of *furore*, for the good folks wished me not to leave the town; and as it was known I had offers for an engagement from a Viennese manager, which I had declined for the present, they wished to make up in bravos what I lost in gold. Now these people belonged to the respectable portion of the public; but there is always another portion of the audience made up of beaux and dissolute young men, who are not so easily satisfied as the more rational spectators. Such coxcombs are frequently the scandal of the whole town, and the tyrants of the theatre. Talent goes for nothing with them, and they only judge according to their likes and dislikes off the stage.

The young men of — were especially turbulent; and at their head, as a kind of ringleader, was

one Ettore Guicciardo, the son of a rich banker, who had left him a large fortune, which he seemed intent on wasting in riot and dissipation.

As I was the prettiest actress at the theatre, and the first in point of talent, Ettore, of course, laid his homages at my feet; and when I rejected them, he threatened me with his anger, which I laughed to scorn. I now expected he would hire people to hiss me, but even this I could defy, as I knew that the more discriminating part of the audience would overwhelm any such hostile manifestations with their applause. Instead, however, of forming a cabal of this kind, Signor Guicciardo showed no farther resentment, and always bowed politely, and with a smile, whenever I met him behind the scenes.

Matters were just in this state, when Adriano came to —, and fell in love with me at first sight. On my part, I was delighted at having made so favorable an impression, for Adriano's love was of a respectful nature; and perceiving that my time was employed in the study of my profession, and that I led a quiet, regular life, he would never have thought of seducing me, but offered me marriage as soon as he could hope his passion was reciprocated. Our salaries were about equal, and we had nobody to consult but ourselves; so the preliminaries were soon settled, and the day was fixed for the marriage ceremony, when one evening Adriano came to my house in a towering passion. It was like a scene in a play; for my lover, generally so polite and so gentle, was now livid with rage, and his haggard eyes and convulsive gestures gave token of the storm within. He found me quietly at work by lamp-light, and humming an arietta from one of my parts.

"Signorina," said he, "that you should have trifled with an honest man's sincere affection is nothing surprising on the part of an actress—for you are all alike in that respect; but that you should coldly sacrifice his honor to your interested calculations, is what I cannot comprehend, and I demand an explanation."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, I could not have been more astonished. In the violent state of agitation he was in, he seemed little likely to listen to any explanation. Had I followed the dictates of anger and indignation, I should have desired him at once to leave me; but I loved him, I was conscious of no guilt, and I wanted to learn what I was accused of. I could have given up his love; but I could not make up my mind to forfeit his esteem.

"Sir," said I, "restrain your invectives, and explain your meaning."

"Well, then," said he, "I have heard all."

"All what?" asked I.

"You have been in this town these six or eight months, Signorina."

"I have, sir."

"And in that short space you have had two lovers?"

"Two lovers!" asked I, with an astonished look.

"Yes; first of all, Edouard Desgranges, the son of a French merchant, as handsome as Antinous, and with golden locks, like Cherubino. Can you deny it, signoria?"

"Certainly I can. I do, however, remember that Monsieur Edouard paid me great attentions, and you know that an actress is often obliged to put up with such overtures, however much she may dislike them. However, he dropped off, and I have not heard of him since."

"I daresay not," said Adriano, "because Ettore Guicciardo was richer and handsomer; and your second lover ridded you of the first."

"Ettore Guicciardo, my lover, indeed!" said I, indignantly.

"He fought for your heart, and gained it at the point of his sword; and he wounded his rival so dangerously, that old Desgranges sent his son back to France to be nursed, and to put him out of the way of his successful rival. Can you deny these facts, signorina?"

"I now hear of them, for the first time, with no small surprise."

"Don't tell me! Guicciardo surely boasted of his victory."

"But I never see Signor Guicciardo."

"Preposterous! Why, he comes here daily—every evening, I should say. He comes at midnight, and leaves at dawn of day, or frequently later, for he need not now make a mystery of that which is known to the whole town."

I was overwhelmed, and I asked myself whether Adriano's brain was not turned!

"If I were so degraded as you imagine," said I, "why should I marry you?"

"Why? Why because Guicciardo begins to be tired of you?"

"Do people say that too?" asked I.

"Yes. For he is over head and ears in debt on your account."

"If that were the case," observed I, quietly, "why should I live as plainly and as economically as I do?"

"Because you are mean and covetous. But you have laid by a snug portion of Signor Ettore's patrimony, and all the town knows that you are rich."

"Rich, indeed! when I am still in debt," exclaimed I, while tears of indignation flowed from my eyes.

Seeing my despair, Adriano began to think I could not be guilty, and it struck him I might have been calumniated. Still, so positive and so minute had been the details furnished him, that he left me quite uncertain what to do or to believe.

I cannot describe all I suffered when once more left alone, nor did I see any means of extricating myself from this labyrinth of calumnies and falsehood. Luckily I was not long left to my solitary reflections. In a quarter of an hour's time Adriano again knocked at the door of my apartment, when my maid went and let him in. He immediately locked the door after him, and put the key in his pocket.

"You can't deny it now," said he; "Ettore Guicciardo is here, for I have seen him enter."

"I am glad you have come," said I; "for you will be convinced. You shall search the whole suite of rooms."

After a minute examination, Adriano embraced me with tears in his eyes.

"Are you the only inmate of the house?" asked he.

"I occupy it entirely, except a few rooms that are let to some workmen by the landlord."

Adriano snatched up a candle, and ran up to the left to see these rooms. With the assurance of a man who knows what he is about, he burst open the first door he came to, when, in a nicely furnished garret, he found signor Guicciardo undressing himself to go to bed.

The truth now came out. As the leader of fashion, Ettore thought it incumbent on him to seem to have the popular prima donna for his mistress, since he could not obtain his ends in reality. He had fought young Desgranges, whom he feared as his rival, and had beaten him out of the field. At the same time, Ettore did not love me the least in the world, and his vanity alone made him wish to captivate me. Only when he saw I persisted in rejecting his advances, he feared if he continued to annoy me, I should give him some public mark of my displeasure. He, therefore, managed to lodge in the same house as myself, unknown to me; and being thus seen to come and go, our intimacy was no longer a matter of doubt. Besides his pretended passion for me, Guicciardo entertained a much more sincere one for gambling; and as a gambler's ruin inspires but small commiseration, while the world often excuses a young man who ruins himself for a pretty actress, he was not sorry to take advantage of public credulity by ascribing his debts and financial embarrassment to my extravagance.

Adriano guessed at a glance how matters stood, and not only forced Guicciardo to leave his garret immediately, but to appoint a meeting with him the following day, when he returned with interest the wound Ettore had given young Desgranges. Ettore retracted all his boasts, owned his manoeuvres, and pledged his word that I had never even suspected he was in the house.

I was now completely justified in Adriano's eyes. But do you think the town altered its opinion? No such thing. People thought Signor Guicciardo was a most honorable man, whose generous falsehood helped the actress, who had ruined him to find a husband, and become an honest woman. And even when Desgranges came back to —, and affirmed that he had never set foot in my house, they used to say, "Ah, you are imitating Ettore Guicciardo—it is very generous of you both!"

Adriano and I were married, and as I felt strong in conscious innocence, I restrained my husband more than once from killing my calumniator. After all, I fancy Ettore Guicciardo was much more mortified than I ever could be. I lived to see him ruined at the gambling table, and holding out his hand to me for alms! Yet, still I am sure that at — my name is known as that of a dangerous syren, which makes me say, girls, that unfortunately an actress's reputation does not depend on herself.

CONFESSION OF AN UGLY MAN.—Women are fond of telling us, that "They hate handsome men;" but you may be sure that it is only to ugly men they say so.

From saying, comes having.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STEAMBOAT ON LAKE GENEVA.

Reminiscences of Switzerland.

GENEVA, the city of watchmakers, capitalists, and speculators, where life is regulated like clockwork or kept like a ledger—where everything is monotonous—affords at least, during the pleasant season, some little amusement twice a day by the arrival and departure of the steamers. Crowds flock to the docks, where the steamers start and the travellers come in double quick time from the Place du Rhone or the Bridge of Bergues, when the last tolling of the bell gives them warning. The plank once crossed, you deposit your baggage in the centre near the smoke-pipe, and soon every one hastens to get a seat on the upper deck, for there is a great scarcity of them. A traveller who visits Switzerland for the first time, and wishes to see the sights, generally moves to the forward part of the boat, so as to inhale the fresh breezes of the lake, and enjoy the view of the clear blue water, over which he glides with rapidity. The planks are cast off; a few turns of the wheels of the "Leman" or the "Eagle" carry you from the village, and you enter fully on this beautiful inland sheet of water, which separates the Jura from the Alps. The sight is truly magnificent: the coast of Savoy

and the large opening of the valley of Bonneville, between the mountains, are attractive beyond comparison. In front you see the isolated pyramid of the Mole, and in the distance even the venerable Mont Blanc, resplendent with its eternal snow. If you want to learn the names of any of the peaks of the mountains, which attract your attention, and which you feel a desire to ascend shortly, do not ask any Genevian; all he can talk to you about is the last quotation of the Paris Exchange and the price of railroad or manufacturing shares; he confounds everything under the general denomination of Alps, and all that is covered with snow is Mont Blanc with him. He has become totally indifferent to a sight daily before his eyes. He might show you the peak of the Dole, because he has ascended it once in his life; but, at least one thing he can do—he can name you every rich proprietor whose villas adorn the borders of the lake. We approach Coppet, a village where the woman of genius, wielding the pen, lived, exiled by a man who wielded the sceptre and the sword. It is here where Madame de Stael wrote her immortal works. But proceeding, your attention is called to something new every moment: here a vessel loaded with wood, with two immense white sails spread to the breeze; now the sound of the bell informs the border towns of the approach of the steamer. The lines are cast, the boat is fastened to the dock,

whilst an Englishman, soberly clad for the voyage, keeps himself to himself, either standing still like the mast of a ship, or promenading up and down the deck like an officer of the ship on duty. He don't speak to anybody—especially not to his countrymen—but clutches nervously his umbrella, consults constantly his map, or reads his "Handbook of Switzerland." The ladies, who come to see the wonders of Switzerland, walk the quarter-deck or descend to the saloon, where they are occupied in criticising each other's toilets: the young ones show



WHAT YOU EXPECT TO FIND ON MOUNT ST. BERNARD.



WHAT YOU DO FIND ON MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

a crowd rushes on board, and the passengers scan with curiosity every new comer, to see whether there is anything handsome and interesting amongst them; the steamer starts again, and the little boats dance in the waves created by our wheels. We pass Nyon; we are abreast of Point Yvoire, which stretches into the lake to the right. Here we leave the

each other their albums, or, forgetful of the lake and its borders, read some new novel; the good looking ones enjoy the admiration of the stern sex, while those not blessed with beauty look with enquiring eyes at the observed as well as the observers. Still, once in a while they are roused from their apathy by the noise on deck on approaching a landing place. Here is the port of Ouchy, at the foot of Lausanne; here Vevey, the beautiful village at the very edge of the lake; here Clarens, immortalized by J. J. Rousseau in his poems. You have passed already on

your right the rocks of the Meillerie, from the height of which Saint Preux was about to precipitate himself in despair; it is here where the waters of the lake are deepest; that is, about 900 feet. The gorgeous character of this extreme end of Lake Lemman, encased between mountains, again engages the admiration of the traveller; you forget the living world around you and look at the grandeur of nature. Castle Chillon, with its sorrowful legends, rises before you; history and poetry both made it famous, but Byron's "Prisoner" is better known than Bonivard's history. But the thought of both has to



FRIAR OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD AND HIS DOG.

give way to some immediate occupation—that is, the finding of your baggage, for you are near the end of that journey. Hasten ashore, so as to secure a seat on the omnibus from Villeneuve to Saint Maurice, and look to your baggage yourself, for fear it might go to the wrong route. The pleasant impressions of the embarkation at Geneva in the morning, and the laughing aspect of the blue water and the blooming villages, have to give way now to more austere contemplations. The valley of Valais opens before you, traversed by the Rhone, which disembogues into the lake. The valley is closely surrounded by high mountains, and presents, in spite of rich vegetation, a solemn aspect and a dark perspective. The snows do not show so radiant as those of Mont Blanc, which resemble a footpath made by angels to connect the earth with the heavens. The view, especially towards night, fills the traveller with awe and produces a mournful impression, which is heightened by the appearance of the inhabitants. What deformed beings, with idiot look, stupid face, which crawl rather than walk, whose utterance resembles more inarticulated sounds than words, whose laugh freezes you, who stop you to beg, and whose contact creates an involuntary shudder; and still they seem inoffensive—and though they are perfection of the most hideous human ugliness, still some kind providence has at least extinguished in their countenance every trait of passion or malice. These objects partially of horror or derision are the Cretins, an unfortunate race, that seems to have drawn down the wrath of God upon themselves. Still the parents of these poor idiots were plain people and good Christians, who came to find good pasturage for their herds in this secluded valley, who passed their lives in prayer, labor and privation—who, when out of bread lived on herbs, and lacking wine,

quenched their thirst in the waters of the brooks. But this very water, against the use of which no natural instinct warned them, produced the croup; it became hereditary, and developed itself more and more, and at last changed their intellectual faculties, and they became idiots. What poisonous principle, spread through these running waters, has produced so quick and thorough disorder in the organization of body and mind? None! This terrible degeneration of the human species manifests itself in all mountainous countries—in the Pyrenees and the Alps, in the Hartz and the Jura, in the Ural Mountains and in Thibet, in the Andes and Cordilleras. The Canton Valais, in Switzerland, is a favorite place for croup and cretinism. The latter is not so general, but the former, especially among females, is very prevalent. Another peculiarity of this people, is the wearing of a low, very broad-rimmed hat for both sexes, for rich as well as poor, all the difference between them consisting in the elegance of the ribbons, which the richer classes wear embroidered with gold lace. When you have crossed over the high walls of the Alps, whose thousand glaciers separate the valley of Valais from that of Aosta, you still find croup and cretinism, similar to that of the valley of Valais. At Aosta, on

a Sunday in summer time, when the people sit before their cottages to inhale the fresh air, it is, positively, a shocking sight to see the number so afflicted. One single passage, easily accessible, the road of the Great St. Bernard, is the only means of communication with the valleys, so picturesque and beautiful by nature, but so mournful by the degradation of their inhabitants. It is at the summit of this passage, that the convent of the Great Saint Bernard is situated, at an elevation of 2,600 metres above the level of the sea, in the midst of dreary solitude, where all vegetation is dead, where the snow, some winters 36 feet deep, disappears only for a short time during the year before the rays of the sun. During several months, horses and mules are occupied continually in fetching wood and provisions



A PORTER AND HIS CHARGE.

from the lower valleys for the consumption of this Hospice. This valuable abode of shelter for the traveller, situated as it is at the most distant point from the habitations on either side, is hardly sufficiently appreciated, and the most erroneous impressions in regard to it are prevalent. Chateaubriand, in his "Genius of Christianity," paints a traveller lost at night in the snow—a dog barks, approaches, and whines for joy—a friar follows. Not that it is enough that they have exposed their lives a thousand times to save fellow creatures, but it is also necessary to teach the animals the art of being instruments in the performance of this sublime work. Travellers, in approaching the convent, expect to find the austere traces in the visages of the monks which are the consequence of a life of martyrdom,



FEMALE IN SION (VALAIS).—THE ALP HORN.

and they also look even in the dogs for a reflection of the holiness of their teachers. Some ladies in whose company we arrived at the convent during a violent storm, were astonished not to meet before their arrival with some of these benevolent animals, provided with a basket of eatables and a bottle of Madeira or some other invigorating liquor. Painters have often given us such scenes on canvas, but they are as apt to lie as poets. The truth is, there is nothing of the kind there, and should perchance a traveller meet a dog with a basket of provisions attached, I should advise him not to touch it, as the dog might be apt to devour him, instead of parting with his basket. It is bad enough to meet one of these animals, if you travel alone, as they roam for some distance from the buildings. The dogs of Saint Bernard are nothing more nor less than watch dogs, and who are able to scent the arrival of travellers in these silent solitudes at a great distance. But their manners and education are the same as every yard dog's. On entering the building you expect to find hermits with solemn and mysterious faces; but no, you are met politely at the threshold by regular Friars of Saint Augustin, of affable manners, and well posted in the events of the day in the world, as they are very fond of reading newspapers. About 6 o'clock in the evening the dinner hour, you are almost certain to find excellent company during the pleasant season—One of the Friars does the honors at the table—dinner is always relished by persons whose appetite has been whetted by a long march and the sharp air, but aside from this, their dinner left nothing to be wished for. After dinner you enter the parlors and a lively conversation is carried on, and thanks to the presence of a pianoforte, musical strains make time pass but too swiftly. In short, you find at this elevation everything met with in the common spots on the earth. While the upper story is for the better class of society, the basements are frequently thrown open by their hospitality to the peasants who come from Piedmont or Valais, to hear mass in the convent. About the 24th of August I arrived there, at a gathering of some 400 peasants, who were fed with good boiled meats and bread by the convent, but not provided with sleeping-rooms, as the 75 or 80 beds in the Hospice are used for other purposes. They mostly returned at night to their respective habitations—Not far from the convent is a place called the "Plain of Jupiter," where in olden times, a temple had been erected to that god, but the traces of which have entirely disappeared, though the spot still retains the name.

The Philosophy of Punning.

We feel ourselves called upon to say a word or two—if only on the principle of the Scotsman who usually went to his club "to contradict a bit"—in favor of the pun. There is, in certain quarters of the literary world—especially among writers of newspapers—an affectation of flouting and scouting a pun, and alluding to it in a screaming way as something extravagant, atrocious, and unbearable. But we hold with Schlegel, who, as a German come to judgment, a man belonging to the gravest and profoundest race extant, gives authority to his verdict in favor of that little pariah. As a philosopher he likes the pun—no doubt, on good philological and psychological grounds.

The pun, in the lapse of backward time, is seen to lift itself out of the modern sphere of mere facetiousness into a state of supernaturalism intimately connected with the ominous feelings and vagaries of the human sensorium. It is very old; as old as the Pythoness and older than the Parthenon. It may be considered to date from the time of the Trojan war. We certainly perceive it at the period of the Persian invasion of Attica; and it appears, also, in a darker era, at the conversion of the Angles to Christianity, marking the crisis, *a la Française*, with a *mot*. It is, indeed, a very venerable figure of speech, and was known to Pericles and Cicero, under the more dignified style of *paranomasia*. The greatest minds of the world—those most remarkable in life and literature—have made puns or enjoyed them. We do not lay any stress on Rabelais, Swift, Lamb, Hood, Moore, who, as everybody knows, punned away pyrotechnically, in right of their brilliant and renowned wit. But what will the reader say to the austere emperor Julian and Cotton Mather; to Aristotle and Jeremy Bentham; Plato and Lord Chesterfield (both, also, of one mind in recommending a proper attention to "the graces, the graces, the graces"); St. Gregory and John Calvin; Horace and Walter Scott; Erasmus and Lord Burleigh; the Georgian man in the paper mask and James V, of Scotland; Petrarch; and Judge Story—not to mention Sophocles, Euripides,

Theocritus, and other greater and graver people, who will be alluded to as we get along? This is quite another view of the case; and these names throw round our subject an unexpected dignity with which all who approach it must be properly impressed, *in limine*, in spite of the customary ideas of disparagement. The pun has a respectable genealogy; it has kept good company, and must be treated with consideration.

Stewart, in his *Essay on the Human Mind*, treats the pun slightly, and says, every one that pleases may be a punster. Goldsmith held something of the same opinion with respect to witticisms and good things, which he said could be elaborated by thinking. No doubt there is some truth in both these positions. Brinsley Sheridan and Tom Moore, who certainly worked hard to bring out their airy brilliancies of wit and metaphor, justify Oliver's notion; and in the same way Hood and others prove that people can hatch puns at a great rate, by brooding over them. Still, a certain cast of mind, a vivacity and judgment, are requisite in these cases. Nothing can make a dull thinker witty—no amount of brain cudgelling; and it is not from every stick you can get the mercury of a happy punster. The "Spectator" is among those who in that classic period, discountenanced the pun. In one of its papers, a very slighting, and indeed, so to speak, a very slight argument is offered against it. Having taken a skimming glance at the subject, the writer goes on:—"Having now pursued the history of the pun from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be," *et cetera*, and so forth,—a feeble definition. The "Spectator" mistook when he spoke of the downfall of the pun. He neither saw how deeply rooted it is in the past, nor how strong it was destined to come out in the future. The pun may outlive the "Spectator." It has certainly outlived "Cato." Dr. Johnson looked grimly askance on the pun, as an elephant may be supposed to look on the grimace and vivacity of a monkey. The doctor did not like a pun. But what could be expected from a man who could see no poetry in Milton's "Lycidas," and who, in recommending some books to a friend, did not mention one on poetry or the drama? Johnson did not even know the etymology of that small word; but thought it meant to pound or to pummel, having in his idea, very probably, the energetic practice of *Punch* with respect to his consort Judy. A little knowledge of the French would have served the doctor; for, in this case, he would have known that *pun* is only the English mode of bringing the Gallic *point* into the vernacular. Our words *point* and *pun* are, in fact, the same; only the latter received its present shape by reason of coming in through the nose, at a later period.

Diogenes Laertius has recorded for us a specimen of the poetic *paranomasia* of Plato, in the shape of a lamenting epigram on the loss of a youth named Aster, the meaning of which is as follows:—

EPICRAM.

"Oh, Aster, while alive you shone
The Morning Star; but now being gone
You are the star of Hesper, clear
Beyond all others in his sphere;
You look upon the stars; would I might be
You heaven, to gaze with many eyes on thee!"

The conceit of the last couplet, it may be observed, is one which Coleridge has reproduced in his "Lines on Autumn Evening," where he says he would, for the sake of her he loved, become the starry sky:

"Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes."

And Shelley also seems to have remembered the Platonic fancy; "for, in 'the Revolt of Islam,' he says:

"Fair star of life and love! I cried, 'my soul's delight,
Why lookest thou on the crystal-line skies?
O that my spirit were yon heaven of night
Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes!'"

With a passing allusion to that punning or canting heraldry so much in favor with the heralds and armigers of the middle ages, and still preserved in the mottoes of some families, we come to William Shakespeare. We need scarcely refer to the crowd of puns to be found in all his plays, and will not attempt to quote them. He carries his punning propensity into all the moods of his mind, and all scenes of his dramas, using them with a recklessness which astonished and offended the readers of a feeble age. This propensity has been considered the weakness of Shakespeare; but it was in reality his strength, or, flowing from the source of his strength—his purpose and principle of writing for the people. Like those other original dramatists, the Greeks, he drew his inspiration from the human heart of the many—that is, from nature herself—and in this way came to exercise that fearless and

easy strength which carried him to such great heights of poetry and passion. No man with his eye on precedents and canons, and his ambition something in the pure classic style of performance, could ever write in the style of Shakespeare.

Coming to our own times, we could also show that, among the sportive efforts of the intellect, ranked under the headings of wit and humor, the pun is not the least brilliant and effective. Hood, has, on the whole, we believe, been the happiest hand at punning—if you can call him happy who had to write monthly *double entendres* for his bread—to eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor—like Edmund Burke, before that splendid genius sold his literature for a fine estate. Hood never italicised, and that was in his favor—keeping curiosity on the *qui vive*, and making the puns come as discoveries, "with unexpected light surprising," like the looks of Nora Creina; which, being interpreted, means "old Nora!" And thereby hangs a parenthesis. We cannot avoid observing how that lyric of Tom Moore instances his occasional inaptitude to interpret the old Celtic airs in all their native raciness. The original air of Nora Creina is comic, as the movement at once indicates—and refers to an old wife, who takes snuff, and capers a jig on the floor. Moore gives us a mild maiden—charmingly enough, to be sure; but then he has ridiculously retained the word *creina*—ripe or old—making a queer jumble of the idea to those who understand the language.

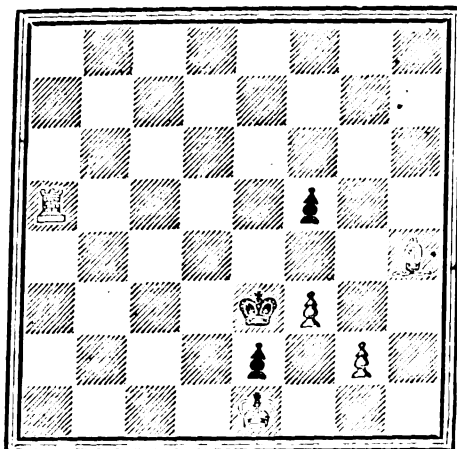
UTILITY OF MOLES.—"The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society affirms that in one year, and every year, full 60,000 bushels of seed wheat, equal at this time to nearly \$150,000 worth, are destroyed by wireworms. If 60,000 bushels of seed are destroyed, full 720,000 bushels of crop are prevented, equal in value, at this time, to £1,500,000 a year! 1 farmers, instead of killing moles, partridges, and pheasants, would protect them, 720,000 more bushels of wheat would go every year into the markets; but the creature designed by a kind Providence to perform the chief part of this immense good is the mole. Some years since I had two fields, one of which was full of wireworms, and the other was infested with them to the extent of more than one-third part of it. My crops failed for the first two or three years the land was in my possession, but every year afterwards they improved, and at length rapidly. The cause was this:—I bought all the live moles I could obtain, first at 3s. a dozen and then at 2s., and turned them down in my fields; and one year in which I had 6 quarters of barley on an acre and nearly 7 quarters of wheat the moles were at work all the summer, and in such numbers that, as I walked among the growing crops, the ground under my feet was like a honey comb; but that was the last year I had a mole on my land; their work being done, their food—the former pests to my crops—being all consumed, the little innocent workmen, who had performed for me a service beyond the powers of all the men in my parish, migrated to my neighbors to perform for them the same kind of benefit they had for me; but, of course, death met them at every move, and soon the whole colony was destroyed. I will add that now I will allow all the farmers in this county to turn upon the land I myself occupy all the moles from their farms they can bring, being convinced they would do me no injury; but, if I happen to have a wireworm, they would by destroying him do me good."

THE RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.—If the chief officer of a district and the chief of police find a dead human body, they carry it for some weeks about the Watiake villages—thanks to the cold, which renders this possible. In every village, they say that they have just found the corpse, and that a trial will be held in that place. Then the Watiakes prefer giving a ransom. Some years before my arrival, it happened that a chief officer, who had made it his business to collect ransoms, brought a corpse into a large Russian village, and demanded about 200 roubles. The alderman assembled the parish; they would not give more than 100. The officer would not yield. The peasants then grew angry, shut him up together with his two secretaries in the common-hall, and threatened to burn them therein. The officer would not believe in this menace. The peasants put straw around the house, and offered the officer, as an ultimatum, a bank note for a 100 roubles, at the point of a stick, through the window. The heroic officer asked 100 more; and thereupon the peasants fired the house from all sides; the three Muti Scavolze of the provincial police were burnt. This matter was eventually brought before the senate. The wise cure, on exercise depend.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. XVIII.—By Mr. A. G. M'COMBE, of Glasgow
White playing first, mates in 5 moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. XVIII.—Played Feb. 28th, 1850. Mr. H. E. BIRD giving the odds of Pawn and two moves to Mr. HUGHES. (Remove Black's K B P from the Board.)

White—Mr. Hughes.

Black—Mr. H. E. Bird.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 P to K 4. | 2 P to K 3. |
| 2 P to Q 4. | 3 Q to K 2 (a) |
| 3 K B to Q 3. | 4 P to Q Kt 3. |
| 4 P to K 5. | 5 Q B to Kt 2. |
| 5 P to K B 4. | 6 Q to K B 2. |
| 6 Q to K B 5 (ch.) | 7 K takes Q. |
| 7 Q takes Q (ch.) | 8 Q Kt to B 3. |
| 8 P to K B 3. | 9 K B to K 2. |
| 9 P to Q B 3. | 10 P to Q 3. |
| 10 Q Kt to R 3. | 11 K Kt to R 3. |
| 11 Q B to K B 4. | 12 P takes K P. |
| 12 Q Kt to Kt 5. | 13 P to Q R 3. |
| 13 P takes P. | 14 Q R to Q sq. |
| 14 Q Kt to Q 4 (b) | 15 B takes Kt. |
| 15 Kt takes Kt. | 16 Kt to K B 4. |
| 16 Castles. | 17 Kt takes R P. |
| 17 P to K Kt 4. | 18 Kt takes B P. |
| 18 P to K Kt 5. | 19 P takes P. |
| 19 P to K Kt 6 (ch.) | 20 R takes R. |
| 20 R takes R. | 21 Kt takes Kt. |
| 21 Kt takes Kt. | 22 P to K Kt 4. |
| 22 B to K Kt. | 23 R to K R 8 (c) |
| 23 B takes R P. | 24 B takes B (ch.) |
| 24 R takes R. | 25 B takes B. |
| 25 K to B 2. | 26 B to K 5 (ch.) |
| 26 B takes R P. | 27 K B to B 5. |
| 27 K to Kt 3. | 28 P to K Kt 4. |
| 28 K to Kt 4. | |

and Mr. Hughes resigned.

Solution to Problem XVII., p. 311, Vol. III.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1 Q takes P (ch.) | 1 Kt to K 4 (A.) |
| 2 Q to K B 5 (ch.) | 2 K takes Q. |
| 3 Kt to Q 4 (ch.) | 3 K takes P. |
| 4 Q B to K 7 (ch.) | |
| Mate. | |
- (A)
If 1 Q to K 4.
2 K to B 2.
- 2 Kt to Q 4 (ch.)
3 Q to K Kt 6 Mate.

NOTES TO GAME XVIII.

(a) This move was first introduced by Mr. H. H. R. WITZ, and immediately taken up by other players.

(b) It is obvious why White declines taking the Q B P.

(c) Very ingenious, this wins a piece by force, because if he retires his Q B to K 3, Black replies by playing his K B to K Kt 4.

FAMILY PASTIME.

Charades.

1.
My first is formal and precise,
My second has been called a queen;
My whole, a simple flower, lies
Upon the mead, and scarcely seen.

2.
Two helpless twins, in whom you seek
For language and for sense in vain,
Compose my whole, and then I speak,
But it is only to complain.

3.
The first of me is last of all beside
My second smaller than the smallest thing;
My whole defies alike all time and tide,
And owes no winter, though it boasts no spring.

4.
My first in Nature's work and plan,
Which by my second oft is hid,
The work and wit of man.
My whole is Nature's work again,
Which creeps into my first unbud,
Tormenting it with pain.

5.
To those a second may be shown
Who only first are rickon'd;
But what am I no first who own,
Yet always am a second?

6.
My first ought always to be cool,
My second must be always cold;
My whole, the dread of krave and fool,
Would strip the cheat and duck the scold.

7.
My first is drudge to all, a hireling slave;
My next a famous marshal, now no more;
But join them in my third, and lo! you have
The very hireling drudge I was before.

A Curious Letter.

Friends Sir, friends,
stand your disposition;
I bearing the world
a man is whilst the
contempt, ridicule.
are ambitious.

Enigmas.

1.
My first and last in dungeon deep
And desolate their places keep;
And, though exempt from chain and bar,
In the extremes of durance are.
In middle of the air and skies,
Centered in bliss my second lies,
Yet, never freed from whip and sting
Exists in pain and suffering.
All these my three, first, second, third,
One short but monitory word,
Men do in every place and way,
At every age, and every day.

2.
Not room, but loss of room by me is got;
Yet you will have no room where I am not;
To give you comfort is my end and plan,
In cold to shelter you, in heat to fan.
I am at once a thoroughfare and screen,
And in all families act as go between.
On other strength I still depend and hinge,
But, though I shut and open, never cringe;
My common size is seven feet high by three,
Yet all mankind pass and repass by me.

3.
Without me day would be as night,
And night be equal to the day,
From right to left, or left to right,
I read the same in either way.

4.
I am of metal, pure or mix'd,
I vibrate ever to and fro;
I move at ease wherever fix'd,
And may be chain'd, yet freely go,
Though balanced in my speech and grave,
Precise and most monotonous,
A welcome place I always have
About your person and your house.

One thing in one continual round
I still repeat both night and day;
Yet is it often striking found,
And full of moment what I say,

I am consulted oftener far
Than either lawyer or M.D.;
Then prompt and sure my answers are,
And given, besides, without a fee.

In narrow compass lies my walk,
I trace the circuit with my hand;
Moving, I never fail to talk,
Or to be silent when I stand.

My progress by a spring is made,
I ne'er have walk'd, or dived, or flown;
But when forgotten or mislaid
I have a way of running down.

By me you commune with the sky
When darkness veils it from your sight;
The sun by day I half supply,
And half the use of moon by night.

I help you on the trackless main,
Or desert wild to mark your space;
And all that I report you gain
Merely by looking at my face.

In concert with the stars I tell
The course of this terrestrial ball;
And by my index as a spell
You measure that which measures all.

Though sometimes said to fly or creep,
I neither hasten nor delay;
And all my business is to keep
What thousands daily throw away.

5.
If made of iron, wood, or brass,
I stop you where you wish to pass;
If I be earth, or stone, or sand,
My province still is to withstand;
But if in gold I should appear,
I smooth the road and make it clear.
I serve the herald to define
A spurious from a real line;
Serve the musician to divide
His measure, and his time decide.
The lawyer cannot take a fee
Till first he has been call'd to me;
But others think their case the best
And safest, when from me dismiss'd.

6.
What are those letters, four in group,
Used both in coining and in soup?
A tedious search from east and west
Is not the way to find them best:
But, take no thought or trouble in it,
And you may have them in a minute.

Riddles.

1.
The words in most wonderful guise you distort,
To furnish charades and enigmas for sport—
Escaping too oft from orthography's fetters,
And slighting the rights and the powers of the letters,
Though a vowel the more or a consonant less,
Can make all men me(a)n, or bring cares from cares(e);
Then kindly permit us to pass in review,
And show what our ranks single-handed can do.

And first, Why should A make your talent delay?
Or B make Old England a coward in fray?
Or why should C make the straight crooked? or D
Give a death-blow to us, with the help of the T?
Why the hindmost with E always smallest appear?
Or F make a stumbling-block worthy of fear?
Why G should make monarchy only a vision,
Or H put a child in a frantic position?
Or why all young ladies should patronise I,
Or K from a stone make the fire-flashes fly?
Why L is a letter in which we delight,
Because it can make e'en a rustic polite?
Why the people who'd rule us the M cannot spare,
Since it helps to conceal what they really are?
Or when N of confectioner's stores should have care?
When O lets your poultry run out in the yard.
Or a brewer the P would with pleasure discard?
Why R would give Polly a husband, or S,
Like the sun, will your overwork'd horses distress?
Why T lengthens the day, or V stops the rain?
Why W friendship or love cannot gain,
Or teachers with X cannot make themselves plain?
Why Y has a wonderful power of addition,—
Z make any foolish, whatever his condition?
These questions all answer'd, one more and we've done—
Why extravagant people should P and R shun?
Then we think you will own our important position,
And hope you'll attend to our humble petition.

2.
My number, definite and known,
Is ten times ten, told ten times o'er;
Though half of me is one alone,
And half exceeds all count and score.

3.
Were ever seen such modes of loss and gain:
A will so wayward, or so strange a doom?
The more I get the smaller I become;
The more I lose the larger I remain.

4.
Your gardener plants me in the ground,
And bodded there my place I keep;
But if you simply turn me round,
My floating bed is in the deep.

5.
I move incessant to and fro
Obedient to the moon and sun;
But though I serve both high and low,
All wait on me, I wait on none.

6.
You cannot fail to find my name,
When you have got this double handle;
In Scotia's northern bound I am,
And in the middle of a candle.

7.
Feeble I am and full of fears,
Close to the grave, and quite a wreck;
But take away a single speck,
And I remain a hundred years.

Rebuses.

1.
You first must name an ancient king,
And next a favorite author bring,
A bird of matchless melody,
The place of man's nativity,
And then a famous city:
The initials join, and they will prove
An unmix'd sweet, which can't be love!

2.
A thing much dreaded in a school,
A style that's used in ridicule,
The name that our religion bears,
A creature that's a foe to hares,
The darling attribute of Heaven,
A number greatly under seven,
The arts by which we learn to sail,
And what brings many to a jail,—
When their initials you have join'd,
A Surrey village then you'll find.

Answers to Family Pastime.

Page 311, Vol. III.

RIDDLES.

1. Time. 2. Box. 3. A Toast. 4. Photon. 5. The Teeth. 6. Pen-sive.

PUZZLE

The counters being placed eight in a row, take the fifth from the left hand, and place it on the second; then take the third and place it on the seventh; then place the first on the fourth; and lastly, the sixth on the eighth.

ENIGMAS.

1. Shades, Hades. 2. Nail. 3. Tenet. 4. Mole. 5. The five vowels. 6. Wide. 7. A Bee. 8. Level. 9.—
I love one, and only one,
And you alone are she:
Do you love one, and only one,
And let that one be me.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. Spark, park, ark. 2. Pop. 3. Bread, beard, bear, ear.

QUERIES.

1. Because manors (manners) make the man. 2. Because he kept Good Friday. 3. Because a queen's head was not worth a penny during his reign. 4. Because both are employed in an elegant mode of wa(g)ing time.

CHARADES.

1. Adam-ant. 2. Sea-son. 3. Man-chester.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of Jug or not (Juggernaut). 2. China a-stir (China Aster).

A Manx Adventure.

THE hall clock struck seven. Mrs. Farnell started from her seat, exclaiming, "I can endure it no longer! Something must have occurred to Annie, or she would have returned ere this. Do, Mr. Farnell, go to Miss Medhurst, and see if she is there; she told me she should call upon her, on her return home. I will send John to Mrs. Ellison's: she may be there."

"We seldom hear of accidents, even to visitors," replied her husband; "and Annie is too well acquainted with the dangerous parts of this rocky island to run any risks; so set your mind at ease. She will soon be here," continued he, resuming his paper, from which his attention had been drawn by his wife's remarks.

"I wish Annie would content herself with rambling in more frequented paths," returned Mrs. Farnell, as her anxious eyes were turned towards the garden; "she is far too fond of these rocks."

"Why, your nervousness is quite intolerable. How is it likely that Annie, a native of the island, should meet with any accident?" replied he, peevishly, as he rose to comply with his wife's request.

But it is time for us to introduce the subjects of these remarks to our readers.

Mr. Farnell was an Englishman of small patrimony, who, having heard of the cheapness of provisions, beauty of prospect, salubrity of the air, and other advantages of the Isle of Man, was led to take up his residence there. His family, at the time of our narrative, consisted of himself, his wife, two sons, and one daughter, the latter of whom is the subject of these remarks. She was a young lady of eighteen summers, very fond of rambling and sketching the beautiful scenery with which the island abounds, and, on the evening in question, had wandered to a lonely and unfrequented spot called the Pigeon's Stream. There, seated on one of those stupendous rocks, she reviewed the scene before her.

The place was a kind of inlet of the sea between two immense rocks, which hung some two hundred feet over the ocean. It was a calm, beautiful evening; not a breeze ruffled the face of the mighty



REMINISCENCES OF SWITZERLAND.—"TEN FRANCS TO CARRY A LADY FOR TWO HOURS! THAT IS RATHER DEAR!"

deep; not a cloud dimmed the clear azure vault of heaven; all was still and silent, save the rushing of the tide among the broken rocks. Annie gazed with feelings of sublime awe upon the scene. At such a moment the human mind feels its utter insignificance, and, led by the power of its own emotions, it reflects upon "Him who weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance"—

who has set bounds to the ocean, and whose power can overturn the strongest barriers. Her mind also dwelt upon that time when the rich and the mighty men of the earth "should call upon the rocks and the mountains to hide them from the face of Him who sitteth upon the throne." Where should she be on that great day? She thoughtfully reflected upon her own life. What was she doing? Was she fulfilling those duties for which God had created her, or was her life being frittered away without an object—the powers of her mind wasted upon the follies of time?

Annie's thoughts were anything but satisfactory. She felt she was created for more noble purposes. She was reminded of those beautiful words of the immortal Young—

"The soul of man was made to walk the skies."

What should she do? She felt unwilling to give up the pleasures of the world, and in her heart she said: "It will be time enough to occupy myself with those serious matters when I am older." With this conclusion she drew out her watch. "How could I be so thoughtless!" she cried. "Mamma will be alarmed"—and she hastened from her seat; but in her hurry her foot slipped, and, to her horror, she found herself sliding down the face of the rock upon the summit of which she had been

seated. But, marvellous to relate, her feet caught a projecting ledge; with her hands she grasped nervously another small portion which juttied out, and there she hung midway: one slip, and she would be dashed to pieces.

Shudderingly, she gazed down the awful chasm, which seemed yawning to receive her. Upwards she turned her eyes. Nothing but the huge rock hanging frowningly over her met her fearful gaze; while she knew, by the brilliant hues that flashed and sparkled on the sea, that the sun was setting.

There was no hope of a stray fishing boat passing; and if there was, she knew that, from the tremendous height, her form would be so diminished by the distance, that she would not be perceived. Her only hope, therefore, was of her mother sending in search of her; but her friends would never think of that lonely spot.

The night, meanwhile, was approaching. Oh! the intense agony of her mind. Her mother, father, brothers—all arose to her view. What a change a few hours had wrought! Must she die so awful a death, and in all her youth and beauty be dashed on those fearful rocks? Was there no hope? and were the awful realities of eternity about to burst on her view? Was she about to stand in the presence of that Being whose claim to her heart's best affections she had just refused, saying to herself, "Time enough; when I can no longer enjoy the vanities of life, then will I give myself to the service of my Creator!"

Bitter, indeed, were Annie's thoughts. The darkness of night had spread around her. Nothing was heard but the roaring and splashing of the now turbulent waves, and the screaming of the sea-gull. Her position became intolerable. Unable to relieve herself, save by the cautious moving of her hands—her feet she dare not move—while an unsupportable thirst assailed her, her tongue clave to her mouth, and hope seemed utterly to fail, when she again lifted up her eyes and beheld many a glittering gem spangling the firmament of heaven. Involuntarily she thought of Him who was the "day-star" from on high, and the day's-man between an offended



REMINISCENCES OF SWITZERLAND.—YOUNG COUPLE OF THE VALLEY OF MELCHTAL.



REMINISCENCES OF SWITZERLAND.—WOMEN OF LUZERN.



REMINISCENCES OF SWITZERLAND.—ENJOYMENT OF A CRETIN.

Creator and her soul. A few moments since, his justice had filled her mind; now she thought upon his promises, and hope sprung up in her heart. The angel of mercy was commissioned to spare her yet a little longer, and guard her in her hour of peril.

The night waned, and Annie beheld with grateful feelings of adoration the rising sun, as he ascended majestically from the bosom of the ocean. She knew that that great Being, who by his word had called that glorious luminary into existence, could save her from her perilous situation. Hour after hour passed, and her thirst became insupportable. Again she cried to the strong to save, when her attention was attracted to an oozing of water from the rock, and almost within her reach was a mussel shell. Could she trust to hold by one hand, reach the shell, and catch the precious drops? She would try. Tremblingly she loosened her hand, and succeeded. Again and again she filled the shell and became refreshed. But here we must leave her for a short time, while we return to her home.

Mr. Farnell's search was unavailing; every acquaintance, every friend had been visited. Brothers, servants—all were searching. Soon the news spread throughout the town. Parties were formed to go in various directions over the rocks; women gathered in groups to talk over the mysterious affair. The father ran frantically up the heights, shouting the name of his lost child, and echo reverberated the name from cliff to cliff. Towards midnight the straggling parties returned to their own homes; they had done all that was possible, but to no purpose. When daylight returned, they would resume their search. There were but few, however, that sought their pillow that night, so entirely were their minds absorbed by the mysterious disappearance.

Soon as the day dawned, boats were sent out in all directions. Fresh parties were formed to explore the adjacent rocks; but none thought of the Pigeon's Stream—it was too terrible a spot. Occasionally, upon a still calm day, when scarcely a breath of wind added to the ceaseless heaving of the ocean, the boatmen would venture to show the visitors this fearful place; but generally, when all was calm elsewhere, the waves would dash and foam against this terrific cluster of rocks to such an extent, that those who went to view it were satisfied to do so at a distance.

Again the day drew towards a close. The parties sent in search have returned. They have given her up. She is lost. Groups of men are congregated on the pier. One by one the boats return, and are moored in their respective places. The men give



REMINISCENCES OF SWITZERLAND.—OLD WOMAN OF LOUERSCHE.

their opinion, that Annie has fallen from some overhanging rock, and will never more be heard of.

Some of the men were watching the Dublin steamer, as she rapidly plied her way across the waters, until she rounded the point and disappeared from their view, when they again resumed their conversation concerning the lost one. But hark! what sound is that which comes booming over the water? It is a signal gun. Listen! there it is again. "It is from the steamer," shout a dozen stentorian voices. Instantly the boats were unmoored. In a few seconds they were rapidly cutting their way across the waves, whilst the pier was crowded with breathless spectators. Half an hour elapsed, when one of them was seen returning, and, as it reached the landing-place, eagerly they crowded around it.

"She is found!" exclaimed the men, "suspended midway between the huge rock that overhangs the cave of the Pigeon's Stream. The captain can see her through his glass. Her feet are resting on a ledge of the rock."

"What can be done?" inquired the horror-struck hearers. "We scarce can say," replied the men, as they proceeded hastily to coil a strong rope into the boat, which being done, they rapidly rowed back, and were soon lost to the spectators' view.

But we must now inform our readers by what merciful interposition of Providence Annie's perilous position was discovered. One of the passengers on board the steamer had a desire to see the famous Pigeon rocks. The captain lent him his glass, when his attention was attracted by something white fluttering midway thereon, which he imagined to be a sea-gull. He returned the glass, remarking that it was a curious position for a bird.

The captain raised the glass and viewed it more attentively. Immediately he ordered the vessel to be stopped. Again he raised the glass, and his practised eye discovered the object. "It is a female form, with her white garments fluttering in the air. Fire the gun!" he immediately shouted.

"The Manx boats are coming, sir," presently exclaimed the men on the look-out.

On their approach a consultation followed. Three of the boats rowed half a mile round the point, where at low water there was a landing-place. They were here made fast, and the men ascended the rocks. They reached the one from which Annie was suspended; but who amongst those hardy men will risk his life over the fearful precipice? An English sailor who had accompanied them boldly stepped forward, secured the rope around him, and commenced his perilous descent, the men gradually lowering him from the top. Nearer and nearer he approached, until he reached the suffering girl, when, whispering words of encouragement in her ear, he threw one arm around her, and again continued his dangerous descent. Meanwhile, the other boats approached, and the men, with throbbing hearts, watched in breathless expectation the thrilling scene, until the ground was reached. "Thank God!" then burst from every lip, and all crowded to render assistance.

But Annie was quite unconscious of all that was passing around her. From the time deliverance had reached her, her senses had failed.

Her nerves had been strung to the highest pitch, and she could endure no longer. The men laid her along the boat, forming pillows for her with their jackets, and silently but rapidly rowed from the dangerous locality towards the pier, which was crowded with spectators.

Before they reached the landing-place, they were met by the father in another boat. He leaped into the one in which was his daughter, raised her still lifeless form, and placed his hand on her heart.

There was a faint beat—so faint he could scarcely perceive it. Still it was sufficient to inspire hope.

Inwardly he lifted up his soul to that great Being who had so mercifully delivered his child in the hour of peril, and silently he wrung the hand of the brave and noble sailor who had so unselfishly risked his life to save her. The spectators from the pier watched in breathless attention the boat as it neared the shore. But when they beheld the father



bearing his daughter's inanimate form, her long hair streaming in the wind, their joy was turned into sorrow, for all concluded that life had departed.

It was not so, however. Conveyed home, Annie under good medical treatment slowly rallied, and eventually recovered, to relate the singular adventure, from the consequences of which she had been so marvellously delivered. She was from that

hour, however, a wiser woman. Her life was no longer one of dream and reverie, but was earnest, thoughtful, and wisely directed to the high and lofty aims for which existence had been bestowed upon her.

A Chinese Gentleman.

THE Sea Witch was the first clipper ship that had ever entered Swatow bay, and though the natives of the district near which we anchored had been accustomed to the sight of foreign ships of large size, yet the graceful lines and symmetrical hull of our long, low black clipper, with her polished masts and spars, so tall and taper, made her an object of universal admiration during our stay of two weeks in the harbor.

A journal accurately kept, notes the 16th day of February, 1854, as remarkable for the visit of Along-Ku, mandarin of the gold button, to the A No. 1 clipper Sea Witch.

In his elegant boat, brilliant, as to her hull, with varnish, and decorated with flags and streamers, eyes, dragons' heads, and tinsel, he rounds to under our starboard quarter, and steps upon our deck.

Along-Ku is followed by a half a dozen of the retainers of his household. He steps forward, shakes hands with the captain, who welcomes him with "glad to see you on board," and invites the whole party to a seat under the quarter-deck awning.

The discourse turned to the subject of ships and commerce, the resources of that part of China in which he resided, the great poverty of the laboring portion of the community, furnishing details and statistics in reference to the latter, the parallel to which cannot be found in any other quarter of the habitable globe. Pitched battles, the result of ancient feuds among the districts, were growing to be matters of daily occurrence; whole villages were burned down, leaving the inhabitants without abode or the means of rebuilding their wretched hovels. The rice crop having fallen far short of the usual supply, the granaries of the weaker were emptied into those of the stronger; in fact, misery and starvation were everywhere abroad in the land.

In this kind of chat an hour slipped away very pleasantly. Our guest was well educated, of agreeable manners and person, and dressed in the height of Chinese elegance. I could not help noticing the beautiful shape of his hands, so small and delicate, the fingers tapering so daintily to the longest possible and most pearly white nails. His satin coat was lined with costly furs, while his tight winter trowsers were fastened with jewelled buttons at the ankles. His hair, of raven blackness and gloss, was plaited in fine strands and wound several times round the head, and his black satin cap, curiously embroidered in arabesque, was surmounted by a filagree ball of gold. I had almost forgotten the shoes embroidered also in bullion, of a dainty pattern, the handiwork doubtless of a fair maiden of Swatow; for, as I afterward discovered, Along-Ku was the beau par excellence of that ancient city.

At noon, the steward Joseph announced tiffin or lunch; upon which all descended to the cabin to partake of the spread, and on this occasion, Joseph, that prince of stewards, had fairly outdone himself. Dainties of all kinds that could be kept in hermetically sealed jars were there set out, *pate de foie gras pale de becasses, alovets, &c.*, but Along-Ku was especially devoted to the lobster salad, washing it down with generous libations of champagne. Two more of his party followed his example, while the rest enjoyed pickled oysters amazingly. Ivory chopsticks were used by all but the mandarin, who handled a knife and silver fork, particularly the latter, as gracefully as any boarding-school miss in her finishing year.

Early in the afternoon the barge is called alongside again. Along-Ku is loud in his expressions of gratitude to the captain for his kind attentions. He also wishes us to name a day upon which it will be agreeable to us to accept a return of the compliment, by dining at his mansion in Swatow, suggesting the morrow at three in the afternoon. So, with the promise of sending his boat for us at two the next day, Along-Ku left with his train, and the fifty oars being set in motion, with that short, quick jerk peculiar to Chinese oarsmen, the graceful barge moved away rapidly, and was soon lost to sight in one of the turns in the river.

The incidents of the day afforded us much amusement, as we talked them over that evening at the dinner-table, and I was much filled with wonderment as to the etiquette, &c., to be observed on the occasion of a mandarin dinner to-morrow; still I determined to let circumstances guide me, and—perhaps—to eat what was set before me.

Punctually at two the next day the barge came

alongside, streamers, dragons, and all, besides, too, a huge blue and yellow flag floating from a staff over the stern. A dais raised in front of the steersman, yet not so high as to obstruct his view, covered with a matting woven in vermilion and white, with a blue dragon rampant in the centre, was the part of the boat allotted to passengers. The seats were chairs of bamboo, with cushions of satin damask. Coolies with huge silk umbrellas stood ready to shade us as we sat down; while others with large fans kept up a gentle motion to drive away the flies that swarmed upon the surface of the river, and came on board in myriads during the first mile of our voyage.

The current, running four miles an hour, and the fifty oars soon brought us in sight of the town, like all those on the coast, having a fort as the most conspicuous object. A long train of west-coast junks was moored in front, waiting for and discharging cargoes, and innumerable small craft plying to and fro in all directions, and hurrying out of the way as we approached the stone quay, upon which we proposed to disembark.

At a word from the steersman the oars are drawn in. A plank is run out by those on shore, and Along-Ku taking the lead, we start for a walk through the town. And what a labyrinth of streets—none more than ten feet wide, and each house having a shop of some kind in the lower story. Furs of great beauty, silks, grass-cloth, confectionery, and fruits; crockery—in which the willow pattern was the prevailing design—everything arranged in neat and attractive order. Shopmen all polite and anxious to display their wares, bowing and chin-chinning. We are en route for the fort. On the way we passed an open square by the river-side, in the centre of which a rude stage was erected, for theatrical purposes; it was housed in and curtained, and, from the crowd gathered around, it was evident that the hour of opening the play was near at hand. As the high battlements of the fort commanded a view of the stage, we immediately repaired thither by a circuitous route, and soon entered through the arched gateway.

But the hour of dinner approaches, and we tramp back again through other streets of shops, until we arrive at the residence of Along-Ku, the only elegant establishment in the town, standing in the centre of a neat garden raised upon a terrace a few feet high.

As we enter the vestibule, the ever present dragon is seen emblazoned on the walls, and carved upon the doors. By a winding staircase we ascend to the second story to the smoking room—and here we smoke; Along-Ku expressing his sorrow that his poor house is not more elegant to entertain, &c., &c. Chinese complimentary style being to exalt the complimented to a pitch of extravagance, with expressions such as "pile of volumes," or "string of rubies friend," and other compound adjectives.

A servant now enters and announces dinner. Along-Ku leads the way to the dining-room—the blinds are closed, and we are to dine by the light of a dozen variegated lanterns. Four other celestial gentlemen are already arrived, each one standing behind his chair, awaiting the coming of the master of the household. I am introduced as "Sin Sao," to the company. We sit down, and at once the first course is placed on the table—baked pumpkin seeds, and sliced oranges, dipped in sugar; next, a number of small bowls, or rather large tea-cups, containing broths of various kinds. No terrier ever looked sharper for rats than I at this juncture. A plate is before me, and as all around emptied the bowls into their plates before eating, I followed the example. When lo! and behold, a little leg-bone, with a little foot at the end of it, struck my gaze as, the soup being poured off, it lay at the bottom of the bowl. I tried to regard it as having once appertained to a squirrel, perhaps some kind of terrapin, or a member of the tortoise family. Along-Ku seeing some hesitation on my part, asked if I liked soup, upon which I answered, I thought not. So 'twas quickly removed, and no more soup served during the meal. Stews of all manner of meats, birds' nests, and one of the pith of stag's horns, then came on, to the number of five different courses, and I doubt not there might have been some of those small animals in all, but there were no bones to make the matter certain, and so I partook, and found them all palatable; tea, without sugar or cream, and excessively strong, was served between the courses, in cups holding about two thimblefuls each—a roast duck and stewed sharks' fins came on for the seventh—confectionery the eighth course—almond custard the ninth; when brandy and water, and sponge cake, brought up the rear. Pipes are again produced—Along-Ku calls *Ati*, one of the servants. He hands him a key—the servant disappears by a side-door, and after a few moments absence, returns with a richly ornamented silver pipe, stem and all of the

solid metal—a water-pipe, having a little bowl at the bottom, filled with a fragrant water. This was to be my cumshaw, or gift. I refused. Along-Ku was importunate, what wonder if I accepted at last; a drum of tobacco, and a large bundle of tapers were added, before we left the table, from which we adjourned to the opium-smoking room.

During the meal the entire conversation was carried on between the mandarin and myself; the others being there apparently only to eat and drink; if so, I can bear ample testimony to their having fulfilled their duty to the letter.

Manifesting a desire to return to the ship, my host insisted on accompanying me; so taking leave of the silent trenchermen, who were now too much absorbed with their pipes to care much for our departure, in half an hour I am again on board the Sea Witch, well pleased with my first and last dinner at the house of a Chinese gentleman.

A Turkish Lady Bathing.

HER attire is first removed. An attendant takes a glove—every day it is a new glove—of undressed silk. With the disengaged hand she pours over her mistress basins of warm water. Then by means of gentle friction with the glove, she slowly removes the salts and impurities which are deposited on the skin. This finished, the attendant covers the lady from head to foot, by means of a mop of downy silk, with a lather made of a peculiar emollient soap, peculiar, I believe in Turkey. Upon this soap depends much of that peach-like softness and snowy whiteness of the skin for which Eastern women always are so remarkable. It has the reputation of removing stains, spots, and freckles that are not deeply marked in the cuticle. This part of the matter having been carefully performed the lady is again deluged with water heated to 110 or 120 degrees, and poured from a tubs (basin) of silver. Large towels—we might then call them sheets—of the finest white muslin, richly embroidered with flowers and gold are wrapped around her. And she is let into a saloon, where rolling up a heap of cushions, she sinks into a soft dreamlike languor, that might become faintness, were it not with the assiduity with which a slave fans her. As soon as she is sufficiently recovered to bear it, another slave combs, perfumes and disposes her hair in ornamental braid.—The hour after the bath is one of gentle sleepy loveliness.

DULNESS OF GREAT MEN.—When I first came I was nation proud of that title the "Attache;" now I am happy if it's nothin' but "only an attache"—and I'll tell you why. The great guns and big bugs have to take in each other's ladies! so these old ones have to herd together. Well, the nobodies go together too, and sit together; and I've observed these nobodies are the pleasantest people at table, and they have the pleasantest places, because they sit down with each other, and are just like yourself, plaguy glad to get some one to talk to. Somebody can only visit somebody, but nobody can go anywhere, and therefore nobody sees and knows twice as much as somebody does. Somebodies must be axed, if they are as stupid as a pump; but nobodies needn't, and never are, unless they are spicy sort o' folks; so you are sure of them, and they have all the fun and wit of the table at their end; and no mistake. I wouldn't take a title if they would give it to me; for if I had one, I should have a fat old purblind dowager detailed on me to take into dinner; and what the plague is her jewels and laces, and silks and satins, and wigs to me? As it is, I have a chance to have a gal to take in that's a jewel herself—one that don't want no settin' off, but carries her diamonds in her eyes, and so on.—*Halliburton's Attache.*

A YANKEE SPIRIT RAPPER RAPPED.—A noted rapper in one of the northern conventicles, at recent sitting of the faithful, remarked that he had just received intelligence of the death of a dear, devoted, and estimable friend in California, and expressed a desire at once to enter into communication with his spirit. After the usual preparatory table-turning and rapping, the spirit of the departed manifested its willingness to commence a cosy chat, whereupon the entertainment opened and closed with the following short dialogue:—"How long have you been dead?"—"Ten weeks next Thursday."—"And the cause of your death?"—"I was hung for stealing a yoke of steers and altering the brand!" No more questions were sent under the table; complete silence reigned.

A COMPANY of ladies being asked to what point they would steer, if cast adrift upon the open ocean, replied simultaneously, "to the Isle of Man, to be sure."

Facetiae.

How should a husband speak to a scolding wife?—My dear, I love you *still*.

A FITTING TRUTH.—Woman's partiality for thin shoes is to be accounted for by her insuperable dislike to a thick understanding.

Why is a fishmonger opening his shop in a very illiberal mind? Because he does it with a selfish (sell fish) motive.

Why do physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else?—Because they are more likely to see sickness.

ODD ARITHMETIC.—Why are twice eleven like twice ten? Because twice eleven are twenty-two, and twice ten are twenty too.

A SLANDERER.—A scandalous bachelor declares that matrimony is imprisonment for life! If so, it is in a temple of roses.

An editor has recently been challenged to fight a duel. He says he always settles such difficulties with "pen and ink," and threatens to put his antagonist in the *Black Sea*.

PETER AS GOOR.—"My German friend, how long have you been married?"—"Vel, dis is a ting vat I don't seldom like to tauk about; but ven I does, it seems to be so long as it never vas."

REFINED CRUELTY.—By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house. The crime was in consequence exceedingly rare.

A BARRISTER observed to a learned brother in court, that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. "Right!" responded his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too *bare-faced*."

A NEIGHBOR of Lord Timothy Dexter observing him riding one morning with only one spur on, inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said his lordship. "If one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

A RUNAWAY thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him a pair of handcuffs, and desired to know if he made such kind of work. "Why yes, sir," said the fellow, scratching his pate, "guess I've had a hand in 'em."

PROSPECTIVE UTILITARIANISM.—Mother: As you are going to be married soon, you had better watch me, and learn how to dress a turkey.—Daughter: Yes, mother, but there are certain things I intend to do with gloves on.

A BROAD HINT.—"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for it's time honest men were at home." "Well, yes," was the answer. "I must be off, but you need not hurry on that account."

A DANDY on board a steamboat lately stood by and saw a young lady fall on the deck without offering to assist her. On being asked for an explanation, "I was waiting," says Poodle, "for an introduction."

THE following advertisement lately appeared in a Jersey print:—"To be sold by private contract, a beautiful rooster monkey, a parrot, two spaniels, and a tortoise-shell tom-cat, the property of a lady just married, who has no further use for them."

BARE WINE.—A wine has been lately advertised under the name of naked sherry. If naked sherry is like naked truth, there be no objection to its nudity. We dare say it is a very good tippie; and one thing seems clear, which is, that if a wine is really naked, it must, at least, have some body.

A NEIGHBOR.—A young lady writes to us:—

"Our minister preaches and labors to prove,
"Tis my duty my neighbor to cherish and love;
In its practice I hope to improve more and more,
For young Henry Cavendish liveth next door."

A LAWYER POSED.—"William, look up and tell us who made you. Do you know?" William, who was considered a fool, screwed his face, and looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, slowly answered, "Moses, I s'pose." "That will do. Now," said counsellor G., addressing the court "the witness says he supposes Moses made him. This certainly is an intelligent answer—more so than I supposed him capable of giving, for it shows he has some faint idea of Scripture. But I submit, may it please the court, that is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness. No, sir; it is not such an answer as a witness qualified to testify should give." "Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ask the lawyer a question?" "Certainly," replied the judge; "ask him any questions you please." "Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you s'pose made you?" "Aaron, I s'pose," said the counsellor, imitating the witness. After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness exclaimed, "Wal, now, we do read in the good book that t'arnal critter had got in here?" The poor counsellor was laughed down.

"HALLOA!" ejaculated an anxious guardian to his lovely niece, as he entered the parlor and saw her in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a smack,—"what's the time of day now?"—"I should think it was about half-past twelve," was the cool reply; "you see we are almost one."

"I see," said a young lady, "that some book-sellers advertise blank declarations for sale; I wish I could get one."—"Why?" asked her mother.—"Because, ma, Mr. G—is too modest to ask me to marry him! and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the question, he would sign it."

"THOMAS, I have always placed the greatest confidence in you. Now, tell me, Thomas, how is it that my butcher's bills are so remarkably large, and yet we have such bad dinners?"—"Really, sir, I don't know; for I'm sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen that we don't send some of it up in the parlor."

SOME scamp having stolen a pair of boots from the editorial sanctum of the *Post*, the following notice appeared in that paper:—"The man who stole a pair of boots from the editorial room of the *Post* on Saturday night or Sunday morning last is probably dead before this time, if he has worn them, as *there was poison in the toes*, placed there to detect the thief."

COVENT GARDEN RELICS.—The Prince of Wales, on his visit to Covent Garden ruins, carried away with him some pieces of crystal, drops from the chandelier, as mementoes of the conflagration. Considering the effect of high example upon the low, Mr. Gibbs, the Royal preceptor, has expressed his opinion to the effect that, under the circumstances, His Royal Highness certainly took a drop too much.

FALLEN IN THE DITCH. A French master, going on horseback lately to teach at an academy for ladies, was thrown off his horse into a ditch. When he made his appearance before the mistress, in order to apologise for the dirt which besmeared his habiliments, he said, "Ah, Madame, I fallen in de dish!" "Oui Monsieur, I see it; you are covered with the *gravy*!"

AN accepted suitor, one day walking in a pretty village in Bedfordshire, with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his affection, said: "How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm!" "Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other hanging!"

A RARE SHOWER.—A gentleman who had been in the city at four o'clock, when a flood of clerks is generally let loose, was talking upon the subject to his wife at dinner, when he wound up grandly by saying, "I never witnessed such a scene of confusion in all my life, my dear. What with the clerks, and what with the rain, I never shall forget it! Only imagine, my darling, that not only was it raining cats and dogs, but hailing omnibuses at the same time."

MILK AS IT WAS, AND MILK AS IT IS.—*Receipt for making Milk in Ancient Times.*—Take one cow, and feed her on grass, hay, and esculent roots. Milk her night and morning. Let the milk stand till the cream rises—skim off the cream—add to each gallon of milk four quarts of water—and the milk is then ready for city use.—*Receipt for making Milk at the Present Time.*—Take a pump, work the handle till a sufficient quantity of water is obtained for your purpose. Add to the water chalk *ad lib.*, calves' brains, molasses, magnesia, and annatto. Fill up the cans with water, and serve to customers from from carts labelled "Pure Milk."

TAKE AWAY THAT YEAST.—A very good widow lady, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day, just as she had received half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comfortable beverage, she (oh horror!) saw two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She ran the man out of her back door, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends pop went a cork. "Dear me!" exclaimed the good old lady, "there goes that bed cord; it snapped yesterday the same way. I must have a new rope provided." In a few moments pop went another, followed by the peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The rope would not do again, but the good lady was not at a loss. "Dear me!" says she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there. Scat!" Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtains. "Oh, dear me!" said she. "I had forgot—it's the yeast! Here, Prudence! come take those bottles of yeast away!"

Every man, like a bottle of champagne, is destined to "pop off."

A LANDLADY'S GENEROSITY.—One day, when butter was scarce and high, Mrs. Wiggins hit upon an economical plan, which was, to spread with her own hands the economical slices of bread for her boarders—merely to save trouble. Mr. Jordan came home late to tea on the first evening of this new dodge, and sitting down in the presence of all the other boarders, received a nice slice from Mrs. Wiggins, who went through the ceremony of buttering it nicely before his eyes. Mr. Jordan received the bread, and eying it inquisitively, began to turn it from side to side, and scrutinize it through his spectacles. "What's the matter with your bread and butter?" demanded Mrs. Wiggins. "Nothing, nothing, nothing," said Mr. Jordan, still turning the piece over, and persisting in his scrutiny. "I'm positive, Mr. Jordan, that you see something." "No, no, no," said Mr. Jordan. "Now," said Mrs. Wiggins, her face becoming flushed with excitement, "I want my boarders to tell me right out when their vittles doesn't suit them. Mr. Jordan, what is it?" The old gentleman laid down the slice upon his plate, and raising the spectacles to his forehead, replied, with great deliberation, as follows:—"Mrs. Wiggins, there is nothing the matter with the bread, I assure you, but, Mrs. Wiggins,"—and here he glanced mischievously down the long vista of attentive faces—"I have lived in this world eight and forty years, and I find myself this evening such a simpleton that I can't tell which side my bread is buttered!"

The Far-Famed Fairy Tale of Fenella.

A FAMOUS Fish-Factor Found himself Father of Five Fine Flirting Females—Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and Fenella. The First Four were Flat-Featured, ill-Favored, Forbidding-Faced, Freckled Frumps, Fretful, Flippant, Foolish and Flaunting. Fenella was a Fine-Featured, Fresh, Fleet-Footed Fairy, Frank, Free, and Full of Fun. The Fisher Failed, and was Forced by Fickle Fortune to Forego his Footman, Forfeit his Forefather's Fine Fields, Find a Forlorn Farmhouse in a Forsaken Forest. The Four Fretful Females, Fond of Figuring at Feasts in Feathers and Fashionable Finery, Fumed at their Fugitive Father. Forsaken by Fulsome Flattering Fortune-hunters, who Followed them when Fish Flourished, Fenella Fondled her Father, Flavored their Food, Forgot her Flattering Followers, and Frolicked in Frieze without Flounces. The Father, Finding himself Forced to Forage in Foreign parts For a Fortune, Found he could afford a Fairing to his Five Fondlings. The First Four were Fain to Foster their Frivolity with Fine Frills and Fans, Fit to Finish their Father's Finances; Fenella Fearful of Flooding him, Formed a Fancy for a Full Fresh Flower. Fate Favored the Fish Factor For a Few days, when he Fell in with a Fog, his Faithful Filley's Footsteps Faltered, and Food Failed. He Found himself in Front of a Fortified Fortress. Finding it Forsaken, and Feeling himself Feeble and Forlorn with Fasting, he Fed on the Fish, Flesh and Fowl he Found, Fricasseed and Fried, and, when Full, Fell Flat on the Floor. Fresh in the Forenoon, he Forthwith Flew to the Fruitful fields, and not Forgetting Fenella, he Filched a Fair Flower; when a Foul, Frightful, Fiendish Figure, Flashed Forth, "Fellonious Fellow, Fingering my Flower, I'll Finish you! Go, say Farewell to your Fine, Felicitous Family, and Face me in a Fortnight!" The Faint-hearted Fisher Fumed and Faltered, and Fast was Far in his Flight. His Five Daughters Flew to Fall at his Feet, and Fervently Felicitate him. Frantically and Flunty he unfolded his Fate. Fenella, Forthwith Fortified by Filial Fondness, Followed her Father's Footsteps, and Flung her Faultless Form at the Foot of the Frightful Figure, who Forgave the Father, and Fell Flat on his Face, For he had Fervently Fallen in a Fiery Fit of Love For the Fair Fenella. He Feasted and Fostered her till, Fascinated by his Faithfulness, she Forgot the Ferocity of his Face, Form and Feature, and Frankly and Fondly Fixed Friday, Fifth of February, For the affair to come off. There were present at the wedding, Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and the Fisher. There was Festivity, Fragrance, Finery, Fireworks, Fricasseed Frogs, Fritters, Fish, Flesh, Fowl, and Furmety, Frontigniac, Flip, and Fare Fit For the Fastidious; Fruit, Fuss, Flambeaux, Four Fat Fiddlers and Fifers; and the Frightful Form of the Fortunate and Frumpish Fiend Fell From him, and he Fell at Fenella's Feet a Fair-Favored, Fine, Frank, Freeman of the Forest. Behold the Fruits of Filial affection.—*Comic Times.*

Erivan.

ERIVAN is an important Russian city and station in the Caucasus, situated on the river Arax, which forms the Persian boundary. It stands to the south-east of Gumri and of Kars, and north-east of Mount Ararat, distant about sixty miles. The mountainous character of the site will be understood from the view we give.

This town is defended by a fortress, and by a castle on the Zengui. The streets of the town are dirty, but the baths and caravansaries are beautiful. Erivan has sustained, at various times, sieges which have reduced it, in many parts, to ruins. The last of these sieges was by the Russians, under General Godovitch in 1808. When obliged to retire, he lost half his army during his retreat to Tiflis.

Erivan was formerly the capital of Eastern Turcomania, and the seat of an Armenian bishopric. At the distance of two leagues from the city is the monastery of Ecmiasin, where resides the Patriarch of the Armenians of Persia.

INDUSTRIOUS HABITS OF THE GREATEST AUTHORS.—It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing them that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have actually labored as hard as the makers of doctrines and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reasons why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock; Mr. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney—he had mastered all the knowledge of his time; so had Homer. Raffaele lived but thirty-seven years, and in that short space carried the art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors. There are instances in the contrary; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been the life of intense and incessant labor.

DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY?—In answer to this question, the celebrated Sidney Smith says:—"It is not true that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the

alters which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the good.

JASSY, THE CAPITAL OF MOLDAVIA.—The environs, with their extensive gardens, are beautiful and picturesque, while the town, being partly situated on a rising eminence, and partly in a pleasant valley, with

pointed; and whatever may have been the former grandeur of Jassy, it is now reduced to a low degree of wretchedness. The streets, like the roads, are unpaved, except one or two of the principal and these are merely boarded, a channel for conveying away the filth of the street being formed under-



CITY OF ERIVAN, IN CAUCASIA.

its wide-spreading suburbs, scattered about on the surrounding heights, and mingling with the pretty forms of the domes and spires, impresses the traveler with the idea that he is about to enter a very considerable city, rich and populous. But in these favorable anticipations he will be miserably disap-

neath; but, owing to the slovenliness of the inhabitants, and the entire absence, we presume, of any sanitary police to enforce cleanliness, it is suffered to accumulate for months, thus poisoning the atmosphere and engendering a miasma sufficient to create a pestilence.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—PART 2.

AUGUST, 1856.

18 $\frac{1}{2}$ CENTS.

LEILA: OR THE STAR OF MINGRELIA.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 47, vol. IV.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE reader will recollect that we stated there were several isolated dwellings interspersed about the district where Klodissa had so suddenly vanished from the view of Kyri-Karaman. We wish to leave not upon that reader's mind the slightest impression that there was anything supernatural in the disappearance of the swarthy female; but all circumstances tended to facilitate her flight and her subsequent elusion of pursuit. The few minutes which

elapsed ere Kyri-Karaman began to search for her, enabled her to accomplish a considerable distance,—the more so, inasmuch as she glided onward with exceeding swiftness. She soon reached one of the little cottage habitations above referred to; and there, by the aid of the coin whereof she had a plenteous supply about her, she procured the loan of a horse to take her to Tiflis.

Infinite was the joy of Leila and Aladyn when they beheld Klodissa enter the apartment in which they were seated. The arms of the Princess were quickly folded about the neck of her to whom she lay under such immense obligations; Aladyn expressed his liveliest pleasure at her restoration to safety and liberty; and both our hero and heroine were anxious to learn the adventures which had befallen her. Klodissa seated herself at the table; and having partaken of some little refreshment,

whereof she stood much in need, she began to give her own fictitious version of recent occurrences in the following manner:

Not many minutes had elapsed, dear Princess, after you left me on your visit to the windmill, when a party of four horsemen, coming from quite the opposite direction, drew near. They halted upon beholding me bending over the inanimate form of a man; and they speedily discovered that he was Kyri-Karaman. It proved that they were retainers of his; he was therefore lifted upon the steed of one of them; and despite my vehement protestations and entreaties, they determined that I should accompany them. How did they know but that I was in some way or another playing their leader a perfidious game?—or, if he were to die, would it not be requisite for them to learn from my lips the circumstances which had brought him to his



present condition? It was thus that that they spoke. Their actions were prompt—I was compelled to mount my steed and to depart with them. It was all the work of but a few moments; and while proceeding rapidly along, I was poignantly afflicted with the thought of what would be your consternation and alarm, dear Princess, when on returning to the spot, you would find that I had thus unaccountably disappeared. The horsemen pursued their way to some distance; and at length they halted on the brink of a rivulet. There they began to adopt the requisite measures to recover Kyri Karaman; and when life was returning—but before he had regained his reasoning faculties—he gave utterance to a variety of broken and disjointed sentences. Yet those sentences were significant of startling things. They conveyed an important revelation. In short, Tunar is innocent of the death of Mansour!—the murderer of the worthy merchant was a person bearing the name of Djemzet.”

“Tunar innocent?” ejaculated Aladyn; while Leila’s look expressed the utmost astonishment.

“Yes—he is innocent!” responded Klodissa, emphatically; “and great though his misdeeds in other respects may be, his soul is at least not stained with this odious and abhorrent crime.”

“And the falsely-accused youth is again in custody!” cried Aladyn. “I and one of my followers arrested him!”

“In that case,” observed Klodissa, “we must adopt speedy measures to clear his character of the charge, and do him an act of justice.”

“Oh, yes!” cried Aladyn; “that shall indeed be done! But you gleaned all this from the lips of Kyri Karaman?”

“Yes, responded Klodissa; “for it would seem that Kyri Karaman and Djemzet were the two individuals who, invading the sanctity of Mansour’s dwelling, carried you off, dear Princess—and representing themselves as your brothers, basely sold you to the slave-dealer Mustapha Yakoub.”

“Kyri Karaman again my persecutor!” exclaimed Leila; “and I who so faithfully pledged his dying wife—”

“Kyri Karaman is a wretch!” ejaculated Aladyn, with vehement emotion, “who deserves no mercy and no compassion at the hands of any.”

“Hear the remainder of my narrative,” said Klodissa. “Many things in his ravings, ere he regained complete consciousness, did Kyri Karaman give utterance to—fully proving that though Tunar was an accomplice in the base treachery that was to hand your Highness over to Mustapha Yakoub, yet that he was entirely innocent of the death of Mansour. His presence in the garden on that memorable night is thus satisfactorily accounted for; he was doubtless there to see that the treacherous project was carried into execution. And be it well understood that although the treacherous design itself led to the murder of the old merchant, yet that Kyri Karaman was as guiltless as Tunar of the foul deed, or any intention to perpetrate it. The man Djemzet committed it—he only!—and never shall I forget how in his ravings Kyri Karaman testified the affliction and horror which his soul experienced on account of that act of turpitude.”

“But wherefore did not Tunar proclaim these facts at the time?” exclaimed Aladyn.

“I think that his motives for maintaining silence on the point can be easily fathomed,” responded Klodissa. “To have proclaimed the truth, would have been necessarily accompanied by such explanations in corroboration thereof as would have shown that he was an accomplice in the treacherous scheme for the forcible abduction of the Princess. This latter crime is punished with death by the laws of Georgia—the same that murder likewise is! Tunar would not therefore have amended his position: he would merely have substituted one capital crime for the other that was imputed to him. And then, too, there was the chance that the accusation of murder would not eventually be proven against him; whereas if he had confessed the other crime of which he was really guilty, the tribunal would have at once, on his own admission, delivered its verdict and pronounced sentence. Finally, he doubtless entertained the hope that Kyri Karaman would befriend and aid him to effect his escape from incarceration if he held his peace; and thus, in every respect was it Tunar’s interest to do so.”

“Those reasonings are conclusive,” said Aladyn. “And now continue your own narrative, Klodissa—that narrative which we have already often enough interrupted.”

“While Kyri Karaman was giving vent to his unconscious ravings,” proceeded the handsome swarthy-complexioned female, “the four men were doing all they could to bring him back to complete life; and they seemed for a while to forget my pre-

sence. But when they had succeeded, they suddenly perceived me and then they were desperately alarmed at the fact that I had overheard all which emanated from their chief’s lips. To be brief, they vowed that they would kill me; and despite my passionate intercessions, my entreaties, my prayers, they were about to carry their dreadful project into execution, when Kyri Karaman—then fully restored to consciousness, interposed. He demanded how I came there;—and I explained how myself and your Highness had been ministering to him on the spot where he had been stunned by the fall from his horse. He then offered me my life on condition that I would, to the best of my ability, endeavor to have the fact kept secret that he was one of those who had carried off your Highness, and sold you to the slave-dealer. Ah! without knowing how such a pledge could possibly be kept—but ready to promise anything in order to save my life—I vowed that if it were indeed possible his name should be suppressed in any public mention that might be made of that transaction. He thereupon suffered me to depart in safety—restoring me my steed, and offering me an escort, which latter proposal I however thought fit to decline. Overjoyed at my escape, I sped away; but not far had I proceeded when my jaded horse fell, evidently to rise no more. Then I wandered to the nearest habitation, where I hired an animal—though a somewhat sorry one—to bring me into Tiflis.”

Such was Klodissa’s narrative—the complete truth of which neither Aladyn nor Leila for an instant suspected. The swarthy female received renewed congratulations from our hero and heroine on her escape from the hands of such desperadoes; and they then all three deliberated on the course which was to be pursued in respect to Tunar.

“It is our duty,” said Aladyn, “to exonerate him from the foul imputation of murder—though so far as his actual position goes, it will be a benefit conferred on his character only; for, according to the Georgian laws, he must suffer death for his complicity in the outrage to yourself, dear Leila.”

“Unless,” added Klodissa, “the person who suffered from that outrage—her Highness, for instance—should sue for mercy on his behalf; and in that case he would receive but some slight punishment, or else be liberated altogether.”

Leila reflected for a few moments, and then she said, “I will sue in his behalf! Great though the injury was which he inflicted upon me, and fatal as in its consequence it might have proved to the happiness of my life, yet I could not wish that a fellow-creature should suffer death on my account?”

“Admirable Leila!” observed Aladyn, gazing upon his beloved cousin with the fondest admiration.

“Besides,” continued the Princess, the modest blushes suffusing her cheeks as her looks fell bashfully beneath those of Aladyn, “for an entire month has the wretched youth labored under an imputation which, after all, was as unjust as it was horrible, and his case deserves a merciful consideration on that account. For we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that the crime of which he was accused so wrongfully, is infinitely more hideous, and consequently more blackening to the character than the one which he committed against myself and which is as yet unknown to the authorities.”

“But there is still another consideration in the youth’s case, of which we have lost sight,” said Aladyn; “and it was one which may neutralize, dearest Leila, all your merciful, humane and generous intentions. I allude to his escape from prison; and if it be true, as Hafiz reported to me, that he dealt so harshly with the Russian Corporal that the unfortunate man’s life was despaired of when he was dragged forth from the meat, it will fare but badly with Tunar.”

“The Russians,” said Klodissa, “are in certain cases more lenient with Georgian natives than you might perhaps be inclined to suppose. This is through motives of policy; and if her Highness, should prove so forgiving as she generously purposes to proclaim herself, the Russians will not suffer their own severity to stand out in too dark a contrast with that leniency.”

After some additional deliberations, the Princess, Aladyn, and Klodissa separated for the night; and the charming Leila once more reposed in the chamber whence about a month back she had been snatched away to be sold as a slave, and to become the favorite of the Ramazan.

We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to observe that the late Mansour’s domestics had been suffered by that unfortunate merchant’s executors to remain at the mansion until some purchaser should be found for it with all the effects it contained; for Mansour’s eldest son, who had inherited

it as his portion of the patrimony, had decided not to dwell in it, he being settled in Trebizonde. All Mansour’s numerous family had assembled from various parts—some who lived nearest, to attend the funeral obsequies—others who had arrived too late for that ceremony, to shed the tears of affliction over the sepulchre in which his remains were deposited. Then the members of that family, having received from the executors their respective portions of the vast fortune bequeathed amongst them, had returned to their respective homes. These things had all taken place during the month that had elapsed since the old merchant’s death; and these members of the family who were the last to take their departure, had only quitted the mansion a day or two before the principal characters of our tale returned to it again.

Before Aladyn retired to rest that night, he inquired of the steward of the household if any private papers addressed to himself or the Lady Leila (as she was still called beneath that roof,) had been discovered amongst his deceased master’s effects. The steward declared his ignorance on the subject, and recommended Aladyn to apply to the executors for the information. Our hero was informed that the chief executor was a man of the law, of eminence and respectability; and he therefore resolved to make his visit to that legal personage on the morrow serve a double purpose.

Accordingly, at as early an hour as Aladyn thought he might be likely to obtain an interview with the distinguished lawyer, he proceeded to that individual’s abode. He was at once received by the man of business, who was an elderly person, of urbane manners and kind disposition. To the question which our hero first put to him, the reply was in the negative: no private documents addressed to either the Lady Leila or to himself had been discovered amongst the deceased Mansour’s effects. Aladyn was therefore compelled to come to the painful conclusion, that the secret relative to the terrestrial paradise amidst the regions of the Caucasus had died with the murdered Mansour, and that as he was sole depositor thereof at the time, it was now for ever lost. Sad as Aladyn’s emotions were at this disappointment, he nevertheless concealed them to the best of his ability, for fear lest he should be questioned by the legal personage relative to the cause of whatsoever chagrin he experienced.

Aladyn next proceeded to consult the lawyer with reference to the course that ought to be pursued in respect to Tunar. He put the legal personage in possession of all the main facts of the case, suppressing, however, the name of Kyri Karaman, out of deference to the pledge which he firmly believed Klodissa to have given to that individual. The lawyer listened with the utmost attention; but we must leave to the ensuing chapter a description of the proceedings that were taken, and of their result.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE lawyer at once proceeded with Aladyn to the residence of the Georgian magistrate who had taken cognizance of the crime committed at Mansour’s house; but this functionary, on receiving an outline of the new particulars which had transpired, resolved to refer the whole matter to the Russian authorities in Tiflis. To the abode of the chief Russian judge did the lawyer and Aladyn accordingly betake themselves; and this official at once entertained the business. Having listened to the statement which was made to him, he decided upon hearing the whole case which concerned Tunar at one o’clock in the afternoon of that same day,—on which occasion the requisite witnesses were to be produced.

In the meanwhile Klodissa had issued forth from the deceased merchant’s house; and closely veiled, she had bent her way to the prison. On reaching the gates of the gloomy frowning fortress, she made an inquiry relative to the Russian corporal whom Tunar had so violently assaulted when effecting his escape. She learnt that the man was progressing favorably, and that his life was no longer despaired of. She then asked if it were possible for her to obtain a few minutes’ interview with the prisoner Tunar?—and at the same time she slipped a piece of gold into the hand of the Russian soldier to whom she was addressing herself. The effect was magically instantaneous; for the soldier assured Klodissa that there was no difficulty in granting her request. He accordingly summoned the gaoler, in whose ear he whispered a few words intimating that the lady paid liberally and would doubtless remunerate him for his trouble; so that the grim functionary displayed all possible alacrity in forwarding Klodissa’s

object. Provided with his keys, he conducted her through a court-yard, and unlocked a small but massive and deep-set door at the foot of a tower, up which there was a spiral staircase. Klodissa followed him to a considerable height: he halted at length—opened another door—and bade the lady pass into the place with which it communicated. He added that he should remain outside the door, which would not be secured upon her, and that therefore she might issue forth again at any moment she thought fit.

Klodissa found herself in a short corridor formed of massive masonry, at the extremity of which there was an open archway; and this led into a small vaulted chamber—where Tunar, heavily ironed, was seated upon a wretched pallet. The light was admitted by two small loopholes, through either of which it was impossible for a human form to pass: for since his re-capture, every precaution was adopted to prevent a repetition of the youth's daring escape. Thus he was lodged in a place far more secure than his former cell had been; and shackles were fixed upon his limbs.

Tunar's countenance was very pale; and its expression was that of the deepest despondency. He had expected that the approaching visitor was the chaplain of the prison: but on beholding a female closely veiled, he started up, his chains rattling with the movement.

"I bring you good tidings," said Klodissa, at once opening her business in this cheering manner: "you may entertain the hope of saving your life if you will be guided by my instructions!"

"Is this possible?" murmured the youth, his countenance becoming all in an instant animated with the joyous hope that was inspired in his heart. "Oh! if it be not otherwise than a dream, tell me what I am to do—and I will implicitly obey you! But who is it that comes to speak to me of hope?"

"No matter who I may be," responded Klodissa; "suffice it for you to know that I am telling you the exact truth. And as a token thereof, I will at once inform you that many circumstances hitherto involved in mystery have come to my knowledge. It was not your hand which dealt the murderous blow at the unfortunate Mansour: it was that of Djemzet, the dependant of Kyri Karaman!"

"Yes—this is true!—by heaven it is true!" ejaculated Tunar. "But what avail would it have been for me to proclaim that fact?"

"I comprehend," interrupted Klodissa, "all the motives which placed a seal upon your lips. You were an accomplice in the forcible abduction of the Princess Leila; and those who executed the deed were Kyri Karaman and Djemzet."

"That again is true!" exclaimed Tunar, joyous that his innocence of the murder should thus have transpired, but wondering how all the circumstances that were being named to him could have got to the knowledge of his visitress.

"You must now give me," continued Klodissa, "a true and faithful answer to the question which I am about to put to you: for in respect to your eventual safety everything depends upon my obtaining a perfect knowledge of all the particulars of your case."

"It were therefore an act of utter madness on my part," quickly applied Tunar, "to deal with you deceitfully! Question me—and my answers shall be given as if I were speaking to an angel sent from heaven!"

"Tell me then," said Klodissa,—"wherefore did Kyri Karaman become an accomplice—or rather I should say, a principal agent in carrying off the Princess Leila? It could not possibly have been for the price which Mustapha Yakoub paid for her; because Kyri Karaman is rich—he has treasures in his strongholds amidst the mountains—"

"He once had, lady," interjected Tunar: "but he has lost them all; and it was therefore for the sake of Mustapha's Yakoub's gold—"

"Lost them all?" ejaculated Klodissa. "But this is impossible! Is he not the chief of a band—"

"He was, lady," replied Tunar: "but for upwards of a month past he had ceased to be so. And now you are speaking of him as if he were alive—whereas he met his death last evening, in his endeavor to aid my escape."

"No—he lives, and is free," rejoined Klodissa. "He was but stunned with his fall—and I have the most positive knowledge that he subsequently eluded pursuit and got off in safety. But how came it that he ceased to be the chief of a powerful band, and that he was reduced to such a strait as to earn the gold of the slave-holder?"

"His lieutenant Khazi revolted against him," answered Tunar: "the members of the band accepted the rebel as their leader—and Kyri Karaman suddenly found himself dispossessed alike of rank

and riches. One follower alone remained faithful—and this was Djemzet."

"Ah! was it so?" ejaculated Klodissa: and she reflected in silence for upwards of a minute. "Now listen to me," she at length continued. "Measures have been taken to demonstrate your innocence in respect to the assassination of the merchant Mansour. You will doubtless be shortly examined in the presence of some judicial authority: you will have to confess your complicity in the carrying-off of the Princess Leila—whom you are not to speak of as a princess, but simply as the Lady Leila—"

"And of what avail to me," interrupted Tunar, "will it be to have my innocence of one crime disproved, if I plead guilty to another which carries with it the same capital penalty?"

"All this is duly cared for," responded Klodissa. "The Princess Leila will intercede on your behalf—she is merciful and generous, kind and forgiving—"

"The Princess Leila!" ejaculated Tunar, in astonishment: "is she not, then, at Constantinople?"

"No—she has escaped—and she is in Tiflis," answered Klodissa. "Pure and immaculate as when she was borne away, has she returned. And she will intercede for you; and according to the Georgian laws your punishment will be light, even if you be not pardoned altogether—for such is the usage when the female against whom an outrage has been committed refuses to stand forward as an accuser."

"Oh! then, there is indeed hope!" exclaimed Tunar, clasping his manacled hands in a wild frenzy of joy. "But you to whom I am thus indebted for my life—"

"Question me not—but listen," interrupted Klodissa. "You must sacredly pledge yourself to me that henceforth you will never, for any consideration that may transpire, concert the slightest mischief against that amiable Princess. In terms the most binding and solemn which you can possibly find wherein to pledge yourself, must you give me this vow!"

"May the vengeance of heaven alight upon my head if I break it!" exclaimed Tunar: "may the Almighty's thunders smite me down!—may his lightning wither me! Now, lady, are you satisfied?"

"I am," replied Klodissa; "because I cannot for a moment believe that, capable of much wickedness though you are, you would violate such an oath as this."

"No—I would not!" ejaculated Tunar with emphasis.

"But I require yet another pledge from your lips," continued Klodissa,—"a pledge to be attested as solemnly and sacredly as the vow which you have just made. It is that you will never again ally yourself in any way with Kyri Karaman—that you will never henceforth hold the slightest intercourse with him, either to lend yourself to his own designs or to suggest schemes of evil unto him. And moreover, you must swear that you will never avail yourself of your knowledge of his secrets to work him an injury—much less to betray him into the hands of justice for the sake of the reward which has been set upon his head. To all this must you swear!"

Tunar took this second oath in terms as sacred and solemn as those which he had adopted in reference to the former; and Klodissa again expressed herself satisfied.

"I have already said," she continued, "that in all probability you will be examined before a judge within a very brief space of time. But you must not mention the name of Kyri Karaman! Proclaim that of Djemzet—proclaim it loudly and emphatically as that of the murderer of the venerable Mansour!—and bestow any fictitious name that you may think fit upon his companion at the time: but breathe not the real name of Kyri Karaman! It were odious that one who has been the chief of a gallant band, should be known to have dwindled down into the kidnapper of a defenceless lady! Besides, if you were to proclaim that you had for any purpose leagued yourself with Kyri Karaman, both Georgian and Russian judges—whichsoever you may be brought before—would harden their hearts against you, and deal most severely in the infliction of the penalties."

"Rest assured, lady," replied Tunar, "that I shall not deviate one tittle from the instructions which have issued from your lips!"

"Act in accordance with this resolve," rejoined Klodissa; "and all will go well with you."

She then issued from the cell,—never having once disturbed the thick veil which was over her countenance; so that Tunar remained utterly at a

loss to conjecture who the visitress could be, or what might be her personal appearance. The turn-key again secured the massive door; and he conducted Klodissa to the gate of the fortalice. There she bestowed a liberal recompense upon him; and hastily taking her departure, she bent her steps towards the deceased merchant's house.

Precisely at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, Tunar was conducted by an escort of Russian soldiers to the tribunal, where the chief Russian Judge took his seat. The only persons at first present in the Court, besides the Judge, were the clerks, and the lawyer whom Aladyn had retained in the matter. Tunar was conducted into the justice-hall: but the escort of soldiers were directed to remain outside the door. In short, it was a secret examination that was about to take place.

"Prisoner," said the Judge, when Tunar had entered the dock appropriated for felons, "is it your desire to make any statement in respect to the foul crime of which you are charged—the assassination of your venerable and much respected master?"

"May it please your Excellency," replied Tunar, "I am innocent of that crime! I asserted my innocence at the moment when I was captured—"

"But from all I have learnt," interrupted the Judge, "you have not since repeated the declaration—although during the month of your imprisonment you have been visited by the governor and chaplain of the fortalice on many occasions."

"It was in the horror and anguish of the moment," replied Tunar, "that in the first instance I repelled a charge of which I was innocent, and that I proclaimed the truth. But when in the solitude of a dungeon I had leisure for reflection, it appeared to me useless to repeat averments which would require to be corroborated by many explanations—and which explanations would of a necessity lead to the avowal of a deed carrying the same penalties which belong to the charge of murder."

"To what deed do you refer?—and do you choose to give those explanations now?" inquired the Judge.

Although Tunar had, as a matter of course, made up his mind how to act, yet he appeared to reflect for some moments; and then, with a sudden air of candor, he exclaimed, "Yes—I will reveal everything to your Excellency?"

"Speak," said the Judge.

"There was a lady named Leila," continued Tunar,—"a lady of matchless beauty, residing as a guest at Mansour's house. A slave-dealer arrived in the neighborhood of Tiflis; and I bargained with him for the sale of the Lady Leila. I had two accomplices in the deed—one bearing the name of Djemzet, the other that of Gregoras. It was arranged for these two men to carry her off by night from Mansour's house: and at the hour appointed I descended into the garden to give them admission. While the act of abduction was being accomplished, I remained concealed amongst the trees to wait its issue. It happened that Mansour came to walk in the garden at the very time; and he encountered Djemzet and Gregoras as they were bearing the Lady Leila away. Mansour raised a cry of alarm; and then all was still! I repaired to the spot where the encounter had taken place; and there I beheld my master weltering in his blood. In an agony of grief I threw myself upon his form; and hence the gory stains that appeared upon my garments. Then I was arrested—and now your Excellency knows all. But as there is a God above us, I am innocent of the death of my unfortunate master!"

"Let the prisoner be removed," said the Judge.

One of the clerks summoned the escort of soldiers, who conducted Tunar into a room adjoining the judgment-hall, and where the clerk desired that he might be retained in close custody until further orders should be given relative to his disposal. The clerk then proceeded to another room, where Aladyn, with his two dependants—Leila, also with her faithful followers—and Klodissa, were assembled. The clerk beckoned Klodissa to accompany him; and he led her into the court of justice. She raised her veil; and the few persons who were present in that judgment-hall, were struck by the handsome, though swarthy countenance which was revealed to their view.

"You will tell his Excellency," said the lawyer who had been retained by Aladyn, "whatsoever particular you may have to communicate in respect to the matter of which his Excellency is taking cognisance."

"Last evening," said Klodissa, "I was returning into Tiflis from a long journey, in company with some friends,—when we beheld a strange spectacle at the fortress-prison. Some one was escaping by means of a rope; and a member of our party was despatched to the gates of the gaol to give the

alarm. But the prisoner succeeded in effecting his escape: he gained the wood—and thence we beheld him emerge, mounted on a fleet steed, and accompanied by two horsemen. Pursuit was at once instituted by the two remaining members of our party: there was an encounter—a conflict—and one of the escaped Tunar's companions was hurled violently to the ground, his horse being shot under him. I and a lady who was with me proceeded to the spot; for we knew not at the time who had thus fallen. We found that the individual still lived, and that he was only deprived of consciousness. We ministered to him: the lady who was with me, rode away to procure restoratives from an adjacent habitation; and while she was absent, several of the fallen man's comrades came up to the spot. They bore him and myself away with them. Presently they halted: he began to recover—and in his ravings, while life was returning, he gave utterance to important facts. He proclaimed the innocence of Tunar, in respect to the murder of Mansour; he declared also that himself and another had carried off the Lady Leila from Mansour's dwelling; and that it was this other who had dealt the fatal blow."

"Did he in his delirious wanderings," inquired the Judge, "name the individual whom he thus unconsciously proclaimed as the assassin?"

"Yes," replied Klodissa: "he said that the name was Djemzet."

"Tis well," said the Judge. "Proceed."

"I have but a few more words to say," continued Klodissa; "and these are entirely of a personal character. The men who had borne me away in company with their injured comrade, were for killing me when they found that I had overheard all his unwitting revelations: but he regained complete consciousness in time to frustrate their murderous intentions—I explained to him how it happened that I was there—and he suffered me to depart."

"It is sufficient," said the Judge, bowing courteously to Klodissa as an intimation that she might retire.

The clerk accompanied her from the court; and conducting her back to the room whence she had escorted her, he requested Leila to follow him. The Princess at once complied: Zaida and Emina made a movement to proceed with their mistress: but the clerk said, addressing himself to Leila, "You will consent, lady, to dispense with your servitresses for a brief space, under existing circumstances. The nature of this case is so extraordinary from first to last, that his Excellency the Judge has deemed it expedient to investigate it with closed doors, and to examine all the witnesses individually and separately, as the only means of arriving at a just estimate of the real facts."

Leila bowed in acknowledgment of the justice of these observations; and she made a sign for Zaida and Emina to remain in the waiting-room. She then accompanied the clerk into the court; and when she raised her veil, her beauty produced a still greater effect upon those who thus beheld her countenance than that of Klodissa had previously done. Her looks were bent bashfully downward; a modest blush suffused her cheeks: she appeared most ravishingly lovely. The Judge—little suspecting that in this beautiful maiden he beheld the Princess Leila Dizila, the Star of Mingrelia—was nevertheless convinced that she was a lady occupying no mean social position; and he was prepared to give the most implicit credit to every syllable that might emanate from her lips. Indeed it was sufficient to gaze upon that angelic countenance to be convinced that truth and sincerity were the attributes of its fair possessor.

In compliance with the request of the lawyer retained by Aladyn, our heroine proceeded to state that she had been carried off from Mansour's house by two persons representing themselves as her brothers, and that Tunar was an accomplice in the deed. She specified the time when the abduction took place,—thus proving that it was on the same night as that of the murder of Mansour. She corroborated Klodissa's narrative as far as she was enabled, in respect to their joint ministrations to the individual who had been thrown from his horse—the fact of her riding to the windmill to procure restoratives—and the circumstance of missing both the injured man and Klodissa herself on her return to the spot where she had left them. But she did not mention the name of Kyri Karaman; and this suppression she was enabled to maintain without the slightest violation of the truth. In respect to her escape from Constantinople, she simply stated that it was effected by the aid of Klodissa, but without entering into any farther details of the proceeding itself—though she omitted not a warm eulogy of Klodissa's character.

"I congratulate you sincerely, lady," said the

Judge—"and those who hear me thus speak must in their hearts unite in that congratulation, on your fortunate escape. The inhabitants of the Caucasian districts dwell under the protection of my Imperial master, the Czar of all the Russias; and it is not to be tolerated that any one in these climes should be dragged away by a vile slave-dealer belonging to the Ottoman nation. Let a decree of arrest be issued against the villain Mustapha Yakoub; so that if he be again found in Tiflis, or its precincts, he may be brought to condign punishment."

The head clerk made a memorandum of the Judge's mandate; and his Excellency proceeded to say: "The prisoner Tunar has likewise rendered himself liable to all the penalties which the law of Georgia awards to those who abduct, or connive at the abduction of females from their homes."

"With your Excellency's permission," said Leila, the music of whose voice seemed to hover like a magical charm round the Judge—old man though he were—"I would fain intercede on behalf of that youth. Firmly believing that he is innocent of the dread crime of assassination which is imputed to him, I hold that he deserves some indemnification for having been subjected to such a terrible charge. Therefore, great though my wrongs have been, I can entertain merciful sentiments; and I respectfully appeal to this august tribunal that punishment may not be dealt on my behalf."

In the same way that the Judge was from the first instant prepared to place implicit reliance on every syllable to which Leila might give utterance, so was he now equally willing to award any boon that she might demand at his hands. He therefore said, "Your conduct, lady, is in every way worthy of the highest commendation. You, who have been so much wronged, now become a forgiving angel; and when the attributes of heaven are thus reflected in an earthly maiden, it is not for those who sit in judgment to display hardness of heart. Lady," added the Judge, with a most courteous smile, "fortunately your will is in accordance with the law, which in this case allows mercy to be shown at the intercession of the injured one; otherwise I am constrained to admit that your will might possibly override the law."

Leila blushed modestly at the delicate compliment that was thus paid her; and with a graceful inclination of the head, she retired from the court. Aladyn was then summoned, to give an account of the precise circumstances attending Tunar's arrest in the garden of the deceased merchant's dwelling, on the memorable night of the tragedy; and when he had withdrawn, the Judge ordered Tunar to be brought back into the Court. The youth again took his place in the dock; and the Judge, addressing him in a solemn manner, spoke as follows:—

"All the incidents of your case have been carefully and scrutinisingly investigated. In respect to the assassination of the venerable Mansour, your version of the tragedy has been fully borne out by the testimony of unimpeachable persons. You are, therefore, on that head acquitted and proclaimed innocent. With regard to the crime whereof you were guilty, in concerting and conniving at the forcible abduction of the Lady Leila, and selling her into slavery, this tribunal would have pronounced the severest penalties, were it not that the injured lady herself has most generously interceded on your behalf. Where so much mercy is shown, by one who has been so deeply injured, the tribunal cannot by its harshness display a disagreeable contrast. On that head, therefore, you are pardoned and absolved. But there is another grave offence, or rather a complication of offences, of which I have now to take cognizance. You endeavored to evade the arm of justice—you escaped from your prison—and in effecting that escape, you violently maltreated a soldier wearing the uniform of his Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias. I have a certificate before me to the effect that the injured man is out of danger, and that no serious apprehensions need be entertained with regard to the issue. But still this offence cannot be lightly passed over; and the tribunal must think of some suitable punishment for the misdeed."

"I humbly express my gratitude to your excellency," said Tunar, "for the patience with which my case has been investigated—for the elucidation of my innocence in respect to the assassination of my master—and for the pardon which has been pronounced in reference to my offence against the Lady Leila. May I hope that your Excellency will now be inclined to deal mercifully with me in regard to the treatment which the Russian soldier received at my hands when I was escaping from the gaol where on an unjust charge I was confined. I will add yet one word. Brought up in the Christian tenets, I belong to the Armenian Church;

but I last night vowed that if I were spared the dire self-reproach which must inevitably have ensued had that unfortunate soldier perished in consequence of the treatment received at my hands, I would enter the pale of the Russo-Greek Church at the earliest opportunity."

Tunar was an accomplished hypocrite; and he spoke with an air of the utmost humility, and with every appearance of an equal degree of sincerity. He was profoundly artful. He knew how anxious the Russian authorities were to procure proselytes for their own church amongst the inhabitants of the Caucasian regions, so that by the formation of religious ties binding those provinces to the Russian Empire, there might be all the less chance of rebellion against Russian domination. Hence he was perfectly aware that a proposal which in reality cost him not the faintest scruple of conscience, would be most welcome to the Judge, and would materially mitigate, if not altogether ward off, whatsoever punishment that functionary thought of pronouncing for the offence relative to the Russian corporal.

"It pleases me well," said his Excellency, "to behold that your mind is so loyally favored towards the Orthodox Church of which my august master his Imperial Majesty of Russia is the head. Enter, young man, within the pale of that church—receive the benediction of our venerable priests—and you shall be pardoned altogether!"

Tunar sank upon his knees that he might appear to express his sense of this leniency with all the most grateful fervour; and the Judge ordered his chains to be cast off. His Excellency then desired the attendance of all the witnesses, that he might make them acquainted with the several judgments he had pronounced. The escort of soldiers entered the hall of the tribunal, to strike off Tunar's chain, and to hold him in custody until he should have been baptised to the rites of the Russo-Greek Church. Aladyn and Leila, accompanied by Klodissa, and attended by their respective retainers, were conducted into the court; and Tunar still deeming it politic to maintain the humblest demeanor, bent down his eyes and hung his head as if in shame and confusion when he beheld the Princess Leila; but having caught a glimpse of Klodissa, he wondered who the swarthy female could be, and whether by any possibility she were the closely veiled visitress whom he had seen a few hours back within the walls of his prison.

The clerk of the court at once proceeded to read the sentences which had been pronounced; and the Judge, addressing himself to Leila and Klodissa said in the most courteous manner, "Inasmuch as it is through your means—or at least chiefly so—that the innocence of this youth in respect to the foul crime of assassination has been made manifest, I hope that it will not be deemed too great a tax upon your goodness if I request that you will attend at the ceremony of his reception into the bosom of the Orthodox Church. For obvious reasons I do not proffer the same demand to his Excellency Aladyn Bey—"

At this moment the Judge stopped short: for our young hero stood forward, evidently for the purpose of addressing some observations to the tribunal.

"May it please your Excellency," said Aladyn, "I also will be present at that ceremony—not merely as a witness, however, but as one who will partake of the same rite. For some little time past I have been in my soul a convert to the Christian faith—that faith in which I was born! It is now too long a tale to tell how it happened that I was reared by Moslems and in the Moslem creed: but so it was—and now will I return openly and avowedly to the religion of my forefathers!"

The Judge—who, as well as several other persons present, was at first astonished at Aladyn's address—proclaimed his admiration and delight at the course which our youthful hero was about to adopt; and he issued instructions that the religious ceremonies should forthwith take place. Immediately adjoining the tribunal of justice was a chapel belonging to the Russo-Greek Church; and thither all who were present in the court at once proceeded. In pursuance of a message previously sent by the Judge, two priests were in attendance at the altar; and to those reverend fathers the double nature of the ceremony which was to take place was quickly explained.

The senior priest—a venerable man with a long flowing beard—directed Aladyn to retire into a little inner chapel, to commune with himself for a brief space until the holy rites of Christian baptism should be administered. He obeyed; and Tunar was desired to kneel in front of the altar. Leila and Klodissa, attended by Zaida and Emina, stood at a

short distance: a little farther off the Judge, the lawyer, and the officials of the court stationed themselves: the soldiers who had escorted Tunar to the chapel, remained near the door—outside the threshold of which Ibrahim and Hafiz had halted. These two Osmanlis were so devotedly attached to their young master, that notwithstanding the prejudices of their own faith, they had not ventured upon a single syllable of remonstrance against the intention which he had enunciated: they were moreover acquainted with the secret of his birth—and they were sufficiently enlightened to look upon it as only natural that he should return to the faith of his forefathers. Thus, though from motives of respect they had accompanied him to the very door of the church, yet here they halted—for it was contrary to the tenets of their creed for them to enter a place of Christian worship. We may add that it was not merely in deference to the wish of the courteous and merciful Judge that the Princess Leila had at once consented to be present at the ceremony which regarded Tunar: but our amiable heroine was likewise disposed to manifest towards the youth this proof of her forgiveness for his past misconduct, in the true Christian hope that his bitter experiences of the paths of evil would teach him to become a reformed and altered character for the future.

Still affecting the deepest humility, Tunar knelt before the altar; and the ceremony of baptism took place according to the rites of the Russo-Greek Church. When that ceremony was completed, Tunar retired to the back part of the church; and Aladyn was then summoned from the little chapel to which he had temporarily retired.

It was to the Russo-Greek Church that Leila herself belonged; and it was therefore to this Church that our young hero had determined upon signifying his adhesion. He knelt before the altar: and the chief priest, after having for some time prayed devoutly, received the chalice from the hands of his assistant. He then inquired in a loud voice, "In what name wilt thou be baptised?"

The lips of Aladyn firmly but reverently enunciated the name of DANIAL.

The holy water was sprinkled upon him; and in a few minutes he rose from the front of the altar, a member of the Christian Church—to bear the name of Aladyn no longer, but to be known by that of Danial.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was with emotions of a soft and holy joy that Leila congratulated her cousin upon the ceremony which had just taken place. Others who were present likewise proffered their congratulations; and the party was about to move forth from the church to return to their respective homes, when Prince Danial caught sight of Tunar at the extremity of the sacred edifice. Intimating to Leila and Klodissa that he would almost immediately overtake them, he accosted the youth.

Tunar, still wearing an aspect of the utmost humility, rose from his seat as Danial approached; and the youth said, "Receive for yourself as well as on behalf of all others who have succored me in my recent adversities, the expression of my sincerest thanks!"

"If your words be truly significant of your feelings," replied Prince Danial, "I am rejoiced—because they are indicative of contrition and remorse for your past misdeeds. To the Princess Leila especially are you most deeply indebted for her merciful kindness after all the wrongs you perpetrated towards her. This is a day of forgiveness; and if I have now accosted you, it is with a friendly intention. You go forth in freedom upon the great world again; and if you adopt a right path, you have many qualities that may enable you to carve out a fine career for yourself. But it were wrong to do things by halves towards you. You have been acquitted of a terrible imputation—you have been forgiven the misdeeds which you actually committed: but on the other hand you have to begin life anew. Without resources, as you must necessarily be, you may yield to fresh temptations—you may re-enter upon the paths of error. It is against this calamity that I am now anxious to guard. Here is a purse sufficiently stored with gold to enable you to find the means of entering upon some honorable pursuit."

With these words Prince Danial placed his purse in Tunar's hands; and then he hastily turned away to avoid the expression of the youth's gratitude.

In the evening of that same day, Prince Danial and the Princess Leila held a consultation in reference to the proceedings which they should next adopt.

"The proclamation of my rank as a Prince of

the sovereign family of Mingrelia," said Danial, "must necessarily be deferred until we reach Kutais. But even then and there, what substantial proofs can I advance of the validity of my claims?"

"Was not I a witness of the lamented Mansour's declarations?" inquired Leila: "and will not the people of Mingrelia attach implicit faith to whatsoever statement emanates from my lips?"

"True, dearest cousin!" answered Danial: "but unfortunately the iron hand of Russia is upon the Mingrelian province; and the Muscovite authorities must be satisfied as well as the Mingrelian people that I am veritably that which I claim to be. It is true," continued Danial, with a profound sigh, "that the Russian hold upon Mingrelia is now so strong that the Muscovites have no need to fear the influence of the name of Danial as they did upwards of twenty years ago, when Kutais was captured, my father fled, and our grandsire being deposed, fled likewise! Nevertheless, the Russians will be jealous of the sudden appearance of a male descendant of that Royal line; and I fear, my sweet Leila, that my claims to recognition as such will be discarded by them, unless supported by the strongest corroborations. I have an idea—"

"Name it!" cried Leila: "for it would indeed rejoice me that your claim should be put forward in a manner that may set every doubt and cavil at rest."

"You know, my beloved Leila," continued Danial, "how manifold and how deep are the debts of gratitude that I owe to Mohammed Pasha, my adopted uncle, the Governor of Kars. It were not well on my part to proceed into my native province of Mingrelia, there to settle for the remainder of my life, without previously paying a farewell visit to him who for more than twenty years has been a father to me. Besides, the fullest explanation of all the marvellous things which have occurred since I quitted Kars, is due to Mohammed Pasha;—and now that I have accepted the Christian tenets, I would not have him think that I had lightly abandoned the Moslem faith in which he reared me. Feeling, therefore, the necessity of repairing to Kars, may I not render that visit serviceable to my ulterior views? From Mohammed Pasha can I obtain certificates of that same evidence which somehow back convinced Mansour that I was indeed the descendant of the royal line of Mingrelia. Then, armed with these proofs to support my pretensions, I may all the more confidently proclaim them on arriving at Kutais, the capital of our native province!"

The Princess Leila fully assented to the propriety of the course thus suggested, not only because she felt that it was indeed the performance of a sacred duty which Danial owed to the excellent Pasha of Kars—but likewise because it would serve her cousin's aims in respect to the establishment of his position as a Mingrelian Prince.

"I dare not ask you to accompany me, dearest Leila," continued Danial, "inasmuch as the same reasons which prevented us from taking Kars in our way when recently escaping from the Ottoman dominions, still exist as a barrier opposing your visit to that city. Yet, on the other hand, I cannot endure the thought that you will journey alone to Kutais—while perhaps you are averse to a farther sojourn in Georgia—"

"No," said Leila, with modestly downcast eyes, "I will not return to my native city until accompanied by you! I will remain in Georgia during your visit to Kars. I know full well that under existing circumstances it were indiscreet for me to continue any longer to avail myself of the hospitality of this mansion which now belongs to strangers: but there is a calm and peaceful asylum that I may obtain while you are away, and where I am confident that I shall be surrounded with all the kindnesses of a cordial welcome. I allude to the abode of the Georgian widow!"

"Be it so!" exclaimed Danial, well pleased with the idea. "And I shall have the satisfaction of escorting you thither! As for the grand secret of the terrestrial paradise cradled amidst the wilds of the Caucasus, I fear that this has perished for ever: for amongst Mansour's papers no document has been found to afford a clue to the position of that lovely vale—"

Here Danial suddenly stopped short; for the door had opened—and Klodissa was at the moment entering the room in which this colloquy had taken place. To the swarthy female Danial and Leila expressed their intention to leave Tiflis on the following day: they inquired what her views and plans might be; and declared their readiness to forward them in any manner it lay in their power. Klodissa proclaimed her gratitude for the kind interest thus demonstrated towards her—but she as-

sured the two cousins that there was nothing in which they could assist her. She intimated her intention of remaining for the present at Tiflis,—adding that some time thereafter she hoped to be enabled to visit Kutais, when she should pay her respects to those whose welfare would ever be an object of concern with herself. The princess Leila assured her swarthy friend that she should be only too delighted to have an opportunity of welcoming her to the hospitalities of her palace at Kutais.

On the following day Danial and Leila took a kind and affectionate leave of Klodissa,—upon whom our fair heroine would have heaped the costliest gifts: but, in imitation of Thekla's example at Constantinople, the swarthy female would consent to receive nothing but some article of comparatively trifling value, to be retained as a memento of the donor. The domestics belonging to the establishment of the deceased Mansour received notable proofs of the liberality of the Prince and Princess; and the journey was commenced.

Daniel and Leila—attended by Ibrahim and Hafiz, Zaida and Emima—set out and from Tiflis; and in the evening the house of the Georgian widow was reached. Leila, hastily alighting from her steed, was the first to enter the humble but hospitable homestead,—where she was received with the most cordial welcome on the part of widow and her two beautiful daughters, the latter having just returned from the harvest fields. Danial was on the point of following his cousin into the farm-house, when his ear suddenly caught the sounds of an advancing troop of horsemen coming along the road from a southerly direction. In a few moments the richly laced coats, the red caps and the flowing purple tassels of some half-dozen Turkish cavaliers met the view; and with a cry of mingled joy and astonishment, Prince Danial exclaimed, "Tis my adopted uncle—my generous friend the Pasha of Kars!"

And it was so. But here we must leave those two parties that were about to meet at the house of the Georgian widow; and we must bring back the reader's attention to Tiflis.

It will be recollected that on the preceding evening Klodissa had entered the room where the two cousins were conversing, at the very moment when Prince Danial was alluding to the terrestrial paradise cradled amidst the mountains of the Caucasus; and he was likewise expressing his mournful regret that no document containing any satisfactory particulars with regard to the position of the valley of Gulistan had been discovered amongst the papers of the murdered Mansour. The door of that room opened so noiselessly that the two cousins were not immediately aware of Klodissa's presence; and thus she caught every syllable that was said in respect to the terrestrial paradise in the Caucasus. On the following day, when Danial and Leila with their respective dependants took their departure from the mansion, Klodissa said to the matron-housekeeper, "I fear that I must now also bid you farewell!"

"For this there is no need," responded the matron, "if it suit your convenience to sojourn yet a little while within these walls: for after the signal services you have rendered to the amiable Lady Leila—whom we all so much love—it will please me to be enabled to show you any civility or attention. I am for the present mistress here, and have the power to proffer you the continued hospitality of the mansion."

"Yes—it will suit me," replied Klodissa, "to sojourn yet a few days beneath this roof:"—and she expressed her warmest gratitude for the kindness shown her by the matron-housekeeper.

"Regard the house as your home," said that worthy woman, "so long as I may have the power to give you this welcome."

"It is a spacious habitation, and a splendid one," said Klodissa: "pity were it if it should pass into the hands of strangers who will be less generous with their hospitalities than, according to all accounts, was your deceased master the lamented Mansour! I have as yet seen but few of the apartments—they are handsome and elegant in their appointments—and if they may be taken as a specimen of all the rest, it is indeed a palatial dwelling."

"You have my free permission," replied the matron, to roam at pleasure throughout the house—to visit all the apartments—to inspect the furniture, the valuables, and the curiosities which they contain—in short, I repeat, regard it as your home."

Klodissa again expressed her gratitude for the kindness that was shown her; and she speedily began to avail herself of the permission she had received. Throughout the rest of that day, she roamed from room to room, from chamber to chamber; and being completely alone in this inspection of the pre-

mises, she was free to conduct it according to her own will and inclination. She did not merely recreate her vision by the contemplation of handsome furniture, costly hangings, and multifarious curiosities collected from all parts of the world; but she likewise peered into every nook and corner—penetrated into every place where foot might be set—examined the floors and the walls, with the air of a person seeking for some lost object, or else for the solution of some mystery to which a certain clue had been already acquired. And it was not only throughout the period of daylight that this investigation was pursued—but when all the domestics of the household had retired to rest, Klodissa still continued her scrutinizing search, though under circumstances of the utmost caution, so as to avoid the chance of disturbing any of the other inmates of the dwelling. But her search appeared to be all in vain, minute and scrutinizing, though it were. Fruitlessly did she lift up carpets to examine the floor beneath, as if in the expectation of discerning some place contrived for the secret concealment of whatsoever it were that she was thus hunting after; fruitlessly, too, did she study the arrangement of the panelling on the walls—tap against it—push each separate panel as if with the idea that it might slide in its setting;—and fruitlessly did she scrutinize the construction of various massive pieces of furniture, as though she thought that some little secret portion of woodwork might suddenly fly open. When the beams of morning stole through the casements, she was still at her work; but she was soon compelled to abandon it, and retire to her own chamber, for fear lest she should be surprised by any early riser in the midst of her occupation.

Having slept for a few hours, Klodissa rose; and when she had partaken of the morning meal, she sallied forth into the city of Tiflis. There she visited several shops where keys were sold; and pretending to have at her residence a peculiar lock, the proper key for which she had accidentally lost, she purchased a miscellaneous assortment of these little instruments. She was, however, careful not to buy too many at one place, for fear lest suspicion should be excited; and thus her wanderings for this purpose occupied several hours. With a mass of keys of all sizes and descriptions concealed about her person, she returned to the habitation of the deceased merchant; and when night came, and the domestics had once more retired to rest, the swarthy female recommenced her roamings through the house.

Still she seemed to have in view some special object of search; but her investigation was conducted in a manner different from that of the preceding night. Her keys were now brought into requisition. Wheresoever there was a table that contained a drawer or a bureau that opened—wheresoever in the pieces of furniture, in the walls, or in the flooring, there appeared a hole that could by any possibility have a lock concealed within—Klodissa tried her keys; but all to no effect. It is true that she opened many a drawer, many a cupboard, and many a bureau; and though they were all stored with curiosities or with objects of value, yet not one single article of their contents did she self-appropriate. Whatever was her object, it assuredly was not that of the base larcenist, the mean pilferer, or the midnight thief. Gems and jewels greeted her eyes; but she touched them not. The house was to be disposed of with all its valuable contents—a custom that is common enough in the Caucasian regions as well as in the Ottoman Empire; and thus these precious objects had been left in their depositories—all to be subjected to the process of a general appraisalment whensoever a bidder might come forward. But Klodissa flung an indifferent and sometimes a disdainful look upon the costly articles to the view of which her purchased keys opened the way; and when the light of morning again dawned in through the casements, she retreated to her chamber after a night of unsuccessful and resultless search.

Having again slept several hours, Klodissa partook of the refreshments that were served up to her; and she was descending from her apartment to walk in the garden, when in a vestibule through which she had to pass, she found the matron in conversation with a tall youth whose skin was as sable and glossy as that of an Ethiopian. He was appraised in a light dress: it was the garb of a common laborer; and it threw out the blackness of his skin into the strongest relief.

"Well, then," the matron was saying at the moment Klodissa made her appearance, "the references are respectable enough; and if you call again in the evening I will let you know the result."

The sable youth bowed in the most respectful

manner, and instantaneously quitted the vestibule, making his way into the street.

"Is that a new domestic whom you purpose to add to the establishment?" inquired Klodissa, after she had exchanged the usual salutations of the day with the matron.

"Yes," replied the latter: "it is an indispensable addition. Ever since the mansion fell into the hands of my deceased master's eldest son, a watchman has been employed to exercise his vigilance in the garden during the night: for the place is full of valuables of all sorts—and after the stealthy way in which the villains made their entry to carry off the Lady Leila, it has been considered consistent with prudence that such a watch should be maintained."

"Assuredly so," answered Klodissa, "nothing can be more wise."

"And I am all the more anxious," continued the matron. "to attend to the instructions which I have received to this effect, inasmuch as having the principal charge of the establishment, I feel all the responsibility of such a position."

"Unquestionably so," rejoined Klodissa, who appeared to be speaking in a listless conversational way.

"Hitherto," continued the matron, who was fond of a little gossip, no matter how trivial the subject, "the old gardener has performed the duty of watchman; but I find that if he sits up all night he does no work during the day—and the garden cannot be suffered to go to rack and ruin. Besides, he is well-stricken in years, as you may have doubtless observed—and therefore not fit for the double post. He complained to me yesterday of his inability to fulfil the twofold duties; and I accordingly notified to some of the tradesmen that if they knew of a trustworthy person to take the place of watchman, they might send such an individual hither. The result is the application of the young African whom you have just seen. He tells me that he comes from beyond the cataracts of the Nile—that he has sojourned some few years in Asia Minor—and that he has now found his way into Georgia."

"And you have engaged with him?" asked Klodissa.

"Not exactly," responded the matron. "It is a situation of confidence, you know—and I purpose to make inquiries of the tradesman who has recommended him. That was the reason you heard me tell him to return in the evening. It will then be plenty of time for me to decide, inasmuch as the gardener is all day long in the grounds, and thus no evil-disposed person can enter unobserved while it is light. If this African's references are satisfactory, he can enter upon his duties at sunset."

"True," said Klodissa. "I see that you manage with the utmost caution and carefulness."

Here the conversation ended; and Klodissa divided her time throughout the day between rambling in the garden and reading in her own chamber; for she did not think fit to renew her wanderings through the mansion during the daylight, for fear lest such conduct might engender some suspicion.

As the hour of sunset approached, Klodissa loitered in the vestibule to which we have before alluded; and with a book in her hand, she sat near an open window, through which the refreshing breeze was wafted—so that it seemed as if she had sought a cool retreat where she might enjoy a view of the garden and the fragrance of the flowers. The matron joined her there; and they were conversing together, when the sable candidate for the watchman's place reappeared to learn the housekeeper's decision. Klodissa, bending over her book, appeared to be absorbed in its contents, and to take not the slightest notice of what now passed betwixt the matron and the young man. The housekeeper informed him that his references were satisfactory: she named the wages that he would receive, and explained his duties. The bargain was therefore struck; and the matron said, "You may commence your services at once; for this is the hour when the old gardener will leave off work. Remember, you are to walk about the grounds all night—you are to keep a special watch on the back gate, as well as upon the doors that open into the building. See! here are firearms—and with these must you be provided."

The sable youth bowed, and took the pair of pistols which the matron indicated. In the same cupboard which contained them, there was the suitable ammunition: he loaded the weapons, and secured them about his person. He then issued forth into the garden; and the matron was almost immediately summoned away to superintend some domestic duty in another part of the house.

Klodissa glided from the vestibule; and she

passed out into the grounds. The sun was just setting: she could discern the white garments of the new functionary at the farther extremity. He was bidding the old gardener "good evening" at the back gate. Klodissa then heard the gate close and the key turn in the lock. She stole amidst a dense group of high shrubs; and there she remained motionless in her concealment.

In a few minutes she beheld the new watchman pass along the avenue in the immediate vicinity of which she was hidden; and she followed him keenly with her eyes. On gaining the extremity of the avenue—the very spot where the unfortunate Mansour had met his death—the sable youth stopped short and looked carefully all around. Apparently satisfied that the coast was completely clear, he continued his way to a neighboring tool-house; and thence he took forth some implement. He began to retrace his steps: he paused again—looked searchingly around—and then came on. Nearer and nearer to Klodissa did he thus advance,—until at length he halted at a distance of about half a dozen yards from the spot where she was concealed. Her hand was now slowly and noiselessly thrust beneath the folds of her upper garment; and she drew forth a dagger from its sheath.

Again the sable youth had halted; to and fro in the avenue his looks were flung; and once more apparently satisfied that the coast was clear, he plunged amidst the trees and shrubs in the close vicinity of Klodissa's hiding-place. Like a tigress in her lair preparing to spring upon some unsuspecting intruder, was the swarthy female, as she all the more tightly clutched the sharp dagger.

But the sable youth penetrated not entirely into the depth of the verdant thicket; he halted at a particular spot; and he began to dig out the ground in that place; for it was a spade which he had brought with him from the tool-house. Then noiselessly and insidiously as a snake glides through the grass, did Klodissa steal by degrees nearer and nearer amidst the shrubs, her hand still clutching the naked dagger.

Not long was the sable youth in digging up the ground: for what he evidently sought was discovered in the space of a few minutes. A low and half-stifled murmur of joy escaped his lips as he stooped down to take up something from the hole which he had dug; and at that instant Klodissa flew at him as if it were the tigress springing from its lair, or the reptile darting from the herbage. Indeed it was with lightning swiftness!

"Not a syllable, or you die!" she said, in a low, quick voice, but with accents of fiercest determination: and as one hand clutched him forcibly, the other upheld the poniard in readiness to strike.

Speechless with terror, the sable youth dropped the spade; and forgetting his pistols in the bewilderment of his consternation, he sank upon his knees.

"Silence!" muttered Klodissa, as she menacingly brandished the dagger. "I know you! You are Tunar!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

So completely paralyzed with terror was the coward soul of Tunar, that he remained upon his knees, gazing up in consternation and dismay at Klodissa, whose handsome, dusky countenance expressed the fiercest, sternest resoluteness. When a woman acquires such an influence over a man, it is no ordinary power that she wields. It is one which subdues even the idea of making a desperate effort for self-deliverance. Were it a man by whom Tunar was thus suddenly accosted, he would, doubtless, have displayed that energy—the energy of desperation itself, which he had shown on the occasion of his escape from the fortalice. But it was indeed no wonder that Klodissa should now exercise this power over him. It was she who had presented herself as his saviour when he was in captivity; she had displayed a knowledge of many things which made him marvel how they could have become revealed to her; and thus the very mystery which hung around her had already imbued Tunar's mind with a certain superstitious awe in respect to the swarthy female. He had not expected to find her at the deceased merchant's house when he applied for the situation of watchman; but on beholding her, in the vestibule, he flattered himself that she took so little notice of him that she could not possibly suspect who was really concealed beneath the disguise which he had assumed. And this impression was all the stronger on his mind from the fact that the matron-housekeeper, who had known him for so many years, had failed to penetrate through that disguise: while the other domestics of the household, who might have happened to see him in his present condition—especially the gardener—had been equally remote from entertaining the idea that

it was Tunar whom they encountered. But while several individuals who for various lengthy periods had known him well, failed to penetrate through his disguise—here was a female, who (as he thought to himself) had never seen him more than two or three times, recognising him at once—darting her keen regards as it were through the dye that stained his complexion and his hair—through the white dress likewise, which was so different from any costume he had ever worn before! Thus it seemed to Tunar as if Klodissa were a being gifted with some superior powers that bordered upon the preternatural; while the terrible energy which she displayed—the boldness of the attack—the suddenness with which it was made—and the menacing intrepidity with which the poniard was grasped by her hand—all these circumstances combined to strike terror into the guilty soul of the youth.

"You are Tunar!" she had said; and there he knelt, gazing at her in consternation and dismay.

His tongue was paralysed, as were his limbs; and while Klodissa held the dagger threateningly with one hand, with the other she suddenly tore open the upper part of his vesture.

"Move not a hair's breadth!" she said, in that low concentrated voice which, combined with the rapidity of its accents, was so terribly corroborative of the boldness and intrepidity displayed by her proceedings; "or I strike with my poniard! There is sudden death in its point—the slightest scratch of the skin is fatal—for the blade is poisoned!"

Tunar shuddered to the uttermost confines of his entire being; and deeper, if possible, grew the dismay and horror that filled his soul.

Forth from within the folds of his outer vesture did Klodissa snatch one of the pistols, with which the youth was armed; and she secured it about her own person. Then, quick as lightning, she took forth the second pistol; and this she disposed of in the same way as the former. It was all the work of a few moments; and Tunar was now more completely at her mercy than even he was at first—for in addition to the palsying influence of his terror, he found himself utterly defenceless.

The hole which he had dug was about two feet deep; and a glance which Klodissa's luminous black eyes had flung into the opening, showed her that the object which Tunar had been about to take forth was lying at the bottom. It was a roll of paper tied round with a string; and Klodissa's looks had flashed with joyous triumph.

"Give me those papers!" she said in a quick peremptory tone, when she had achieved the rapid work of disarming the cowardly youth.

He was already on his knees;—not for a single instant did he hesitate to obey; but stooping down he picked up the roll of documents from the bottom of the pit. He handed them to Klodissa; and as she took them, Tunar felt as if his very life were swiftly ebbing out of him—as if all the hopes which but a few moments before her sudden appearance he had been embodying in the most brilliant substantial shapes, were passing away from him like the phantoms of a dream!

"Tis well!" said Klodissa, securing the documents about her person, as she had done with respect to the firearms; and the sun at noonday never shone with brighter beams than the rays of ecstasy and triumph which her lustrous orbs flashed forth. "Rise—and obey me!"

Tunar rose from his suppliant posture; and Klodissa said in the same peremptory tone as before, "Fill up that hole!"

He at once addressed himself to the task; and though his frame was quivering with all the varied emotions which were wildly agitating within his heart, yet there was a nervous alacrity in his proceedings. The hole was soon filled up; and he again stood awaiting the orders of his imperious taskmistress.

"Tunar," he said, "you seem determined never to profit by the experience of the past. Scarcely are you redeemed from the jaws of death—scarcely have you in a wondrous manner escaped from the penalties of your numerous crimes—than you are perpetrating fresh misdeeds and incurring fresh risks of punishment. Insensate that you are! If I were but to raise an alarm you would be captured—you would be plunged anew into the dungeons of yon dark frowning fortalice—you would again be led into the presence of the judge! Then it would be as the purloiner of the secret papers belonging to your deceased master that you would tremble before the tribunal—and you would be further accused of assuming this disguise for all the worst of purposes when insinuating yourself again within the walls of this dwelling! And then all your past offences, for which you have been pardoned, would weigh with the judge in the sentence

to be pronounced; and your imprisonment in the fortalice for the remainder of your days would inevitably be your doom!"

"Spare me, lady—spare me!" murmured Tunar, clasping his hands in anguish; "spare me, I beseech you!—and I will leave Tiflis forever!"

"Answer me!" said Klodissa, "how came these papers in your possession? But beware how you deceive me!—for you see that no act or deed of yours can escape my penetrating vigilance! Perhaps I know more than you think?—and perhaps I am only putting this question in order to prove you?"

"Judge, then, of my sincerity!" answered Tunar. "On the memorable night when Leila was carried off, I found my murdered master lying yonder, weltering in his blood. I took the keys from about his person: I ascended to his apartment—I possessed myself of these papers—I had but a moment to glance at the few opening words to convince myself that they were the documents which I yearned to possess—I hastened down again into the garden—and I buried them here. Scarcely was my task accomplished, when I was arrested."

There was a sufficiency of moonlight straggling through the trees to enable Klodissa to watch Tunar's countenance with the keenest earnestness as he thus spoke; and despite the sable dye which disguised that countenance, she could have at once told by its expression if in a single tittle he were speaking falsely. But she saw that he was giving utterance to the truth; and well was it for him that he did so! Klodissa felt convinced that he had not perused the papers before he consigned them to the hiding-place whence they were just disinterred, and that he was consequently still ignorant of the clue to the terrestrial paradise cradled amidst the Caucasian mountains. If she had thought otherwise she would have at once, pitilessly and remorselessly plunged her dagger into Tunar's breast, so that the secret as far as he was concerned might have perished with him. But she saw that this extreme measure was unnecessary, and that it would be a needless crime for her to imbrue her hands with the blood of the wretched youth.

"Yes—you have spoken with sincerity," she said, fixing her dark eyes still upon him so as to acquire the completest assurance that she was not deceived; "and I will deal mercifully with you on condition that you forthwith obey my mandates."

"Oh, rest assured that I will!" exclaimed Tunar—and there was even gratitude in his tone.

"Listen to me," continued Klodissa. "You will at once take a horse from the stable—and you will without delay speed far off from Tiflis."

"But the deed will brand me as a mean vile robber!" said Tunar in consternation.

Indescribable was the smile of mingled scorn and contempt which curled Klodissa's lips as Tunar thus spoke.

"Robber!" she said, in accents which corresponded with the withering significance of that smile; "and are you not already a robber—the pilferer of your deceased master's papers? Oh! as well might the guileful serpent claim a repute for sincerity as you are justified in assuming this mockery of a fastidious honor! Yes—you will steal a steed from yon stable; and to-morrow it will be said that the African watchman has fled upon an animal that is not his own! This is what I mean to take place, and what I desire. With a charge of theft hanging over your head, you will never again dare revisit Tiflis in that disguise; and if you have the hardihood to return to this city with your proper personal appearance as Tunar, I shall at once proclaim that Tunar and the African watchman who self-appropriated the steed from the stable, are one and the same person? Remain for ever absent—and no one need know that the seeming African was really Tunar. Thus," added Klodissa, with another scornful smile, "since you are so fastidious in respect to your honor, it may be spared—and the name of Tunar need not be more deeply branded than it already is."

"Lady, I submit," said the youth, who saw by her tone, look, and manner that she was resolved to enforce her will in all respects.

"Precede me," she said: "lead the way to the stable—and remember that I hold the poisoned dagger in my hand! Remember likewise that if you attempt to flee, a bullet discharged from one of the very pistols are now entrusted to yourself, will speedily stop your flight."

These fearful menaces so strongly renewed for a moment the terror with which the dusky-complexioned lady had already inspired Tunar, that his legs appeared to bend under him; and it was only by a suddenly exerted effort that he was enabled to continue his way. The stables were reached: the

door was fastened merely with a latch; and when it was opened wide, the moonlight revealed the interior with a sufficient degree of plainness. There were some half-dozen horses in the stable; and Klodissa, pointing to the one which stood in a stall nearest to the door, said, "Take this."

"It was the favorite steed of my deceased master," replied Tunar; "and for fourteen years it had carried him. There are others here, younger and more active; and if it be your will that I leave the Georgian territory with speed and despatch, suffer me to select another."

"No—take that one!" answered Klodissa imperiously. "Being the oldest, it is the least valuable; and as I am in some sense an accomplice in the theft, it were as well to diminish the magnitude of the misdeed as much as possible."

Tunar uttered not another syllable of remonstrance: but he proceeded to saddle and bridle the horse which had belonged to his deceased master. At a very short distance from the stable door there was a grass-plat,—the interval however being paved with stones. There was the danger of the trampling of the horse's feet upon those stones being heard in the dwelling; and Klodissa said, "Scatter a quantity of hay between the door and the grass-plat."

This Tunar did; and he then led forth the horse. Klodissa kept by his side, with the gleaming poniard still in her hand; and she directed Tunar so to lead the horse that it might tread either upon the grass or on the soft mould forming the parterres of flowers; so that the hard gravel pathways were avoided, and thus there was no chance of the sounds of the steed's hoofs reaching the ears of any inmates of the dwelling.

In this manner the back gate of the garden was reached; and as Tunar had the key, it was quickly opened.

"Now," said Klodissa, "see that you depart quickly! I have hitherto befriended and saved you: but rely not again on my generosity—for, I swear to you that if to-morrow's sun finds you in Tiflis, its beams shall ere noon reach you through the bars of yon fortalice! You have gold—the gold which Daniel gave you in the chapel; and you may seek a career for yourself in some other clime. Depart!—and may your ways henceforth lead you more prosperously, less dangerously, and less criminally than they have hitherto done!"

The steed had been conducted forth into the lane with which the back gate communicated: Tunar leapt upon its back—and riding away, was soon lost to the view of the swarthy-faced female. She closed the gate—she sped to the spot where she had first encountered Tunar—and thence she removed to the tool-house the spade which had been left there. A few minutes afterwards she was in her own chamber within the walls of the dwelling.

And did she at once retire to rest? or did she steal forth into the other suites of apartments to renew the search which she had so vainly prosecuted throughout the two previous nights? No: she lay not down to rest, because she was inspired by a burning curiosity, which in its intensity was equalled only by the fervid joy that she also experienced. Nor did she renew her search, because its object was already found! She possessed the secret documents left by the deceased Mansour; and she was impatient to peruse them.

Having carefully secured the door of her apartment, Klodissa trimmed her lamp and sat down to the table, with the documents spread open before her. There were two of these papers, as the reader is already aware,—one containing everything which Mansour had related to the two cousins on the memorable occasion when they presented him with the rings, and the other comprising a minute description of the route to be taken to the terrestrial paradise that was screened by a circle of beetling mountains in the heart of the Caucasus. It was a perfect itinerary, indicated by such landmarks as peculiar clumps of trees, certain remarkable configurations of hills and crags, and other indices might serve to constitute. It closed with an equally minute description of the means of penetrating, at the end of the journey, into the vale of Gulistan itself. It read like the most extravagant romance—but Klodissa knew that it was all a most truthful reality.

Words are inadequate to describe the wildering joy which took possession of Klodissa as she perused that last-mentioned document. Strong-minded though she naturally were, she could not possibly restrain her feelings within reasonable bounds. She wept the most delicious tears—she laughed with all the gaiety of a young child: then she pressed her hand to her heart to subdue its wild beatings, for fear lest it should burst with the very ecstasy of delight. She rose from her seat and walked about the room: she sat down again to

weep and to laugh once more. Then it appeared as if there were intoxication in her brain—not that ebriety which is dull and heavy—but that which is so light, mercurial, and even deliriously vivid, that it seems as if the elasticity of the spirits must be followed by complete prostration in their rebound. She felt as if she were in a dream—as if she were being lifted from off the earth and borne with whirlwind rapidity high up into the spheres, to be enraptured by their harmony, and to drink in with vibrating ears the paeons of hope and triumph which came from a thousand angel-voices. It was a frenzied ecstasy of all the sensations—a blissful delirium of the brain which Klodissa was thus experiencing!

It was a long time before this raptured state began in any way to sober down, and before she could settle herself to calm deliberation. But at length she was enabled to reflect; and as these reflections progressed, they grew more and more serious—yet not painfully so, for they still retained their joyousness, but in a less frantic and less delirious manner than before. She referred again to the narrative of all that regarded Leila and Danial, and it was in the ensuing channel that her thoughts flowed:—

“Yes—it is a sacred duty, and it shall be accomplished! For *them* was the secret intended: it shall still be theirs, though with me as its sharer. The trio to whom that secret ought ever to be consigned, will then be complete—until one of us shall die, when the survivor will reveal it to another. Oh, yes! it were selfish to keep it all to myself. There are roses sufficient in the Vale of Gulistan to wreath in chaplets for the brows of *three* as well as for *one*—and there is wealth in that valley sufficient to enrich a hundred monarchs who are now poor in comparison, and therefore surely there is a sufficiency of gems and gold for three persons! Yes, amiable and beautiful Leila! thou whom I love so well—thou whom I have sworn to watch over and protect—thou shalt be initiated in all its fulness into that secret which but yet is only half known unto thee! And thou, too, chivalrous and high-minded young Prince, whose grand and noble qualities it is impossible not to admire—thou who art to espouse the lovely Leila—thou likewise shalt visit the charming vale of Gulistan! What though my soul burns with impatience to fly thither and penetrate into the blessed retreat?—can I not curb my impatience awhile? Yes—oh, yes! For now that the secret is in my keeping—now that I possess the talisman to the highest degree of happiness which earthly mortals could possibly know—I may cradle the interval which must elapse ere I penetrate into that paradise—I may cradle it, I say, in visions and imaginings which in themselves will constitute a perfect heaven of happiness.”

But if we were to penetrate a little more deeply into Klodissa's mind, we should discover that there was a motive somewhat more selfish and egotistical than she would willingly admit to herself, in her resolve to make Leila and Danial the sharers in her secret and in her happiness. The truth is that this very happiness itself was rendering her in one sense a coward. She feared lest it should be snatched away from her—lest she might lose it in the attempt to realize it! She read in the deceased merchant's written description enough to convince her that the route through the Caucasus was attended with perils and dangers of no ordinary description; and she was aware that those wilds were frequently invested by banditti. What therefore if she were to dare the journey alone? Sudden death, either from a fall into an abyss or from the assassin hand of a ruthless marauder, might cut short her career ere the goal should be reached—that goal which consisted of the loveliest flowers and the costliest gems—delicious fruits and piles of precious metal—an ever genial atmosphere and an elysium into which the bleak tempests of the world could not come! Oh no—Klodissa must not incur the slightest risk of being cut off before that goal was reached! She must have companionship and who better calculated to guide her amidst difficult mountain passes, or defend her from the attacks of wandering ruffians, than the intelligent, the intrepid, and the chivalrous Danial?

Yes—these considerations floated in Klodissa's mind, though in her musings she was loath to admit that they had a veritable existence there. For let it be well understood that her motives were far from being altogether thus selfish. In the current of her thoughts, as we have above recorded them, everything she said unto herself was strictly correct. She really loved Leila—she admired Danial—she deemed it an act of duty and justice to make them the sharers in the secret originally intended by the deceased merchant for themselves: yet she mentally

suppressed, as far as she was able, the self-acknowledgment that there was any egotistical motive to be superadded to all the others.

Brief was the rest which Klodissa took that night; for her heart was too full of happiness to permit her to seek her couch until a late hour, or to close her eyes in slumber very soon when she did at length court it. Yet when she rose in the morning she was as refreshed as if she had slept throughout the livelong night: for the happiness of her mind was in itself vigor for the frame likewise. She had not long quitted her couch when the matron came to her chamber, with the tale that the African watchman was a villain, who had fled during the night with the favorite steed of the deceased Mansour; and Klodissa listened to the recital with every appearance of astonishment and indignation.

Having partaken of the morning repast, Klodissa signified to the matron that the business which had detained her at Tiflis was completed; and having warmly expressed her gratitude for the kind hospitality she had received—as well as having bestowed substantial proofs of that thankfulness upon the worthy dame and the other domestics—Klodissa mounted her horse and took her departure.

CHAPTER XXXV.

KLODISSA'S destination was the house of the Georgian widow, where she knew that the Princess Leila purposed to sojourn during her cousin Danial's visit to Kars. The handsome dusky-complexioned female arrived in the evening at the hospitable homestead, where to her surprise she found Ibrahim and Hafiz smoking their tchibouques in front of the dwelling. She, however, soon learnt what had occurred; and entering the house, she was speedily clasped in the arms of Leila. Prince Danial—who was likewise there—greeted her with cordiality; and then they were both anxious to learn to what circumstance they might attribute her sudden and unexpected appearance there.

But Klodissa intimated that all explanations must be deferred; for the Georgian widow and her two daughters were present in the apartment. She, however, relieved the minds of the two cousins from all anxiety, if not from all suspense, by assuring them that her visit was the harbinger of no evil. Klodissa was now presented to the mistress of the homestead and her two daughters, by whom she was cordially welcomed; for the widow, having heard the history of Leila's adventures at Constantinople, knew full well what part Klodissa had played in them; and she was for more than one reason grateful to the swarthy female. She was grateful because Klodissa had so signally served our heroine, in whom the widow was deeply interested: and she was grateful likewise, because, thanks to the success of that generous intervention on Klodissa's part, the widow had been enabled to obtain intelligence of her lost daughter Ayesha, now called Tarkhana. Thus Klodissa at once found herself received in that circle with the most friendly greeting, as if she had been a missing link, the want of which was now fully supplied by her presence.

But if Klodissa did not choose to give immediate explanations of the cause of her visit to the homestead, there was no necessity for Danial to defer a revelation of the motives which detained him there. Our readers will recollect that when Leila and Danial, with their respective attendants, arrived at the farm-house, the approach of Mohammed Pasha, Governor of Kars, was almost immediately descried. That illustrious personage—having recently received no intelligence from Danial (whom he still called Aladyn), and fearing that some evil might have overtaken the youth of whom he was so fond—resolved to make a journey to Tiflis to inquire after him. He set out accordingly with some half-dozen aides-de-camp and dependants; and having by mischance taken the longer instead of the shorter route, he arrived in that neighborhood where the farm-house was situated. Fortunate, however, did the seeming mischance prove to be: for there, at that farm-house, his Highness the Pasha found the object of his search.

We must here remind our readers that the thread of our story has brought us to the beginning of autumn, in the year 1853—that memorable year in which Russian insolence and encroachment proved the origin of a war. But war was not as yet declared by the Sultan against the Czar. It is true that the Danubian Principalities had been invaded by the Russian armies—true likewise that an immense Ottoman force had been marshalled for the defence of the line of the Danube—and true also that the illustrious Omar Pasha had been appointed Serdar and Sipheahar of the armies of the Sultan. But still the declaration of war was not yet made,

though it was seen to be imminent. The Vienna Conferences were delaying it with the tedious intricacies of diplomacy, while the Turks and their heroic chief were burning to enter upon that career which was to eventuate in the ignominious expulsion of the Muscovite troops from Wallachia and Moldavia. But still, we repeat, the extreme measure remained as yet untaken—the solemn declaration of hostilities had not gone forth from Constantinople to roll like the reverberating thunder throughout Europe and Asia. Therefore, peace still subsisting—though almost as a fiction, like the lull which precedes the storm, or like the breath held in suspense ere the lips vomit forth the sounds of ire and rage—it was not dangerous for the Pasha of Kars to enter the Georgian territory though it belonged to Russia. It was inconvenient for him to leave the seat of his provincial government at a time when the whole Ottoman empire was beginning to arm: but the kind-hearted Pasha, leaving his deputy to fulfil all duties requisite at Kars, had come to seek that adopted nephew whom he loved as dearly as if he were his own son.

They met, as we have said, at the farm-house; and most affectionate was that meeting. The Pasha—a fine-looking man, stricken in years, of distinguished and aristocratic appearance—was gifted with a high intelligence: he was of liberal education and courtly manners. He had acquired a great reputation as a commander in the field; and his sway as the Beglerbeg, or Governor, of an immense province, was characterized by moderation, justice, and the strictest probity. It was no wonder that even apart from the deep debt of gratitude which our hero owed to the Pasha, this bond of affection should be cemented by admiration for the noble character of that illustrious personage. Thus warm was the meeting; and when Mohammed Pasha was presented to Leila, he was charmed with the amiability, the beauty, the intelligence, and the fascinating manners of the Princess of Mingrelia.

Without the slightest reserve, Danial related to his Highness Mohammed all the marvellous adventures which had occurred to himself and Leila; and the Pasha listened with mingled astonishment and interest. He congratulated Danial on the clearing-up of the mystery of his birth—that mystery which had at length received so brilliant an elucidation! He likewise congratulated the two cousins on the discovery of their kinship; and he chided not Danial on account of his abandonment of the Moslem creed; for, like Ibrahim and Hafiz, the Pasha considered that it was perfectly natural for the youth to return to the religion of his forefathers. But his Highness could not help seeing that if Leila had gained a cousin who would sooner or later become her husband, he himself was destined to lose the society of an adopted nephew whom indeed he had regarded as a son. Yet Mohammed was too intelligent not to discern, and too generous not to acknowledge, that the young Prince Danial was only pursuing the new career in which, by the inevitable force of circumstances, he was placed. He, therefore, did not attempt to dissuade him from any of his projects: but on the other hand, the kind-hearted Osmanli assured Danial that he should ever be rejoiced to hear of his welfare, and that he was resolved to make him his heir, no matter how rich he might become, or how little he might thenceforth need any accession of wealth.

His Highness Mohammed Pasha remained at the farm-house until the ensuing day,—his suite obtaining quarters in a neighboring village. Previous to taking his departure, the Pasha promised that immediately on his return to Kars he would transmit to Danial the depositions, certificates, and other details of evidence which are requisite to prove the secret of his birth, and substantiate his claims to be acknowledged as a Prince of Mingrelia. Affectionate were the embraces exchanged between the worthy Osmanli and the youthful Prince ere the farmer took his departure; and the Georgian widow received a munificent acknowledgment of the hospitality which she had shown to the Pasha of Kars.

The reader will now comprehend how it came to be determined that Prince Danial should tarry at the homestead until the promised materials of evidence should reach him from Kars; and the above recorded explanations accounted to Klodissa for the circumstance of finding our young hero at a place where she had only expected to meet the Star of Mingrelia. She was however delighted that occurrences had thus turned out, inasmuch as the result would be to abridge the delay which must otherwise have intervened if Prince Danial had actually gone on to Kars and if his return had still to be awaited.

The Georgian widow soon perceived—or at least surmised, that Klodissa had special motives for



visiting her homestead, and that the dusky-complexioned lady was anxious to be left alone with the two cousins. The worthy woman accordingly retired early with her daughters that evening, leaving Prince Danial, the Princess Leila, and Klodissa in possession of the only sitting-room of which the tenement could boast.

Then Klodissa joyously entered upon her wondrous revelation; and she began by stating that she had discovered certain papers which intimately regarded the two cousins, and which likewise contained the secret relative to the Caucasian paradise. Not a syllable did Klodissa speak in respect to Tunar: she gave her own fictitious version of the finding of the documents, just as it had suited her purpose a few days back to give a fictitious version of all that had taken place between herself and Kyri Karaman on the bank of the rivulet. She pretended that feeling a plank move strangely beneath her feet in her chamber at the deceased merchant's house, she had been led to examine it—she found that it glided back—and she declared that in a recess beneath she had discovered those documents. She uttered not a word concerning her previous vain and fruitless search: she led the listening cousins to believe that the first scintillation of knowledge which she obtained in respect to the existence of the Caucasian paradise was derived solely and wholly from the contents of those papers.

Infinite was the delight of Danial and Leila when they thus learnt that the stupendous secret was not lost—that it had not perished with the murdered merchant, but that it was still preserved to mankind. The possession of the document containing the narrative of all that regarded the young Prince Danial's birth and parentage, was a subject for special self-felicitation—inasmuch as this, together with the evidences to be transmitted from Kars, would furnish irrefragable proof of the validity of his pretensions and the justice of his claims. Klodissa produced the two papers; and Leila embraced her fervidly—while Danial wrung her hand with grateful effusion; for they both gave her credit for motives utterly unalloyed with selfishness in the course which she had adopted by speeding straightway from Tiflis to the farm-house that she might place the papers in their hands. They both comprehended full well that if she had chosen she might have kept the clue to the grand secret entirely to herself, and that she might have at once sped off into the bosom of the Caucasus to enter the valley of Gulistan; but, on the contrary, she had lost not a moment in spending to make them the sharers in the fruits of the mystery's elucidation!

Klodissa was a Christian; and as the secret of the Vale of Roses was always to be in the keeping of three persons of that persuasion; there appeared

not to be the slightest reason for the cousins to dispute the swarthy female's right to be one of the trio. Indeed, from all circumstances it was manifest that she had every right; and moreover the secret itself was now known to her. It was therefore agreed that they should all three set off with the least possible delay on a visit to the terrestrial paradise. Arrangements might be so made that there should be nothing to keep them at the farm-house; and it was consequently settled that they should commence their journey at daybreak. From the depths of the Caucasus Leila and Aladyn could, when they thought fit, repair into Mingrelia; while Klodissa might follow her own inclinations according as they were influenced by the visit to Gulistan.

That evening, before retiring to rest, Leila signified to Zaida and Emina that business of an important nature, but of no disagreeable character, would compel her to separate from them on the morrow, and that in due course they would set out on their return to Mingrelia under the escort of Ibrahim and Hafiz. On his side, Prince Danial made a similar communication to his own two faithful dependants, who notwithstanding their young master's change of creed, had resolved to remain in his service. They were directed to wait at the farm-house until the arrival of the expected packet from Kars; and on the receipt thereof they were to enter upon their journey, escorting Zaida and Emina back to the Mingrelian capital.

We must now return to Tunar. It was in the evening, be it remembered, when mounted upon the stolen steed belonging to the deceased merchant, he found himself riding through the streets of Tiflis,—all his grandest hopes blighted and his brilliant visions of happiness and wealth destroyed! His only consolation was that he had again escaped from an imminent peril, and that he possessed a considerable sum in gold, the gift of Prince Danial's bounty towards him.

Tunar saw the absolute necessity of obeying Klodissa's mandates and leaving Tiflis without delay. He first of all returned to his lodging—which indeed was at the house of the tradesman who had recommended him to the matron, and whom by some specious tale Tunar had won over to his interests. The youth entrusted his steed to the care of a boy for a few minutes, while he hastened to his chamber, washed off the sable dye from his complexion and hair, and resumed his usual apparel. Then having recompensed the tradesman for his civilities, Tunar mounted his horse and took his departure.

He knew not whither to go: he had as yet formed no plan for the future: his mind was too much unsettled by recent vexations to deliberate calmly upon the subject—and he therefore cared not what

direction he took. North, east, south, or west—it was now all the same to Tunar, so long as when the sun dawned it should not find him in Tiflis. He did what many persons have done and would do in a similar case, when listlessly indifferent to the pursuing of any particular route: he left the bridle hanging loose and suffered the steed to take its own path.

Onward the young horseman thus went at a moderate pace; and he remained plunged in a deep reverie until aroused therefrom by finding himself at the north-western gate of Tiflis. There he passed by the Russian sentinels; and still suffering the animal to take its own course, he relapsed into gloomy and moody meditation. The steed went on for some while; and Tunar began gradually to arouse himself from his reverie. The moon was shining clear and bright: the mountains of the Caucasus looked like huge dark clouds piled up in horizon before him. Thitherward the steed was bearing Tunar: but the youth had no inclination to penetrate amidst those wilds: the magical inducement which would have led him thither had ere now passed from his hands into those of Klodissa! Much as but a short time back he had longed for the opportunity to penetrate amidst those wilds, he now loathed it—for the motive existed no longer! Accordingly, on reaching the first point whence a bye-path led out from the route he was pursuing, he drew the bridle to turn the horse into that diverging lane. The animal resisted the impulse and kept on its way. Tunar smote the steed with a whip, which he had from the deceased merchant's table; but the animal only for a moment showed a symptom of restiveness, and persevered in its own course as if with a self-willed obstinacy.

Tunar—thoroughly acquainted with the character of horses, and well aware of the instinct and intelligence which they frequently display—was struck by the conduct of the steed he was bestriding. He knew the horse to be unusually docile and quiet as a lamb; and it was for these qualities that the deceased Mansour had so much valued the animal.

"There is something strange in this!" said Tunar to himself. "There may be a lurking danger down that lane into which I sought to turn him—a danger of which I was and still am unconscious? But I have often heard and read that the instinct of the brute is sometimes more valuable than the reason of man!"

Influenced by this idea, Tunar ceased from his endeavor to coerce the horse, and began patting its neck as if indebted to the animal as to a saviour from some peril. The intelligent steed showed symptoms of pleasure and gratification, and went trotting along with every indication of delight at having its own way. But nearer and nearer was

Tunar thus taken towards the openings of the defiles and passes of the Caucasus; while stronger and stronger became his aversion to enter amidst scenes where a thousand perils might await him. Again therefore after a while he endeavored to turn the steed into a diverging path, using gentle means by coaxing and caressing the animal. But no! the horse would still persist in pursuing its own way. Tunar again got angry; and forgetting in the moment of his ire his recent philosophic reasoning on the instincts of the equine race, he renewed the application of the whip. The animal however cared not for it, but still persisted in carrying Tunar along the route which led direct towards the defiles of the Caucasus.

The youth was again smitten with the strangeness of the proceeding. The horse evidently was not frightened to go straight ahead—but it would not turn out of its direct path. Tunar now reflected, too, that the animal had exhibited no indication of fear, but merely of self-will, on both occasions that he had endeavored to divert its steps into other roads: for, like all dwellers in the Caucasian districts, Tunar was intimately acquainted with every sign of temper, feeling, or inclination on the part of horses. Thus there was evidently some mystery, which perplexed and bewildered the youth—until gradually a suspicion, at first faint as the feeble glimmering of a light at the remotest distance at which it can be seen, began to steal in unto his mind. For fourteen years that horse had been in Mansour's possession: but Mansour had seldom ridden it on other occasions except when he undertook those mysterious journeys which had for a while bewildered Tunar but which he had at length discovered to be connected with the paradise in the bosom of the Caucasus. What, then, if this steed were pursuing a familiar road? what if it thus persevered in taking a route that was best known to its instincts? When the reins were thrown upon its neck in the heart of Tiflis, had it not spontaneously proceeded to the north-western gate? and did it not seem to know well the road upon which that gate opened?

As these ideas gradually acquired substance and strength in Tunar's mind, he felt wild hopes arising in his breast,—dreams and visions of things which he had but a little while back fancied to be for ever lost or beyond his reach;—until at length, as he became convinced that his steed was moving onward with a fixed purpose, as if it were a human being having a specific object in view, Tunar gave vent to a wild cry of delight, exclaiming, "By heaven! the joys and the wealth of Gulistan shall yet be mine!"

And the enthusiastic shout was answered in countless reverberations amidst the defiles of the Caucasus, into which the youth was now being borne by the intelligent animal he bestrode.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THOUGH Tiflis may be said to be situated almost on the very confines of the Eastern Caucasus, yet the actual mountains themselves are at some considerable distance. The undulations of the landscape, at first gentle, gradually become more and more marked, making each valley deeper and each hill higher—as a boat pushing off from the shore encounters ripples that increase into waves, and waves that swell into billows, the farther and farther it is borne out into the open sea.

Thus Tunar found that the scenery in the midst of which he was travelling grew bolder and bolder, until that which was at first a beautiful landscape began to partake of an air of wildness—the valleys breaking into ravines—the hills growing rugged—in some places presenting frontages of dark crags, overlooking chasms in the depths of which the waters eddied and gushed along. But still there was a good beaten pathway for the progress of the steed; and the intelligent animal seemed to be as well acquainted with the road it was taking as a man might be with the most familiar street in his native city. Every now and then the horse pricked his ears—looked attentively at some object for a few moments—and then, as if satisfied that it was the proper landmark which had to be studied, the steed pursued its way with a lightness and readiness singularly illustrative of its intelligent satisfaction.

Some hours elapsed; and lighted by a brilliant moon with her chaste company of myriads of silver stars, the youth was borne onward. The external defiles of the Caucasus were being threaded; but those districts which constituted the veritable *wilds* of the mountain range were still unreachd. There was as yet no blending of the terrible and sublime; no perils or dangers had as yet been encountered; the path had not as yet led along the edge of a precipice—and the sound of the cascades were only heard from a distance. To a person suddenly transported into that region which Tunar was now traversing, the scenery would have seemed wild enough; but to the young Georgian who had often roamed amidst the mountains of his native land, it was a cheering and delightful prospect in comparison with the features and characteristics of those regions which still lay beyond.

After some hours of travelling, the steed stopped of its own accord in the middle of a little piece of table-land, covered with a soft grass, interspersed with trees, and with a crystal streamlet bisecting the spot as if with a meandering line of silver. Tunar, alighting from his saddle, bestowed the fondest and most enthusiastic caresses on the intelligent steed; and the animal appeared well pleased to have thus merited them. Having drunk copiously at the rivulet, the horse began to banquet on the sweet grass; while Tunar, having likewise refreshed himself at the stream, set to work to pluck the wild fruits with which some of the trees were laden. When he had thus appeased his hunger, he threw himself on the sward to rest; but not for an instant did he close his eyes in sleep; his mind was too active with a thousand different ideas to yield to the influence of slumber. More than ever was he convinced that the intelligent steed was retracing the same familiar route along which it had often borne its deceased master, the merchant Mansour; and to what destination could this route lead if not to the paradise cradled amidst the wilds of the Caucasus? Tunar experienced an ecstatic longing to enter into that delicious valley; and he even already deliberated with himself whether he should settle down in that elysian seclusion for the remainder of his days—or whether he should possess himself of an adequate supply of the riches it contained, and seek in the great cities of Europe the luxuries and pleasures which such wealth would enable him to procure. It is true he now and then reflected that inasmuch as the entrance into the valley of Gulistan must be by some means or another carefully concealed, the steed might merely lead him into its vincinage, and there he would have to shift for himself in discovering the method of entering the vale. But his mind was too much elated with hope to allow these considerations to depress his spirits very materially. The impious youth—regardless of the fact that the misdeeds of his life deserved the punishment instead of the favor of heaven—thought that there was something providential in the manner in which he had been placed upon the track towards that secret paradise which had proved the temptation to lead him into devious paths of treacheries, perfidies, and villainies; and he exclaimed, as he sprang up from the green sward after an hour's rest, "It never could be intended that I should be conducted to the threshold of this terrestrial elysium without being permitted to force open the door after all!"

He re-mounted his steed; and without giving the slightest impulse to the animal, suffered it to pursue its own route. The horse wound its way along the bank of the rivulet for about a quarter of a mile, until a lightning-blasted tree was reached; and at this spot the steed began to ford the stream. The opposite bank was in a few moments reached: the remainder of the table-land was crossed, and then a steep winding path led down into a ravine. This was the most difficult and dangerous portion of the journey which Tunar had as yet experienced; though at the same time he felt assured it was insignificant in comparison with the perils that must be encountered in the districts that lay beyond. He could not help admiring the sagacious caution, as well as the firmness and steadiness with which the steed pursued its way; and he wondered not that Mansour should have been so much attached to the sure-footed animal which had so often borne him along these mountain-paths to the place of his destination.

During the hours which intervened betwixt the resumption of the journey from the stream bisected table-land, to the moment when the dawn began to appear in the east, the ride was continued more slowly than during the earlier portion of the night, for the features of the region were becoming more and more difficult and dangerous. At length when the sun burst forth in all the glowing splendor with which it rises in those climes, the intelligent steed turned abruptly out of the path which it was previously pursuing, and made its way through a lane which seemed to have been cut out in the midst of a solid rock, and which was so narrow that Tunar's knees almost brushed against the rugged sides. This lane continued for about a hundred yards, and then suddenly ceasing, it revealed a small open space bounded on the further side by a

mass of beetling rock. In the face of this rock there was the entrance into a cave; and the steed, trotting straight up to it stopped short.

Tunar at once comprehended that this was another halting-place; and the thrilling hope seized upon him that it might probably be the entrance into the paradise of Gulistan itself. He sprang from the saddle, and the steed at once trotted into the cavern, just as if it were making its way to its own well-known stable. Tunar followed: but he was speedily entombed in darkness; and he stopped short, as the animal had already done some little way ahead within the bowels of that rock. His ear now caught the rippling and gurgling of a streamlet, together with the sound made by the horse while drinking copiously of the refreshing element. Then the steed walked forth from the cave again and began feasting on the grass which grew in sweet luxuriance on the open space outside. If any scintillation of a doubt had existed in Tunar's mind relative to the animal's sagacity with regard to the route it had been pursuing—if for a moment he had fancied that it was mere hap-hazard after all, and that the sanguine enthusiasm of his own mind had given a coloring to the circumstances of the journey—such doubt would have now been completely dispelled; for it was evident beyond the possibility of mistake that the intelligent steed was really well acquainted with this spot.

Yet a little reflection soon convinced Tunar that it was a mere halting-place, and that it was not the entrance to the Vale of Gulistan itself. For there was evidently no trouble taken to conceal it; any traveller amidst the mountains might find his way to this cavern; and therefore it assuredly was not the threshold of a paradise which had been so jealously and successfully concealed from the knowledge of the world in general.

Tunar was as much athirst as his horse had recently been; and he began to grope his way through the darkness of the cavern towards the rivulet. The sounds of the rippling waters guided him: but still, as the echoes of the caves were deceptive, he could not estimate at what distance the brink of the stream might be: and ignorant likewise of its depth, he feared lest he might suddenly fall into it. Stretching out his arms, he felt for the walls of the cavern. His right hand encountered the side of the ragged rock; and then the next moment it touched some object so cold that Tunar withdrew his hand in affright, while the blood suddenly turned to ice in his veins, and a cry of horror burst from his lips; for his first impression was that his hand had encountered a coiled-up snake. But all was still—no hissing reptile had been disturbed; and now, as Tunar began to regain his self-possession, he reflected that the object which he had touched in the deep darkness of the cavern, felt more like the coldness of metal than the horrible chill of a snake. He thrust out his hand again, and he felt that it was a lamp which a few instants before had so startled and dismayed him.

A lamp standing in a niche! Then doubtless there was likewise the means for procuring a light! Tunar felt in that niche and his search was crowned by success. In a few moments a match was glimmering in his hand, and he beheld a common iron lamp, containing a wick, the blackened rim of which showed that it had been before used. He lighted the wick; he now perceived that there was a small tin can in the niche; this proved to be half filled with oil, so that there was every requisite for the maintenance of light in that cavern.

Tunar now glanced around him; and he discovered that the cavern penetrated about twenty yards into the bosom of the rock, its width being only as many feet where it was widest. At the extremity a rill trickled from the side—the limpid water falling into a species of basin hollowed in the floor of the cavern, and having some outlet which was concealed from the eye, but the existence of which was evident from the fact that the basin always remained filled without overflowing. Tunar however forgot his thirst for the moment, because there were other objects in the niche where stood the lamp that he had lighted. There were three or four bottles, each containing a remnant of the fluids which had no doubt originally filled them; and besides these objects, there were some portions of provisions, but so mouldy as to be uneatable, and only just recognisable.

It naturally struck Tunar that the bottles had accompanied the more substantial provender, and that they might therefore still contain something which would cheer him after his journey. He cautiously tested their remaining contents; and then he hesitated not to imbibe a deeper draught of the delicious wines which he had thus come

across. He afterwards refreshed himself with a draught from the streamlet; then perceiving a quantity of grass spread upon the floor of the cave, he lay down to rest himself, and though his thoughts were as active as ever, he nevertheless now yielded to a sense of weariness, and he sank into slumber.

On awaking, Tunar could judge by the height of the sun that he had not slept more than a couple of hours. He was exceedingly hungry, but a moderate draught from one of the bottles in the niche subdued the sensation of sickness in the stomach; and he resolved to continue his journey. He was about to re-mount the steed—which was quietly feeding upon the grass—when he thought to himself that he might as well take with him the lamp, the oil, and the means for striking a light. For who could tell of what service they might sooner or later prove, and how far they might assist him in discovering the entrance to the Vale of Gulistan? He likewise possessed himself of the remainder of the wines, now all mixed together in one bottle for the convenience of portability; and he resumed his journey.

Tunar, as hitherto, suffered the steed to follow its own sagacious instincts; and the animal, after re-threading the little lane—which was either formed by nature or cut by the hand of man through the rock—pursued the path whence that lane diverged. The scenery upon which Tunar now shortly entered, was a blending of the sublime and beautiful. There were luxuriant valleys and wood-covered hills—crystal streamlets and thundering cascades. Wild fruits abounded, and with these Tunar was enabled to appease his hunger. In the distance rose lofty mountains, some of the tallest being capped with snow, though it was the beginning of the delicious autumn season. But with the sublime and beautiful the terrible began presently to blend itself. The valleys deepened into ravines, and their hitherto gradual slopes were succeeded by frightful precipices. Yawning chasms appeared to open at the traveller's feet; the path often led along the brink of a precipice on the one hand, with a wall of barren, rugged, towering rock on the other. Louder became the din of the waterfall—more furious the gush of the sounding cataract. Tunar was now fairly amidst the wilds of the Caucasus.

But the good steed continued its way with sagacious intelligence and with firmness of foot. At those times when Tunar shuddered and shrank within himself at the appalling nature of the path which he was pursuing, the animal moved along as if with the most unruffled self-confidence; and not once did its foot trip or was a false step made. At length Tunar acquired courage from the steady resoluteness of the animal which he bestrode; and in this manner was the journey continued for several hours.

There was another halt in the afternoon; and this took place on a spot where there was verdant grass, and where fruit trees had their roots watered by a purling stream. At a short distance a pile of stones was heaped up, evidently by a human hand; and for an ordinary traveller amidst those regions it might have been a matter of some astonishment why any person should have taken the trouble to perform such a task. But to Tunar's mind every peculiar object had its significance; and this pile of stones, apparently useless in an ordinary estimation was to him fraught with all the meaning of a landmark. He had no doubt that many other objects likewise served as landmarks, but which he had failed to recognize, had been passed by him on the route; or else how could the steed have guided itself amidst the labyrinthine maze of hill, valley, crag, rock, and mountain—ravine and defile—which made up the wild and intricate scenery of the Caucasus?

After a halt of about three hours—for the youth was careful not to tax too much the energies of the willing steed—the journey was resumed. Wilder, more sublime, and more perilous became the scenery. Indeed, we cannot here do better than borrow the language in which Thekla had addressed Leila and Myrrha, when describing to those ladies the latter portion of her journey into the heart of the Caucasus. "Picture to yourselves yawning precipices and towering mountains—glaciers and thundering cataracts—horrible ravines and colossal heights capped with snow—imagine all this and you will have some faint idea of the grand, the dread, and the awful features of the scenery by which I was surrounded."

It was amidst these regions that Tunar pursued his way, until the evening was closing in. Then through the gathering gloom he beheld a little grotto in which a crucifix was suspended. This temple of Christian worship cradled amidst the

wilds of the Caucasus, was not above four feet high; it was rudely but solidly constructed; and in front of the opening was a large stone, evidently intended to serve as a kneeling-place for any traveller who might choose to perform his worship there.

The steed now sent forth a neighing sound expressive of delight; and it made a caracole or caper indicative of the same feeling. Tunar felt assured that another halting-place was reached; and the idea even struck him that the journey itself might be at an end; for on no former occasion when a resting spot was gained, had the steed exhibited so marked and lively a satisfaction. A few minutes brought our traveller to the opening of a cavern; and there the horse stopped short of its own accord. Tunar alighted; the animal trotted into the cave, with the same familiar knowledge of its whereabouts as it had exhibited in respect to the former cavern. Tunar, immediately lighting his lamp, penetrated also into the cave—where he found the horse drinking at a stream which flowed completely through the cavern at the further extremity issuing from the rock itself, and disappearing the youth knew not whither.

Tunar refreshed himself with a copious draught of the limpid element; and he then began to inspect the interior of the cave. It was considerably larger than the former one; it contained a niche wherein was placed an iron lamp similar to that of which he had already possessed himself; there were likewise the means for striking a light; and there was a supply of oil. In addition to these articles, there was a bottle half filled with an exquisite cordial; and there were some provisions, all of which were mouldy and decayed, with the exception of a small jar of potted meat from which a portion had been taken; but the remainder was in excellent preservation. Tunar at once recognised this comestible as having emanated from the deceased merchant's house, where it was wont to be made according to a peculiar receipt which Mansour himself had furnished. This was another proof that Tunar was on the right track, and that he was now in the very cavern which his murdered master had been accustomed to make a halting-place when paying a visit to the Vale of Gulistan. The youth ate of the delicacy which he had discovered, and which was most grateful to an appetite that had hitherto been compelled to appease its cravings with fruit. There was a quantity of cropped grass dried into hay in the cavern; and on this the steed was already banqueting. Tunar had no thought of resuming his journey that night, if indeed it had to be resumed at all—he accordingly took off the animal's saddle and bridle, and he stretched himself in the cave to rest.

Sleep soon came over him; but he awoke at an early hour in the morning, just as the sunbeams began to glimmer in the orient heaven. The jar of potted meat furnished his breakfast; and he partook of a small quantity of the cordial, which heightened his already elevated and buoyant spirits. He had now to ascertain whether the journey was to be continued; and this discovery was to be made through the sagacity of his steed. He put on the saddle and bridle—he caressed and petted the animal for a few minutes; then leading the horse out of the cavern, he got upon its back. The steed was by no means unwilling to set out again; but it immediately began to retrace its way. Tunar suffered it to proceed thus for about a mile, in order to ascertain whether it might turn off into some other direction, but no!—it kept steadily along the same route which had brought him thither on the preceding evening.

"The horse has evidently been no further than the cavern," said Tunar to himself; and wheeling the animal round, he made it retrace its way to the cave.

There he again took off the saddle and bridle, and left the horse to pasture at its will upon the grass which grew in sweet luxuriance in the vicinity of that cavern. It was evident that the steed could serve him no farther in following up the clue to the whereabouts of the terrestrial paradise, and that he must now shift for himself. Perhaps that very cavern afforded an entrance into the Vale of Roses! for it had been hollowed deep into the bowels of an immense towering rock, and Tunar knew not what lay behind that vast natural rampart. Again lighting a lamp, he examined the cavern with the most minute scrutiny; but he could discover no trace of any hidden door—no means of egress except the great opening of the cave's mouth itself. Having thus fruitlessly searched for upwards of an hour, Tunar extinguished the lamp and issued from the cave. He wandered about in the vicinity, studying all the features of the scenery, in the hope

of being enabled to form a conjecture relative to the site of the mountain-girt valley.

It will be remembered that the first insight the youth had ever obtained into the existence of the Vale of Gulistan, was by catching a glimpse of one of Mansour's documents on the occasion when the merchant was absent for a few moments from the apartment where he had been writing. The very passage on which the eye of Tunar had settled at the time, was the one that contained a description of the Valley of Roses. Tunar now sat himself down with his face buried in his hands, to tax his memory and recall every syllable of the description—or rather, we should say, of as much as he had been enabled to read of it on the occasion to which we have referred.

"A paradise hemmed in by a circular chain of heights inaccessible from without and from within! These were the words of the description," continued Tunar in his musings. "Inaccessible heights! Yes—it is clear, as I have always thought, that there must be some caverned entrance through the bowels of these mountains into the elysian valley. It is a cavern, then which I must seek! Perhaps the mouth itself is closed with piled-up stones?—perhaps it may be but a very small opening, stopped up with earth or the branches of trees, or otherwise cunningly concealed?—or perhaps there may be a door cut out of the rock itself, and so skilfully fixed in its setting as to escape the notice of a casual observer." In the first instance, therefore, it is necessary I should find a circular chain of mountains, the configuration and the inaccessibility of which may prove at the outset that they are veritably the rampart enclosing the hidden paradise."

With this reflection Tunar rose from his seat, and renewed his wanderings about the region in which he found himself. This was indeed one of the wildest parts of the Caucasus; mountain seemed to be heaped upon mountain, as if the heathen giants had been there, piling Ossa upon Pelion. The longer Tunar contemplated that scenery so stupendously sublime, the more was he bewildered—the more difficult did he find the task which he had undertaken. There were deep ravines, in the profundities of which rolled the waters that cascaded down with an almost deafening din from the towering heights: sometimes his way was barred by a deep yawning chasm—sometimes by a wall of rock. Frequently did he fancy that he beheld traces of a beaten path—but if a path it were, it led only to a precipice! Ever and anon he beheld a range of the loftiest mountains which seemed to take, in their continuous configuration, a circular form: but when more closely inspected, they dispelled the hope—for suddenly there was a break in the line of them, and a horrible ravine, or else a dark gloomy wood, was discovered in their midst. While pursuing these wanderings, Tunar was careful to mark his route in various ways, so that he might be enabled to retrace it: he piled up stones—he cut notches in trees—he gathered grass on the spots where it grew and scattered it upon the barren places. Thus after many weary hours of fruitless wanderings, Tunar retraced his way to the cavern, considerably dispirited, but still far from hopeless.

So sanguine was he at the outset that he had fancied he should be enabled to find the entrance to the valley in an hour: but now a day had passed and it was not discovered! A week might elapse—a month—a year: but still Tunar was resolved to prosecute his search!

"I now live only for this object," he said to himself; "and I will achieve it. To stand upon the threshold of so wondrous a discovery, and then retreat pusillanimously, dispirited and crestfallen, because the first few hours of search have proved unavailing—no, no!—I will not do it!"

But while Tunar was thus giving way to his reflections as he lay stretched in the cavern, thoroughly exhausted with his day's wanderings,—other considerations began to steal into his mind.

"Klodissa has obtained possession of the documents," he said to himself, "and they have taught her all the secret. She will doubtless be coming hither to avail herself of that knowledge! Ah! if she were to come alone, I would be signally revenged for the treatment I received at her hands! But she may not come alone! She may bring an escort with her to a certain point: and that point would doubtless be this cavern? Or, perhaps, she may reveal the secret to Daniel and Leila, towards whom she evidently cherishes so strong a friendship? In any case it is unlikely she will come alone and unattended. If I be discovered here, my motive will be but too apparent—my object will be only too well understood; and death may be my portion? Yes—because Klodissa may fancy that despite the assurance I gave her to the contrary,

I had really made myself acquainted with the contents of those documents before I buried them in the earth. She would conceive that I had come thus far in order to avail myself of the information derived from those documents: she would not believe the tale of my fruitless wanderings of this day—nor would she attach the slightest credence to the explanation that I am indebted to the sagacity of the steed for being here at all. No!—she would be impressed with the conviction that I was in every way deceiving her; and she would deem me worthy of death. Thus, if she come with an escort, my doom will be sealed. And who can tell at what moment she may thus come? Is she likely to tarry elsewhere or suffer a long delay to elapse ere she penetrates into these wilds to render available the sublime secret which is in her possession?"

Terrified by these considerations, Tunar started up from his recumbent posture in the cave; and he looked forth from the entrance. The moon and stars were now shining brightly; and he was resolved to leave the spot where he incurred so much peril of being discovered. To caparison the steed was the work of but a few minutes; and he was careful to take with him one of the lamps, the entire supply of oil, the potted meat, the wine, and the cordial. Mounting the animal, he rode slowly away,—not retracing the route which had brought him thither on the preceding evening, but penetrating farther into the wilds of the Caucasus. When at a distance of about a league from the cavern, Tunar halted on a verdant spot, where a streamlet was supplied by a neighboring cascade, and where fruit-trees abounded. It was here that he resolved to remain, at least for the present: for though he had quitted the cavern as a matter of precaution, he was determined to run any risk on the part of Klodissa and her escort (if she should come with one), rather than renounce his search for the blooming Vale of Roses.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was in the evening of the second day after Tunar had left the cavern in the manner just described, that three persons arrived there. These were Prince Daniel, the Princess Leila, and Klodissa. Springing from his steed, our young hero assisted our heroine and the swarthy-complexioned female to descend from theirs. Then from a bag hanging to his saddle, and containing various articles, Prince Daniel drew forth a small lamp and a bottle of oil, together with materials for striking a light. A light was soon obtained; and he led the steeds into the cavern, Leila and Klodissa following.

"Ah! there is a lamp in this niche!" observed Daniel, as he caught sight of the one which Tunar had left behind.

"But there is no oil," added Klodissa, glancing into the same niche, and perceiving nothing but the iron lamp. "It was fortunate that the worthy and lamented Mansour's description of the two caverns should have been so minute as to prove suggestive of the expediency of bringing with us the means of procuring a light."

"Yes—it was fortunate that we took the precaution," said Leila: "for though the deceased merchant's manuscript affirms that lamps and oil would be found in both caverns, yet in the first we discovered neither, and in this one only the lamp."

"But in every other respect," said Daniel, "how accurate were his descriptions! and with what careful minuteness were they detailed! To think that we should have found our way for so many, many leagues to a particular point in the heart of the very wildest region of the Caucasus, by means of such landmarks as particular features of scenery, peculiar groups of trees, piles of stones heaped up—"

"Yes, it is extraordinary!" exclaimed Leila. "And yet, no!—for after all, the process of following up the clue was a comparatively easy one."

"So carefully and so accurately," said Klodissa, who always spoke in a low and subdued tone, "was the itinerary mapped out in the deceased merchant's description!"

"And now," exclaimed Daniel, "we have reached our destination so far as our steeds could bring us; and to-morrow, Leila—to-morrow, Klodissa," he cried, with a rapturous feeling, "a short half-hour's walk will take us to that earthly paradise the secret of which is all our own!"

While the steeds were slaking their thirst at the streamlet which flowed through the inner extremity of the cave, Prince Daniel had taken off their saddles; and he now relieved them of their bridles. To each saddle was attached a large bag of corn; and thus provender was in readiness for the animals. Having attended to their wants, the young Prince opened that other bag to which we have before

alluded; and thence he drew forth a variety of provisions, which he spread upon the floor of the cave. He and his companions sat down to their repast; and when it was concluded, the young Prince went forth to gather a quantity of the grass, that Leila and Klodissa might have something softer to repose upon than the hard floor of the cavern. With the herbage thus gathered, he spread their couch,—over which he placed the draperies belonging to the housings of their saddles; and having thus attended to their comforts, he wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down to rest, at a respectful distance, close by the mouth of the cave. The reader will bear in mind that the dried grass which Tunar had found in the cavern, had been eaten by the steed which brought him thither; and thus it was that the proceedings adopted by Daniel were necessitated for ensuring the comfort of Leila and Klodissa.

They all three slept peacefully throughout the night; and when they awoke in the morning, Daniel led forth the horses to banquet upon the rich herbage which grew in the neighborhood. He then retired to a stream at a little distance, to perform his own ablutions,—thus with delicate consideration leaving the Princess and Klodissa to themselves for awhile in the cavern. Daniel contemplated the sublime and stupendous scenery amidst which he found himself: but it was chiefly in a north-western direction that he bent his gaze; and with a feeling of holy rapture he thought within himself, "It is there that the terrestrial paradise is cradled amidst the mountains!"

On retracing his way towards the cavern, Prince Daniel beheld the Princess Leila and Klodissa standing at a short distance from the entrance, both with their regards fixed in that north-western direction towards which he himself had been so earnestly looking.

"Does it not all appear a dream?" asked Leila, as Daniel approached. "Can either of you realize in your own mind the fact that we are already standing as it were upon the threshold of that earthly elysium?"

"Oh, it does indeed appear to be a dream!" said Klodissa, in a tone that was even lower than usual, for it seemed to be subdued by the almost overpowering influence of her rapturous sensations.

"And yet it is a dream," observed Prince Daniel, "which will this day receive its fulfilment. Oh, if the very instant, when the morning dawned, I did not exclaim, 'Come, let us lose not a moment! let us speed in the direction of the blessed vale!'—if I did not speak thus, it was because I felt that standing as we are on the very threshold of the sublime happiness in store for us, it were well to exhibit patience—to avoid rushing with an indecent haste to the scene of those delights the very idea of which has something sacred and solemn in it!"

"Yes, Daniel—and you were right!" said Leila. "For remember that the Vale of Gulistan is not merely a paradise of flowers and gems—of bright streamlets and a balmy atmosphere,—it is not merely a land flowing with milk and honey,—but it is also the last resting-place of our revered ancestor—the spot where he for so many years found refuge—and where at length," added Leila solemnly, "he likewise found a grave!"

"All these considerations have been present in my mind," said Prince Daniel; "and amidst the joyous feelings with which I shall set on foot in the blooming valley, there will be pious and holy thoughts—thoughts for the lamented dead who is there sepulchred—and likewise for the worthy man to whose revelations we are indebted for the knowledge of this stupendous secret!"

There was a pause in the solemn conversation; and at length Prince Daniel, again breaking silence, said, as his own eyes and those of his companions were still fixed upon the north-west, "How admirable is that passage in the deceased Mansour's description where he remarks that all the scenery amidst which we now find ourselves, appears to be so wildly confused that without the help of a guiding clue it would be utterly impossible for us to single out a particular line of mountains and say, 'There is the rampart enclosing the Vale of Gulistan!'"

"Nature appears to have indulged in all the wildest and most fantastic freaks in this region," said Leila,—"an indulgence which would seem purposeless to any ordinary traveller, ignorant of the existence of the blooming valley—but to our eyes full of a grand purpose; namely, that of concealing the terrestrial paradise from all save those favored elect to whom the secret becomes known!"

"Yes," said Daniel; "for the most intrepid hunter who will penetrate into every ravine or climb every accessible crag in pursuit of his game, might vainly attempt to fathom or to scale the tremendous natural barriers which surround that

elysium! And when we contemplate those towering snow-capped heights," continued the Prince, now pointing as well as looking in the direction of the north-west,—“when we trace the course of the yawning gulfs, or follow with our eyes the line of those horrid ravines—in a word, when we study all the countless defence-works which nature has accumulated there, we cannot wonder that the secret of the existence of this paradise has been so well kept as to defy accidental discovery, and to be known only unto those to whom it becomes as it were a traditional inheritance!"

"Almost as interesting as the description of the means of entering into the vale," said Leila, "are the erudite observations and comments which the deceased Mansour recorded at the close of the document which specially relates to the subject. To speculate upon the origin of the work which formed that mode of access, it is necessary, he says, to carry one's imagination back to the remotest ages—yet only to be lost amidst the obscurity of that long by-gone past, and to grope one's way about in the dark in the vain endeavor to find a date or a name!"

"It was therefore in an age of utter barbarism," observed Klodissa, "that the work must have been accomplished!"

"Ah, barbarism!" ejaculated Daniel: "what do we mean by barbarism? Our civilization doubtless possesses a knowledge of many things unknown and undreamt of in those far-back ages whereof we are speaking: but, on the other hand, how many things may have belonged to their civilization which are lost to us! And who can tell but that what we at the present day boast of as civilization, would be held as barbarism in the eyes of the nations of past ages if they could but get up from their graves and look upon the earth as it now exists? What modern Pharaoh could issue a decree for building pyramids on the gigantic plan of those which have existed from the earliest times and which seem to belong to eternity itself? Ah! the barbarism of that long-past age—if barbarism it were—has left behind it a permanent monumental defiance to all the art and skill of this age of civilization! But, after all, need we wonder that the means of access to yon mountain-cradled valley should present such evidences of power and skill, when we think of all the mighty works which belonged to former ages? Look at the building of Solomon's Temple—or Babylon with its hanging gardens—or Thebes with its hundred gates! Everywhere throughout the known world exist the vestiges of a lost civilization which must have been consummate in those far back ages to which we are so thoughtlessly accustomed to ascribe naught but a dark and gloomy barbarism. I have read that in Ireland—which is an island forming one of the British possessions in the seas that wash the western shores of Europe—there are round towers that must have been erected during a period of morning-light which preceded a night consisting of whole centuries of darkness. I have read likewise that in England itself there are colossal masses of stone so piled up and placed one upon another that naught but a machinery as grand as the work itself could have achieved such a task. Yet no one can tell to what date that work belongs, nor what was the nature of the mechanism that performed it. Truly, therefore, there was in the olden time a wondrous civilization, which left its foot-prints upon the earth ere it departed to be succeeded by a long night of barbarism! We need not therefore invoke preternatural ideas to account for the work which we are about to behold, and which affords the means of entrance into the Vale of Roses!"

Leila listened with the deepest attention to her cousin Daniel's remarks; and Klodissa appeared to do so—but the swarthy-complexioned female was in reality full of impatience to breathe the balmy atmosphere, gaze upon the flowers, pluck the fruits, and feast her eyes with the riches of the Vale of Gulistan.

The three travellers now re-entered the cavern, or rather seated themselves at the mouth of it—to partake of the morning repast. When they had finished, Prince Daniel said in a tone where solemn awe was blended with beatific rapture, "Now the moment is come when we may set forth upon our way to the valley."

They accordingly departed from the cavern, leaving the horses to feed upon the grass. Daniel led the way, Leila following, Klodissa bringing up the rear. It was in a north-westerly direction that they proceeded; and for about ten minutes not a word was spoken. At the expiration of that interval, Daniel suddenly exclaimed, "Some traveller has recently been this way!"

"By what sign do you know it?" asked Leila. "Look at this plucked grass which is scattered along the path!" replied Daniel. "Or it might

some wild animal that has done it?" he added, after a moment's reflection.

Again they went on; and in a few minutes the young Prince ejaculated, "Ah, ah? heap of stones? I recollect not any such landmark in Mansour's description of this portion of our route."

He drew forth from the breast of his buttoned-up frock-coat the document which specially related to the Vale of Roses; and while he read, Leila and Klodissa attentively watched his countenance.

"No," he said: "this landmark is not mentioned. The words are—'On issuing from the cavern, fix your eyes upon that mountain in the northwest which seems as if its crest had been split in twain, and both peaks of which are covered with eternal snow; pursue the pass which seems to lead direct towards that mountain: you will find no landmarks, nor guiding signs in that pass (for they are not needed) until you reach the edge of a precipice where the pass itself suddenly terminates. Then'—It is clear, therefore, you see," said Danial, abruptly breaking off his reading from Mansour's manuscript, "that we ought to have expected no landmarks in this place: yet here is a heap of stones, evidently arranged by a human hand—the result of no accident! Ah, and perhaps the cropped grass which we are now beheld, strown upon the way, was likewise scattered there by a human hand?"

"Travellers may have been this way," suggested Leila, "and yet without any thought or purpose at all identical with the object that has led us hither."

Klodissa said nothing: the image of Tunar had flashed into her mind; and she was reflecting profoundly. Perhaps he had deceived her in his assurance that he was unacquainted with the contents of the document? Perhaps he had really read them previous to interring them in the deceased merchant's garden? Perhaps he had made these landmarks for his own guidance, and as a means of retracing his way from the valley into which he might have already penetrated? perhaps indeed he was at this very moment wandering amidst the delights of Gulistan itself?

"If so," thought Klodissa within her own mind—"and if we find him there, my poniard shall drink his heart's blood, without pity and without remorse!"

"Let us continue our way," said Prince Danial; for our purposes need not be effected by any surmise which these singular appearances may possibly engender. We shall soon ascertain whether there be other landmarks attributable to some strange hand in the route which we have yet to pursue."

They proceeded accordingly—their way still lying through a pass amidst the mountains, over a rugged and uneven ground where the feet of horses might not tread. In a few minutes they reached the extremity of the pass, which terminated at a precipice fringed by trees and wild shrubs.

Little did they suspect that at this moment their proceedings were watched by the eyes of a keen observer who was concealed at a short distance. But so it was;—and that observer was Tunar. The jutting angle of a rock hid him from their view. With palpitating heart and throbbing brain—full indeed of a feverish and anxious suspense—he was thus watching them in the hope of obtaining through their means that clue for which he had been three whole days vainly searching.

They had halted, as we have said, on the verge of a precipice fringed with shrubs and trees, which overhung a deep yawning gulf in whose depths a torrent rolled. Danial again consulted the deceased merchant's manuscript, in order that he might minutely follow its detailed instructions without the slightest risk of taking an erroneous step through trusting too much to his memory. Tunar, in his place of concealment, wondered what those whom he was espying would next do, and how their route could possibly be continued from the point which they had now reached. His curiosity was soon gratified. Prince Danial forced his way through the shrubs at the point where they were thickest; and for an instant it seemed to Tunar as if he were insanely walking over the brink of a precipice to fall into the abyss beneath. But Leila and Klodissa followed him: the shrubs closed again—and they were hidden from the youth's view.

Now Tunar darted forth from his hiding-place, and speeding to the very same spot where Danial, Leila and Klodissa had thus disappeared, he parted the same shrubs, and looked through the opening. To his surprise, he discerned the commencement of a sloping path which ran like a ledge, slantwise down the entire face of the precipice, and yet with a descent so gradual, as to be devoid of all dangerous precipitousness itself. It was completely fringed

with trees and shrubs on the sides overlooking the abyss, so that there was really no peril for even a dizzy head in descending this path. At a distance of about fifty yards from its commencement, it took a winding direction, as it followed the configuration of the wall of the precipice itself; and thus Danial, Leila, and Klodissa were soon lost to Tunar's view once more.

"If I had searched for a thousand years," said the youth to himself, "I never should have discovered this strangely hidden path! Who, on reaching a precipice which seems to lead to nothing but a gulf into which another forward step would plunge one down, could possibly conceive that there was a safe and convenient route thus craftily concealed? But I must follow!"

His heart palpitating with a wilder hope than ever, Tunar passed amidst the shrubs and began the descent of the path. He found that all along its inner side, as it were, the wall of rock had so been hollowed as to give width to that which was, doubtless, only a very narrow, natural ledge in the first instance. Thus, by the overhanging of the rock itself, the path was still more effectually concealed, supposing that any one peeping over the edge of the precipice itself should have looked down into the abyss.

After a while the windings of the path afforded Tunar a glimpse of the garments of Klodissa, who brought up the rear of the little party that was in front of him. He hung back for a few moments: then he continued his way—and he found that the path terminated quite at the bottom of the ravine, leading down to the very brink of the torrent which roared and thundered through its depths. But across the boiling, eddying waters two large trees were thrown, cut down from a line which fringed that side of the torrent; so that whenever the trees thus felled should yield to decay, it would only be the work of one stout arm and one sharp axe to level another bridge across the eddying waters. On the opposite side there was a forest of trees and wild shrubs which clothed the slope of the ravine; and in the midst of this wood Danial, Leila and Klodissa, having already crossed a bridge, were again lost to Tunar's view.

But the youth hesitated not to follow. He likewise crossed the bridge, and began to pursue a winding path which led amongst the trees; but not before he had flung a glance all along the ravine, to make himself acquainted with the features of its wild scenery. Rapid though that glance were it showed him sufficient to convince him that the long sloping ledge-like path by which he had descended on the face of the precipice, constituted the only possible means by which the bottom of the ravine could be reached.

"The secret of the approach to the Vale of Gulistan is indeed well guarded!" said Tunar to himself; and again he added, "I might have searched for a thousand years without discovering it!"

He sped onward; again he caught a glance of Klodissa's dress: but the nature of the path, winding upwards amidst the trees, allowed him to follow at a short distance without the danger of being perceived. On that side of the ravine where the course of our travellers now lay, the ascent was gradual; and in about ten minutes the mouth of a cavern was reached. Into this cavern Danial, Leila and Klodissa entered; while Tunar, concealed behind the angle of a jutting rock, watched the way which they were thus taking

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TUNAR had not the slightest doubt that this cavern contained the entrance into the Vale of Gulistan; for the ravine in the side of which the cave opened, lay at the foot of a mass of towering mountains, a glance over the rugged exterior of which showed that they were utterly inaccessible to the foot of man. There was a burning joy in Tunar's heart; for, again in all impious mood, he thought that heaven was now, as if by seeming accident, affording the sequence to that other providential episode which, in reference to the sagacity of the deceased merchant's steed, had brought him into the very neighborhood where the Valley of Roses was situated.

Danial, Leila, and Klodissa had entered, as we have already said, into the cavern; while Tunar remained concealed behind a jutting angle of rock. He was afraid to follow immediately; he knew not what might be the extent of the cavern—he feared that if he entered too precipitately, he might fall into the hands of those who had preceded him thither. In such a case he knew full well that even if the magnanimous Danial should be inclined to spare his life, his doom would nevertheless be

sealed in another quarter; for, as he said to himself, "The intrepid and vindictive Klodissa would not suffer me to live!"

Therefore, for upwards of ten minutes did Tunar remain motionless behind the angle of the rock—his ear keenly alive to catch the sounds of any returning footsteps, so that he might dart away into the dense shade of the trees and conceal himself from the view of those who would only look upon him as a spy and an enemy. But all continued silent; there were no echoes of returning footsteps—no sounds of voices in conversation. Tunar peeped forth from behind the rock, and he beheld the black mouth of the cavern into which his eyes could not penetrate.

"They have assuredly passed into the blooming vale!" he said to himself. "Ah! perhaps at this moment they are rejoicing in the possession of the secret of that paradise!"

Tunar summoned all his courage to his aid; and he slowly advanced towards the cavern; but he was careful to skirt the wall of rugged rocks which led towards its mouth, so as to be concealed from the view of those who might possibly still be within the cave itself. In a few minutes he reached the opening: he listened—all was still: he strained his eyes to plunge his looks into the cavern's depths—but if his regards had encountered a wall of black marble they could not have been more effectually stopped than they were by the utter darkness which reigned within that mysterious place.

"If I penetrate thither," thought Tuner to himself, "the darkness would as completely veil me from the observation of those others as it would assuredly conceal themselves from my view. If I hear the slightest sound of footsteps or of voices, I can stand back against the side of the cavern—I can remain perfectly still—no one need suspect my presence there—and I shall be safe! But why all these apprehensive thoughts? They cannot be any longer in the cavern! No, no!—they are already roaming amidst the delights of Gulistan!"

Tunar penetrated into the cavern: he proceeded with noiseless steps—he was speedily entombed in utter darkness—he stretched out both his arms to protect himself against any jutting object with which he might otherwise come in concussion. In this manner he advanced, nothing impeding his way—no sound reaching his ears—and his feet treading easily upon the level floor of the cavern. On he went: the cave was evidently of considerable length; already had he proceeded to a distance treble as great as the length of either of the other caverns into which he had penetrated when pursuing his journey into the heart of the Caucasus. At last, when he had thus advanced for at least two hundred yards in that subterranean cave in the bowels of the mountains, his right hand encountered a wall of rock on one side, and his left a wall of rock on the other. It was evident that the cavern was becoming narrower and narrower the farther he plunged into it; and the youth therefore thought that its extremity could be at no very great distance.

Still he advanced, but even more cautiously and guardedly, if possible, than hitherto; for he was afraid of coming too suddenly against whatsoever object, whether wall or door that might close the end of the cavern. It was in the midst of a pitchy blackness that he was thus advancing, surrounded by a more than Egyptian darkness—a Cimmerian depth of gloom to which the eyes could not possibly become accustomed. It was as if he were totally blind:—it was a darkness that might be felt!

"The secret mode of entrance from this cavern into the valley must at least be an easy one," thought Tunar to himself, "if it can be discovered in the midst of a darkness so profound as this. Perhaps, on reaching the extremity, it is but to stretch forth a hand to open a door!"

But here the youth suddenly stopped short; for his foot kicked against some obstacle, which he however immediately discovered, by stooping down and feeling with his hands, to be nothing but a step. Ascending that one step, Tunar advanced very slowly—groping his way with the utmost caution—when all of a sudden his right hand encountered a cold slimy object, and a cry of horror burst from his lips. He turned and began to retreat with as much celerity as the nature of the place and the utter darkness would permit. His hair was standing on end beneath his cap—the blood had all curdled in his veins—a cold perspiration had burst out all over him. For that he had laid his hand upon the slimy folds of an immense coiled-up snake, he had not the slightest doubt! This time he was confident that there was no delusion, as was the case when he had touched the cold iron lamp in the first cavern into whose depths he

had penetrated during his journey into the wilds of the Caucasus. No!—it could not be now a deception of the fancy, for over the hideous coils he was confident his hand had passed; and so terribly vivid was the frightful incident in his mind, that he could even form no idea of the monstrous thickness of the reptile which he had so touched.

How Tunar got out of the cave he scarcely knew when he burst into the light of day and into the fresh air again; and then, at the mouth of the cavern, he sank down, overpowered by the horrible feelings against which in his desperation he had struggled long enough to effect his escape from the vicinity of the object of his terror. Yes—he sank down; for his legs bent under him—he was panting and gasping—a ghastly pallor was upon his countenance—and he was bathed as it were in the exudation of his own appalling horror. All that he recollected in reference to his rapid egress from the cavern, after the moment his hand had been shudderingly snatched away from its hideous contact with the slimy folds of the reptile, was that a thousand times during the space of a few agonizing minutes, he dreaded lest the serpent should be gliding after him—that it should be flung around him. No wonder, therefore, if on gaining the mouth of the cavern, he sank down in horror and consternation—that he gasped for breath—that he writhed with convulsive shuddering, and trembled and quivered coldly throughout his entire being!

Many minutes elapsed ere the youth began to recover even in the slightest degree from the horrible feelings which had taken possession of him; and then, rising from the ground, he reeled away from the mouth of the cavern. He retraced his steps through the wood which clothed that side of the ravine; he reached the bridge formed by the trees thrown across the boiling torrent; and there he stopped short.

"What am I doing?" he passionately asked himself. "Coward that I must be! I am fleeing away from that terrestrial paradise—I am abandoning that valley of inestimable treasures to which Heaven itself by a variety of wondrous circumstances had guided me!"

Yet, though Tunar thus reproached himself with a dastard spirit, he could not pluck up his courage sufficiently to return to the cavern. No!—not for world's would he have plunged again into that darkness, to encounter the horrors of the coiled-up snake! He was lost in astonishment at the evident fact that Danial, Leila, and Klodissa had escaped from the reptile; and the idea stole into his mind that one of the mysteries connected with the means of obtaining admission into the Vale of Gulistan, must be the power to charm the serpent into innocuous quiescence. And then this thought seemed to account to Tunar for the fact of the reptile having remained so still when he touched it, instead of darting at him and taking his life. Doubtless, therefore, it was still under the influence of the charm which those who had preceded him thither had known how to exercise upon it?—and by this solution only could he account for the mystery of his life being saved.

To return, therefore to the cavern under present circumstances was not to be thought of; and Tunar continued to retrace his way out of the ravine. He ascended the sloping path against the face of rock, and he reached the fringe of trees and shrubs that overhung the precipice to which it led up. Passing amidst those shrubs, he again stood upon the spot where he had first beheld Danial, Leila, and Klodissa, at the moment when his heart had beaten with the exultant hope that by following them he should obtain a complete clue to the entrance into the Vale of Roses.

And now what course did Tunar purpose to adopt? Would he abandon the idea of ever penetrating into the Valley of Gulistan? No—impossible! He had at no great distance the means of procuring a light—he had likewise firearms, consisting of a brace of excellent pistols which he had brought with him, as well as his sword, from his lodgings at Tiflis; and availing himself of all those means, he would at a more fitting opportunity, penetrate anew into the cavern and kill the reptile which harbored there. But when would this opportunity present itself? Tunar was already settling his plans in his mind. By the aid of the landmarks he himself had formed—by the notches cut in the trees, by the stones heaped up, by the grass strewn upon the path—he was enabled to find his way to the cave that was at no great distance. There he beheld the three horses belonging to Danial, Leila, and Klodissa, quietly banqueting upon the grass—tethered by ropes long enough to afford them a sufficient range, and adequately secured to prevent them straying from the spot. In-

side the cave he found the sacks of corn, and also the bag containing provisions and other requisites for the three travellers themselves.

"It is as I thought!" said Tunar to himself; "they halted here."

He touched nothing belonging to these individuals to whom he thus alluded: but he took his speedy departure from the cave, saying to himself, "By the nature of their arrangements it is evident that they are making but a brief visit to the Vale of Roses. To-morrow or next day they will doubtless depart?—perhaps even this very day? When I know that they are gone, I may pursue my own course without danger of molestation at their hands. Then for one daring and desperate exploit—a conflict with that loathsome reptile!—and the means of entrance into the Vale of Gulistan will be within my reach!"

It was thus that Tunar settled his plans; and he retraced his way to the spot whereat, about a league's distance from the cave, he had fixed his temporary abode. On reaching that spot he found the sagacious and docile steed which had borne him into those wilds, feasting upon the grass; and having caressed the animal, Tunar entered a little cave which he had discovered in the neighborhood. There for a few hours he abandoned himself to his reflections, until the cravings of hunger warned him that it was time to think of his repast. He lighted a fire with some dry wood which he had collected; and he proceeded to cook some steaks of a buck which he had killed on the preceding day. The adjacent fruit trees afforded him a delicious dessert; he drank copiously from the waters of the crystal streamlet which meandered near his cave; and he presently regaled himself with a draught of the wine, which was not as yet quite exhausted.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Tunar had thus finished his repast; and he was seated by the side of the streamlet, again buried in his reflections, when the sounds of horses' hoofs suddenly startled him. He sprang to his feet, and grasped his weapons; for the idea instantaneously occurred to him that Danial, Leila, and Klodissa must be coming that way. But on this point he was almost immediately reassured; for, instead of those three persons, he beheld two horsemen advancing from a little distance. An ejaculation of surprise burst from Tunar's lips when he perceived that these horsemen were none other than Kyri Karaman and Djemzet. They too recognized Tunar, and they were soon upon the spot where their appearance had so startled him.

They were both dressed in the true style of the Caucasian Guerillas; their rifles were slung at their backs; they had pistols in the holsters of their saddles—pistols likewise in their belts—and swords by their sides. Indeed, Kyri Karaman looked himself again, save and except that instead of leading a gallant troop, he had but a single follower on the occasion. But whether the faithful Djemzet was the only retainer he now possessed, will presently transpire.

"What! you here, amidst the wilds of the Caucasus?" exclaimed Kyri Karaman, as he sprang from his steed, and thus addressed himself to Tunar.

"We knew that you had been acquitted of all charges against you," added Djemzet, likewise dismounting; "but little did we expect to encounter you in these regions!"

"Am I not a wanderer and an outcast on the face of the earth?" exclaimed Tunar; and whither should I go—where should I seclude myself, if not in such solitudes as these?"

"But why did you not remain in Tiflis?" asked Kyri Karaman. "Deeply disguised, I ventured into the neighborhood of the city in the evening of the day which followed your escape, and there I learnt the rumor of your complete acquittal before the Russian Judge."

During the few moments that Kyri Karaman was thus speaking, Tunar had revolved with lightning rapidity many ideas in his mind. Should he acquaint the two Guerillas with the motive of his presence in those Caucasian wilds?—should he invoke their aid in battling with the huge reptile which guarded the cavern entrance into Gulistan? No!—for if he once admitted them into a share of his secret, they might slay him in order that there should be an individual the less to appropriate the treasures of the Vale of Roses. Besides, Tunar was intensely selfish, as all dastard minds invariably are; and he wished to retain for his own sole behoof as much of the valley's treasures as Danial, Leila, and Klodissa might have left behind them. His resolve was therefore speedily adopted:—he decided upon keeping his secret.

"Ah!" he said, in reply to Kyri Karaman's observations; "you learnt how my final release from

custody and tribulation was effected! But you have yet to learn that I received a secret intimation from the Russian authorities in Tiflis, to the effect that the sooner I left the precincts of the city, the better would it be for my own safety and security."

"Ah, indeed!—was it so!"—ejaculated Kyri Karaman; and then he added with a scornful smile, "I am therefore to understand that your hypocritical pretext of entering the pale of the Russian church, did not win for you the confidence of the Russian authorities?"

"It would appear not," responded Tunar. "But you, gallant chief—for what purpose are you in this district of the Caucasus, where there are neither Russians to fight against in your capacity of Guerilla, nor wealthy travellers to waylay in your capacity of bandit?"

"We shall presently have more leisure for conversation," replied Kyri Karaman. "Djemzet, my faithful follower, I pray thee relieve the steeds of their caparisons. Let them pasture at will; and do you exercise your skill as a marksman to provide us with the materials for a repast."

"On this latter score," interjected Tunar, "there need be neither trouble nor delay; for in a cave hard by I have the remnant of a fine buck, as well as wood to make a fire to cook it. I will forthwith set to work on your behalf—"

"Not so, Tunar," said Kyri Karaman, bending upon the youth a rapid significant look, as much as to imply he had a motive for wishing that they should be alone together. "Let Djemzet perform an office to which he is far from unaccustomed."

Tunar accordingly gave Djemzet the requisite instructions with regard to the whereabouts of the cave—which, though only a short distance from the streamlet, was nevertheless veiled from the eye by trees and shrubs. Djemzet proceeded towards the cave, the situation of which was thus pointed out to him; and the youth remained alone with Kyri Karaman.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It was already obvious to Tunar that Kyri Karaman wished to communicate with him thus alone, and that Djemzet had been purposely sent out of the way, that there might be no witness to their discourse. The secret which the youth cherished in respect to the Vale of Gulistan, operated upon him now with the same effect as if it were a crime of which he was conscious, and of which he was about to be accused. All his fears tended towards that point; and when Kyri Karaman threw himself upon the grass, and looked Tunar with penetrating earnestness in the face, the youth felt an inward terror, for he thought to hear nothing less than the words, "You have discovered the grand mystery!"

Infinite, therefore, was his relief, when Kyri Karaman, still gazing on him with his piercing black eyes, said, "Tell me, Tunar, all the particulars of the examination which took place before the Russian Judge."

"The whole transaction was most singular," exclaimed the youth, who willingly entered upon a subject so completely different from that which he had anticipated. "Perhaps you have heard of a lady named Klodissa? She came from Constantinople with the Princess Leila—"

"Yes—this much I have heard," interjected Kyri Karaman. "It was so rumored in Tiflis. But proceed."

"This dusky-complexioned lady," continued Tunar, "came to me in the fortress on the day following my reconignment thither—how she gained admittance I know not—and she at once informed me that she was acquainted with many mysteries. She mentioned your name and that of Djemzet in connexion with the forcible abduction of the Princess from Mansour's house; and she moreover proclaimed her knowledge that it was Djemzet's hand which had dealt the merchant his death blow."

"Ah! she said all this?" exclaimed Kyri Karaman. "What followed?"

"She asked me how it came to pass," continued Tunar, "that you should have lent yourself to the schemes of Mustapha Yakoub."

"And you told her the truth?" hastily interjected Karaman, fixing his dark eyes keenly upon Tunar, as if to discern whether his answer would be sincerely or falsely given.

"I thought there was no harm," rejoined the youth, "in mentioning to Klodissa—who, by the by, assured me that she had a means of discovering whether I dealt candidly with her or not—"

"And of course you *did* deal candidly?" exclaimed Kyri Karaman: "because you had your

life to save—and she doubtless promised to save it?"

"In good sooth you have rightly conjectured," responded Tunar. "I told Klodissa how you had become impoverished—how Khazi had rebelled against you—and how the slave-dealer's gold was requisite for your purposes—"

"Ah! and what said she," inquired Karaman, "when you told her all this?"

"She seemed astonished," replied Tunar: "she evidently heard it all for the first time. She then spoke to me of myself—she told me that there was hope—she made me pledge myself in terms the most solemn and sacred never again to concert the slightest mischief against the Princess Leila."

"And what next?" asked the Guerilla-bandit.

"Ah! then she again spoke of you," proceeded Tunar. "She bade me swear that I would never more ally myself in any way with you."

"Is this true, Tunar?" asked the Guerilla-bandit, whose dark eyes were fixed searchingly upon the youth: "or is it a pretext to rid yourself as soon as possible of my company?"

"By everything holy it is true!" cried Tunar, with all the emphasis which could possibly be derived from the confidence of one who was speaking with sincerity. "And the entire oath which she made me take in reference to yourself, was a singular one. Her words are graven on my memory."

"Repeat them," said the Guerilla-bandit: and then he added, as if in a careless manner, "All these details are more or less interesting."

"Thus was it that Klodissa spoke," resumed Tunar: and he recited her words as follow: "'You will never again ally yourself in any way with Kyri Karaman: you will never henceforth hold the slightest intercourse with him, either to lend yourself to his own designs or suggest schemes of evil unto him. Moreover you must swear that you will never avail yourself of your knowledge of his secrets to work him an injury, much less to betray him into the hands of justice for the sake of the reward which has been set upon his head.'—These were the words which that strange mysterious woman dictated as an oath for me to take," added Tunar; "and I swear to you that I have spoken with sincerity."

Kyri Karaman made no answer and no comment: but he reflected profoundly for some minutes. At length he said, again looking Tunar fixedly in the face, "Did you ever see this Klodissa before?—do you know who she is?"

"I never saw her before—at least not to my knowledge," replied Tunar. "As for knowing who she is, her name is Klodissa—"

"Well, well—we know that already!" ejaculated Kyri Karaman. "But what else took place betwixt you?"

"Ah! I forgot to mention," said Tunar, "that she enjoined me, as the condition of my safety when before the judge, not to breathe your name in connexion with the carrying-off of the Princess Leila but to proclaim Djemzet loudly and emphatically as Mansour's assassin, and to devise some fictitious name for the companion whom he had with him on the occasion. I strictly adhered to her instructions—I spoke of one Gregoras instead of Kyri Karaman—"

"Yes—rumor reports currently in Tiflis," interrupted the Guerilla-bandit, "that a reward has been offered for discovery of Djemzet and Gregoras—the former as the assassin of Mansour, the latter as his accomplice. But now tell me, Tunar—know you what has become of this dark-complexioned lady, Klodissa?"

"First let me inquire your motive for asking?" said Tunar. "Because," he thought to himself, "if it be for a hostile purpose, I will put him on Klodissa's track on her way from the valley back to Tiflis inasmuch as he will render me a service by clearing my path of that vindictive woman: but if it be for a friendly purpose, I will tell him nothing for fear lest she should speak evil of me to him; and no man in his senses would willingly have Kyri Karaman for an enemy!"

Such were the reflections which Tunar was silently revolving in his mind.

"You inquire my motive for putting the question," said the Guerilla-bandit; "and you are right in so doing. You in a measure owe your life and liberty to this Klodissa of whom we are speaking; and it is but suitable and becoming that you should be grateful. Speak therefore in all frankness: for I swear to you that I would not harm a single hair of her head!"

"Believe me," replied Tunar, "I know nothing of the Lady Klodissa's movements—I am ignorant of what has become of her—but I should surmise that she is still at Tiflis."

"Then if you could give me no information on the point," said Kyri Karaman, eyeing Tunar suspiciously, "why did you question me relative to my motives in asking?"

"Because," responded the youth, boldly, for he saw that some suspicion was excited, and he was anxious to avert it,—"because, as you have conjectured, I feel deeply grateful to Klodissa—and I trembled lest for some reason or another she might have an enemy in Kyri Karaman!"

The guerilla-bandit was evidently satisfied with the answer; and it was with no lingering suspicion that he said, "How is it possible I could be her enemy? Did she not labor to screen my name from odium at the same time that she took measures to save your life and insure your liberty?"

"I am well pleased to hear you speak thus," responded Tunar. "But pardon me for saying that the ways of Kyri Karaman are sometimes so inscrutable that he may entertain hostility where one would think friendship were more natural."

"Yet towards this Klodissa," said the Guerilla-bandit, "I entertain naught but the most grateful feelings. But enough upon this point! You have pledged yourself, Tunar, to that lady that you will henceforth hold no farther intercourse with me; and it is not my purpose to induce you to break your oath. Were it otherwise—and had you not thus sworn—I should make you certain propositions. In short, I should suggest that you enter into my service."

"Ah!" ejaculated Tunar: "then you are again in a fair way to form a gallant band—"

"At a distance of three leagues beyond those hills," interrupted Kyri Karaman, now speaking with all that dignity of a chieftain which he had been wont to adopt when Tunar first made his acquaintance, "there is a troop of twelve brave fellows who call me their leader."

"I congratulate you, brave captain!" exclaimed Tunar. "But you perceive that it is impossible for me to join you. I am sacredly bound to concert no evil designs with Kyri Karaman."

"And I," responded the Guerilla-bandit, "shall not seek to turn you from your oath."

"Might I venture to ask," said Tunar, whose manner had grown somewhat less independent and more deferential since he had learnt that Kyri Karaman was again a person exercising the authority of a leader, "for what object you have penetrated with a single follower amidst these wilds?"

"You know," answered the Guerilla-bandit, his large lustrous eyes flashing fire, "that I have some scores to settle with the perfidious Khazi—that rebel lieutenant of mine—"

"I know it," said Tunar: "and now that you are again at the head of a band, I should not like to be Khazi. I presume, therefore, that you are upon his track?"

"Listen!" resumed Kyri Karaman; "for there is no violation of your oath in hearing my intentions, provided that you succor them not. The twelve brave men whom I have left yonder, are deserters from Khazi's banner; and they have given back their allegiance to their former chief. They have manifested the utmost contrition for their conduct towards me: they have assured me that they were led astray by the false and specious representations of the rebel Khazi. I have, therefore, forgiven them; and they are again heart and soul in my cause. We have acquired the certitude that others of Khazi's band have been slain in a recent unsuccessful encounter with some Russians; and we are further instructed that Khazi himself, with only a single follower, has sought refuge in the wildest regions of the Caucasus. He dreads the vengeance of Kyri Karaman," added the chief, proudly, "more than the pursuit of the Russians; I and my band are beating these wilds in search of the fugitives; and while my brave fellows are resting yonder, I set out with Djemzet to explore the region in this direction. You are now acquainted, Tunar, with the cause of my presence in this place; but you yourself have yet to tell me how it is that I find you a solitary wanderer in such a district; for even if expelled from Tiflis, surely there were other quarters of the world a trifle more desirable than the loneliest portions of the Caucasus? Ah! perhaps," added Kyri Karaman, with an ironical smile, "you are hunting after that mountain-girt paradise—"

The deep blush which suddenly overspread Tunar's countenance, would assuredly have excited some suspicion in the mind of Kyri Karaman, had not the latter at the moment been startled to his feet by an appearance which elicited an ejaculation from his lips. This was the irruption of some dozen armed men from amidst the adjacent rocks, into the little open space through which

flowed the streamlet on whose bank the colloquy was being carried on. Tunar likewise sprang up to his feet; and Djemzet at the same moment issued from the cave at a short distance. One of the armed men who had so abruptly made their appearance, rushed towards Djemzet; but the latter, seizing a pistol from his belt, shot his assailant dead upon the spot.

"By heaven this is serious!" ejaculated Kyri Karaman.

All that he next did was the work of but a few moments. The saddles and bridles so recently taken from his own and Djemzet's horses, were lying close by upon the ground: the Guerilla-bandit called to the two steeds, which instantaneously recognised his voice and obeyed it. In the twinkling of an eye they were upon the spot.

"Caparison one of them!" ejaculated Karaman, thus speaking to Tunar.

The youth, having lost his own self-possession, was startled into a vivid readiness to follow a mandate emanating from the presence of mind of another. To saddle and bridle the steed that was nearest to him, was the work of a few moments; while Kyri Karaman did the same by the other horse. Tunar's own animal was feeding quietly a little distance; and in the meanwhile several shots were fired by the armed strangers towards the spot where this scene was taking place: but both the Guerilla-bandit and Tunar, as well as the horses that had just been caparisoned, were protected by a clump of trees from the whistling bullets.

It was at a distance of nearly two hundred yards that the armed strangers had first appeared; and they were now rushing towards the spot where Karaman and Tunar had just saddled and bridled the horses. Djemzet, having killed his assailant, was likewise speeding thitherward; and it was a marvel that he escaped the shots which were sent after him.

"Quick, quick, Djemzet!" exclaimed Kyri Karaman, as he sprang upon his own steed.

Tunar—thinking that the other had been intended for himself when he was so promptly ordered to caparison it—was about to leap on its back: but at that instant Djemzet appeared upon the spot. With his right hand swinging Tunar forcibly away, Djemzet just touched the saddle-bow with his left hand; and the next instant he was on the animal's back. Another moment, and both the Guerillas were galloping away as if borne on the wings of a whirlwind.

Half-a-dozen shots were fired after them; and the armed strangers were for a few instants enveloped in the smoke produced by their own rifles. Tunar stood utterly bewildered—riveted to the spot—until in a few seconds four of five of the men, bursting as it were from amidst the smoke, seized upon him as their prisoner.

To be continued.

How to WRITE AN AGREEABLE STYLE.—Dryden found himself one day after dinner in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, and Lord Dorset. The conversation turned upon the English language, on the harmony of numbers, and the elegancies of style, which merits each of the three lords believed himself to possess in the highest degree. After a good deal of disputing, it was determined to refer the matter to Dryden. The proof was to consist in each writing an article on the first subject that presented itself, and the pieces of paper having been placed under the candlestick, Dryden was to draw them out and determine which was the best. The three lords set to work, and while Rochester and Buckingham were exerting their brains to invent some sparkling epigram or happy turn of thought, Dorset was observed to write a few lines carelessly, and without the least hesitation. Dryden having examined the papers, gave his judgment. "Gentlemen," said he to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Rochester, "your style is excellent, and has pleased me extremely, but I am perfectly delighted with that of Lord Dorset. I leave you to judge; listen." Dryden read—"On the 1st of next May, I will pay to John Dryden, or order, the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, value received. 16th April, 1686. (Signed.) Don. ser." Lord Rochester and the Duke of Buckingham confessed that they could not write like that, and that Lord Dorset's style was the best they had ever heard of.

ENVY.—The boy upon foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out "Whip behind!" in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger on more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his perch.

The Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

THE Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, the residence of the Emperor, his court, and retinue, amounting in the whole to some 5000 persons, is an immense edifice, with four façades, each about 400 feet in length, situate on the banks of the Neva, and in the neighborhood of the Exchange. The exterior is embellished by upwards of five hundred columns of Grecian architecture. The faces are judiciously broken, so as to prevent the appearance of monotony, which would otherwise occur. This palace, destroyed by fire in 1837, was immediately rebuilt in a style of still greater magnificence, the floors and ceilings being made fireproof.

A recent writer (*Recollections of Russia*, by a German Nobleman) is very severe upon the general appearance of St. Petersburg. He says:

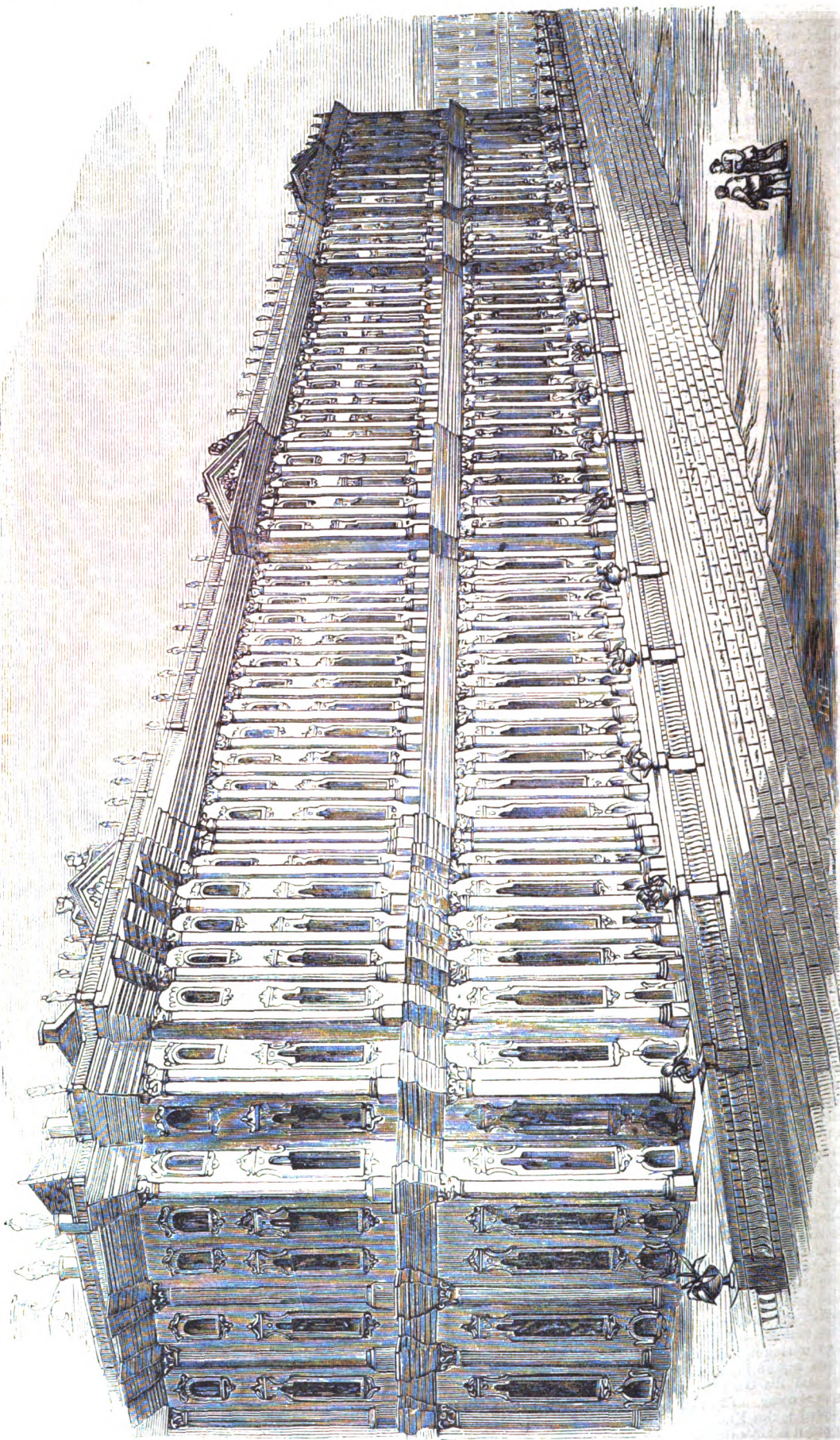
"We will take the Winter Palace or the Admiralty as our centre. We will draw radii as far as the Vladimir Street, back along the Pea Street, and comprehend the buildings on the opposite bank of the river, from the Mining School as far as the Surgical Academy. We have in this district a space of about four square versts, the desolate Admiralty Platz, the Champ de Mars, the Summer Garden, the Michaeloffski Garden, the Engineers' School, with the great exercising ground, the broadest streets, the mirrored surface of the Neva, larger than all those put together; and any one who is able in his fancy to transfer these empty spaces to any second-rate city in America, may form a very correct idea of the admired grandeur of St. Petersburg. On two-thirds of the contents of this area let him write, 'Czaric property,' and his mind will thus form an idea how much is left for civic requirements. Well, then, taking the Isaac's Platz as the centre, what do we see?

"The Winter Palace, a shapeless mass of stone; three streets straight as a line; an immense empty square, bounded by the Admiralty; the senate, synod, an exercising and *manège* school; the Isaac's Church; the government buildings; the head-quarters of the staff; other public and a few private buildings. I see the Academy, Cadets' Barracks, Exchange—nothing but Corinthian pillars, all of granite.

Does the city please you? Yes! but it has been overrated. It appears to me far too monotonous; and the yellow and greenish frontages offer my eye no variety. The regular streets fatigue the vision; and it seems that, if it were left to Russian architects, they would chisel and destroy the undulating lines of the Venus de Medici, till they reduced it to their own æsthetic model."

doubtless perceive from what has fallen from my erudite friend, that there is a set of people in this world of such a teasing, tedious, tiresome, troublesome, talkative temper and talents, that they stultify and entangle, confound, perplex, and dismay,

meet with nothing but dubiety, uncertainty, and difficulty. Thus, gentlemen of the jury, I humbly think, presume, surmise, and imagine, it is owing to tediousness and prolixity, the nature, genius, and extent whereof I shall endeavor to examine,



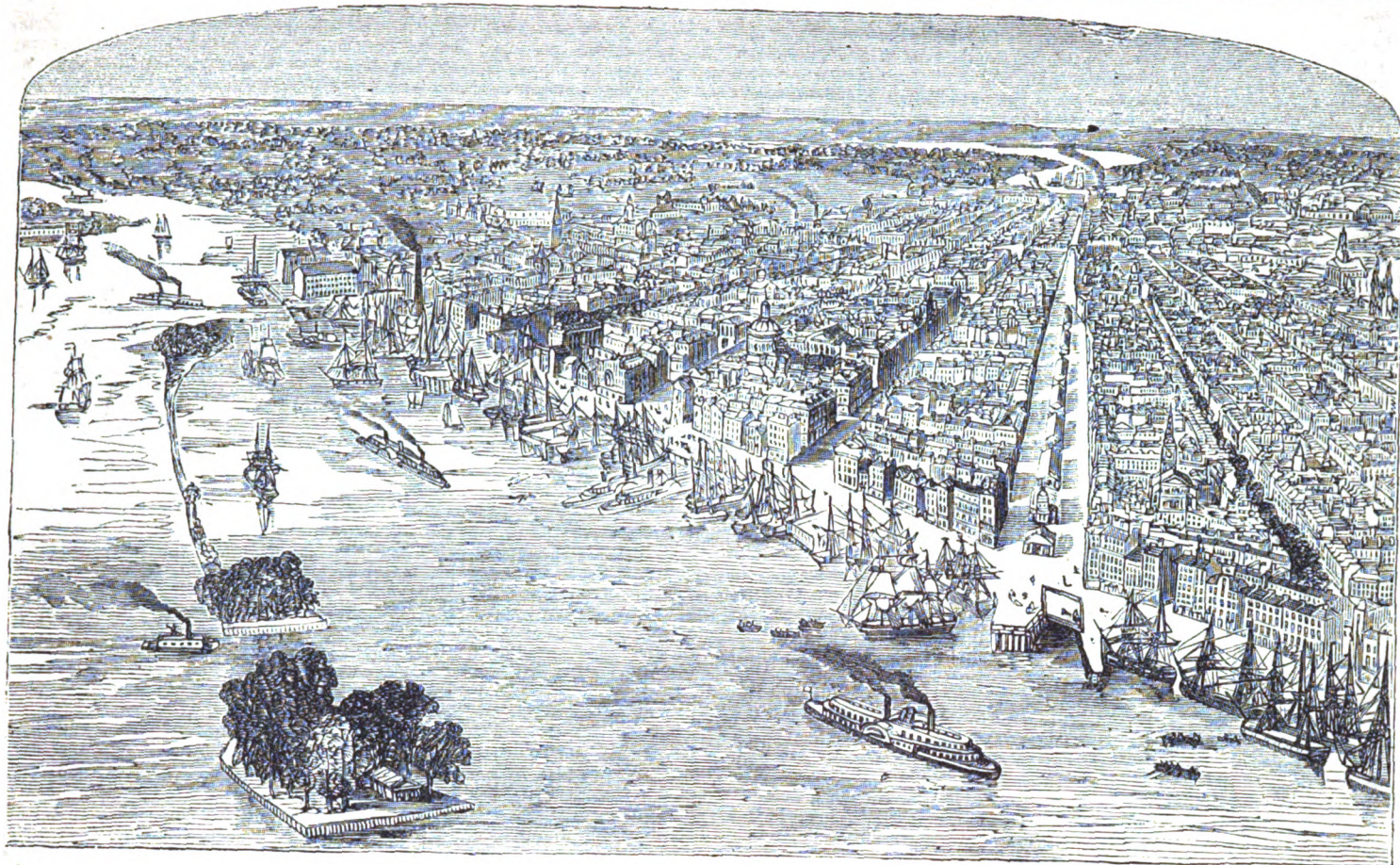
THE WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

ELOQUENCE.—The following opening of a maiden speech by a barrister, afterwards deservedly eminent, was delivered to a jury in behalf of the defendant, following an address to the jury on behalf of the plaintiff, neither remarkable for clearness nor perspicuity—"Gentlemen of the jury, you will

every circumstance in every cause which they undertake to defend, protect, or justify. Instead of coming to the point, matter, business of debate, slap-dash, concisely, and at once, they deviate, vary, waver, aberrate, and fly off therefrom. When we expect decision, satisfaction, and conviction, we

expound, expatiate, scrutinise, and promulgate. Judge, jury, bar, all were convulsed with laughter; everybody saw the joke but the counsel for the plaintiff.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, the second city in the United States, and the metropolis of Pennsylvania, is situated between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, six miles above their junction, and by the rivers 96 miles from the ocean.

A stranger would be most impressed with the view that meets him on approaching from the N.W.—particularly from the summit of the Inland Plane, on the old Columbia Road. The ground towards the north ascends, furnishing beautiful drives and fine sites for villages and cottages, particularly on the banks of the Schuylkill and Wissahickon, whose beauties have been sung by Tom Moore and Fanny Kemble.

The plan of this city was laid out by Penn, and is exceedingly regular, the streets running from river to river, and crossed by others at right angles to them.

The squares within the city, cover, each, an extent of 5 to 7 acres, and are enclosed by iron railings of a tasteful pattern, are beautifully laid out, and planted with a great variety of trees. Franklin Square has a fine fountain and basin with 40 jets of water.

Philadelphia possesses many magnificent specimens of architecture, of which she may well be proud. Among others, we might call attention to the Girard College, which is the finest specimen of Grecian architecture in the United States; if not of modern times. It is in the Corinthian style, the main body of the building being 169 feet in length, 111 in breadth, surrounded by a colonnade of 34 columns, 55 feet high and 6 feet in diameter. This colonnade extends the building to the length of 218 feet, and breadth of 160 feet. The height is 97 feet. This edifice is entirely fire-proof, the outer walls, staircases, floors, and roof being constructed of marble, and the inner of bricks. There are two additional buildings on each side of the main structure, all of marble, and each 125 feet long by 52 feet wide, and two storeys high. A sixth building has recently been erected for water purposes, baking, washing, drying, and as a laboratory. The whole is surrounded by a stone wall, 10 feet high, and enclosing 41 acres of land, half of which is laid out in gardens, etc., and the rest in grassplots, playgrounds and gravel-walks. The entire cost of the buildings, walls, and embellishments of the grounds was \$1,933,821.78. The donor, Mr. Girard, was a native of France, who came poor and friendless to Philadelphia in boyhood, and by industry and good management accumulated a fortune of several millions, the greater portion of which he left to the city

for the erection and endowment of the Girard College for Orphans, and for improving the city.

The Custom House is also a noble structure, of the Doric order, and cost \$500,000. The hall is 81 feet long by 48 feet wide, and ornamented by Ionic columns supporting a semicircular ceiling.

In addition to these are the Mint, the Merchant's Exchange, State House, in the east room of which sat the Congress of July 4, 1776, that issued that great American Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, which has made this hall historical—a cherished object with the Philadelphians, and a national political shrine. The Musical Fund Hall is a capacious building—said to be the best adapted for concerts of any room in the country.

As we have already said, Philadelphia was planned and settled by William Penn, accompanied by a colony of English Friends, or Quakers, in 1682 after a regular purchase from the Indians, ratified by treaty in due form. Though there was a considerable contention between Penn and his colony, no very striking events occurred even down to the Revolution. In consequence of the disastrous battles of Brandywine and Germantown, the British Army had possession of the city from September, 1777, to June, 1778.

American Declaration of Independence.

WHILE danger was gathering round New York and its inhabitants were in mute suspense and fearful anticipations, the General Congress at Philadelphia was discussing, with closed doors, what John Adams pronounced "the greatest question ever debated in America, and as great as ever was or will be debated among men." The result was, a resolution passed unanimously, on the 2nd of July, "that these United Colonies are and of right ought to be, free and independent States." "The 2d of July," adds the same patriotic statesman, "will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forth and for evermore."

The glorious event has, indeed, given rise to an annual jubilee, but not on the day designated by Adams. The 4th of July is the day of national rejoicing; for on that day the "Declaration of Independence," that solemn and sublime document, was

adopted. Tradition gives a dramatic effect to its announcement. It was known to be under discussion, but the closed doors of Congress excluded the populace. They awaited, in throngs, an appointed signal. In the steeple of the State-house was a bell, imported twenty-three years previously from London, by the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania. It bore the portentous text from Scripture: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." A joyous peal from that bell gave notice that the bill had been passed. It was the knell of British domination.

Washington hailed the declaration with joy. It is true it was but a formal recognition of a state of things which had long existed; but it put an end to all those temporizing hopes of reconciliation which had clogged the military action of the country. On the 9th of July, he caused it to be read at six o'clock in the evening, at the head of each brigade of the army. "The General hopes," said he, in his orders, "that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier, to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a state possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honors of a free country."

The excitable populace of New York were not content with the ringing of bells to proclaim their joy. There was a leaden statue of George III. in the Bowling Green, in front of the fort. Since kingly rule is at an end, why retain its effigy? On the same evening, therefore, the statue was pulled down amid the shouts of the multitude, and broken up to be run into bullets "to be used in the cause of independence."

Some of the soldiery having been implicated in this popular effervescence, Washington censured it in general orders, as having much the appearance of a riot and a want of discipline; and the army was forbidden to indulge in any irregularities of the kind. It was his constant effort to inspire his countrymen in arms with his own elevated idea of the cause in which they were engaged, and to make them feel that it was no ordinary warfare, admitting of vulgar passions and perturbations. "The General hopes and trusts," said he, "that every officer and man will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

EVERY lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Poland.

The election of Stanislaus Poniatowski to the Polish crown was effected by the intervention of Russia. He had previously been ambassador from the republic of Poland to the Court of St. Petersburg, where his handsome person and agreeable manners had recommended him to the notice of the susceptible Czarina, who had received him, not only in favor, but, if report speaks true, in the quality of a lover. Under the influence of this vicious but politic woman, he wholly lost sight of the object of his embassy, which was to advance the interests of the Czartoriski family—his relations—and only considered how he could make use of his interest with Catherine to aggrandize himself. This disposition accorded well with the Court designs of the Czarina, who saw clearly that if she could procure his election to the vacant throne, she would have no difficulty in accomplishing her designs. His election, therefore, was secured through the influence, most despotically exercised, of the Court of St. Petersburg.

To raise discord and confusion in the country, a note was sent signed by the Polish Diet in favor of religious liberty. This note was signed by the ambassadors of Russia and Prussia, and supported, on more just principles, by those of England, Sweden, and Denmark, but they were strenuously opposed by the Jesuits and Roman Catholic party, who would admit of no modification of the system that extended toleration to any other sect. Taking advantage of this violation of religious liberty, Russia succeeded in detaching a large body of the Poles from the national cause, with the promise of protection from the Czarina. Repnin, a wily diplomatist, the very antetype of the present Mentchikoff, was placed at Warsaw to watch, and overawe the proceedings of the Diet, and, if necessary, coerce the sovereign himself. Through his influence, the property of the bishops, who had opposed the measure, was confiscated, and thus, by intimidation, greatly strengthened the Muscovite party, who were now joined by many of the liberal Catholics, under the impression that the professions of toleration by Russia were sincere.

Catherine now despatched a body of troops to occupy the domains of the Polish crown, commanded the Diet to revise the laws, and forbade the increase of taxes and of the Polish army; the Czartoriski were compelled by force to abandon some measures of reform that they had contemplated; and Repnin procured the arrest of the bishops of Cracow and Kiev, the Counts Rzesvinski, father and son, with other prelates and senators, and sent them without trial to Siberia. Showing the king a paper signed by 60,000 of the Polish nobles, he had the insolence to say to him, "You see that I am master, and that your crown depends entirely upon your implicit submission."

Alarmed by these encroachments upon the republic, the Polish patriots sent Adam Krasinski, Bishop of Kamieniec, to solicit the interference of the European Courts. But these had all had enough of war, and turned a deaf ear to his representations. Turkey was the only power from which he had the least encouragement, "and," using the bishop's own language, "to call in the Turks to drive out the Russians was like setting fire to the house to get rid of rats." Driven thus to depend upon their own resources, the Polish leaders, in 1768, formed the famous Confederation of Bar, having for its object the breaking up of the Russian yoke. To this, however, they rashly and impudently added rules or laws for the persecution of Protestants. Upon this overt act, Repnin seized all the munitions of war, declared the Confederates rebels, and compelled the Senate to call upon the Czarina not to withdraw her troops from Poland.

The war which ensued has never been surpassed in horrors and atrocities in modern times. Hordes of Calmucks and Cossacks, from their barred steppes and marshes, swept in a whirlwind of cavalry over all parts of Poland, bringing murder, rapine, and destruction in their train. A noble, a monk, a Jew, and a dog, were hanged on the same tree, with the ironical remark, "they are all alike." Great numbers were buried alive up to their necks, and, after enduring various tortures, had their heads broken. Cruelties, at which humanity shudders, and too shocking to repeat, were inflicted upon women; even the Russian generals took upon themselves to punish, with the knout, the Polish officers, and then shot them, or mutilated them in a horrible manner.

Finding that Stanislaus was a mere tool in the hands of the Russians, and that a design was in agitation to make a partition of Poland between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, the Confederates made an attempt to carry off the king, in order to put him

at the head of the national movement. The attempt failed, and instead of weakening, added strength to the Russian influence, and only hastened on the catastrophe it was designed to avert. Frederick II. alone hesitated, foreseeing the odium which would attach to it with the other European courts; but Catherine silenced his scruples by declaring that she would take upon herself all the reproaches. On the other hand, the emperor had guaranteed by a solemn treaty with Turkey, the integrity of the Polish republic; but he forfeited his pledge and his honor, by joining in the spoliation. So secretly, however, was the measure concocted, that neither the French nor English ambassadors were aware of the blow being about to be struck; one and all of the conspirators having declared that "they had no such thought or intention."

To prepare the public mind, however, Catherine, in 1771, issued a manifesto, in which she declared that "in Poland the government was without energy, and the law powerless; that everything was sacrificed to ambition and cupidity; that anarchy lifted its head from the abyss of public calamities, and its steps were marked by murder and pillage." This was only too true, but it was the work of Russia.

In 1772 appeared a declaration from the united Cabinets of Russia, Austria and Prussia, announcing that those three powers were decided to take the most just and efficacious measures for "re-establishing order and tranquility in Poland, and to place the constitution upon more solid bases, so as to secure the liberties of the nation." They called upon the Poles to "renounce vain illusions, and to co-operate in this work of prosperity," &c. A more barefaced piece of hypocrisy and insult never ushered in the work of spoliation and robbery. The prosperity the Poles were to second was the surrender of 3,800 square miles of territory, of which Austria appropriated to herself the county of Zepa, a part of the palatinates of Crakovia, Sandomir and Balz, with Red Russia and Podolia, comprising in all 1,280 square miles, and 2,700,000 inhabitants; Frederick II. overcame his scruples, and took Prussia Royal (with the exception of Dantzic and Thorn) and a portion of Great Poland, in all about 630 square miles, and 416,000 inhabitants; whilst Catherine II. came in for the lion's share, namely, Polock and Witepsk, to the banks of the Dwina and the Dnieper, containing 1,975 square miles, and 1,800,000 inhabitants. Such was the first partition of Poland, to cover the glaring injustice of which the three powers formally renounced all designs and pretensions, past, present and future, upon that country!

Ashamed of his imbecility, and his eyes open to the disgrace attaching to himself for the passive conduct he had pursued, Stanislaus at length protested against this or any dismemberment of his kingdom. "If it were just," said he, "to search for titles in the past ages of ignorance, and periods of revolution, Poland would have a right to claim many provinces which she formerly possessed, and which are held by these same powers who are now robbing the republic of its territories. All ancient transactions are set aside by posterior stipulations; and as the last treaties between Poland and the neighboring countries are directly opposed to the contemplated partition, the titles which they have exhibited cannot be admitted without undermining the rights of all nations and shaking all thrones." This reasoning came too late, for already the three sovereigns had poured their troops into their respective allotments.

The conduct of the Diet was faithless and venal; with the exception of a few patriotic men, at the head of whom were Reytou and Korsak, the rest, partly through intimidation, but more by bribery, were brought over to sign their country's destruction and their own dishonor, and the three Powers took peaceable possession of their respective portions of the spoil.

A remarkable event took place at this period (1773) which affected every country in Europe. This was the suppression of the Jesuits by a Bull of Pope Clement XIV., who too truly declared, upon putting his seal and signature to the instrument, that he was aware he was signing his death-warrant. He shortly after died, with every symptom of having been poisoned. The Jesuits were exiled from Poland and immense funds accrued to the government, which were placed at the disposal of a committee of education. The schools of the Jesuits were replaced by secular institutions; learned foreigners were invited to superintend, and a complete revival of letters took place, which had progressed up to the period when Russia completed the subjugation of Poland in 1832.

At the session of the Diet of 1776, Stanislaus laid before the Assembly a proposal to appoint Zamoyaki

to review, abridge, alter and explain all the laws of the kingdom as contained in the eight volumes of the Polish constitution. The proposition was acceded to by the Diet, and Zamoyaki completed the task in two years, and the proposed new code was published throughout the republic previous to its being submitted to the Diet. But the Russian agents opposed a measure that would have broken down the Confederation in the Diet; and the nobles, seeing that the change in the laws embraced the emancipation of the serfs, joined in the opposition; and when in the Diet of 1780 it was brought forward, they carried their hostility so far as to denounce Zamoyaki as a traitor to the country. He treated this charge with silent contempt, but was successfully defended by Prince Casimir Poniatowski, the king's brother, who, with a few others, supported the measure, but in vain; the majority carried the day, and yet, eleven years after (1791), the proposition of Zamoyaki formed the base of the constitution accepted by almost the whole Polish Diet. That assembly commenced the session of 1788, and continued its sitting for four years, during which it became manifest that the old Polish spirit was revived, the effect of that education which had been diffused, and of the absence of Jesuitical influence.

Many beneficial measures were adopted by this Diet, and so respectable had the reduced republic become by its growing unanimity, that Frederick II. proposed an alliance offensive and defensive with Poland against Russia. And upon the promulgation of the new constitution in 1791, that prince declared his approbation of it, and congratulated Stanislaus upon the maintenance of the liberties and independence of the Polish nation, and himself in being united with it.

The pernicious influence of Russia, however, marred the prospect of future notional unity; and Catherine excited the cupidity of Frederick by suggesting that a second partition of Poland would give Dantzic and Thorn to the Prussian crown. A Russian party in Poland conspired with those sovereigns against the liberties of their country, and a large body of the best Russian troops entered Poland. The king, the Diet, and the nation, were of one mind, and the most energetic measures were at once adopted to defend the country. Prince Joseph Poniatowski, the nephew of Stanislaus, who had already signalized himself as aide-de-camp to the Emperor Joseph II., was made commander-in-chief of the Polish army; and the celebrated Kosciuszko, who had been trained under Washington in the War of Independence in America, served under the prince. This patriot and hero signalized himself at the battles of Zielenc and Dubienka by his military talents and bravery; but in vain. Poland claimed the assistance of Prussia in virtue of the treaty; it was answered by the invasion of Dantzic and Thorn by troops of Frederick. This precipitated what was, perhaps, under any circumstances, inevitable—the submission of Poland to Russia; but the conduct of Frederick was not the less base; and he soon joined the Russians in overturning the Polish constitution, upon which its existence as a nation rested.

The traitors who had assisted the Russians were at first invested with some authority, and employed in wreaking their vengeance upon the patriots. But finding that the spoliators were not disposed to employ them, except in fixing the yoke upon their country, they attempted resistance; but it was too late. The attempt, in fact, only served to make their own condition more onerous. Exasperated by resistance where they looked for perfect submission, to cover their baseness with a show of right, the Russian commanders, by the directions of the minister, convoked the Diet, and nominated the representatives for each Palatinate. But when that body were assembled, some of the members were found not sufficiently tractable; and as an example, four were selected and sent off to Siberia. Nothing intimidated, the assembly declared that they would suffer themselves to be expatriated in a body, and even die rather than witness their own dishonor and their country's downfall.

The second treaty of partition, however, was proposed whilst the hall was filled with foreign troops, and the sullen silence of the members was taken for an assent. By this second act of spoliation, Prussia obtained the rest of Great, and a part of Little Poland, including Dantzic and Thorn; Russia extended her frontiers to the middle of Lithuania and Volhynia; and these two powers had again the effrontery to guarantee to Poland the integrity and independence of what remained to her of territory, which was taken as the announcement of further aggression. In order, too, to justify themselves, they declared that they were compelled, for the pre-

servation of order, to take these measures, because the Poles had embraced the revolutionary views of the French Jacobins. This unjust accusation raised the indignation of the Poles, and they determined to attempt one more struggle for freedom. They raised an insurrection at Warsaw, which was headed by Thaddeus Kosciuszko, whose name was the rallying cry throughout the republic. General Madolinski raised the standard of independence in the north, and marched boldly upon Cracow, which city was entered by Kosciuszko, on the 23d of March, 1793.

A series of splendid victories over the Russian troops raised the hopes of the Poles. The standard of independence was everywhere unfurled, the miscreants who had betrayed their country were brought to the scaffold, a supreme national council was organized, and Kosciuszko having arranged matters at Warsaw, went in pursuit of the Russians who had fled. But on overtaking them at Szczekociny, he found that he had to sustain a battle with the Prussians as well as Russians. Frederick, without even declaring war against Poland, had united his army with that of Catharine. A bloody conflict ensued, without any decided advantage on either side. But Kosciuszko found his forces so much weakened that he determined to retire into Warsaw, where the Russians dared not follow him on his march. The following month, however, the Prussians, led by Frederick, and the Russians by General Fersen, appeared under the walls of Warsaw. After besieging it for one week, they were compelled to retire, being threatened with an insurrection in Great Poland, where a fresh struggle took place, in which the Poles performed prodigies of valor.

All, however, was fruitless. Austria sent a contingent of troops to join the invaders; and the loss of two or three battles (one of which was gained by the too celebrated savage Suwarof, who marched his army without a halt from the Ukraine to join Fersen) threw a damp upon the spirits of the Poles. Surrounded by foes, Kosciuszko left Warsaw in October, 1794, and was compelled to give battle to Fersen on the 10th. It was bravely contested, but the odds were too great against him, and it was the last that was fought for Poland. Kosciuszko was taken prisoner, and was succeeded in the command by Wawrzeki, for the Poles still fought. But part of Warsaw being taken by assault, that city surrendered by capitulation on the 19th of November, and at the same period the entire Polish army was dissolved.

Stanislaus was ordered to quit Warsaw instantly, and repair to Grodno, where he soon after signed his act of abdication. In 1796, he was ordered by Catherine to reside at St. Petersburg, whither he repaired in November of that year, and died in February, 1798.

By the third partition of Poland the shores of the Vistula, the Bug, and the Niemen, became the frontiers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria; and thus, after ten centuries of existence, was the once powerful kingdom of Poland razed from the map of Europe.

The Last Royal Bull Fight at Salvaterra.

BY O. FOUNIER.

DON JOSEPH THE FIRST, of Portugal, when at Salvaterra, was only a sort of holiday-making king. The gossips used to say that in Lisbon, his Majesty sat at the lathe, while the Marquis de Pombal sat on the throne—a saying derived from the monarch's great mechanical skill as a turner, and the domineering spirit of his minister, the Marquis.

Now, there was no turner's lathe at Salvaterra, where the king used to hunt and feast, and then yawn for a couple of hours in the evening in the handsome theatre that is still standing, while the Marquis de Pombal was busily filling in decrees appended to the king's blank signatures, like another Richelieu ruling a second Louis XIII.

It was now spring. The almond trees were in full blossom, the birds were all singing in the groves, and the flowers were laden with perfume, when a royal bull-fight attracted all the polite world to Salvaterra. It was quite a holiday for all the nobility. The bulls were magnificent, the cavaliers were dressed in their most elegant attire; while the amphitheatre presented one blaze of female beauty. All hearts were beating with excitement, or hope; and what gave the finishing charm to this gorgeous fete was the presence of the king, unalloyed by that of his unpopular minister—the Marquis de Pombal having been forcibly detained in Lisbon to hold a conference with the Spanish ambassador.

A somewhat sharp contest had indeed taken place that same day, between the Castilian envoy and the Portuguese minister, for which the latter was lauded to the skies by those who wanted to curry favor at court; while he was scouted by far the greater num-

ber, who hated him as a domineering upstart. All the puritanical *fidalgos*, or nobles, took part with the Spaniard, and devoutly hoped that the fear of incurring a war would put an end to the tyranny of the ennobled plebeian, as they styled him; while the magistracy and the gentlemen of the robe smiled disdainfully at their pretended devotion to the throne and the altar.

The Marquis de Pombal had rejected all the concessions imperiously demanded by the Castilian minister in the name of his court.

"Vastly well!" cried the Spaniard, putting an end to all further discussion: "an army of sixty thousand men will come into Portugal, and—"

"And do what?" inquired the Marquis, smiling calmly, as he looked at his interlocutor through his spy-glass.

"Why, bring your excellency to your senses, and to a due appreciation of my master's rights," retorted the Castilian, half a tone higher, thinking to dumbfound the minister.

The Marquis de Pombal knit his brows, and assumed that harsh expression that cowed even his royal ward, and replied coolly: "Sixty thousand men! it is certainly a good many for so small a house; still, the king, my master, will manage to accommodate them all. Aljubarrota was smaller still, yet we managed to find room for them. Your excellency may transmit this answer to your government."

Then, rising to dismiss the ambassador, he added: "Your excellency must be aware that every one is so strong in his own house, that, even when dead, he requires four men to remove him from it."

The ambassador was obliged to swallow the lesson thus given him, though not without muttering many an oath; and the Marquis prepared for war.

The fact is, the Marquis liked to keep up the dignity of his small nation, and knew how to put down the overawing pretensions of more powerful states. Moreover, he patronised arts and sciences, many branches of which owed the temporary impulse given them to his enlightened views; and if industry did not progress with mightier strides under his dominion, it was certainly owing to the native indolence of the people he had to govern.

But to return to the bull-fight—which, by the bye, was a species of entertainment entirely discountenanced by the Marquis, who thought bulls were better employed at the plough; that the *toreadors*, or bull-fighters, if of gentle birth, could serve the state more effectually with their pen or their sword; or, if belonging to the class of artisans, would become more useful members of society by ploughing or weaving—Don Joseph, though leaving all the business of state to his minister, could not be ruled on the chapter of bull-fighting, and insisted on having his own way in this particular. The *fidalgos*, therefore, doubly relished the fete, both from their national taste for such sports, and the Marquis's disinclination to entertainments of the kind.

The curtains were now withdrawn to the royal box, the king made his appearance, and his brilliant retinue filled all the surrounding places. An ocean of heads waved to and fro as they doffed their hats, all eyes were raised for a moment towards the new comers, and then fell on the arena, where the royal flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the bull-fighters. These cavaliers, all of the most illustrious birth, now appeared, with their lances resting on their stirrups, and mounted on richly caparisoned coursers, whose velvet hangings were embroidered with their arms. Their variegated plumes fell gracefully over their hats, and their swords, encased in chased silver sheaths, were slung on a handsome baldric of silk and gold. The *capinhas*—namely, those who excite the bulls by displaying capes and streamers, and the *forcados*, armed with forks to prevent the bulls leaping over the barriers, were all elegantly dressed in the old Castilian costume, and their martial countenances gave token of their eagerness for the fight.

Amongst all the cavaliers, the Count dos Arcos, son to the Marquis de Mariaiva, shone most conspicuous. He wore a costume belonging to Louis XIV's time, entirely of black velvet. The magnificent lace that ornamented his throat, his wrists and his knees, at which his embroidered garters artfully compressed sundry puffs of fine cambric, alone relieved the monotonous hue of his cape and vest and hat.

The count was of the middle height, of a well-proportioned figure, and an extremely graceful bearing. His dark, almond-shaped eyes imparted soul and expression to the interesting paleness of his countenance; while his remarkably thick eye-lashes, when cast to the ground, threw a sort of shadow over his face, which imbued it with soft melancholy.

He sat on horseback with unstudied ease, and a natural dignity that enchanted the beholder. The worthy son of one of the best riders in Europe, he and his horse seemed to form but one being, realizing the fable of the centaurs. The graceful manner with which he rode round the lists, restraining the ardor of his fiery steed, apparently without an effort, called forth the loud and prolonged plaudits of the assembly. At the third round the horse stopped in front of a box, and seemed as if about to kneel down, while his rider placed his hand on his heart. A lady then blushed, and hastened to draw her veil over her burning cheeks. All this took place with the rapidity of lightning, yet this slight incident would have been sufficient to reveal a tale of love, could any one have guessed, in so short a time, that which was only known to these two souls.

The king smiled on the fascinating cavalier, when he bowed to him for the last time, according to custom, and said to his neighbor, "Why has the count come in mourning?"

"No doubt, on account of his passion," was the answer.

"I hope it forebodes no ill," said the monarch.

The conversation was here interrupted, as the fight was about to begin.

The bulls brought into the lists were of pure Andalusian breed, and their horns were not padded to prevent their injuring their adversaries, so that all the excitement of real danger was added to the barbarous sport. Several bulls had been disabled by the cavaliers, whom the ladies had rewarded for their dexterity by the sweetest smiles, when the door of the circus was thrown open, and forth stepped a black bull, whose long and taper horns were curved at the tips, and whose thin but sinewy legs showed him to combine the most marvelous swiftness with a prodigious degree of strength. On reaching the middle of the circus, he stopped short with a wild look, shook his splendid head, glared all around the amphitheatre; then striking the ground impatiently, he uttered a hoarse roar, in the midst of the silence that had followed on the applause from the assembled multitude. In a few moments more, the *capinhas* had leaped over the barriers to avoid the alarming velocity of his career, while two or three dying horses gave token of his headlong fury.

For a time none of the cavaliers confronted him, while the bull was tearing round the circus, as if to defy the combatants. Presently the Count dos Arcos was seen to stand the encounter firmly, while the shaft of his lance was splintered, leaving the point buried in the bull's muscular throat.

A frightful roar from the wounded animal, the deafening plaudits of the assembly, and the flourish of trumpets, crowned this brilliant exploit.

When the noble young cavalier passed once more under the box, before which he had previously caused his steed to bow his head, a snow-white hand let fall a rose, which the count gracefully picked up with his lance as he galloped by and placed it near his heart, after pressing it to his lips. Then once more exciting the bull, who stood motionless with sullen rage, he wheeled round and round him, till the animal began to tear up the earth and to lash his sides with his tail. In the excitement of the moment, the young man forgot all danger, and periling his life for a smile, he ventured to graze the bull's front with the point of the lance, when the terrific creature bounded at him with wild fury. In another moment the horse was rolling on the ground in the agonies of death, and the rider, wounded likewise, was unable to rise. The bull then dashed forward, clearing every obstacle in its way, and picking up his adversary with his horns, tossed him up in the air, receiving him as he fell on the point of his dangerous weapons of defence, and never relinquished his prey, till, on placing one of his paws on the mutilated corpse, his instinct told him his victim had resigned his last breath.

This tragic catastrophe was completed before the echo of the last plaudits had died away.

An awful silence of intense suspense had pervaded the whole assembly, while these thousands of hearts were all beating with one all-absorbing anxiety. King, vassals and ladies, with their bodies leaning half out of the boxes, and suspended breath, were gazing at the fearful struggle with agonized curiosity; then, in another moment, every eye was turned upwards, as if to follow the track of the soul that was mounting up to heaven from the blood-stained circus to the foot of the throne of the Most High.

At the fall of the young cavalier, one immense cry of horror resounded through the amphitheatre;—then, when the victim was whirled aloft, and expired before reaching the ground, an agonized sob proceeded from one of the boxes, and a lady was

borne away, apparently dying, in the arms of her companions.

Don Joseph hid his face in his hands, and the courtiers seemed petrified into silence.

But the fearful drama was not yet concluded. The Marquis de Marialva had watched his son's evolutions at first with paternal pride, but the moment the black bull entered the circus, his face seemed overcast by a dark cloud. On the count's advancing to excite the animal, the old man's features had become contracted by anxiety, and he could not withdraw his fascinated gaze from the frightful duel, the fatal issue of which had seemed too certain to the anxious forebodings of a father.

On a sudden the Marquis uttered a stifled scream, and covered his face with his hands. His fears were realized—the horse and the rider lay on the ground. The last faint hope, clinging to a slender thread indeed, was presently rudely snapped asunder by death. The unfortunate father, on seeing himself deprived of the light of his eyes, and the prop and glory of his old age, spoke not a word and shed not a tear, but sank beneath the weight of his anguish, and as he looked up to heaven his lips moved, but without being able to give utterance to a single sound.

In another moment he seemed to have manned himself. His livid paleness gave way to a feverish flush, and his white hair, streaming over his forehead, looked as wild as a lion's mane. A sinister kind of excitement lit up his eyes, announcing the thirst for revenge, blended with a father's grief. As if galvanized into the agility and vigor of his youthful days, he drew himself up to his full height, and instinctively put his hand to his side to seek his sword; alas! had he buckled on that sword to his son's baldric on the morning of what he had hoped would prove a day of glory, but which had turned to one of everlasting mourning.

Then, without listening to the remonstrances of friends, he hurried down the steps of the amphitheatre, with as firm a step as though the snows of seventy winters had not accumulated upon his head.

The king thought it quite enough to have lost one subject on this inauspicious day, and did not wish to risk the chance of losing another. He sent word to that effect to the Marquis de Marialva.

The king commands the living, but I am going to belong to the dead," answered the old man, in a stern, hollow voice. "The king can do much, but he cannot stay a father's arm, nor dishonor the white hairs of a man who has served him these fifty years. Let me pass onwards, and take my answer to his Majesty."

Don Joseph valued the rough but sterling virtues of his old master of the horse, and the bare thought of losing him blanched his cheek; and as he leaned convulsively out of his box with clenched hands and set teeth, he awaited in mortal anxiety the issue of this dreadful struggle.

The Marquis de Marialva now entered the circus with the intrepid firmness of a gladiator. Grief had absorbed all other sensations. What is danger, what is death to him who is a prey to despair? After bending over his son's cold remains, and kissing his forehead, he unbuckled his baldric, and put it on. He now drew the sword, and examined its point. Then, after placing the cape on his arm, and the black hat on his head, he stood in the centre of the circus, and attracted the bull's attention by displaying the cape.

There was something awfully solemn in the silence that reigned amidst the dense mass of spectators. One might have heard the pulsations of his heart, if in the old man's iron frame the heart had not been the humble vassal of his will.

The bull dashed at him, but the Marquis eluded the shock; and each time the enraged animal attempted to trample him under foot, he was foiled by his adversary's skill and coolness. His nostrils were now distended—his mouth was foaming—he lashed his sides with his tail—his eyes became haggard, and his legs were beginning to give way under him—yet the marquis kept him at bay by a series of skilful manoeuvres.

This scene had lasted for half-an-hour—yet never for a moment had the intense gaze of the surrounding multitude been withdrawn from this all-absorbing sight. No one thought to applaud; but silence expressed still more eloquently the intense interest taken in the sequel of the struggle.

On a sudden the king uttered a cry of alarm, and fell back on his seat, as the marquis stood waiting the encounter of the bull, with chest uncovered. The larger number of the spectators fell on their knees to pray for the soul of the last of the Marialvas; and the pause that ensued, though only of a few minutes duration, seemed a whole age of agony.

Then, through the sort of mist that appeared to float before the eyes of each horrified spectator, a sword was seen to flash, and was then plunged up to the hilt behind the animal's neck—a roar echoed through the amphitheatre, and the fall of the colossal bull formed the last act of this bloody tragedy.

A shout of triumph now rent the air, while the marquis, after nearly reeling beneath the shock of the encounter, had regained his footing, and went to kiss his lifeless son, and bathe his cold face with his tears. The bull rose up once more, and crawling to the spot where he chose to die, fell down with stiffened limbs on the prostrate body of the count's horse.

At this moment the spectators turned their eyes towards the royal box, and shuddered on beholding the king, as pale as ashes, standing beside the Marquis de Pombal, who had evidently arrived in the utmost haste, as he was covered with dust. Sebastian-Joseph Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal, stood with his back to the circus, and was talking to the king with great animation. The conversation was short; but the marquis never changed his position till the king left his box, in order the better to display his contempt for these barbarous entertainments.

"We are going to war with Spain; yet your majesty wastes your time and the blood of your subjects at bull-fighting! At this rate Portugal is on the high road to become a Spanish province."

"This shall be the last bull-fight, marquis; the death of the count dos Arcos has made me renounce bull-fighting as long as I live."

"God send it may, sire!" rejoined the marquis. "We have not so many men that we can afford to give one away for a bull. Will your majesty allow me to carry your condolences to the Marquis?"

"Do," said the king, who left his box, while the Marquis de Pombal entered the circus with all the dignity natural to his commanding figure, and raising the inconsolable father, said to him, in a tone of friendly severity: "Marquis, men of your excellency's stamp ought to give the example of firmness. You had a son—God has been pleased to take him—we must submit to his will! We are going to war with Spain, and my lord and master requires your sword, and your advice."

And he then drew him away to his carriage.

Don Joseph kept his word, and there never was another royal bull-fight at Salvaterra.

EAST INDIA JUGGLERS.—One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard-trodden avenue, leading with him a woman. He made her kneel down, tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bag net, made with open meshes of rope, he put it over the woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening it with knotted intertwining cords in such a way, that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it. The man then took a closely woven wicker basket, narrowed toward the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which, from its small size, she was necessarily in a most cramped position, he put the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cloth, hiding it completely. In a moment, placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the net quite untied and disentangled. He then took a long, straight, sharp sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and put aside the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket. Prepared as we were, in some degree, for this, and knowing that it was only a deception, it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes, driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers looked on, apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective. Stopping after he had riddled the basket, he again scattered dust upon its top, lifted the lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty, and then threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at the distance of at least fifty or sixty feet. Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat, the old man and woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the verandah on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved. The feat is

not a very uncommon one, but no one who has seen it ever gave a clue to the manner in which it was performed.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—I saw three persons standing at the bar who had given a circumstantial confession of a murder, and pointed out the very spot where the bones of the murdered man would be found. These were produced in court; and part of the clothes, and the cast thread of the murdered man, were identified by his friends and relations. Yet the doctor, my intelligent friend, Dr. Kirk—who accompanied Sir W. Harris to Abyssinia—on examining the bones, ascertained that they belonged to three or four different corpses; and as this incident gave a sort of hitch to the proceedings, and prolonged the trial, the result was that before it was over, the murdered man himself walked into court, and, it is said, was seen to examine his own bones with infinite curiosity. The story which he told, and which accounted for his remarkable disappearance from the village on the night of the supposed murder, was not the least remarkable of the tale, and is a good illustration of the manners of the East. He had been seen somewhat near the house of the prisoners; and he stated that as he was going homeward he met four or five Arab soldiers, who pressed him into their train to carry a bundle, and who made him accompany them for a six weeks' march into the interior, somewhere beyond Poona. When they dismissed him he was taken ill of fever, and laid some months sick at a village in the Deccan. When, at last, after four months' absence, he got back to his own village, he found that three of his neighbors stood a near chance of being hung for murdering him; so, like an honest fellow, he made his way to the criminal court, which, luckily for the prisoners, was not above ten miles off. It would seem most probable that the confessions in question had been extorted by the violence of the subordinate native police.—*Sir Erskine Perry's Bird's-eye View of India.*

BIRDS.—The activity of birds when they have young is most surprising. Dr. Macgillivray records the observations made by a friend on a pair of blue titmice when rearing their young. The parent birds began their labor of love at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and did not leave off till after eight o'clock in the evening, after being almost incessantly engaged for nearly seventeen hours. Mr. Weir counted their various returns to the nest, and found them to be four hundred and seventy-five. Up to four o'clock, as a breakfast, they were fed twelve times; between five and six, forty times, flying to and from a plantation more than one hundred and fifty yards from their nest; between nine and ten o'clock, they fed them forty-six times, and they continued at their work till the time specified, sometimes bringing in a single large caterpillar, and at times two or three small ones. The number of destructive insects removed by birds when feeding their young must be astonishing, if they are in any degree as active as the two blue titmice so patiently observed by Mr. Weir on the Fourth of July, 1837. Great as the number of returns to the nest seems to be, it certainly does not exceed that of the common window swallow.

FRENCH OPINION OF ENGLISH TROOPS.—The English troops were magnificent in appearance; their bearing was irreproachable; they manoeuvred with rare precision, but with that reflecting and slow calm which is the stamp of the nation, and which is to be found in the soldiers as well as the officers. The ensemble was remarkable in every respect; the discipline severe; the manner in which the officers commanded was sharp and haughty; but never were the chiefs to be seen in a passion with their men. What a strange contrast with the bearing of our troops!—with their dashing, easy gait, their martial and energetic air, the impetuosity which is stamped on all their faces! On looking at our soldiers we feel that ardor and impatience run through all their veins, and we can understand that in the hour of combat the unforeseen may at an instant arise from a difficult situation. In the English army, on the contrary, impassibility seems a duty; the officer in command knows at a glance what each one of his soldiers can do, and that not one will fail him. But on the other hand, not one, by a sudden inspiration, will exceed what was expected from him.—*The Expedition to the Crimea; by the Baron de Bazancourt.*

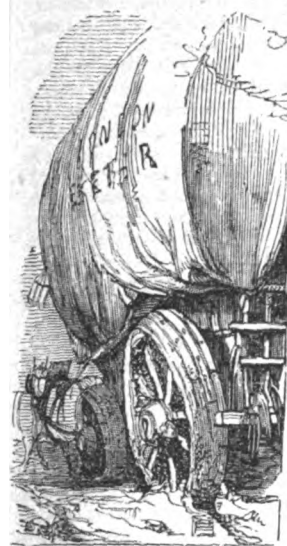
THE RIGHT VIEW.—To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious successful tradesman, of humble origin, observed—"You, my friend, are proud of your descent, I am proud of my ascent!"

GRUMBING.—There are two things about which you should never grumble—the first is that which you "cannot help," and the other that which you "can help."

ENGLAND

SIXTY YEARS AGO

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.



THE changes which have taken place within the last half century in the whole fabric of society—in dress, manners, feelings, habits—in roads, in locomotion—in morals, politics, and religion—in short in everything which interests the human race, are so extensive, so universal, that the young of the present day can form to themselves no

more idea of the modes of acting and habits of thinking of the last century than of those in the empire of China. Let me then enjoy the sad privilege of old age, and garrulous on the subject of former days. Such a retrospect is by no means useless. The men of to-day may be taught thereby how much it is possible for one generation to accomplish—they may be taught to hope for the changes and improvements they yet desire, from the quiet progress of thinking, and may be made aware, that as an instrument of warfare against old abuses and errors the pen is a vastly more potent instrument than the sword.

The analogy is perfect when applied to politics and morals; but it would be tedious to follow it out. If you, reader, be one of those who have laid down their spectacles, let your efforts be first directed, not to convince the wearers of them that your vision is perfect, and that they are foolish or wicked in believing their own—above all, do not speak contemptuously of their present opinions, set yourself gently and steadily to convince them that they are wearing spectacles, and do not hesitate to acknowledge that you once wore them yourself, and were equally prejudiced against any efforts to convince you of it. It will be time enough to argue for the abstract truth of your opinions when they have resorted to the use of their natural eyes.

It strikes me that by birth, education, and habits, I am peculiarly fitted for the task of laying before the public a statement of some of the mighty changes of the present century—having been born in that middle station in rural society which gave free access to those above and to those below. My father was what is called a gentleman farmer—a squire—a lord of the manor—a lay improprator of great and small tithes, and possessor of innumerable fragments (I should rather say rags and tatters) of feudal rights. A large forest, and various unenclosed commons were in the immediate vicinity, inhabited by a class of people now utterly extinct, whose free life of picturesque romance was a poor compensation for the idle, profligate, vicious, depraved, and even atrocious habits engendered by their position. Had I the pen of Walter Scott I would represent a state of society "Sixty Years since," compared to which his description of the Highland marauders is tame and spiritless. Unless, however, his faculty were bestowed on me, it were vain to attempt, to characterize the period with such an air of truth and nature as can alone produce conviction. I could give the anatomy of the body of the age, but could not breathe life into the corpse and show it in action. It is the sublime privilege of genius alone to re-create existences.

The town in which I viewed the scenes first described in these papers, had been once of considerable importance and possessed many feudal privileges. It was on the great road from London to Ireland, and near the centre of the kingdom; but the rapid advance of other towns in the vicinity (better situated for trade by reason of rivers, canals and roads) had fixed them as centres of great manufacturing districts, and caused the decay of such places as were less favorably located. As, in the present day, the direction of a railroad leads to a rapid increase of population in one quarter, and proportionate diminution in another, so this town gradually sank into

obscurity from similar causes—its market ceased to be frequented, and at last was abolished—coaches changed their route for roads more densely populated, and thus it became a large straggling village half peopled, instead of a bustling town.

Should the recollections of other men of equal age scarcely carry them back to a state of things such as I have described, let them bear in mind that the little intercourse between the capital and the provinces at that period, and still less between town and town, made the habits of a village, thus abandoned to depopulation and decay, at least ten or a dozen years in arrear of a place of manufacturing and increasing commerce and industry. To have once been in London was, at that time, a distinction like that which now renders a man eligible as a member of the Travellers' Club—and if an aspiring young draper or tailor, who had completed his studies in the metropolis (whither he had been sent, by what the neighbors considered the absurd ambition of his parents), returned to visit his bumpkin relations, he looked down with at least the due share of contempt on the ignorant rustics who listened to the wonders he recounted. How often has this occurred to my mind when listening to the calm boasting and compassionate condescension of men who have been round the world, towards the unhappy beings whose peregrinations have been confined to Europe.

I remember an inhabitant of my native village, whose desire of travel was so intense, that he at last resolved to appease his cravings by accompanying the broad wheel wagon to London; he arrived in the metropolis about six o'clock on a winter evening and left the next morning before daylight. His thirst was appeased and he was happy!

He had been in London!—and took brevet-rank accordingly.

Part of my father's income arose from the great tithes, and another part from a set of feudal fictions, called fines and amercements—these latter varied from four-pence to twenty or thirty shillings; and, although the sums were so small, amounted altogether to a considerable income.

The habit of considering abstract questions (especially political questions) among the ignorant and uneducated leads to very dangerous results when their own pecuniary interests are concerned. It requires much more cogent and irresistible arguments to convince us that we ought to pay, than to convince us that we ought not to pay—a very slight degree of evidence is necessary in the latter case, and we listen to the orator with a disposition to be convinced that saves him a world of trouble. How much more when the origin of the claim is, if not doubtful, at least mystified by the obscurity of antiquity. The American War of Independence had been successful, and the French revolution was preparing—men's minds were fermenting, and there was an abstract disposition to resist all claims, just or unjust; in a case in which the enforcement of the claim was tedious and expensive it is not extraordinary that our "fines and our amercements" became the object of passive resistance. Accordingly, one by one, our groats and nobles were refused, and the claim to them defied—litigation became enormously expensive—and when once a few claims were waived, the whole were opposed. Those who had no doubt of the right, and had taken their farms on those conditions, and who had, perhaps, at first, condemned their neighbors for resisting a just claim, became gradually convinced that their neighbors were right, and they themselves were wrong—that no doubt the claim was bad, or it would have been enforced—so they joined the rest, and the income was at last entirely abandoned.

Tithes were, however, more "sacred;" and although not a clergyman, the lay improprator had the law on his side, without the necessity of any great archaeological researches, and the amounts were worth litigating; but these were evaded in every possible mode. We had, amongst others, the tithe

of all lambs yeaned in the parish. By driving the ewes some distance into another parish, where the lambs could be born on tithe-free land, hired for that purpose, this claim was evaded; and though in some instances the law rectified the wrong, there was still a large source of income cut off, and a state of permanent animosity established between tithe owners and tithe payers.

All these things are necessary to be understood in order to know the state of feeling at the time.

On these and similar excursions I and my brothers were generally mounted on "straifs," that is, cattle which had strayed from the adjoining forest, where the animals bred in almost a state of nature. If not claimed in the course of twelve months and a day, they became our own; but during that period, if used, it was necessary to have a large feather (generally a goose-

quill) fastened transversely in the tail, as a signal to the claimant, if there were any. This feather in the tail I always considered as a feather in the cap, and was often shocked at the wicked people who mocked at it; these who resisted the payment of tithes, it was some consolation to reflect, were sure to go to the devil when they should die; but I was not quite satisfied with this deferred annuity of vengeance, and often regretted that we could not anticipate the payment.

Among the very earliest recollections which remain in my mind is that of Plough Monday. I could have been scarcely four years of age when first conscious of the universal terror which announced the approach of the annual saturnalia. Year after year was the subject debated in solemn, domestic conclave, and plans of resistance considered; but year after year did the courage of the household fail at the approach of the dreaded day. The subject was with me one of wonder and interest, mixed with alarm, before I grew old enough to estimate the danger. Often did I hear my father express his resolve no longer to bear the infliction; but my mother's terror always prevailed, and he was once more persuaded to defer his resistance and his vengeance till the next anniversary.

And what was Plough Monday, the reader will say, that it should be anticipated with such terror? It was an ancient festival of Ceres, I believe, which had gradually degenerated into an agrarian revolt. An enormous plough, decorated with flowers, ribbons, and other trappings, was drawn by three or four hundred young men similarly ornamented, preceded by a band of what was then called music! and accompanied by an enormous crowd of men, women, and children, with full-grown boys and girls, hooting, shouting, screaming, dancing tumultuously, like so many drunken bacchanals. As they approached the house, a messenger was sent on to know what ransom would be given—if this were refused altogether they proceeded to plough up the front of the house. Walls, railings, posts, trees of considerable size, could not for a moment resist the ponderous machine which, dragged by chains, tore its way through the ground to a great depth, leaving devastation behind it. A grass plat was destroyed—vases broken—shrubs torn up by the roots or cut off close to the ground, and a scene remained as if a mine had been sprung on the spot. If a sum below their estimate of their "Rights," as they termed them, was given, they still proceeded to do considerable mischief, but did not wreak full vengeance—it was only on the payment of their arbitrary demand, without hesitation or resistance, that they passed by without injuring anything. For the house of a gentleman this black mail was, I believe, two or three pounds; and it was graduated down to a shilling or two from the poorest laborer. The regular plough team was always composed of persons from a distance, and those inhabitants of the district who could have resisted the invasion, had they been so inclined, were themselves gone to distant places on a similar errand.

The money thus obtained was expended in profligacy and debauchery, little less extravagant than that of the followers of Juggernaut. A fortnight previous to the day was occupied in anticipations and preparations, and at least a fortnight afterwards was required before things could subside into their regu-

lar channel—so that every year a month of labor was wasted, besides the utter disruption of all habits of order and decency.

A still greater object of alarm, however, than Plough Monday, was that of the approach of Gypsies, who from their numerous unenclosed commons all over the kingdom, found everywhere shelter and food. Regular encampments of three or four hundred persons were sometimes located on the same spot for a month at a time, to the utter destruction of poultry and game, and not unfrequently they helped themselves to pigs and sheep. The neighboring farmers did not dare to be severe, or to call in the imperfect aid of the law, lest their fences or their cattle should suffer from the vengeance of the marauders. I remember on several occasions, the town being literally taken possession of by this gang of ruffians, who gave it distinctly to be understood that they should not budge till a certain sum of money was raised, when they would pass on to the next town and bestow similar patronage. For two or three days the streets were crowded, and every hay-loft and shed occupied by the nomadic tribe. Their departure was like that of the Israelites from Egypt—they borrowed (without divine authority) whatever vessels of gold and vessels of silver belonged to the parishioners. Of the former, I imagine, there were few; and the latter were, I presume, only spoons and cruet-tops—but such was the terror inspired by the threats of these lawless ruffians—some of which distinctly concerned their temporal goods, but not a few were addressed to their superstitious fears of ill luck, sickness to themselves, and a murrain to their cattle—such was the terror inspired by the unwelcome visitors, that, on their exodus, the universal voice was not one of lamentation for the loss, but of thankfulness for the ultimate escape. These inflictions were endured as men endure the consequences of earthquakes, storms, and inundations—as natural and inevitable evils, which, as they must be borne, it is best to bear without repining, and each time it was hoped that it would not happen again.

The drawing for the militia—the numeration of the population—the establishment of yeomanry—and the enclosure of forests and commons, gradually broke up this interesting state of society, and made the trade of deer-stealer, poacher, thief, and fortune-teller too hazardous to be worth following. A large number of these very enterprising gentry have passed to the Antipodes at the public expense, and they have now full room for their peripatetic researches—but if they wish to rob hen-roosts and pig-styes they must first breed the animals, for the establishment of their neighbors are too much dispersed to be worth the gleanings.

I can well remember, as a boy, the extraordinary beauty and even grace of these wandering outcasts—the large, speaking eye, the ruddy lip, the well-formed bust, and all the well understood allurements of the young females.

The festivities of May day—the morris dance and the May-pole—are well known, and not peculiarly characteristic of the state of society. Their universal prevalence, however, at that time, shows clearly that there was more room in the world, and that a large portion of the year was given up to amusement and relaxation from toil. When we consider that the population of the country at the period I now speak of was much less than half its present amount, and that so large a portion of the soil was left uncultivated, it is clear that the incessant toil of the present day was unnecessary, when every man had a claim on the bounty of nature. That the race was happier in the latter part of the last century than it is now, cannot be questioned, but it was the happiness of the pig or of the fox. Ceremonial religion had been abolished, and there was neither education nor self-respect to adopt the substitute of dogma disputation then recently introduced by Wesley and Whitfield.

Among the amusements of the people at the period I am treating of, the universal practice of bull-baiting is, perhaps, the one most characteristic of the state of society. I can hardly to this day forgive my parents for allowing me to attend these horrible exhibitions. My father, however, held some seigniorial rights on condition of furnishing a bull to be baited, and I will do him the justice to say, that he made many attempts to abolish the practice long before the patriot Wyndham undertook its defence. Whether the eloquence of that noble gentleman in vindication of the savage and inhuman sport had any effect in altering his views on the subject, I cannot say; certain it is that the amusement continued (as Mr. Wyndham phrased it) to stimulate

the noble courage of Englishmen, till abolished by the goose-quill. My father offered a fat ox, nay, I believe, a couple of fat oxen, to be roasted for the recreation of the enlightened and humane people, as a vicarious sacrifice for the bull; but free-born Englishmen disdained the degrading appeal to their bellies, and insisted on the bond—nay, they even contended that the flesh of a bull which had died of rage, exhaustion, mutilation and terror, had a zest beyond that of ordinary meat, and which fully compensated for its toughness—so the practice was continued.

The poor animal was brought out with great soothing and gentleness, and led to a stake in the centre of a place, which like the "Grande Place" in France, was the modern Forum of every town, and called the Bull Ring. When he was once secured, or believed to be secured (for there were instances where, in his agony, he broke his bonds, and wreaked vengeance on his persecutors)—when once believed to be firmly secured, a loud shout from the multitude pronounced the approaching triumph of humanity—one by one, the ferocious bull dogs were loosed upon him. While he possessed his full vigor, he was able to anticipate the designs of his opponents, and when the dog, in the instinct of his nature, tried to seize the nose, either impaled him on the point of his horn, or tossed him aloft higher than the houses, when his fall sometimes burst his bowels, and sometimes, though rarely, killed him on the spot. I have seen the mutilated dog, torn and bleeding, drag himself again towards the bull with all the ferocity of his nature, and die before he could reach the spot; or perhaps the bull, unable to reach him with his horns, turned round and trampled him into a shapeless mass with his heels.

"Then rose the cry of women, shrill
As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammered slow."

The monsters in human shape, who bred the dogs for this horrible pastime, filled the air with imprecations, or notes of exultation, as the failure or success of their favorites brought them gain and honor, or loss and disgrace—wagers were banded about with a vivacity amounting to frenzy, and many a man, led on by the excitement of the moment, lost a sum which ruined him for life.

The ferocious tenacity of these dogs, when they had once seized the nose of the bull and pinned him to the ground, was wonderful; the bull could not move from his position because of the agonizing pain of that exquisitely sensible organ; any attempt to shake off his opponent was vain, and in this dreadful torture was he retained, till, either from the difficulty of breathing on the part of the dog (while his jaws were thus fixed) or from the period allowed by the laws, laid down for the regulation of this humane amusement, having expired, the dog was pulled away by his master, a difficult thing, and seldom accomplished without the aid of snuff crammed into his nostrils; the snuff was bestowed liberally also on the bull, and when he raised his mutilated lips aloft and roared with agony, another universal shout of exultation announced the delight of the bystanders.

One of these bull-dog breeders staked a large sum of money that his dog would allow his shoulder to be separated from the body without relinquishing his hold of the bull, and he won his horrible wager! Having just anatomical knowledge enough to know where the principal artery was placed, he passed his knife behind the shoulder blade as we do in carving a rabbit at table, and separating the whole shoulder and limb from the body left it dangling by the blood-vessels, and a few fibres of muscle which he had avoided to cut. The dog retained his hold for a quarter of an hour, when the loss of blood made him faint away, and his noble master rewarded his merits by cutting his throat. This was mercy!

At last, however, the poor bull, worn out with fatigue and agony, would crouch down, and burying his nose between his legs, leave his whole body exposed to the malice of his enemies. Sticks armed with sharp nails were driven into his flesh, and especially into those parts deemed to be most sensitive! the hellish cruelty of the crowd never ceasing to reproach him with cowardice. Cats were tied to his tail; this generally roused him to fury, and as the poor creatures were swung backwards and forwards screaming and clawing, sometimes fastening his tail to his side, sometimes to his back, and sometimes fixing their talons between his legs, shouts of laughter and obscene jokes told the joy of his tormentors.

When still further exhaustion proclaimed the approaching termination of the game, and the wretched animal lay down in a pool of his own blood and that of the dogs he had destroyed, a bunch of furze was

tied to his tail, and others fixed by nails in his back, and set on fire. This was capital fun; at this moment my heart is sick with the recollection of having clapped my own little hands in transport at the wild fury of the mutilated beast in his staggering agony of terror.

Loathsome and horrible as are these details, I have suppressed some which are too filthy and too shocking to be recorded. Let us not talk of bull-fights in Spain. Humanity is of so recent a growth in England that we have little cause for pride. Nothing I have ever read of them can be compared with the atrocities I have witnessed in England. Thank God they are gone! and the mechanic or manufacturing artisan, who once took delight in such atrocities, has been partially awakened to a sense of the dignity of his own being, and has learnt to prefer the reading-room, the mechanics' institute with its lectures and its elevating intercourse between mind and mind, to the unspeakable horrors of the bull ring.

I must be permitted to cite one more instance of the state of public feeling on such subjects, and then I have done with cruelties. Badger-baiting and bear-baiting have considerable analogy with bull-baiting, but were never attended with such glaring and long continued cruelty. Cock-fighting and dog-fighting are in a different category, and, however reprehensible, admit of the excuse that they are merely exhibitions of the pugnacious instincts which such animals exercise in a state of nature. Strange perversity of judgment. We did not hesitate to be present at the bull-baiting, but it was low and vulgar to participate in these contests of the dog, the bear, the cock, and the badger. These were for common people, our refinement looked down on such amusements with lofty contempt.

Still there was one other exhibition of cruelty which it was permitted to the gentry to enjoy along with their inferiors. I do not allude to cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday, which was common to all, and was especially the amusement of school boys. A number of cocks in succession were tied to a stake, and each boy was furnished with three sticks of about two feet in length. He threw at the head of the cock, and he who killed him won the prize—a still higher prize was reserved for the boy who succeeded in knocking off the head at one stroke. This delicate and innocent amusement surely no one could have the fastidious prudery to blame! Skill in the art was then as honorable as it is now in cricket, and there were even instructions given as to the best mode of outwitting the dodges of the sharp visioned cock, by making a feint to throw, and reserving the blow till the wretch had raised his head after bobbing to avoid it. Many a happy day have I had at this innocent pastime! God forgive me.

The amusement, however, to which I allude, was this,—a rope was extended across the street, at a convenient height, and to this rope were tied by the legs a row of geese, ducks, turkeys, and fowls, their heads hanging down and their necks in a froth with soap-suds, which indeed were liberally bestowed over the whole bodies of the poultry, so as to make them with great difficulty seizable. The game was practised thus—the competitors were mounted on ponies, horses, and donkeys, and to each was apportioned the part of the rope which corresponded with the elevation of himself and his steed, his task being so allotted as that the head of the bird should be just within his grasp when it hung down, but entirely out of his reach if the poor creature lifted it ever so little. The screams of the fowls, the gobbling of the turkeys, the hissing of the geese, and the quacking of the ducks in their constrained position, made certainly a very ludicrous concert of discord, and excited unbounded amusement in the spectators.

After allowing a moderate time to elapse, that the birds might become exhausted and less inclined or less able to snatch away their heads with vivacity, the fun began—the riders went full gallop under the rope, and he who could pull off a head had the bid for his pains. This was by no means a feat of easy accomplishment, the poor animals were very dexterous in escaping the hand, and as the riders were all mingled together in the *mêlée*, there was generally a heap of donkeys, ponies, and boys, all tumbled together a few yards from the line of victims. It was not till after many courses (and when breaches of the laws of the game had excluded numerous competitors from the lists), that trophies of success began to be exhibited—when the range of necks were tolerably denuded of soap, and a good many of them stripped of feathers and skin also—the bleeding necks formed a good handle—when the birds were nearly apoplectic from their long inverted position, and their visions dimmed by the blood which trickled down from their mutilated necks. It was rare, however, that all the prizes were won—

of the birds died in their places, with broken necks, but retaining their heads—and these were given to the poor!

It must be borne in mind that the refined feelings which permitted us gentry to preside at these humanizing exhibitions, would not allow us to mingle in them—any young gentleman who should have degraded himself by joining in the sport on his pony, would have been cut by his associates, as decidedly low and vulgar!

Yet it was a hard task to abstain—it was so exceedingly funny, to see the bird with bare and bleeding neck, twisting it out of the way at the approach of the clumsy hand of his enemy, when one felt sure, that by adopting a different mode of seizure, one could do it. I was like Louis XIV on crossing the Rhine, who is represented by the poet as lamenting his hard fate, which compelled him to keep in a place of safety;

"Se plaîgnit de son rang qui l'attache au rivage."

Often did I, for the moment, wish myself a butcher's boy, that I might become a competitor for these blushing honors; nor, horrified as I often was at a bull-bait, can I recollect a single qualm of conscience at the game of neck-pulling—children are cruel, but it is from ignorance of the pain they are inflicting. The roars of the bull in his torments, told me distinctly that he was in a state of intense suffering, but the noise made by the hens, geese, ducks, and turkeys, was grotesque, and had never been associated in my mind with the ideas of torture.

I have now done with rural horrors, and proceed to the description of amusements of a more blameless character: all are necessary to give an idea of society sixty years ago. When the innocent simplicity of rural life shall have been fully detailed, I will proceed to London, in which mighty wilderness I first made my appearance, in the last week of the last century.

One of the games still preserved, as connected with the holding of land, was a dance, of a very peculiar character, which, strange to say, had never been honored with a name. Twelve pairs of the noblest antlers, with their points gilt, were fixed in twelve (wooden) stags' heads, covered with the appropriate skin; a handle of eighteen inches in length was inserted in the under part of each, which a stout young man held in both hands before him, the horns resting on his shoulders. These twelve persons were preceded by a man in or upon (which ever it might be called) a wooden horse: the body of the man passed through the body of the horse, and as he walked along, his legs were concealed by the trappings which reached to the ground. Artificial legs and thighs were fixed to the portion of the man which was visible, and hung down on each side with a very fair resemblance to humanity; the lower jaw of the horse was moveable on a hinge; a string attached to it, passed over a pulley, in the upper jaw, to the man's hand, which on pulling made a snapping noise, something like a very large castanet, and kept time to the music, which was of a similar description to that accompanying the monster plough. To keep time (musically speaking) was impossible; since each musician exercised the privilege of a true born Englishman, and played as fast or as slow as it pleased him; it was quite sufficient if he kept to the same tune, and finished it as soon as he could; if the others had begun again it was not his fault. All the botheration of bass and treble, tenor, counter-tenor, with the whole zizanie of flats and sharps, breves and semibreves, quavers and crochets, was utterly unknown or unheeded. At any rate, they succeeded in their principal object—making a great noise.

The thirteen performers thus described were very gaily dressed with ribbons (I must confess sometimes cut out of paper), they paraded the town from morning till night, or at least till too drunk to stand—a climax in truth which sometimes arrived at an early part of the afternoon.

I should vainly attempt to describe the labyrinthine zigzaggy of their dance. It required great practice for a considerable time previous to the anniversary; and though to the uninitiated it might seem pure confusion, there was a "method in the madness" cognizable by the populace, and any error met with loud condemnation. Just as in the verses called "asonantes" by the Spaniards, in which most of their plays are written, the lowest of the populace perceives the slightest error, and punishes the actor with "applausos surdos" (deaf applauses), this consists in clapping the hands together, each hollowed as if it held an egg. It might be mistaken by a stranger for our own mode of signifying approbation, but it makes a most extraordinary kind of noise when performed by great numbers, to which

nothing can be compared but the dead rattle of an avalanche.

The original object of the ceremonies just described was stated, in the grant from Henry the Second, to be to collect money for the repairs of the church, the maintenance of the poor, and the keeping in order the public roads. While the church was quite new, and the poor and the roads not yet in existence, no doubt the collection was ample; but I cannot believe that if our ancestors had changed places with their descendants, the sum in the eighteenth century would have been greater than sufficient to accomplish its more immediate object, namely, to enable the whole party to get gloriously drunk.

Such, then, is a faint description of country life at the end of the last century. My father, who (unlike his son) was always *laudator temporis acti*, was enthusiastic on the virtues and happiness of the peasantry in the time of his own youth; but as he had the disadvantage of being born in a much higher position in life than myself, he had habitually worn the rose-colored spectacles of aristocracy, and I do not attach much importance to his testimony. One fact, however, is worth recording as indicative of the changes then going on. He said that, on first entering into life as a "noun substantive" which could "stand by itself"—they were in the habit of giving a dinner, a pair of gloves, and a crown a piece, to half a dozen persons annually, as, in lack of paupers, they would otherwise have been compelled by law to join the next parish which possessed a superabundance. A benevolent gentleman, however, established a cotton factory—made a large fortune and retired—left his factory to a man of straw, who soon failed, threw on the parish an enormous population of dissolute and abandoned persons, and raised the poor-rates to fifteen shillings in the pound.

The state of the public roads at this time was universally such as to forbid travelling in winter except on horseback, or in the heavy lumbering vehicles of the day—the general form of these was exactly the same as our present omnibus—there is nothing new under the sun: the reader may be assured that the coaches of that day differed only in being more coarsely and more strongly built, with wheels adapted to the deep ruts in which they had to travel—these were called long coaches, but there was another kind called a diligence, or as it was generally pronounced, a dilly,—the latter may be seen in the "Inn Yard" of Hogarth. Neither kind of carriage had springs, but were suspended by leather straps like the lord mayor's coach. In the case of the long coaches these were transverse, from the wheel on one side, to its corresponding wheel on the other—and thus on stopping you had some minutes oscillation before the body of the coach became still—in the dillys it was fore and aft, in the long coaches athwart ships—in either kind it soon produced sea-sickness. I remember that having just read Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls, and having been convinced by her arguments that Hibernians were not more liable to the use of the catchwords than Englishmen, my companion, who had been annoyed by the motion I have described, exclaimed, "Och! and how extremely unpleasant is the motion of a coach when it's still!"

The part of the vehicle which supported the coachbox was not on springs—this, joined to the bad state of the roads, made the office of coachman so laborious, that twenty-five miles was considered a hard day's work—the back part of the coach was called the basket, and it was literally a basket of wickerwork, fixed on the axle-tree of the hind-wheels; of course, your luggage was battered to pieces, for the coach was really made to advance by trotting, and a speed of five miles an hour was obtained, which, with a slight declivity, sometimes amounted to six. On one occasion I had put a large and beautiful specimen of lead ore, enveloped in many wrappers, into the middle of my clothes in the portmanteau, hoping that the elasticity would preserve it; but at the end of sixty miles I found that it had worked its way through coats and trousers, down to the bottom. No one thought of remonstrating at one of the inevitable casualties incident to travelling—and it was long after the invention of springs before they thought of putting the box and basket on springs also, and thus not merely preserving the luggage, but enabling the coachman to drive a hundred miles a-day, as was generally the case on the road to Brighton.

The astonishment was unbounded when Mr. Sedgwick (I believe) of Bath, first introduced the custom of putting flints on the road without any soft earth "to bind them together"—a system to which Mr. Adam succeeded in obtaining the sanction

of government, and to which he has had the honor of giving his name. It is said to be a great feather in a man's cap to give a new verb to the language, but this dictum is of equivocal authority, since the respectable Mr. Burke discovered a new mode of ensuring a steady supply for the dissecting-room. We now talk of Macadamizing roads and Burking victims, but the inventions, I believe, are not held in equal honor.

Previous to the introduction of this mode of road-making, it was the usage to throw all your hard material into the ruts, which thus formed in dry weather a sort of stone railroad, regularly pressed down into the earth after the rain, and replaced the next fine weather—the middle of the road being only intended for the horses' feet, was left in a puddle, though here and there a large piece of stone was thrown down because it would last.

The common answer to an invitation from one family to another, was, "We will come and see you as soon as ever the roads will admit of travelling." As to making them serviceable in winter, no one was so sanguine as to expect an impossibility.

The practice of cutting down the summits of hills, or filling up valleys, was not yet invented—the principal hills (especially Chalk Hill near St. Alban's) were provided with a sort of station-house at the bottom, where a number of men with large wooden wedges at the end of poles, were always to be found; their duty was to walk behind the carriage as it mounted the hill, and thrust the wedges under the wheels, and the horses made a spasmodic effort for a minute, and then rested: they also steadied the carriage on its descent, and prevented its overturn when a wheel slipped off a large stone into a deep hole. In this mode it was possible to accomplish sixty or seventy miles in the twenty-four hours, and we were not a little proud of our superiority in this respect over foreigners. I once posted from Pontarlier to Paris, in the month of November, in a light but firmly built carriage; the law enforced only four horses, but such was the state of the roads, that four horses could not draw the carriage, and I was under the necessity of actually putting six, with three postillions. Hurrying home and bribing for the sake of expedition, I could not venture to travel but during daylight, and just accomplished rather less than an average of four miles an hour.

For a long distance in the neighborhood of Woburn Abbey, on the great highway from London to Ireland, the road, if road it might be called, was composed of deep sand, through which a pace of one mile per hour was thought a very fair progress in dry weather. It was impossible to make roads through sand, as all the world knew. It is now as good as any road in the kingdom.

Habits of excessive drinking were at this period universal, and the clergy were by no means more abstemious than the laity. It was not, indeed, considered quite delicate or proper for them to appear drunk in the pulpit or the reading desk, though even this I have witnessed in the case of three men whose livings were not ten miles from each other; such was then the laxity of ecclesiastical discipline. But in the symposia of the gentry, and on any day but Sunday, it was by no means thought to be incongruous that a clergyman should be like the rest,—he was expected to be a jovial dog as others; and if he could point a few jokes at the doctrines it was his duty to teach; he was considered a good honest fellow with no nonsense about him.

The reader will suppose that I am describing the manners of a class many degrees below the rank of gentry,—it is not so,—I speak of the tables of men of from seven hundred to two thousand a year, and of their superiors, many of whom were noblemen of large possessions. I cannot believe, from what I know of Scotland that Scott needed to go back sixty years from the time he was then writing, to make his description of the Baron of Bradwardine and his computators applicable—to drink deep was a sign of manhood, and from the mode in which they commenced their excesses, drunkenness soon arrived,—six or eight habitual toasts were inevitable,—"Fill your glasses, gentlemen,—no daylight, no heeltaps,—a bumper!"—these were tossed down in rapid succession, and wine glasses in those days were like claret glasses in ours, a bottle would only fill half a dozen.

In politics it is the universal custom on both sides to hold the opposite party responsible for all the extravagances and follies of their adherents. This may be all very well in newspaper controversy and an additional squeeze of lemon from time to time is especially necessary to make the punch acceptable to the popular palate; but it is unfair and unjust, and indulgence in the practice tends to mystify and vitiate the judgement. Certainly were

I held responsible for the toasts I have drunk or acquiesced in, I should cease to glorify myself in the title of Tory. It was amongst that party that I principally witnessed the scenes here described, and the sentiments then uttered would not now be avowed in an assembly of hot-headed Orangemen, as those of the opposite party would even disgrace O'Connell. These toasts served, however, as the excuse for excesses of which artizans would now be ashamed. To leave the house of your entertainer able to walk was a stigma on his character and on your own manhood not to be effaced, till a repetition of the debauch with still greater excesses, had given evidence of your virility and of his hospitality.

To ensure himself against the disgrace, the deep disgrace, of the accusation that a gentleman had left his table sober, it was not by any means uncommon to lock the door on his guests till they had drunk as much as he thought proper; and I recollect with loathing the filthy scene which a dining room presented on the following morning. I was fortunately too young to partake of these excesses, and the gradual approach of a better feeling throughout society, made them always an object of disgust. Often did I vow that my children should never witness a similar humiliation of their father to that which I often saw, tho' not at home; and though I have partaken of a few, and but a very few, debauches in my time, the advance of civilization made temperance an easy virtue long before I had an opportunity of setting an example of any kind to my children.

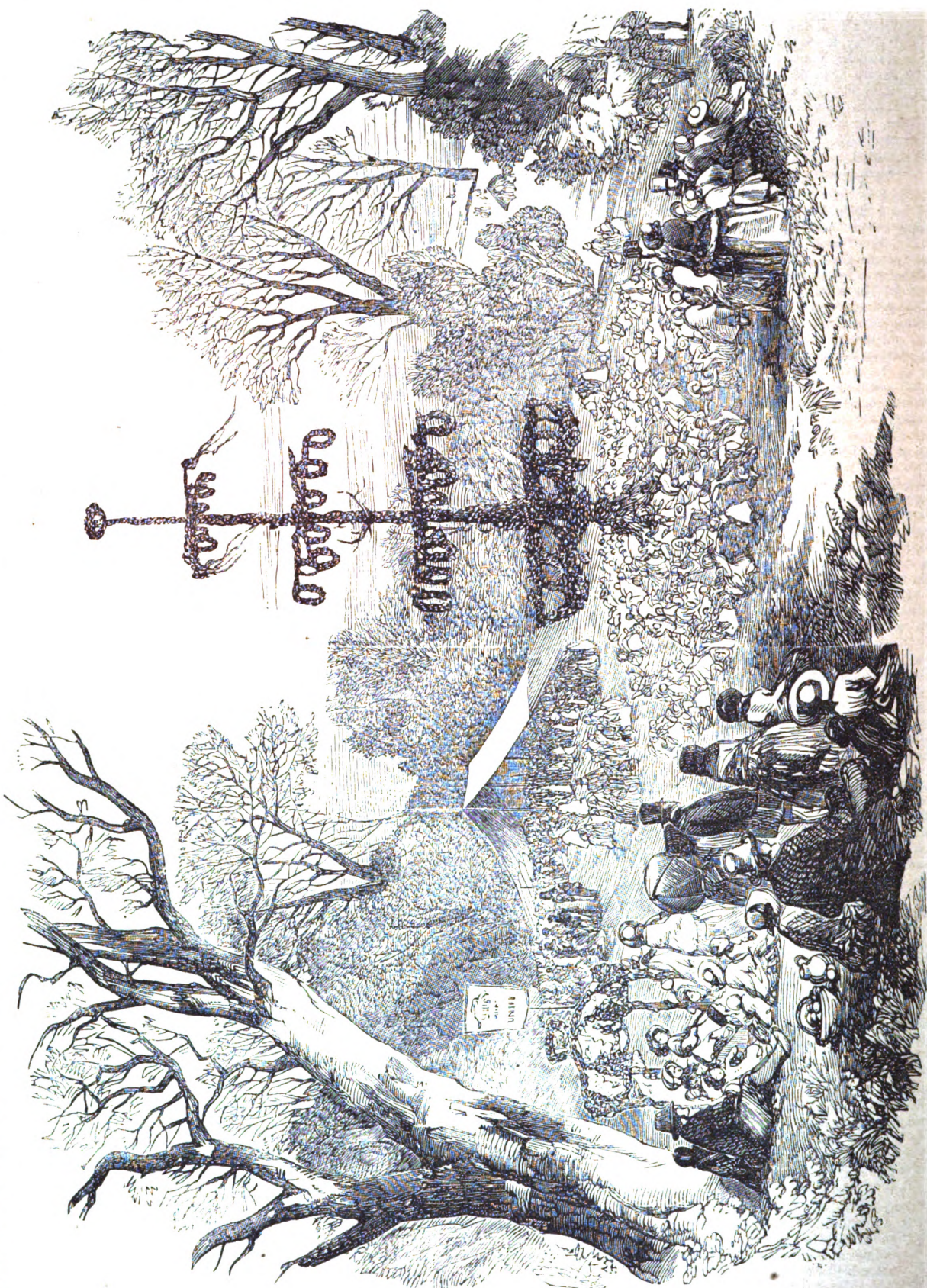
To secure the wished for consummation of intemperance, all kinds of stratagems were resorted to—hats were not to be found, great coats

had vanished, or the sleeves of them were sewed up, coachman and grooms were too drunk to guide the horses, and had to lie down on the hay in the stable till they were sufficiently recovered to do their duty; for, like master like man, and they sometimes bettered the example. All served as a pretext for renewing the debauch, which was often prolonged till daylight, although,

in those days, dinners were early—rarely after three o'clock.

"Ah, sir," said to me the ruined keeper of an hotel which had once been the centre of fashion, but which the enlargement of London had entirely superseded,—“Ah, sir, time was when every night we were obliged to send home a dozen gentlemen in hackney coaches because they could not stand, and

and no bargain was considered binding, till they had adjourned to a tavern, and partaken of a gill of wine together. This was repeated to every fresh contract; and a man of extensive business was necessarily drunk before dinner; gradually it became the custom to spit out part of the wine,—then to give part of it to the waiter; and latterly a charge was made in every contract for the price of the gill



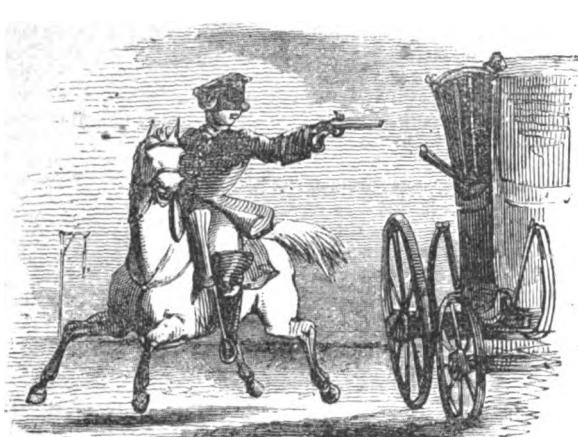
ENGLAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.—THE MAY POLE.

carry to bed perhaps as many more who were too drunk even to be put in a coach—those were times! but now! why, sir, for a dozen years past I don't think any gentleman has left my house tipsy. No money to be made now, sir!"

A curious instance of the prevalence of intemperate habits, in the latter part of the last century, has been mentioned to me by old merchants. They were accustomed to meet in the street, or in the exchange,

of wine, instead of actually drinking it; this charge ultimately became a perquisite to the clerks; and, as the habit was attended with no profit to the merchant, it was at length abolished.

The insecurity of the roads was such, that to travel after dark was considered a wanton risk, and foolhardy exposure to danger. The Royal Mail was repeatedly robbed, and the ordinary coaches fre-



knight-errantry, and sallied forth in his carriage, in each hand a double-barrelled pistol. The highwayman had scarcely time to present his pistol and utter the usual formula "stand and deliver," when he received the contents of two barrels in his body, and fell dead from his horse. The doctor, having provided himself with cord, stuck the man's ankles on the spikes behind his carriage, and tying them securely, left the body hanging down, the head on the ground. In this fashion he drove back into London, to the astonishment and horror of the populace, the head being battered to pieces on the stones. This little exploit was as extensive an advertisement as could be wished, and the effect was extraordinary: for more than a year there was an entire cessation of horseback robbery.

Is it not strange that the public could acquiesce in the existence of this Reign of Terror? We can hardly

conceive that such a state of things could be tolerated for a single week; yet, after the most audacious act of robbery, the country did not rise universally, as they would do in the present day, and spread the hue and cry for twenty miles around as quickly as horse could travel, but quietly lamented their hard fate, resolved never to travel late in the evening, and confided themselves to the protection of a police so notoriously defective; yet that police was, I believe, just as anxious to discover offenders as the present, but they were ridiculously weak in numbers, and the public gave them neither information nor assistance, although the persons of the robbers were well known, and people went every evening to that celebrated den of infamy, the Dog and the Duck, to see them in their symposia, enjoying their claret and champagne along with their fame.

To give a true description of this notorious place would throw discredit on all my preceding statements; it would be vain to expect belief unless I could be allowed to bring forward individual facts duly authenticated by public records, which the decency of manners in the present day would not permit to be put in print. I the more readily abstain, as it never was my fate to be present at any of these orgies, which were a disgrace to Europe itself, and I should be under the necessity of giving the history from the testimony of others only a few years older than myself, but who, being born in London, were of an age to participate or at least to witness these scenes, while I was in the pure atmosphere of the country, specimens of which purity and innocence are recorded in the preceding pages. I only remember the existence of such a place as the Dog and Duck, on the site, as nearly as I can recollect, of the present noble structure, the Bethlehem Hospital, in St. George's Fields. It was ostensibly what would in the present day be called "Tea Gardens," (which, like "Wine Vaults," is now a classic location) It was the rendezvous of pickpockets, thieves, highwaymen, boxers, cudgel-players, prostitutes, and other votaries of vice and debauchery, and if I may believe my informant, the most depraved imagination of man could not conceive a vice that did not there find the means of gratification.

But we will pass over all further mention of this loathsome den, and I will merely state that persons of the strictest character were in the habit of going to this place as to a show, where were pointed out

to them, the "man that robs on Hounslow;" the man "who attacked the gentleman's carriage last week at Bagshot;" the "celebrated pickpocket, Barington;" the "eminent footpad of Norwood," and so on, just as we should point out at the theatre the officers who had distinguished themselves in such and such a battle, or the celebrated speakers in Parliament. These men set public decency at defiance till their hour was come, till they were ripe, as the phrase was; when a long career of success having rendered them careless of precautions, the fruits of their plunder were found on their persons, or in their rooms, under circumstances that made conviction inevitable, and they were then duly strangled for the edification of their fellow-creatures.

One thing which essentially contributed to spoil the trade of highwaymen, was the invention of country bankers, and bank notes. Guineas could not be recognised, and were therefore safe plunder; but bank notes, and especially orders on bankers, were a poor reward for the risk of the neck, as they could not be presented without almost certain detection; more especially as a signature was at that time required to a receipt, and the accomplishment of writing was very rarely possessed by the very gentlemanly men who followed the chivalrous profession of robbing on the highway.

Yet the police were not inactive even in those days, as was testified by the numerous tassels of human bodies, suspended from ropes in the Old Bailey. This practice, like the other "ingenue arts," softened the manners of the age, and did not allow them to remain brutal. As a further encouragement to the advancing refinement, a long row of the remains of human bodies on gibbets ornamented the banks of the river Thames, and afforded demonstration to every foreigner who visited our metropolis, that the English were a highly civilized nation, and worthy of their exalted position. These bodies were enclosed in frames of iron, not so closely webbed, however, as to prevent the free access of the carrion crows, who, while enjoying their luxurious repast, and especially their first *bonne bouche* of the eyes of the corpse, called out, like the owls in the tale, "Long life to Sultan Mahmoud; while he lives, we shall never want ruined villages;"—"Long life to English lawyers; while the present race exists, we shall never want a tid-bit for our young ones." I think I had the happiness to visit the first meal of the crows on the body of Abershaw, who was gibbeted on Kennington Common—it was a glorious sight.

What a pity that the mischievous goosequill should ever have been plucked from its comfortable resting-place, and its split tongue made to speak so loudly, disturbing the repose of so many good sort of people, who rested in calm reliance on the care of Providence, and comforted themselves with the apothegm, that no institutions are perfect. "It is a glorious country—the law is the perfection of human reason; these innovators are disguised rebels, who would overturn our constitution, the wonder, admiration, and envy of the world!"

The goosequill worked away, however; and as men opened their eyes to the absurd, as well as wicked perversion of justice, it was found that juries became more and more perverse and obstinate; and at last compelled an alteration of the law, by the conclusive evidence they afforded that it could not be enforced.

The improvement in the manners of the aristocracy (always imitated by the class next below them,

quently. The apathy of the public at these atrocities, may be judged from the following incident. My father was desirous of benefiting by the new invention of gold touchholes, and accordingly brought up to town with him the barrel (only) of his fowling-piece. When he arrived at Bagshot, and had taken an early dinner, and while there was still an hour of daylight, the landlord came into the room uncalled, to remonstrate on the danger of passing the heath, and to urge him to wait till morning, when he would have plenty of companions; told him that a celebrated highwayman on a white horse (!) had already robbed several families that day! and that there was every probability that he was still prowling about. My father, who had business of importance in London which required his presence early the next morning, determined to incur the risk—half believing that the landlord's object was to secure the advantage of another guest for the supper, bed, and breakfast,—so he passed on. He was scarcely arrived at the middle of the heath, when the celebrated highwayman, on his white horse, rode up to the side of the carriage, and made him repent his temerity in rejecting the counsel of the landlord. It happened, that the muzzle of the fowling-piece was visible at the open window; the man, looking askance at it, moved round to the other side; it was changed over to the other side, and carefully pointed in a proper direction, so as apparently to be ready for execution, whilst only just enough of it was shown to give it the aspect of a horse-pistol: again he rode round, and again the barrel was changed. After a few more of these reconnaissances, the enemy thought it most prudent not to persevere in the attack on a man apparently so well prepared, and he galloped away.

Now what would be thought of such an event in the present day? Here was a series of robberies in broad day; no pursuit—no other excitement in the country but that of terror, and a cowardly acquiescence in what was thought to be an inevitable evil—the white horse, too!—as if in defiance and contempt of the "authorities." In fact, in the immediate neighborhood of London even, these things were done with impunity; the late Dr Babington, father of the present eminent physician, was twice robbed and ill-treated in broad day on Blackheath, and the man was never discovered. On the road to Croydon it was the custom for travellers, towards evening, to wait, if going towards that town, at Streatham, and if coming thence, at Thornton Heath, till a considerable number had collected; without which precaution it was considered unsafe to pass a spot called Norbury Gate (where a handsome villa has since been erected, now belonging to Mr. Saunderson) at that time a very dangerous place, much frequented by robbers!

So intolerable was this state of insecurity, that a very spirited Irish physician practising in London, whose name I regret to have forgotten, was moved to remedy the mischief. One remarkable man had committed not merely many audacious robberies, but many acts of wanton atrocity; the gentleman prepared himself for his dangerous course of



PLOUGH MONDAY.

and thus downwards) led to the improvement of the middle classes; but it was much later ere the immense body of artisans and mechanics began to partake of the general amendment. The high excitement of the war, and the enormous taxes it occasioned, aided the process with the employers, but aggravated the evil among the lower classes. Every man was sure of employment and high wages, whatever might be his character. A time of war, if the country be not itself the seat of it, is the millennium of the laboring class; the gradual dispersion of the large capitals in loans to the government spread ease and luxury among them, and the wages they obtained would scarcely be believed in the present day. I was once present when the clerk of one of our principal brewers was paying off his laboring coopers. "Is it not extraordinary, sir," said he, "that although these men gain on the average four guineas a week each, not one can wait till Saturday for his wages, but is compelled to have a portion on account?" In the sudden calls for extra exertion, I have known a packer to the East India Company to pay his men twenty shillings for a day's work,—it is true it was a day of eighteen hours' labor.

At this period, the laborer had no resource but the public house—there were no exhibitions open to him—no ornamented park—no wide and elegant streets—no steam boats—no omnibuses—no palaces or museums accessible to his curiosity—no coffee-shops—no reading-rooms—no cheap publications—no literature—nothing to elevate or inspire self-respect;—all was sordid, stupid, soul-deadening debauchery and vice; he was not respected—he was not respectable—he did not respect himself—he lived the life of a beast, and died careless of the future.

The curious contrast between the remains of the period of formality and restraint, and the advancing progress of slovenly license and negligence in dress and manners, would form an exceedingly amusing chapter of what Carlyle quaintly calls "World History." The tight breeches and large bunch of strings at the knee hanging down to the ankles, the flap waistcoat, the straight coat without a collar, the plaited stock, the ruffles, the broad and dangling frill, the large shoe buckles, the profusion of hair powder, and the low-crowned hat, were symbols of the wearer's party, and showed him a determined Conservative or Tory; while what was called "the slovenly pantaloons of the low-born assassin," the long lanky elf locks, the brimless hat, with crown like a steeple, the strip of cloth down the back called a coat, coming almost to a point at the bottom, the double breast and lappels turned back beyond the shoulders, the waistcoat stopping short of the waist by six inches, the low-heeled shoes tied with long ribbon dragging in the dirt, and the loose and shambling walk, denoted the Jacobin, or, as he called himself, the Republican. I know not which manner and which set of habiliments were most absurd and ridiculous.

There was, however, this difference in the effects of the two,—the man who was punctiliously dressed was compelled in his own defence to preserve a decorum of manner and behavior, and an apparent deference for the feelings of others which reacted on himself,—to show levity in a dress so formal would have made him an object of laughter,—and it is on this ground that I hope to see the dress of our judges preserved;—its original purpose of impressing awe on the bystanders may no longer be obtained—but it does certainly promote a dignity and sedateness of manners in the judge himself, which tends to keep up a reverence for the administration of the law.

The Scala Santa at Rome.

THESE "holy stairs," twenty-eight in number, are believed to have belonged to the palace of Pilate, and to have been trodden by our Saviour on his way to be crucified. It is further believed that they were miraculously transported to Rome. They are cased in wood, to preserve them from being worn away by the constant friction of the knees of the faithful, and are sheltered by a handsome portico, erected over them near the basilica of St. John Lateran. At the top is a small chapel, over the altar of which is inscribed in Latin—"There is not a holier place in all the world." At the bottom is a warning that "no one may ascend on foot the holy stairs." There is also a notification which I copied, to the following effect: "Herewith plenary indulgence is granted, at the point of death, to whosoever shall have practiced during life the recital, in any language, of the anthem, 'Angel of God, who art my guardian, this day enlighten, defend, rule, govern me, entrusted to thy care. Amen.' Also one hundred days of in-

dulgence, applicable to the relief of holy souls in purgatory, are granted to any one each time he shall recite the said anthem, in whatever language." To obtain the extraordinary indulgence granted to all who climb these stairs, repeating a prayer on each, persons from all countries and of all conditions may be seen shuffling up on their knees. We saw, on one occasion, two friars performing this extraordinary act of worship, kissing each step most devoutly as they ascended. Two women in advance stood a great chance of being overtaken, if not by the monks, at least by a young man, who, disregarding the law, after kneeling and repeating some prayers on one step, skipped up two or three on his feet, and then knelt again. Sometimes as many as fifty are there clambering up together, and often presenting a ludicrous scene. For as the feet are not allowed to be used, even for a moment's assistance in gaining a higher step, the performance is not very easy for the aged and the corpulent.

Here princes and beggars, delicate ladies, and Campagna peasants, mingle together. Sir G. Head says: "It is by no means an extraordinary occurrence to see a young nobleman, fashionably dressed, leave his horse in charge of the groom outside, and entering the portico with golden knobbed riding-whip in hand, and eye-glass on his eye, kneel down and kiss the first rota, pass the vestibule on his knees, kiss the second rota, and perform the ascent as rapidly as an ungainly person would do on his feet. Again, there may be seen a Roman lady of rank, and her two daughters, descend from their carriage, cross the portico, daintily lift up their silk dresses in front in such a manner that as they scuffle on their knees across the vestibule, making the same prostrations, and kissing both rotas, the petticoat of snowy dimity comes in contact with the pavement; all which part of the ceremony is performed with tolerable facility, though all three persons are destined to meet with difficulties in the ascent, uncountered by their lithe predecessor. For deeply impressed with a sense of the religious pilgrimage they are undertaking, at the same time earnestly desirous to keep as close as possible together, they are liable to numerous disasters in the performance of the unusual exercise; and unable to regulate their strength as need be, sometimes in consequence of an over effort, and sometimes owing to the effort being made in a wrong direction, come into violent contact and nearly overcast one another; to say nothing of the overreaches caused by persons on the step above stopping suddenly and unexpectedly, whether for the purpose of uttering a prayer or resting from sheer fatigue."

It was up these stairs that Martin Luther began to climb, during his visit to Rome, which did so much to open his eyes in reference to the true character of the system. But in the midst of this task, by which he thought he could merit forgiveness, he seemed to hear tones of thunder, as the voice of God, the words which twice before had arrested him—"The just shall live by faith." Convinced how contrary to the Scripture method of salvation was the act he was then performing, he started to his feet, rushed down the steps, and fled from the scene of his folly; the words still ringing in his ears—"The just shall live by faith."

As I watched the devotees doing this penance, many of them with evident seriousness and earnestness, I longed to make known to them the "new and living way" to the holiest of all, and to point them to that Saviour who, having already atoned for our sins, waits to bestow plenary absolution on all who will accept it, without money and without price. Yet I thought some professed Protestants might learn a useful lesson; for does not the earnestness of some of these victims of superstition shame many who, with clearer light, live in habitual indifference to religion? If they are foolish who seek pardon by this act of penance, are not they much more foolish who take no pains at all to secure it? And will not these devotees rise up in the judgement to condemn many who, the pride of superior knowledge, ridiculed their superstition, without sharing in their earnestness?

The Castle and Grotto of St. Servolo.

NEAR TRIESTE.

THE wonderful district of the Chalk Mountains of Carniola, with their splendid caverns, columns, waterfalls, and bridges, and other fantastic objects, are probably not altogether unknown to our readers. One of the principal objects of interest in the district is the Grotto of St. Servolo, celebrated for its beautiful stalactites. This remarkable cavern is situated at a short distance from Trieste, on the top of a limestone rock, at whose base lies the village of Doolina; from which a shady path winds its tor-

tuous way through crags to the summit of the mountain. Oaks scattered here and there, crags overgrown with evergreens and moss, are the only objects which present themselves to the eye of the traveller.

After a walk of half an hour, we reach the village of St. Servolo, situate at the foot of an enormous rock, on whose summit stands the ruins of a castle, built during the feudal times.

Here the eye wanders over a picturesque landscape, composed of hills rising one above the other, numerous meadows, with their rich green carpets melting away into the blue of the ocean; the city of Trieste forming one of the most beautiful features of the scene.

Leaving the ruins of the Castle, the traveller reaches the Grotto of St. Servolo by a steep and difficult path; the entrance to it is scarcely perceptible amongst the crags which arise on every side. It resembles the vaulted gallery of a cloister; detached columns support the roof of the cavern, and projections at the sides of the vaulted passage have the appearance of half columns. Arch rises behind arch, and blend their shadows with beams of the day, forming a rich twilight, by the help of which, magic fancy may conjure up amongst the stalactites figures of the most fantastic appearance. A staircase of thirty-four steps, leads into the large, gloomy hall, full of stalactite pillars; the numberless colossal masses, rising like a forest of fir trees, casting their lengthened shadows, and the monotonous dripping of the water breaking the deep silence, cause a shudder to pass through the breast of the spectator.

At the lower end of the first gallery there is an altar erected to the memory of the saint, and on the first Sunday after the 24th of May, the whole of the inhabitants in the neighborhood attend a solemn service in the Grotto. The afternoon is devoted to festivities and national dances. Behind the altar is a small chamber, in which, it appears, he passed his days. A spring of clear water, gushing out of the rock, furnishes a draught to quench the thirst of the weary visitor. Lofty caverns, immense chasms of every kind, present themselves, and prevent the visitor from making a further exploration of their hidden depths.

SULPHUR.—Sulphur is a great institution. Mingled with iron it seriously weakens it, and in fact the great problem in iron making is how to get rid of it, or to avoid introducing it with the fuel. Mingled with saltpetre it forms gunpowder, as symbolical of war as is the iron manufacture of the arts of peace. Mingled with india rubber, it vulcanizes it into "a kind of vegetable metal," capable of becoming harder instead of softening with heat, and which has more money than even a fashionable lady spends in shopping. Mingled with ore in the earth, it forms the rich "galena," the brilliant "pyrites," or the valuable sulphurets, but mingled with the gases which escape in smelting the same, it destroys vegetation and proves very mischievous generally. Mingled with oil, a late patent assures us the product is a cheap gum, not unlike rubber, very valuable for its water-proofing qualities, and unrivalled as a protector for clothing or as a coating for porous and crumbling stone. Another inventor has discovered that melted with bone dust and again ground, it makes a most powerful fertilizer; and yet another, that its fumes are just the thing for manufacturing jerked beef. Diffused to a certain extent in water, medical properties are developed and dyspeptics rush headlong to "the Springs." But exhibited in a burning mountain, it is too suggestive of the place we read of—where, by the way, it is said to play a still more important part. Altogether, sulphur is fully entitled to be considered one of the prime staples which go to make a world.

THE PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.—The pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning surpass all others; for if the pleasures of the affections exceed the pleasures of the senses, as much as the obtaining a desire or a victory exceeds a song or a treat, shall not the pleasures of the understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? In all other pleasures there is a satiety, and after use their verdure fades, which shows they are but deceits and fallacies, and that it was the novelty which pleased, not the quality; whence voluptuous men frequently turn friars, and ambitious princes melancholies. But of knowledge there is no satiety, for here gratification and appetite are perpetually interchanging; and consequently this is good in itself, simply without fallacy or accident.

RELIEVE MISFORTUNE QUICKLY.—A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when taken out of it.

The Chemistry of a Charcoal Fire.

As if the fury of battle, and the strife of elements, and the scourge of pestilential disease, were not enough to oppress the pale forms of humanity which rotted in trenches or shivered on the inclement heights before Sebastopol, many of the poor soldiers were, during the late siege, inadvertently poisoned by the fumes of burning charcoal. Would that all the attendant miseries of war admitted of such easy removal as this! Poisoning by charcoal fumes may under all circumstances be readily guarded against by simple precautions, and these we will now proceed to lay before the reader.

Everybody is aware that charcoal enjoys (if this word be permissible) a very bad repute in the matter of poisoning. People who remain near it, under certain circumstances, whilst it is undergoing combustion, are killed—suffocated by a peculiar gas which is evolved, and which chemists term *carbonic acid*. Yet, despite these facts, how is it that a French cook stands all day long in his kitchen—we really beg the artist's pardon—his laboratory, surrounded by charcoal fires, each without a chimney, and each, therefore evolving into the chamber fumes of this deadly gas? How is it that in Spain the universal method of warming a room is by means of the *brasero*, or little brass dish, containing ignited charcoal. If burning charcoal prove occasionally so deadly to such as may be near it, how does the substance admit of being used with complete impunity under certain other conditions?

The reader shall be informed why this is; there is a sound philosophic reason for it, and chemistry explains all. We have only to consider well the nature and properties of the fumes arising from charcoal undergoing combustion, and all that at first seemed contradictory and strange falls into the most lucid order. Let us begin, then, by announcing a certain fact, perfectly well known to every student in chemistry, that each adult human being exhales on the average from his lungs by the act of breathing, no less than thirteen ounces avoirdupoise of charcoal in the course of twenty-four hours! Yes, *thirteen ounces*; just fancy that quantity; or, what is still better, weigh it out, feel it, look at it. Some incredulous non-chemical critic may perhaps deny the possibility of this statement. He may argue thus: If charcoal really come out of the lungs in the breath, we should see it; the air would be so full of charcoal fumes that real metropolitan "blacks" would be a trifle by comparison. Chimneys vomiting forth their sooty fumes would be nonentities in the presence of the carbonaceous nuisance of our own breath—a nuisance totally beyond the powers of any act of Congress to abate. But charcoal does come out of our lungs nevertheless—not as black solid charcoal—not even in the condition of powdered charcoal; sorry would be our condition if it did. It is evolved in the form of carbonic acid gas; the very same gas which results from the combustion of charcoal, the very same which comes from effervescing soda water and ginger beer, which lingers in brewer's vats, which is expelled from limestone by means of fire, and which occurs in many natural localities, the most celebrated of which, though by no means the most extraordinary, is the Grotto del Cane, near Naples.

Perhaps some one may inquire of us the means by which we prove the identity of gases from all these sources, and moreover, how we prove that it contains charcoal. Simply thus: we prove the identity of all by analysis, which evolves the same materials out of all; and of these charcoal, black, combustible charcoal, is one. Now the point we have been tending towards is this: if the Creator has so willed it that each of us must daily get rid of no less than thirteen ounces of charcoal, the deduction is certain, that the thirteen ounces in question would have been damaging if allowed to remain in the system. Although most of the tissues and constituents of our body contain charcoal—or, if the reader chooses to employ a chemical expression, carbon—although, too, most of the food we eat contains it, yet this element, carbon, may be regarded as performing about the same function in our bodies as fuel in a fire-place; it *warms us*. In point of fact, our lungs are only a sort of stove, and our animal heat is the result of a sort of combustion, carbon being the combustible, and carbonic acid the result of combustion. Between the respiratory function, therefore, and the burning of charcoal in a grate or stove, there are the strongest possible analogies; indeed, there is almost an identity.

Seeing that the Creator devises such beautiful means for getting rid of carbon from our systems by the lungs, changing it into carbonic acid, and then causing it to be evolved, the inference is naturally deducible, that evil results would follow its inhalation to any considerable extent. See then, a very admi-

nable provision, intended as a safeguard to this calamity. It has been wisely ordained that all our naturally existing fuel, such as wood, coal, peat, etc., shall liberate carbonic acid in connection with a protecting safeguard. One never hears of people being suffocated inadvertently by the burning fumes of coal or wood; nevertheless, the announcement may surprise some people, when we aver that the fumes of burning coal and wood and peat are considerably more poisonous than those of charcoal. It is so, nevertheless; but the associated volatile matters possess such an evil odor, produce such coughing and sneezing and eye-watering, that one is too happy to get rid of them with all despatch imaginable. We burn coal and wood, in short, in a chimney, and thus send the noxious fumes into the atmosphere. The evolution of smoke, and acrid vapors from ordinary combustibles is, there can be no doubt, a special provision of the Creator against danger. When man for his own personal convenience converts wood into charcoal, dissipating those particles which when burned give rise to smoke, then the natural safeguard against suffocation is removed, and human intelligence must take its place.

But to return to a former part of our investigation: how is it that the French cook does not suffer? Why do not Spaniards over their *braseros* suffer? It is thus: carbonic acid is a very heavy gas. Although invisible, it admits of being poured from one vessel to another like a liquid. If one could view the gas in the Frenchman's kitchen, it would be seen floating about like water. Fancy, then, the condition slightly changed; fancy then, the culinary artist standing in a puddle, the water not rising quite so high as his mouth. Thus situated, it is evident he would not drown. Vastly uncomfortable he would feel, no doubt; but his breathing would not be interfered with. Precisely thus it is whilst in the kitchen, with the slight difference that an invisible gas takes the place of visible water. The gas rolls under his feet and between his legs, noiselessly, imperceptibly. It does not rise to the level of the cook's mouth, and therefore can do no harm; but if our culinary artist should try the experiment of lying flat on the floor for any considerable period, more especially if he should go to sleep there, then he would most probably be suffocated.

So much for our French cook; and now to proceed to our second illustration. Why does the Spaniard not die when seated near his *brasero*? Firstly, because a large quantity of carbonic acid must be generated before it can rise so high as the mouth and nose of a sitting individual; secondly, it is the fashion in all Spanish sitting-rooms never to shut the door. How the fashion originated we do not know, though we can vouch for the fact. Its protection, however, against the fumes of burning charcoal is obvious. The safest plan, nevertheless, of burning charcoal in dwelling houses is to burn it in a chimney. We have already adopted water as our visible representative of carbonic acid. Let us now adopt it once more. If the reader assume a piece of charcoal to be ignited, he may imagine a sort of cascade to arise from it; the cascade will be invisible, but not the less real for that. It will be a cascade of the heavy noxious gas in question, rendered lighter for the time by the expansive agency of heat. Up it spouts, until, becoming cool and contracted, it falls again. If, then, this cascade be made to play up a chimney flue, it will dart out of the chimney-top, provided the latter be not too high. Supposing, therefore, charcoal to be burned in a room, safety requires us to do one of two things: either to burn it in a grate or stove, duly supplied with a flue, in which case the jet of gas will dart upwards and be lost in the open air, as we have seen; or to burn it in a room through which, close to the floor, an orifice has been made. In this latter case, the gas cascade, falling to the ground, will at first flood it and then run out.

The curious property of great weight possessed by carbonic acid gas was once taken advantage of by a friend of ours under somewhat peculiar circumstances. He employed it for the purpose of destroying life—life by the thousand; but the living beings were wasps, and he attacked them in self-defence. Surely if war be justifiable under any circumstances, this was one.

"All sorts of expedients had I tried without avail," remarked our friend, detailing his wasp massacre to us; "my enemies could neither be driven away nor would they remain and be quietly killed. Some few I disabled as to flying, but this only made matters worse. They crawled instead, and, getting up my trousers legs, inflicted summary punishment with their stings. I at length bethought me of a philosophic trap for their riddance. It was a treacherous pitfall, and therefore a somewhat inglorious expedient on my part; but all stratagems are per-

missible in war. Beside me was an empty sugar cask, with the head knocked out and the sugar emptied, all except some little crystals of the "Indian salt," as Pliny calls it, sticking to the sides. These crystals were the source of attraction for my wasps. So I took a Florence flask, and charging it with some fragments of marble and spirit of salt, carbonic acid gas became of course liberated. I dropped quietly my deadly generator into the sugar barrel, little doubting what the result would be. It succeeded even better than I had anticipated. The upper regions of air in the barrel were pure enough, but underneath there was a deadly layer fatal to every enterprising wasp that dived into it. Rejoicing in all the pride of health and strength, in they would plunge, hover awhile in the purer air, then diving down, a sudden apoplexy would seize them. Head over heels they turned, and moved no more. It was a Grotto del Cane on a small scale.

Apocryphos of the Grotto del Cane; it is nothing more than an artificial cavity in the earth, which fills with carbonic acid, generated underneath. The grotto, in respect to shape, may be compared to a pitcher lying on its side; so that no sooner does the carbonic acid rise to the level of the under rim of the pitcher's mouth than it runs over and escapes. Owing to this peculiar configuration, it happens that a man can enter the grotto with impunity, although a poor dog, carrying as he does his mouth and nose lower, inhales the gas and dies. Far more extraordinary than the Grotto del Cane, although not so well known, is the poison valley of Java, which has been so strangely confounded with the natural history of the Upas tree. The latter acquired great celebrity through the writings of a Dutch traveller, called Foersch—a gentleman who possessed a certain facility of telling stories (in a bad sense) founded upon fact. He said that in the island of Java grew a tree called "Upas," so exceedingly poisonous that no other tree would grow and no animal could live in an area of several miles around it. He told an extraordinary tale of criminals who were sent to obtain some of the Upas juice—relating circumstantially the large percentage of deaths amongst these poor people, and what is very curious, he gave a drawing of the tree. Well, it so happens that there is a poisonous tree called Upas, in Java, and there is also a poison valley there; but between the two no relation whatever subsists; the fatal effects of the poison valley arise from the presence of carbonic acid gas.

It will not be out of place here to say a word or two respecting gas stoves, which have come so much into vogue of late. The result of the combustion of coal-gas, properly managed, is totally devoid of smoke; hence the bad habit has arisen in some families of warming rooms by gas-stoves without flues. This custom is highly dangerous in close rooms, and destructive in all. The result of such combustion is not carbonic acid alone, as is the case when charcoal is the fuel employed; but a mixture of carbonic acid, oil of vitriol, and water. The injurious effects of carbonic acid have been sufficiently enlarged upon already. As regards oil of vitriol, the injury it works upon book-binding and furniture almost surpasses belief; and the resulting water is so considerable that the surrounding atmosphere, though warm, is damp and uncomfortable. Gas-stoves should never be used except in connection with flues, and it is the better plan to provide, by means of a pipe or flue, some exit for the combustible results of ordinary gas illuminative burners. The fact of the evolution of water from burning coal-gas is practically illustrated in the gas-stoves which have been devised for culinary purposes. They give heat enough, but they are defective in one respect—at least, some of them are. They cannot roast well; they do not brown the meat, simply because its surface is kept moist and sodden by water.

THE COMET, CHARLES V.—Astronomers, it is said, expect the appearance this year of the comet 1556, called Charles V, and so named from having, according to some historians, caused that monarch to abdicate and retire to the convent of St. Just. It is the identical wandering star, some say, which appeared in 1264, in 995, and 683. Its return was fixed for 1848, but it did not answer the call—frightened, perhaps as a monarchical comet, by the eccentricities of that epoch. The new calculations of the *sacans* do not, however, admit of much doubt as to the present nearness of its visit.

NEW SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—A submarine telegraph between Europe and America is projected by way of Norway. The King of Sweden has granted a charter for its construction to Mr. Schaffner in America. The company is to be formed in five years, and the line laid down in five years more.

Elihu Burritt.
BY MARY HOWITT.

AMONG the many remarkable men of this age, no one seems to us more worthy of notice than Elihu Burritt. Elihu Burritt is not merely remarkable for his knowledge of languages—a knowledge which is perfectly stupendous, and which, having been acquired under circumstances which at first sight would seem to present insuperable barriers to anything beyond the most ordinary acquirement, may naturally excite our surprise and admiration—but he is remarkable in a high moral degree; and this it is, combined with his great learning, which entitles him to our love and reverence. His many languaged head is wedded to a large and benevolent heart, every throb of which is a sentiment of brotherhood to all mankind. He has not read Homer and Virgil, and the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, to admire only, and to teach others to admire, the strong handed warrior, cutting his way to glory through prostrate and bleeding thousands; he has read, only to learn more emphatically, that God made all men to be brethren; and that Christ gave, as the sum total of his doctrines, that they should love one another. This is the end of all his reading and learning; and better by far to have learned thus, with hard hands and a swarthy brow, over the labors of the forge and hammer, than to have studied in easy universities, to have worn lawn and ermine, yet have garnered no expansive benevolence while he became a prodigy of learning.

Elihu Burritt was born in New Britain, Connecticut, December 8, 1811. His father was a shoemaker, and supported in credit and respectability a family of ten children, of whom the subject of this memoir was the youngest of the five sons. His was a hard life, as may well be imagined; but his troubles and difficulties never soured the milk of human kindness with which his heart was full. His son describes him as "a man of nervous temperament, quick apprehension, and vivid sympathies;" in proof of which latter virtue we need only tell that his house, which was a very small one, and very full of its own inmates, yet afforded a sheltering roof for more poor and benighted travellers than any other house in the town. It stood near the church, too, and in cold winter weather received all such poor old men and women, during the interval of the morning and afternoon service, as had no other refuge than the frosty walls of the church. Many a time, when returning weary from market, at ten miles distance, the good shoemaker would walk two or three miles out of his way to leave a few oysters or oranges, or some such acceptable present, to some sick person or poor sufferer who stood in need of these things. The wife of this good man was worthy of him. In the emphatic words of her youngest son, "She was the best friend her children had on this side of Jesus Christ." Those of her children who died, as well as those who are still living testified to the influence of her prayers, and to the teachings of her godly life. She exhibited all their father's benevolence and human sympathies, with an unruffled placidity of manner which was truly beautiful.

With such home-training, was it to be wondered at that the children of the poor shoemaker grew up good men and women? The wonder would have been, we think, if they had grown up otherwise.

Being the youngest of five sons, it was the privilege of Elihu to remain at home with his parents, and contribute to the support and comfort of their old age. Among the pleasantest reminiscences of his earlier life are the exertions he made for this purpose. At sixteen he had arrived at the full stature and strength of a man. At this time his father's first and last illness commenced, which lasted for almost a year. During the whole of this time this excellent son labored through the day in the field or the forest, and then watched through half the night at the bedside of his father, that his mother might be enabled to take necessary rest. After his father's death he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith of the town, the only school education he had as yet received being three months at a district school during the winter, before he was fifteen. Of far greater importance, however, than this scanty tuition, was the keen appetite for reading which kept his mind awake, and which was doubtless stimulated by the difficulty he had in procuring books. This intense passion for reading he attributes, in the first place, less to the innate force of his own mind than to a mere adventitious circumstance in his early youth. At that time the old revolutionary soldiers abounded in every neighborhood of New England. It was a pleasure to them, and they deemed it a duty of the first magnitude also, to gather round such hearths as were open to their reception, and to rehearse to the rising generation all their strange stories about

the wars. A knot of these garrulous old pensioners were regular visitors at his father's house; and it fell to Elihu's share to draw the cider for them, from which they derived a certain degree of inspiration. The graphic manner in which these earnest old men related, embellished and exaggerated, perhaps, the fictions or facts of their revolutionary experience, excited the mind of the boy to the highest degree. He had the keenest relish for their stories, or for any such as resembled them. It was not long, therefore, before he made the delightful discovery that tales of a similar character might be found in books. He read such as fell into his hands, and found them as interesting as those told by the old grandfathers of the district.

All the books in the village were contained in the parish library, and from this, only once in two months could a subscriber obtain any book, and then he could only take two quartos, or four duodecimos. It was an event of the deepest interest to the poor lad, whose mind was fairly famishing when he first accompanied his mother to one of these important meetings. With a breathless feeling of impatience, he saw the librarian open a kind of cupboard in the church, and thus reveal to his eyes about two hundred volumes. There was no great choice among them. They consisted of history and sermons; but he had had an earnest conference with his mother in the church porch, and they had come to a compromise with regard to the books to be selected for the next two months, with which he could not be greatly dissatisfied. He was to select one half, according to his own particular taste, for his own particular reading, and she the remainder. It is needless to say that his choice fell upon books of history, while his mother devoted herself to sermons and homilies. Two little duodecimo volumes were, however, but scanty fare for his hungry mind, and, in spite of the most rigid frugality of reading, never lasted him beyond the first month of the stipulated time, so that, to use his own phrase, for the last month he was in a state of intellectual famine. The last week of this month, and the one before the next "drawing of books," was one of great excitement; and most earnest used his endeavors to be, to persuade his mother that, with so good a minister as they had, one small volume of sermons might suffice for her spiritual necessities; and sometimes, but not often, he induced her to be of his opinion.

In this way, by the time he was sixteen, he was master of the contents of all the historical works contained in the little parish library, and many of which he had read two or three times over. Burritt himself attributes the living, unappeasable zeal which he has ever had for books, to the early difficulty which he had in obtaining them. It is probable, he says, that had he been turned into an immense library as soon as he was able to read, he should never have acquired such a taste for reading, and the whole tenor of his life might have been different.

Soon after the age of sixteen, he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith, and took up his residence with his brother Elijah, who had opened a school. By Elijah's advice, however, when his term of apprenticeship had expired, and he was one-and-twenty, he laid aside his hammer, and became a student with his brother for one half-year. In doing this, he had no higher aim in view than that of being able to manage a surveyor's compass, and perhaps of reading Virgil in Latin. He could earn a dollar and a half a day at his trade, and consequently might consider that every day he spent in school cost him that sum of money. That reflection made him doubly industrious. After this half year of study, in the spring he found himself well versed in mathematics; he had gone through Virgil in Latin, and had read several French works; and was therefore well satisfied with himself, and returned again to the forge, determined to make up for lost time. To accomplish this thoroughly, he engaged himself to do the work of two men, and thus received double wages. Severe as this labor was, and requiring fourteen hours of each day, he still found time to read a little of Virgil, or a few pages of French, morning and evening. He at this time also began to look into the Spanish, which, to his delight, he found he could read without much difficulty. Burritt's was not a mind to stand still, or be satisfied with the attainment of the nearest goal; there was still always a goal beyond, and that must also be reached. Thus it was that, during the summer, he conceived the idea of making himself acquainted with Greek. He procured, therefore, a Greek grammar, a little book which would just lie in the crown of his straw hat, and which he thus carried with him to his work, which was the casting of brass cow-bells in a couple of furnaces, which he had to watch with no small attention. While standing over these, waiting for the fusing of the metal, he would take out his little

grammar, and commit part of a Greek verb to memory. Thus he worked on, both with head and hands, till autumn.

With autumn came self-dissatisfaction. He saw again the intellectual world lying before him like an undiscovered land; and again he resolved to sacrifice a whole winter to extend that knowledge which was so necessary to him. He left his furnaces, therefore, and went to New Haven, not, as our readers may imagine, with the intention of entering Yale College, but with a vague sort of notion that the very atmosphere of that seat of learning would facilitate his progress. If, however, this did not much assist, it certainly did not retard him, for the intellectual labor of this winter seems perfectly miraculous. On arriving in the town he took lodgings at an inn, and commenced a course of study on the following plan, which we will give in his own words:—"As soon as the man who attended to the fires had made one in the common sitting room, which was at about half-past four in the morning, I arose, and studied German till breakfast, which was served at half-past seven. When the boarders were gone to their places of business, I sat down to Homer's Iliad, without a note or comment to assist me, and with a Greek and Latin lexicon. A few minutes before the people came in to their dinners, I put away all my Greek and Latin, and began reading Italian, which was less calculated to attract the notice of the noisy men who at that hour thronged the room. After dinner I took a short walk, and then again sat down to Homer's Iliad, with a determination to master it without a master. The proudest moment of my life was when I had first possessed myself of the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work. I took a triumphant walk in celebration of that exploit. In the evening I read in the Spanish language until bedtime. I followed this course for two or three months, at the end of which time I had read about the whole of the Iliad in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German, and Spanish."

When the winter was over, he returned again to New Britain, girded on his leathern apron, and again resolved to "make up for lost time." The fame of his learning, however, had travelled before him, and he was requested to undertake the management of a grammar school in a neighboring town. This post he occupied for a year, attending no less sedulously to his own studies than to those of his pupils. At the end of this time, however, his health suffered from the confinement, and from the want of that vigorous exercise to which he had been accustomed, and he was compelled to give up his school. After having given up his school, Elihu Burritt engaged himself, much to his own advantage, as a travelling agent to a manufacturing company in New Britain. He took his books with him on his journeys, and whenever he came to unfrequented places on the road, he would leave the horse at liberty to take its own time, while he devoted himself to his favorite studies; and very soon the animal so well understood this mode of procedure, which was pleasant enough to him, as to act upon it instinctively. During these journeys, he commenced and pursued the study of Hebrew. His Hebrew Bible and several works in Spanish were his daily companions, and even occupied some hours of each night. This mode of life continued for twelve months, during which he made his first essay in original authorship in a story called "My Brother's Grave." Thus a new faculty was discovered, and ever after the pen became a medium of communication between him and the public.

His next change was to commence business on his own account in New Britain; but unfortunately this was just before the great commercial revulsion which was felt, not only in America, but also in England, and Burritt, like many another trader, was an unsuccessful man. Besides all this, he was not one calculated for success in trade, where it is necessary that a man should have undivided thoughts, and two eyes behind and before, all directed to his own interests;—no, Burritt's heart and soul were still in his learned books, and to these he again very wisely devoted his attention, determining to consecrate his life henceforth to intellectual pursuits. His mind was now turned to the study of oriental languages; but a difficulty soon arose from the want of books. To overcome this difficulty he resolved to make a voyage to Europe, working his way across the Atlantic as a common sailor, or in any other capacity in which he could receive wages for the work of his hands. These wages it was his intention to spend in the purchase of books at any port at which the ship might stop, and thus return to his own country with a little library. Boston was the nearest port, at the distance of one hundred and twenty miles, and to Boston he set out on foot. All his worldly wealth

went with him, his change of linen tied in a handkerchief, three dollars in his pocket, and an old silver watch in his pocket, which watch was of no use to him, as it did not go, and he could not afford to have it mended. His mother had furnished him with gingerbread and other light provision for his journey, little knowing, however, what the real object of this journey was; for he told neither her nor any of his acquaintance.

Footsore and weary after a travel of a hundred and twenty miles, he arrived at Boston to find that no vessel was sailing from that port. He learned, however, to his comfort, that an antiquarian library existed in the town of Worcester, which was forty miles distant, and to that place he now resolved on going, determined to work as a journeyman, and to gain access to the library. A feeling, however, of unwonted depression lay heavily on his mind, he was exhausted by bodily fatigue, lame, and reduced in finances to one dollar and the old watch. He limped along the streets of this city as he was about to leave it, feeling himself poor and weak, and mean, in comparison with the very walls of the houses, which, as he glanced up to them, looked to him, as he himself has been heard to say, like the walls of the New Jerusalem. When he reached Boston Bridge, on his way to Worcester, he was overtaken by a wagon which a boy was driving. On inquiry, he found that the boy was going to Worcester, and was willing to take him there, as he requested. This was a godsend to his weary frame, for it was forty miles to that town. Arrived at the end of the journey, he counselled with him as to the payment which he should make the boy for the ride. The dollar, which was available money, he could not part with; he offered him, therefore, the old watch, telling him of its present useless condition, but that as he could perhaps afford to have it mended, it might be worth even more than the ride; and if he found it so, at some future time he might give him the difference. The boy accepted the watch on these terms, and so they parted for that time; Burritt very soon engaging himself as a journeyman blacksmith, at the low rate of twelve dollars a month, with board. To pursue the little history of the watch, we must say that a few weeks after he had been thus engaged, the boy entered the shop one day when he was at work at the anvil, and with a smiling countenance handed him a few dollars, which he considered due to him out of the watch; it had been mended, he said, and was then going cleverly. This was a pleasant surprise, but a further surprise remained. During the very last year, when Burritt happened to be travelling from Worcester to New Britain by railway, he was familiarly and kindly accosted by a handsome, well-dressed young man, his fellow-traveller. "You have forgotten me, Mr. Burritt," said he, "but I have not forgotten you." Burritt asked for information to assist his recognition. "You remember," returned the other, "the boy to whom you gave the watch. I am he; a young man now, and a student of Harvard College." It was a pleasant meeting; the warmest hand-shakings followed. "And about that watch," said Burritt: "what has become of it? For, to tell you the truth, I was much attached to it, and should like to have it back again." "That you shall," replied the young man; "you shall have it back. I sold it, but I know where it is, and it shall be yours." The watch soon became Burritt's again; and it now hangs in his printing-office.

We now return to Burritt, working for his twelve dollars a month.

A very short time sufficed to show him that the antiquarian library of Worcester could be of little or no use to him, and this discovery filled him with deep sorrow. The library was open to the public but a certain number of hours in the day, and these were the very hours when his duties as a journeyman smith confined him to the anvil. He continued, therefore, his Hebrew studies unassisted, as he best was able. Every moment which he could steal out of the four-and-twenty hours was devoted to study; he rose early in the winter mornings, and while the mistress of the house was preparing breakfast by lamplight, he would stand by the mantelpiece, with his Hebrew Bible on the shelf, and his lexicon in his hand, thus studying while he ate; the same method was pursued at the other meals, mental and bodily food being taken in together.

So wore on the year of 1837. The next spring he engaged himself to work by the piece, and was thus able to arrange his time so as to make the library of use to him. He had begun to communicate, as we have already said, with the public through his pen; and he now conceived that he might add to his small earnings by translations from various tongues, particularly the German. He wrote, therefore, to a gentleman whom he thought could be help-

ful in this way, giving him a short history of his life and of his present views. This letter was sent to Governor Everett. The first intimation, however, that he had of this circumstance, was by the librarian handing him one day a newspaper which lay on the desk, and pointing out something to which he would call his attention. This was, that Governor Everett had read his letter at a public meeting. A great deal was said on the subject, and all at once he found himself, as he says, "laboring under notoriety." This circumstance, which would have pleased a weak or common mind, was at the first sight so overpowering that his instant idea was to flee away to some unknown region, change his name, and thus avoid the evils that he dreaded. A few days afterwards, he received an invitation to go to Boston on a visit to his excellency. To this city, accordingly, he once more came. How different this time to the last, then poor and footsore, and oppressed by a sense of his own nothingness; now on a visit to Governor Everett by his own express desire!

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he was received; every offer was made him which could facilitate his studies; he was requested even to enter Harvard College; many were the persons who generously came forward to assist him, and offer him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies. Did he accept of these? No! We are not empowered to say what his exact mode of reasoning might be on this subject; but we could well believe that he shrunk from the paralyzing idea of patronage; from aid which in any way might fetter him, or render him less independent than he had hitherto been. This we can believe. This, however, is certain: he preferred the old course; there was a pleasure to him in it; he loved to feel that he was still of the ranks of the working man. He returned again to Worcester, applied to labor harder than ever, and commenced in 1839 a monthly periodical called the *Literary Gem*, in English and French, designed principally for the students of the latter

language. This was not a successful speculation to him, and after a year it was discontinued. His fame, however, by this time had spread far and wide; and during the winter of 1840 he received invitations to lecture in various cities, which he accepted. In 1841, finding his journeyman's wages inadequate to his requirements, he began to trade a little on his own account. He hired an anvil, which he set up in one corner of the shop; and worked here at overtime in the making of garden-tools, which brought in a little extra money. All went to assist in his favorite studies, and his life was happy.

As may naturally be supposed, the press was anxious to obtain his aid, or the advantage of his name. He wrote accordingly, but more particularly for the *American Eclectic Review*, which was intended to contain the literature of the world. For this work he translated several of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as a series of papers from the Samaritan, Arabic, and Hebrew. During the winter of 1842 he again lectured, among other places, at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, &c., where the fame of his acquirements, as well as admiration of his character, drew together large audiences. In the course of this season he lectured no less than sixty-eight times. In the spring he returned to his trade in Worcester, where he commenced the study of the Ethiopic, Persian, and Turkish languages.

Thus passed his time for the next two years; in the winter lecturing; in the summer working and studying. After that time, in 1844, having saved a few hundred dollars, he commenced his paper called *The Christian Citizen*, a paper portioned out in a systematic manner, and devoted to religion, peace, anti-slavery advocacy, education, and general information. From that time he has successfully pursued his literary labors, and he exists as one of the most remarkable illustrations of human perseverance, energy, and intelligence.

EVERY inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.



ELIHU BURRITT.

Josephine.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON—that idol of university-men and poet-laureate of England—has told us, in lines never to be forgotten, that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

And never was the power of a kind and good heart, unaccompanied by dazzling talents or by ancient blood, more exemplified than by the Empress Josephine. Her whole history is one upon which the historian loves to dwell; it is an oasis in a desert of fact; a pleasant episode, in which blood, murder, intrigue, battle, smoke and cannon, burning villages and weeping women—for these form the *dramatis personæ*, if we may use the term, of the tragedy called History—are absent; and a true woman's story, all honesty, love, and earnestness, is repeated with a freshness ever new.

ROSSE TACHEE DE LA PAJERIE,—who recognizes her under that name?—was born at Martinique in the year 1763. When the Marquis de Beauharnois was Governor-General of the Antilles, his son—a mere boy—fell in love with little Rose, and a marriage was agreed upon between the families of the rich planter and the indigent Marquis. To perform this, little Rose, a very young girl, was taken to France by her father, and in due course became Viscountess de Beauharnois. In 1789 her husband was deputed to the States-General by the nobles of Blois, and then, and subsequently as a member of the National Convention, he showed an ardent attachment to republicanism. But his noble birth made him suspected; the aristocrats were banished; but Beauharnois, firm in his innocence, remained. Alas! with such brutal accusers and enemies, his honesty was of no avail. He was, upon a most frivolous pretence, guillotined on the 23rd of July, 1794; and thus the first act of the eventful life of Josephine came to a bloody close.

Left with two children whom she tenderly loved, and with but a slender provision for them—for her husband's property had been confiscated—one may readily believe that the situation of Josephine was one not to be envied. Her son, Eugene Beauharnois even owed his education to a charity school; but the *res augusta domi* did not narrow his heart. After the affair of the sections, when Bonaparte had ordered the Parisians to be disarmed, a spirited youth made his appearance one morning before the General, and demanded his father's sword. He was then about fifteen years of age, and his frank and loyal bearing so pleased Napoleon, that he at once granted his request. That application made his mother an empress, for the following day Madame de Beauharnois waited on Napoleon to thank him for the kindness shown to her son, and the General was so fascinated with her beauty, her grace, and her vivacity, that he sought her acquaintance, became intimate with, and married her. Thus ends the second act of this strange drama.

On the eve of uniting herself with the conquering hero, Josephine wrote a letter, which is published in her "Memoirs" (tom. iii., Paris, 1829). "I admire," she writes, "the General's courage, the extent of his information upon every subject, the penetration of his mind, which enables him to apprehend another's thought before it is expressed."

His scrutinizing look has in it something singular, something which I cannot explain, but which is felt even by our directors; must it not, then, intimidate a woman?"

A few lines on, she gives a speech of Napoleon, so characteristic of his rising greatness, and his thorough belief in himself, that we cannot but quote it:—"Do they," (the Directors) said he, "think I stand in need of protection to make my way! Some time, all of them will be glad enough to receive mine. I wear a sword, which will be my best patron!" "What," writes Josephine, "think you of this certainty of success? Is it not a proof of overweening confidence, proceeding from exclusive self-love? A general of brigade protect the heads of Government! After all, it is likely enough. Sometimes this ridiculous assurance imposes upon me to such a degree, that I believe possible whatever this extraordinary man may take a fancy to attempt; and with his imagination, who can say what he may not attempt! Ah! who, indeed?"

Two curious circumstances are proved from this letter; the one, that as yet Josephine did not believe in her husband; the other, that at every moment of his life Napoleon was impressed by an idea of his own future greatness, and was fully aware of the mission with which Providence had thought fit to entrust him.

* This work has been pronounced genuine by Bourienne; it was, however, published in the first instance anonymously.

The fortunes of Napoleon had, as every one knows, a rapid rise; but he himself, his ministers, and his wife, were able to keep pace with this. It was all very well for caricaturists in England (Gillray and the elder Cruikshank) to portray the Corsican usurper and his court, as a set of graceless wretches, flaunting in finery and gold lace. Such was by no means the case; in reality, the dignity, the grace, and above all, the richness and personal ostentation of the court of the First Consul, were more than generally found in older courts, and in the palaces of established princes.

In one item—that of extravagance in dress—Josephine outshone any two queens in Europe. Such was her profuse expenditure, that Napoleon more than once threatened a separation. She plunged into debt with a recklessness which was never surpassed; and when her creditors were clamorous for payment, few of Napoleon's Ministers dare acquaint him with the amount due them. On one occasion Talleyrand ventured to broach the fact, and Bourienne was commissioned to ascertain the amount. She owed no less than 1,200,000 francs, but dared only own to half.

"The anger of the First Consul," says Bourienne, "may be conceived. He told me to take 60,000 francs, and to pay the creditors. The exorbitant price of the articles was incredible; and I thought that many articles had been charged for, which had not been delivered. In one bill, *thirty-eight hats* of a very high price had been supplied in one month: the feathers alone were 1,800 francs. I asked Josephine if she wore two hats a day. She said it must be an error. Other charges, both as to the price and the things furnished, showed the same system of plunder." So far Bourienne. It is but right to add that he paid the creditors only one-half of their demands; one of them, whose bill was 80,000 francs, consented to take less than one-half, and then boasted that he had a very good profit.

To set against this excessive expenditure, and to compensate also for her habitual levity—a quality which often offended Napoleon—Josephine had great virtues and excellent qualities. Her heart was in the right place, and her behaviour gained the esteem and love of everybody. Few women have been so much admired and so fondly adored. Her bounty extended to every side. She knew no political party when she heard of a misfortune, and this estimable quality was of real service to her husband, who was the first to acknowledge it. "If I gain battles," said he, "it is she who wins hearts." But beyond these qualities, her devotion and attachment to her husband was unbounded. She had also gained an ascendancy over him, more powerful than any one else can boast. She alone dared, for his own good, to contradict him; "she well knew," says a writer, "how to beseech, to reason, to expostulate. To her honor, be it said, that her influence was always exercised in the cause of humanity and justice."

This is high praise, but Josephine deserved it all. Like Catherine of Russia, who was attached so fondly to Peter the Great, so she idolized her conqueror: but far superior to that woman in virtue and in goodness, she did not equal her in austerity—not in mind. Josephine was a true woman—loving, yielding, and self-sacrificing; let the third act of the drama, therefore, close as it should—in splendor.

Her son by her first husband, Eugene Beauharnois, had received many favors at the hands of his step-father, and had been made Prince of Venice, and was declared successor to the iron crown of Lombardy. Everybody looked upon him as the heir of Napoleon. In the year 1800 he was declared the adopted son of Napoleon, and by his influence, was married to the Princess Augusta Amelia, daughter of the King of Bavaria. But this glory was not to last. Flatterers and favorites told Napoleon that he should have a son of his own to succeed him, and by that means he would consolidate his rule over France. In the latter end of the year 1809, Eugene, always a faithful adherent of the Emperor, was entrusted with the difficult task of breaking the sad news—that the Emperor, though tenderly loving her, wished to be divorced from her—to his mother. The circumstance was, indeed, a sore trial to him. It rendered a mother whom he loved, unhappy for life, and it at the same time annihilated his own splendid hopes; but as Thiers in his "History of the Event," relates, the Emperor was highly satisfied with this amiable prince, and was often heard to say that Eugene had never once given him cause for complaint. In this instance he was not disappointed. Eugene prevailed with his mother; and Josephine, with that high and noble nature which never hesitated to sacrifice itself, consented at last to a divorce which killed her. It was

her death-wound; for although her body survived for some years, the heart of the woman was slain, and henceforth her life was destined to be like that of Mariana, one of ceaseless inextinguishable grief.

The Emperor, in insisting upon this divorce, incurred the blame of his best friends; and his enemies, says Thiers, "have made it a ceaseless handle for every species of vituperation." He was suspected of wishing to ally himself to the blood of kings, and a thousand other causes, equally dishonorable to the great conqueror, were alleged. But still he went on his wayward course. There had only been a civil marriage between himself and Josephine; and consequently, says Thiers, "on a certain appointed day there was a meeting of those persons whose offices were necessary on this occasion; and amongst them were Cambaceres and Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely. In the presence of these witnesses, the Emperor declared his intention aloud, of dissolving his marriage with Josephine, who was present: and the Empress, on her side, made the same declaration, with many sobs, and with a voice choked with anguish. The Emperor then settled a large and generous allowance upon the Empress, and she retired to a secluded life at Malmaison, and sometimes to that of Navarre." The divorce scene has formed a subject for many historical pictures, but they have been frequently as incorrect as historical pictures generally are. Thus, in Napoleon's own life, David painted him as ascending the Alps on a highly-mettled steed, pointing with his finger, and exhibiting equal daring, vivacity, and goodness of looks; while the fact is, that he was led across the Alps, seated on a donkey, the bridle of which was led by a guide.

The fourth act in the life-drama of Josephine has now closed down. It finishes in humiliation and in pain. She has to descend that throne upon which she has sat for seven years, and to abandon the fortunes of a man whom she has loved for double that period. But she will henceforth gain fresh lustre in the eyes of all beholders. As Dryden writes—

"A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies."

And the sun of Josephine's fortune disappeared in brightness.

The Emperor hurried on his marriage with Maria Louisa. Although of Imperial descent, any one would have taken her for the plebeian and Josephine for the regal personage. The former is described by Thiers as being in person "pretty rather than beautiful; of middle stature, with very full bosom and shoulders. Her hair was of a light auburn color, long and wonderfully fine. Although she had the same blood as the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and sat on the same throne, she did not at all resemble her aunt, but was more like Louis XVI., amiable, passive and enduring." Such was the second wife of Napoleon, and the French are fond of working out the contrast. Certain it is that Napoleon was happy with both women, and that both loved him, but Josephine more especially. Nor could a greater proof of her love be given, than the following letter, written to the Emperor after Maria Louisa had presented him with a son. Thus she writes:—

"Sire—Amidst the numerous congratulations which you will receive from all parts of Europe, from every town in France, from every regiment in the army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach you? And will you condescend to listen to her who so often consoled you in your sorrows, and assuaged the pangs of your heart, when she speaks only of the happiness which has just crowned your wishes? Being no longer your wife, dare I offer my congratulations on your becoming a father? Yes, doubtless, sire! for my soul renders the same justice to yours as yours to mine. I conceive what you now experience as readily as you divine my emotions on this occasion; though separated, we are united by the sympathy which bids defiance to events."

She then reverts to "the happy princess, Maria Louisa," and says with a natural jealousy, which is indeed a reproach:—

"I who was your companion in misfortune only, can claim but a far inferior place to that which Maria Louisa occupies in your affections. You will have watched round her bed, and embraced your son, before you take up your pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait. It is however, impossible for me to defer telling you that more than any one on earth I share your joy. You will not doubt my sincerity when I say that, far from being afflicted with a sacrifice so necessary for the repose of all, I rejoice that it has been made, now that I suffer alone. Suffer, do I say? No! since you are contented; and my only regret is, that I have not done yet sufficient to prove how dear you were to me!" (Mem., tom. iii.)

But the fifth act is about to close, and as Scott says of Swift, "the stage darkened ere the curtain fell." The disasters of the Russian expedition, and the melancholy termination of the Saxon campaign, filled her with fear for the husband of her heart. She forgot her accustomed amusements, and took delight in nothing. She was excessively fond of botany, and had collected at an immense expense

a wonderful garden of exotic plants. But even this innocent delight she neglected; and her very toilette was laid aside. She began by intuition to perceive that Napoleon's star was on the wane. When she heard of his abdication at Fontainebleau, her distress was extreme. "My poor Cid! My Achilles!" she was often heard to say, and from that hour her health began to decline. She daily, hourly indeed, lamented her inability to attend and to console Bonaparte. She even addressed him a letter begging to be permitted to attend him, and declaring that she had long been on the point of leaving France, and of devoting to him the remainder of an existence which he had so long made happy. One motive alone restrained her. That motive was most honorable. It was a fear that she should interfere with Maria Louisa; nevertheless, she concludes, if the latter did not do her duty, "speak but the word, and I fly."

This devotion and constant love had gained her the respect of Europe. When the Allies entered Paris, the most distinguished visitors, and the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, showed her the utmost respect. On the 26th of May, 1814, she consented to receive a visit from the former potentate, but was compelled to retire from illness, and in three days afterwards she lay dead. The Emperor had sent her his own physician, but it was useless. She died with the words "Elbe!—Napoleon!" on her lips. So died she whom Bourienne well calls the "adorable Josephine. She perished

"Of a withered and a broken heart:
For this last is a melody that slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes and bearing many names."

The Father's Stratagem.

A NOBLE Hungarian lord, Count Christian W— had come to pass the season at Baden, accompanied by his daughter Helen. Young, beautiful, charming, and heiress to an immense fortune left her by her mother, the young countess soon found herself surrounded by a host of admirers. Adorers of all kind were not wanting—rich and poor, noble and obscure, tender and passionate, grave and gay. It was a perpetual tournament, of which she was the queen, and where the aspirants contended for her hand by exhibiting their address, grace and seductive qualities. When she entered her carriage ten cavaliers were in the saddle, caroling around her *calèche*. At the ball, the most elegant dancers were devoted to her. They had neither cares, attentions, nor sighs, but for her; whereat many beautiful women—French, English, and Russian—were particularly mortified. Amongst these pressing suitors Helen selected the most worthless. The Chevalier Gaetan M— was, it is true, a charming fellow, pale and delicate, with fine blue eyes, and long black wavy hair. In the place of true passion, he had eloquence of look and word; in short, he dressed with taste, danced marvellously, and sang like Rubini.

But, unhappily, these advantages were contrasted by great vices. A dissipated gambler, and unprincipled, the Chevalier Gaetan had quitted Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventures in which he had been implicated. The count, after having informed himself of these facts, desired, but too late, to put his daughter on her guard against a dangerous affection. Helen listened neither to the advice, the prayers, nor the orders of her father. The man for whom he endeavored to destroy her esteem was already master of her heart, and she obstinately refused to believe in the disgraceful antecedents of the young Italian. If Gaetan had had to do with a father who lacked energy, perhaps he would have become the happy husband of the young countess, and the peaceful possessor of the immense fortune with which he was so frantically in love. But the count knew how to carry his point either by management or force. He was an old lion. He had preserved all the vigor of youth and all the rude firmness of an indomitable character which nothing but paternal tenderness had ever softened. Self-willed in his resolutions, stern in his execution of them, he cast about for means to put *hors de combat* this carpet-knight, who had dared to undertake to become his son-in-law in spite of him, when accident threw into his hands a letter which Gaetan had written to Helen. The chevalier, impatient to attain the goal of his desires, proposed in direct terms to the young countess, an elopement, and suggested a clandestine meeting, at the hour when the count was in the habit of going out to play whilst with some gentlemen of his acquaintance, at the Conversation House.

A rose placed in Helen's bosom was to be the signal of consent. But the young girl had not read the adroitly intercepted note.

"Put this flower in your dress," said the count, to her, offering a rose; "and come with me."

Helen smilingly obeyed, and took her father's arm. In the course of their walk they met Gaetan, who, seeing the rose, was overjoyed. Then the count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances, and requested her to wait until he came for her. That done, he returned to the little house in which he lived, at the outskirts of Baden, on the Lichtenthal road. He had sent away his servants, and was alone. At the appointed hour Gaetan arrived at the rendezvous, leaped lightly over the wall of the garden, and, finding the door shut, entered the house through one of the low windows. Then mounting the stairs, filled with pleasing emotions, he directed his steps towards the apartment of Helen. There, instead of the daughter, he found the father, armed with a brace of pistols. The count closed the door and said to the wretched Gaetan, trembling with terror, "I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night. You have broken into it. I could treat you as a felon; nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," replied Gaetan, almost inaudibly, "I am not a robber."

"And what are you, then? You have come to steal my daughter—to steal an heiress—to steal a fortune. Here is your letter, which unveiled to me your criminal intentions. I shall show you no mercy! But, to take your life, I had no need of this trap. You know the skill of my right arm; a duel would have long ago rid me of you. To avoid scandal, I did not wish a duel; and now, I will slay you only at the last extremity, if you refuse to obey me."

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden—not in a few days, not to-morrow—but this very instant. You must put two hundred leagues between it and you and never again come into the presence of my daughter or myself. As the price of your obedience and to pay your travelling expenses, I will give you twenty thousand francs, (\$4000)."

The chevalier wished to speak.

"Not a word!" cried the count, in a voice of thunder. "You know me! Understand! I hold your life at my mercy, and a moments hesitation will be punished with death."

"I obey," stammered the chevalier.

"In good time! Your twenty thousand francs are in that secretary; take them!"

"Permit me to decline your offer."

An imperious gesture overcame the false modesty which the chevalier expressed feebly, and like a man who declines for form's sake.

"But," said he, "the secretary is locked."

"Open it."

"There is no key in it."

"Break the lock, then."

"What! you wish me to—?"

"Break the lock: or I'll shoot you."

The pistol was again presented, as an argument which admitted no reply. Gaetan obeyed.

"It is well!" said the count. "Take that package of bank-notes; they are yours. Have you a pocket-book?"

"Yes."

"What does it contain?"

"Some papers—letters addressed to me."

"Let your pocket-book fall in front of the secretary you have broken open."

"What?"

"I must have proof which will convict you."

"But—"

"But, sir, I mean to have here all the evidences of a burglary. I mean that the robber shall be known. Robber or death! Choose! Ah! your choice is made. I was sure you would be reasonable. Now you are about to fly. You will go before me. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. For the rest make yourself easy. I will return late, and will enter no complaint until to-morrow. You may easily escape pursuit, and if my protection becomes necessary, reckon on me. Begone!"

After this adventure, which made a great noise, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaetan was banished from her heart; and she married one of her cousins, captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

COURTSHIP IN FRANCE.—This is the way they court in France. One lady says to another, "My daughter is eighteen. She has so much." Every girl has a dowry, if it be but five hundred francs. "You have known her from a child. You see so many young men, cannot you think of one to suit

her?" Of course the lady can; for men are as eager in France to marry as the girls are to get husbands. It is an increase of fortune, and a patent of respectability, in all stations, in all professions. The young man is spoken to, and of course the young lady named to him. A party is given, and they meet. Then the girl, supposed to be in entire ignorance up to this point, is asked how she should like so and so for her husband. Then the mamma of the bridegroom comes one evening, when the house has been set in order, and everybody dressed in his best. And after the first salutation she rises, and in a solemn voice asks the hand of Mademoiselle Estelle for Monsieur Achille. Then the mamma on the opposite side of the house accepts the offer. Estelle weeps, and throws herself into her future mamma's arms; whilst the son-in-law embraces the mother of his intended. The papas shake hands; the betrothed lovers, released from the maternal arms, mutually bow to each other; and the servant brings in tea. The bridegroom comes every evening with a grand bouquet, which he offers to Mademoiselle, flirts an hour or two with the mother, bows to the daughter, and goes off. The bride elect has only to embroider quietly by her mother's side, to smile, to blush and snimper. Then the negotiating lady comes in grand state, preceded by an enormous trunk—(Mamma and the bride receive her—never, of course, heeding the trunk)—and presents the bride with a *corbeille*—namely, the wedding dress, veil, and wreath; two or three cashmere shawls; ditto velvet dresses; a set of furs, a set of lace flounce, a set of diamonds, a watch, a fan, a prayer book, and a purse of gold. These come from the bridegroom. In return, the lady gets a bracelet from the bride, with many thanks for the presents and the husband. At last comes the signing of the contract. The bride takes one step into the world—she receives her visitors, and speaks, nay, converses with all except the intended—that would be improper. She gives tokens of her affection to her unmarried relatives, bought from the purse in the *corbeille*. The wonders of this *corbeille* are displayed in one room, whilst the *trousseau* of the bride, given by the mother, is exhibited in another. Embroidery, linen, cambric, lace, &c., are here lavished on the personal clothing of the bride, made up in dozens and dozens of each article; with piles upon piles of table cloths, sheets, towels, &c., all marked with embroidered marks, and tied with pink and blue ribbons. Then comes the civil ceremony; and two days after the last scene of all, at which we have "assisted" in the church of St. Sulpice.

ETIQUETTE OF VISITING CARDS.—When you drop your piece of pasteboard anywhere, even in the very gentlest neighborhood, let it be a piece of pasteboard, and nothing more, except in being engraven with your name and address. Do not, at any rate, let your card be enamelled. The enamel is prepared from lead; and the process of applying it is stated, on good authority, to produce paralysis of the hands and other miserable complaints among the poor people engaged in this ridiculous manufacture. A shiny card imparts no lustre to the name upon it; but communicates an appearance of vulgar glitter to the table or shelf whereon it is deposited. If you rejoice in polish, concentrate that quality on your manners, conversation and boots. In case you feel it absolutely necessary to display your taste in your visiting cards, have them embossed; and then it will be as well for you also to wear your lace collars and shirt cuffs of the same material. But eschew those cards that are enamelled; and which, to the enlightened eye, are glazed with what may be called a shine taken out of the health of unhappy victims afflicted with palsy and colic.

VITIATED AIR.—In about two minutes and a half all the blood contained in the human system, amounting in the adult to nearly three gallons, traverses the respiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere two minutes and a half, has every particle of his blood acted on by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital, less capable of repairing structures, or of carrying on functions; and the longer such air is respired, the more impure it becomes, and the more corrupt grows the blood. After breathing for two minutes and a half an atmosphere incapable of properly oxygenating the fluids which are traversing the lungs, every drop of blood in the human being is more or less poisoned; and in two minutes and a half more the entire minutest part of all man's fine-wrought organs has been visited, and acted upon by this poisoned fluid—the tender, the delicate, the wakeful and the sensitive nerves, the heart, the brain, together with the skin, the muscles, the bones throughout the structure—in short, the entire being. There is not a point in it but must have suffered injury.

Greenland.

GREENLAND is an extensive region or island on the north-east of North America, belonging to Denmark. It is populated by Esquimaux, with about 250 Europeans. The surface of the country is generally high, rocky, and barren, the elevated portions being covered with eternal snows and glaciers, extending in many parts to the sea-shore.

Small quantities of corn, potatoes, and vegetables are raised in the south, and some edible berries, birch, elder, and willow trees, grasses and lichens, grow wild. The only period in which the earth appears any where free from snow is in July.

The temperature of summer seldom reaches higher than 50° Far., while in winter the thermometer falls 40° below zero; and in fact in the north it descends as low as 70°.

The natives are a peculiar race, allied to the Mongolian family, have dark skins, and are short and thick set in stature. Their chief employment consists of fishing and seal hunting.

This region was first discovered in 981 by a Norwegian, but it has belonged to the Danes since the seventeenth century. In 1854 it was visited by Dr. Kane and his party, who discovered an immense glacier issuing in 60° W. long., and offering an impassable barrier to future explorations. This stupendous glacier rises 300 feet in perpendicular face, and is supposed to be the only obstacle to the insularity of Greenland. It was followed along its base in a direction nearly due north for 80 miles, and found to merge into an hitherto unknown region, which was named "Washington" by the party.

LIGHTS FOR STEAMERS—It has been suggested, and urged in fact, with considerable justice, by Mr. Roland Grant, the indefatigable experimenter with ox-hydrogen or calcium lights, that so long as the means exist for throwing a very strong light to a great distance, it should be employed on all large and swift steam vessels to illumine the path before them. The ox-hydrogen, sometimes called the calcium or Drummond Light, is peculiarly susceptible of being thrown with greatly concentrated power, in any given direction, and as improved by Professor Grant, it is believed to be a tolerably durable and practicable source of illumination. The Collins Steamship Company are contemplating the fitting out of the Adriatic with such a light on the bow, which shall not only alarm the watch on all other vessels in its track, but make such vessels, as well as ice or other obstructions, plainly visible. The light has been proved to throw a shadow at the distance of ten miles, and a few trials would undoubtedly show whether or not the hazy glare produced in the atmosphere, would tend to counterbalance its advantages.

MAKING ICE IN HOT CLIMATES—

An exchange paper gives a brief notice of a new machine which is endeavoring to make ice artificially at the Cuyahoga Locomotive Works in Cleveland, Ohio. It has already made ice at a cost of only one half cent per pound. The cold is produced by the evaporation of ether. There is no difficulty we conceive in producing cold, so to speak, in any quantities by such means, but it is not easy to obtain ice in large and solid masses with sufficient rapidity. The disposition of ether to assume the form of a vapor is so great, especially if a partial vacuum is formed by the aid of a large air-pump, that it will absorb the heat necessary for the purpose from any surrounding objects with great rapidity. But ice is a bad conductor, and even with an extremely low temperature it requires a long time to freeze through to

the middle of a large mass. There is a large machine in this city, constructed by the late Dr. Gorrie of Florida, for making ice by means of the cold produced by expanding atmospheric air after it has been sometime compressed, and it has so far met with no other really serious difficulty than the one

alluded to. Heat and cold can be produced in quantities proportionate to the power expended. It is easy to design a machine whereby a ten-horse power engine would warm a large quantity of water for a bathing establishment and cool by the same movement a large quantity of air for supplying a

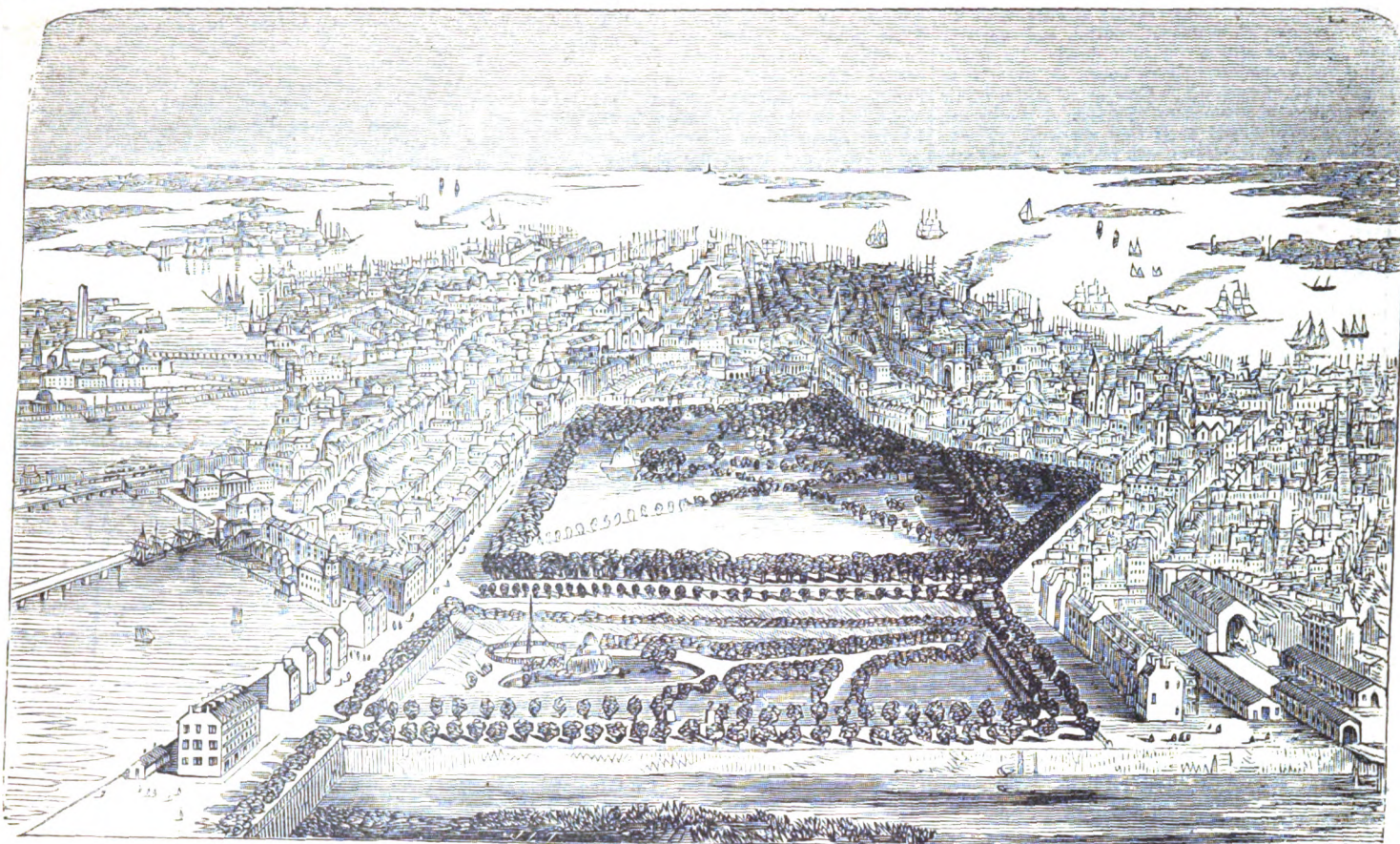


church or theatre in hot weather, but it is not so easy to produce ice in large and solid masses except by consuming a large quantity of time. It is possible, however, that the Cleveland engineers have surmounted the difficulty, and we will keep our readers posted in regard to any further developments.

A SPRING DISH—Upon a nicely toasted bread

place a layer of well-boiled spinach, about an inch thick; upon this place at equal distances poached eggs. This forms a pretty, light, and nourishing dish. But be careful that the yellow of the egg is not broken, or the appearance will be lost, and the eggs not worth eating.

OCCASIONAL FASTS are decidedly beneficial to health.



BOSTON.

Boston.

Boston, represented in our accompanying engraving, may be said almost to have witnessed the first blood that was shed in the struggle of American independence. She had her share of troubles then, and shall she now have them again? She is a fair city, built on a peninsula of the bay of Massachusetts, and even we have found friends during a Winter's sojourn amid her festivities, whose peace we would deeply regret to hear of being disturbed by the sound of our cannon in hostility. The same feeling, we are perfectly aware, would be warmly reciprocated. She ranks as the third city of the Union, and is distinguished as the emporium of literature, and she was named in honor of some of the pilgrim fathers who went there from Boston, in Lincolnshire. Is not this, of itself, something to awaken ties of sympathy between us? Plymouth, a small coast town to the south, and in her neighborhood, marks the spot where the founders of New England, the pilgrim fathers, landed from the "Mayflower," in November, 1620, "and fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from many perils and miseries." The country was then covered with thickets and dense woods, and already wore the aspect of Winter. It is now covered by a city, surrounded with fields in the most advanced state of cultivation, enjoying within itself every luxury which the refinement of the highest civilization can suggest, with a population of about one hundred and twenty thousand souls. Besides all this, the inhabitants are essentially English in their language and manners, and never forget whence their forefathers came. The city itself contains many handsome buildings, and some excellent institutions, especially one for educating the blind, which is, perhaps, the best in the world.—*English paper.*

The Fairy and the Flowers.

In the ancient times, when flowers and trees and fairies were on speaking terms, and all friendly together—one fine Summer's day, the sun shone on a beautiful garden, where there were all sorts of flowers that ye could mention, and a lovely but giddy fairy went sporting about from one to the other, (although no one could see her, because of the sunlight,) as gay as the morning lark. Then says the Fairy to the Rose: "Rose, if the sun was clouded, and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Do you doubt me?" says the Rose, and reddened up with anger. "Lily," says the Fairy to

another love, "if the sun was clouded, and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Oh, do not think I could change!" says the Lily, and she grew still paler with sorrow. "Tulip," said the Fairy, "if the sun was clouded, and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Upon my word," says the Tulip, making a very gentlemanlike bow, "ye're the very first lady that ever doubted my constancy."

So the Fairy sported on, joyful to think of her kind and blooming friends. She revelled away for a time, and then she thought of the pale blue Violet that was almost covered with its broad, green leaves; and although it was an old comrade, she might have forgotten it, had it not been for the sweet scent that came up from this modest little flower. "Oh! Violet," said the Fairy, "if the sun was clouded, and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" And the Violet made an answer: Ye have known me long, sweet Fairy, and in the first Spring time, when there were few other flowers, ye used to shield from the cold blasts under my leaves; and now ye've almost forgotten me. But let it pass; try my truth, if ever you should meet misfortune, but I say nothing."

Well, the Fairy skitted at that, and clapping her silvery wings, whisked singing off on a sunbeam; but a black cloud grew out of the north all in a minute, and the light was shrouded, and the rain fell in slashings like hail, and away flies the Fairy to her friend Rose. "Now, Rose," says she, "the rain has come, so shelter and love me still." "I can hardly shelter my own buds," says the Rose, "but the Lily has a deep cup." Well, the poor little Fairy's wings were almost wet, but she got to the Lily. "Lily," says she, "the storm is come, so shelter and love me still." "I am sorry," says the Lily, "but if I were to open my cup, the rain would beat in like fun, and my seed would be spoilt; the Tulip has long leaves." The Fairy was down-hearted enough, but she went to the Tulip, whom she always thought was a most sweet-spoken gentleman. He certainly did not look as bright as he had done in the sun; but she waved her little wand, and "Tulip," says she, "the rain and storm are come, and I am very weary; but will you shelter and love me still?" "Begone!" says the Tulip, "be off!—a pretty pickle I should be in, if I let every wandering scampener come about me."

Well, by this time she was very tired, and her wings hung dripping at her back, wet indeed; but there was no help for it, and leaning on her pretty silver wand, she limped off to the Violet; and the darling little flower, with its blue eye, that's clear

as a kitten's, saw her coming, and never a word she spoke, but opened her broad green leaves, and took the wild wandering creature to her bosom, and dried her wings, and breathed the sweetest perfumes over her, and sheltered her until the storm was clean gone. Then the humble Violet spoke and said: "Fairy Queen, it is bad to flirt with many, for the love of one true heart is enough for earthly woman or fairy spirit; then true love is better than the gay compliments of a world of flowers, for it will last when the others pass away." And the Fairy knew that it was true for the true Violet; and she contented herself ever after, and built her bonny bower under the wide spreading Violet leaves, that sheltered her from the rude Winter's wind and the hot Summer's sun; and to this very day the Fairies love the Violet beds.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—The Egyptians had a funeral tribunal, by which the dead were tried before they could be buried. After death, every Egyptian was brought before this tribunal, and if convicted of having in his life acted unworthily, he was denied a place in the burial place of his ancestors. This was a great disgrace to his family; and, according to the Egyptian theology, it deprived the spirit of the deceased of an entrance into heaven. One of the things which caused the infliction of this mark of disgrace was that of dying in debt. If, however, the children or friends of the deceased should pay his debts, as they sometimes did, he was allowed to be buried. Such an institution as this must have had a powerful effect upon the conduct of the people in their commercial transactions with each other. A man who knew that every act of dishonesty, unfair representation, falsehood and trickery which he might practice in the course of business, would be remembered and uttered, to the disgrace of his family, over his dead body, would be cautious not to give occasion to such a procedure.

A FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.—Put fifteen grains of finely granulated zinc and six grains of phosphorus, cut into small pieces, under water, in a conical wine glass. Mix in another glass a drachm by measure of sulphuric acid, with two drachms of water. Then take the two glasses into a dark room and there pour the diluted acid over the zinc and phosphorus in the other glass. In a short time beautiful jets of bluish flame will dart from the surface of the liquid, the mixture will become quite luminous, and a column of beautiful luminous smoke will rise from the glass. This experiment is a splendid one, and very easily performed.

Ralph Fitch on his Travels.

EVEN in this nineteenth century of ours, with its electric telegraphs, boards of control, and overland mails, India is still a romantic land. Its fertile plains and its majestic rivers spurn all attempts to render them prosaic. The Ganges is still a poetic stream, though steamboats may ascend its course; railways may spread their iron net-work all over Hindostan, but Hindostan will remain as wondrous as of old. Though, however, the poetry of India can never die, we have become so familiar with it that much of its mystery and awe have vanished for ever. Smooth-shaven young gentlemen from Ad-discoombe, with a belief in Bass and an adoration for Allsop, travel swiftly and carelessly through a country which to Alexander the Great was the realm of marvels. Ingenious gentlemen relate to an interested public how they travelled from Cheapside to Calcutta, and from Aldgate to Allahabad. A very different personage was the oriental traveller three hundred years ago. A solemn and stately old gentleman was he, with a patriarchal beard, which he would stroke with a gravity that gave double emphasis to his stories. He could tell you all about the Tower of Babel, and give endless information as to Prester John; be talkative about the Tigris, and eloquent on the Euphrates; and describe, with a wonderful minuteness of detail, the personal appearance of the Great Mogul. It was, in truth, no easy task to reach India in the reign of her most gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth, "of famous memory." If the traveller went by sea, he had to brave all the terrors of the *Cabo Tormentoso*, ran a hundred chances of being wrecked; or might perish in some obscure broil with Indian pirates. If he went overland, his journey was even more difficult and dangerous than by sea. Going down the Euphrates, he must keep a nightly watch lest the Arabs should insist on carrying his luggage—off. On the road his life was constantly threatened by Mohammedan superstition and ferocity; and even if he arrived in safety at Ormus, at Diu, or at Goa, he had reason to fear being seized by the Portuguese and delivered over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition. If he went inland, ten to one but some worthy follower of the Mogul cut his throat; if he tried to explore the Indian Archipelago, he was threatened by that mean jealousy and exclusiveness of the Dutch which afterwards gave rise to the massacre at Amboyna. Considering all these perils, who can deny that the old worthy had a perfect right to stroke his beard with much serene complacency when at length he returned to his native land? It is to one of the most enterprising of these travellers that we would introduce the reader; to Master Ralph Fitch namely; one of considerable renown two hundred and fifty years ago; "a very famous fellow in his day," though now merely *nominis umbra* to all mortals.

From the year 1497, when the genius of Vasco de Gama opened a new channel for the commercial enterprise of Europe, the Portuguese held almost undisturbed possession of the Indian trade for nearly a hundred years; nor can it be denied that they showed themselves, on the whole, well worthy to enjoy a privilege so valuable. Few pages in all history are more interesting than those which record the deeds of Albuquerque and Almeida—men who had to contend against foes far more brave and formidable than ever resisted the bands of Pizarro and Cortes. It was not possible, however, that so small a state as Portugal should keep the trade of India to herself; and thus when England and Holland entered the arena as her rivals, her ships were taken and her colonies destroyed, till at length Goa and a few other seaports alone remained of all the territories that her genius discovered and her valor subdued. It was not till 1595, however, that the first Dutch ships proceeded to Java; and four years previously Captain George Raymond and James Lancaster had left Plymouth Sound, the pioneers of England in the East. This voyage was a complete failure. Both ships were lost, and Lancaster was finally cast away, on his return, on a desert island near Hispaniola, having been driven back across the Atlantic. He was ultimately delivered by some French vessels, which carried him in safety to Dieppe, and he lived to head the first voyage set forth by the East India Company. In 1591, the year in which Raymond and Lancaster set out, there returned to England a certain London merchant named Ralph Fitch, whose wanderings we are now about to record. Stimulated by Portuguese success, the "Turkey Company" had been established in London, whose operations it was determined to extend from the Levant to Asia Minor and India itself. Two of the "adventurers" in it, John Newbery and Ralph Fitch, accordingly departed in 1583, with a view to open an English trade with India.

Ralph, accompanied by Newbery and a few other

Englishmen, set sail in the good ship "Tiger," of London; and having arrived in safety at Tripoli, in Syria, proceeded thence with the caravan to Aleppo, which he reached in seven days. He then proceeded by boats down the Euphrates to Bassorah, finding it necessary to keep a strict watch every night, lest he should be assailed by the Arabs; who, however, one rejoices to learn, stood mightily in awe of fire-arms. On arriving at Bassorah, he found that the only ships to be obtained were built of boards fastened together by threads made of the husk of the cocoa-tree, and in one of these ungainly vessels" he proceeded down the Persian Gulf to Ormus. At first, he and his coadjutor were allowed to carry on their trade in peace; but no long time had elapsed when he was arrested by the Portuguese, who were naturally jealous of such enterprising rivals. Terrified by the achievements of Drake, the Portuguese looked with mingled fear and hatred on all of English birth; but, as Newbery sturdily says in one of his letters:—

"Although we be Englishmen, I know no reason why we may not as well trade from place to place as the natives of other countries; for all nations may and do come freely to Ormus—as Frenchmen, Flemings, Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Nazarenes, Turks, Moors, Jews and Gentiles. Persians, and Muscovites; in short, there is no nation they seek to trouble, but only ours."

From Ormus the prisoners were carried to Goa, where the Portuguese seem to have been extremely puzzled to know what to do with them. On the one hand it obviously would not do to let English merchants intrude upon their "vested interests;" but, alas! on the other there was not one single rational charge to be brought against them! At length, one of them sagaciously suggested that as Drake was reported to have once fired upon a Portuguese ship near the Straits of Malacca, Newbery and Fitch were doubtless his accomplices. On this notable accusation, and also on another of being spies, they were kept in "durance vile" for a whole month; at the expiration of which period they were graciously allowed to become "prisoners at large" in the town. They met with two kind friends, Stevens (an Englishman, who was in the service of the Archbishop of Goa; and Linschoten (a distinguished Dutch navigator of those days). Their annoyances, however, were by no means at an end. They had to find sureties for their good behavior, to whom they paid 2,150 ducats; and on venturing to ask that the money should be refunded, the Governor threatened them with the *strapado*. Hereupon they determined to make their escape from Goa; and on the 5th of April, 1585, fairly ran away "in great fear, having no guide."

They soon reached Bejapoor, where they were scandalized by innumerable Indian idols; whereof "some be like a cow, some like a monkey, some like peacocks, and some like the devil." From Bejapoor (which they found a large and rich town, "the houses high, fair, and mostly built of stone"), they proceeded to the far-famed Golconda; and passing northwards thence by Burhampoor, entered the dominions of the Great Mogul.

Leaving "barbaric pomp and gold" altogether out of the question, the then Mogul, Akbar, was intrinsically a great man. Grandson of Baber, the knight-errant of the east, Akbar inherited all his dashing and chivalrous valor, and was as wise as he was brave. Assisted by his minister Abdul Fazel, Akbar compiled the *Ayzen Ahberry*—a sort of oriental "Domesday Book" and treatise on government combined. He showed, too, a courtesy and toleration which would have put many European monarchs to shame; encouraging the Portuguese missionaries to visit him, and treating them with the utmost kindness and consideration.

Earnest and pious as these men undoubtedly were, they were probably not without much spiritual conceit, which Akbar's keen eyes were not slow to discover. Accordingly, after they had been very eloquent to him on the subject of miracles, he calmly informed them that a great Mohammedan doctor had volunteered to leap into a furnace with the Koran in his hand; and requested them to perform a similar feat under the protection of the Bible. The worthy fathers, having talked the matter over, replied that they had already proved the truth of their faith by argument, and must therefore decline to oblige his Majesty. Akbar rejoined that the doctor would leap in first, and surely they had as much faith as he? All the Mogul's eloquence, however, was unavailing; the missionaries had no ambition to become martyrs as well.

Into the service of this prince, who reigned for fifty-one years with singular ability and energy, Mr. Leader (the jeweller of Fitch's party) now entered, and received from him a house, horse, slaves, and a

handsome salary. Newbery also now parted company, designing to travel to Lahore, and thence to Persia and Constantinople; and Fitch proceeded on his journey from Agra towards Bengal. He set sail down the Jumna, in company with a little fleet of 180 boats, carrying salt, opium, and other goods; and then passing by Allahabad (which he calls Prague), entered the great city of Benares, at that period in all its pomp and glory. Here he found Indian idolatry in its utmost splendor; here he noticed the adoration that was felt for the waters of the sacred Ganges; and here, too, he saw the Indian widows immolate themselves upon the funeral pile of their husbands; failing to do which, he says, their heads are shaven, and they are looked on with scorn ever after.

Of the veneration that was paid to the cow, he gives an amusing illustration in describing the Indian marriage ceremony. It appears that the loving couple march gravely into the river, attended by a Brahmin, a cow, and a calf. The Brahmin solemnly takes hold of the cow's tail; they imitate their worthy priest, and then sprinkle water over the head of the animal. This done, the lovers are tied together by their clothes, walk round the cow, and the ceremony is declared complete; the Brahmin receiving both cow and calf as marriage offerings.

From Benares Fitch journeyed through a very pleasant country to Patna, and thence to Tanda. On his way he noticed sundry so-called saints, who were treated with immense respect by the people; but whom Honest Ralph gruffly describes as "lazy lubbers." After making an excursion towards Bhotan (where he was astonished by its stupendous mountains, that could be seen six days' journey off, and whither there was a great resort of merchants from Tartary, Muscovy and China), he turned south to Hooghly, and thence to Orissa. Retracing his steps to Serampore, he found that the inhabitants were in a state of constant warfare against Akbar, which they were much assisted in maintaining by the multitude of islands in the vicinity, which offered them a secure retreat.

At Serampore he embarked for the port of No-grais, in Pegu, and on his arrival there, proceeded to the capital, which he describes as one of the finest cities he had ever visited. It was divided into two towns—the Old and the New; in the former of which resided the foreign merchants, whilst the latter were inhabited by the king and nobility. The streets were as straight as a line, and so broad that twelve horsemen could ride abreast through them. Before the door of every house was planted a palm-tree—an arrangement which he much admired, as a stately city and a shady wood were thus combined. Ralph seems to have been especially struck with the king's elephants, which he was informed were no less than five thousand in number. Many of these were kept in houses within the walls of the royal palace; and four white ones were held in especial honor. The king, indeed, was so proud of these latter rarities, that he had assumed the title of "Lord of the White Elephants;" and woe to the luckless wight who possessed such an animal and refused to give it up to his Majesty! Every day they were marched down to the river to bathe; and on returning from their immersion, their feet were washed in silver basins by a courtier who was expressly appointed to this honorable office.

Fitch gives an interesting account of the manner in which wild elephants were caught by a female decoy—a manner, however, which is now too well known to need repetition. Whilst Ralph remained at Pegu, the king marched against Siam, with an army estimated at 300,000 men and 5,000 elephants. This statement must of course be taken with a considerable allowance for traveller's license—an allowance, we are bound to say, which Fitch's narrative very seldom requires. The king sat in public twice every day to administer justice, and when he went forth, it was in solemn state, sometimes "in a castle on an elephant," sometimes in a litter carried by eighteen men, in which was erected a little house—seat and canopy, we presume—adorned with countless rubies and sapphires.

Of the manners and customs of the Peguese, Fitch gives a clear and interesting account, which has been confirmed in the main by subsequent travellers. He tells us how they are averse to beards, and pluck out the hairs with pinners—quite inexplicable to Ralph; how they color their teeth black because those of a dog are white; and how, when they have an intricate suit at law, litigants and judges altogether go down to a river with long poles, dive in, and whichever keeps under water longest gains his cause. The natural products of the country he states to be gold, silver, rubies, sapphires, pepper, frankincense, musk, tin, lead, copper, &c. Of their talapors or priests, he speaks with considerable commendation. They

preach warmly against the vices of the people; subsist entirely upon alms, live in hermit fashion amongst the woods, and wear very mean apparel. When a young man is admitted into their fraternity, his abilities are tried in a public disputation by their chief. A few days before his admission, he is led through the streets on horseback, dressed in his finest clothes, and with drums beating and pipes playing before him. A few days after, another procession is seen in the public streets, in which the same young man is still the chief figure, but no longer accompanied by signs of wealth and luxury. He has taken his leave of worldly riches, and donned the humble garments of a talapoy. We cannot but consider this a custom which has a very noble spiritual meaning and significance.

Fitch at length departed from Pegu, and proceeded to Malacca; at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the city of Malacca was held by the Moors; but Alphonso de Albuquerque, in 1511, drove them from it, and the Malays swarmed in to fill their place. The new occupants were even fiercer and more stubborn than their predecessors; and even in Fitch's time, the Portuguese had failed to reduce them to obedience. They had established a fort there, however, and a considerable trade was carried on with Java and the Moluccas.

From Malacca Fitch sailed to Martaban, and then returned to Pegu, where he stayed five or six months more. This was in 1588, that ever memorable year, when the beacon fires were alight throughout England, and the Spanish Armada was upon the waters. But amongst all the true Englishmen who drove that proud Armada back in confusion and dismay, there were few more bold or enterprising than the hardy traveller whose adventures we are recording. It may serve to illustrate the energy with which Englishmen were then traversing the whole earth, in search not more of gain than of glory, to mention that, in the year when Howard and Drake were vanquishing the Spaniard, and Fitch was wandering in Pegu, Thomas Cavendish was returning from the third circumnavigation of the globe.

Our hero at last took his final departure from Pegu, sailed to Bengal again, and, after a stay there of three months, "shipped himself" for Cochin. The voyage was a most wretched one, the ships being frequently becalmed, and the passengers suffering great extremities for want of water. Their sufferings were not relieved until they reached Ceylon, where they put in for refreshment, and stayed some days. Here, as at Malacca, the native inhabitants were hostile to the Portuguese. Lorenzo Almeida, son of the great Viceroy, had discovered the island in 1506, and taken possession of it for the King of Portugal; but the Ceylonese nowise accepted this disposition of their fate as final, and when Fitch arrived were besieging the Portuguese in their fort. As they could not prevent them from receiving supplies by sea, their efforts could not have much effect.

The voyage being resumed, Fitch doubled Cape Comorin, observed the pearl fishery on his way, and arrived at length at Cochin, where he found the people suffering under a great scarcity both of provisions and water. The country produced neither rice nor corn, and the inhabitants were dependent upon Bengal for their supplies. Fitch was detained here eight months for want of conveyance, and on obtaining it commenced his return home. Sailing to Goa, thence to Chaul, thence to Ormus, thence to Bassorah, and thence up the Euphrates to Babylon; he next proceeded by land to Aleppo, and after waiting there some months for company, travelled to Tripoli. Here he was so fortunate as to find English shipping, and after an absence of eight years, returned at length to England in 1591.

Though Fitch had shown singular enterprise and collected much valuable information, it was obvious that any important overland trade with India was out of the question. The Venetians, who formerly had that trade in their own hands, had been unable to compete with the Portuguese after the latter discovered the way by sea. Accordingly it was resolved by the London merchants to send forth a fleet of their own, and James Lancaster left Torbay on his second voyage, on May 2nd, 1601. His employers, 216 Englishmen, with George Earl of Cumberland at their head, had received a charter of incorporation from Elizabeth, on December 31st of the preceding year; and Thomas Smith, "merchant and alderman, of London," was appointed the first governor of "a body corporate and politic in deed and in name," which soon became very notable to all men as "The Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies."

We may fairly infer that the information gained with such zeal and talent by worthy Ralph Fitch, gave no slight impulse to the efforts of a body which,

from a trading company in the days of Queen Elizabeth, has grown to be the ruler of an empire in the days of Queen Victoria.

Affection and Little Fishes.

WARM blood and warm affection are assumed to be much the same thing. The blood of fishes is cold; and very little love exists amongst them. In fact, fishes frequently devour their own eggs, and, at a later period, their own young, without compunction or discrimination. Pennant, however, endeavors to show that some species of fish take more care of their offspring. He says that the blue shark will permit its young brood, when in danger, to swim down its mouth, and take shelter in its belly! The fact, he tells us, has been confirmed by the observation of several ichthyologists, and, for his part, he can see nothing more incredible in it than that the young of the opossum should seek an asylum in the stomach pouch of its parent. He does not tell us, however, that any of these ichthyologists, who may have seen the young sharks swimming down the throat of their affectionate parent, ever saw one of them returning; and until that is seen we must think the evidence is rather incomplete, more particularly as the position and direction of a shark's teeth seem to us to render such a feat next to impossible.

But affection is scarcely to be looked for where the offspring is so very numerous as to put all attempts at even recognising them out of the question. How could the fondest mother love 100,000 little ones at once? Yet this number is far exceeded by some of the matrons of the deep. Petit found 300,000 eggs in a single carp; Leuwenhoeck, 9,000,000 in a single cod; Mr. Harmer found in a sole, 100,000, in a tench 300,000, in a mackerel 500,000, and in a flounder 1,357,000. M. Rousseau disburthened a pike of 160,000, and a sturgeon of 1,567,000, while from one of this latter class some other person (whose name we do not immediately recollect) got 119 pounds weight of eggs, which, at the rate of seven to a grain, would give a total amount of 7,653,200 eggs! Taking, however, the above estimate as to the codfish as an example, we may arrive at very curious calculations. Suppose those 9,000,000 eggs all to have arrived at maturity, and each fish to have weighed only six pounds, that one cod might furnish every soul in the United States with more than a good dinner! The world would be in a short time nothing but fish; means, however, amply sufficient to keep down this unwelcome superabundance have been provided. Fish themselves, men, birds, other marine animals, to say nothing of the dispersions produced by storms and currents, the destruction consequent on their being thrown on the beach and left there to dry up, all combine to diminish this excessive supply over demand.

The Lake of Pearls.

A PEARL of a lustrous, rosy tint is sometimes found in the old pearl fisheries at the head of the Persian Gulf; but these rose pearls are so rare and beautiful, that they are sedulously gathered and retained among the jewels of the richest Asiatic princes, and are seldom encountered in Europe. So few and inferior are the rose-tinted pearls that find their way to European gem-dealers, that the famous pearl, called the "blush of the morning" by Persian poets, was almost deemed a creation of fancy; yet they are real facts, not only in the royal caskets of Asia, but in the deep, unexplored heart of our own continent.

As the railway to the Pacific progresses westward of the Rio Bravo, the world will be astonished with sudden revelations of a new gold country, and a yet undreamed of land of gems. Still, strangest of all, it will bring within the range of civilized enterprise a rock embosomed lake dripping with the rare and precious rose-tinted pearl of Persian fame.

No matter for the exact locality, but somewhere away to the south of the line traced by the gallant Grey, there exists, in the midst of a wild Indian hunting-range, a salt lake of no great dimensions, but deep and difficult of access, walled in by rugged hills, and shaded by vine-tangled forest. But few white men dream of its existence or whereabouts; and of those few perhaps not more than two persons besides the writer have a suspicion that its deep and bitter waters enfold immense treasures.

It is a singular fact that this lake, so far inland, and with no apparent possibility of connexion, by submarine channels, with the sea at such a vast distance, should be filled with water but a little less salt than the sea, and inhabited by the real pearl oyster, which is eminently a denizen of the sea-shore.

The Indians of that range are not good divers; but they sometimes plunge down twelve or fifteen feet, and pluck the oysters out of the shelves and recesses of the rocks, to gather the pearls; but they make little account of this inferior and scanty harvest. They come so rarely in contact with the whites—and then on such unfavorable terms for trade—that neither party has yet learned that there exists such a source for barter. No diver, however experienced, could go down far enough to rake the bottom and bring up the large oysters, which, in that as in all pearl fisheries, yield the finest pearls in the deepest water. That must be the harvest of some bold and discreet wearer of submarine armour.

There are also pearl fisheries at the head of the Gulf of California, which must await that or some other effective invention, for descending deeper, and remaining longer to explore and to gather the oyster than is possible to the most daring and able diver.

When the men and the method are ready, the localities will be revealed, and America will transcend in pearls and precious stones, even as she transcends in gold. Let this saying be recorded for future recollection. We cannot bind the Union with an iron belt from sea to sea, without clearing through this yet unexplored, though not altogether unknown, region of gems. This is no dream of the imagination; it is drawn from facts and data within the grasp of the writer. The Lake of Pearls strange as it reads, is no fairy tale; and at no distant day roseate pearls, rivaling the "blush of the morning," that glowed in the diadem of the Persian prince, will be drawn from its bosom by American enterprise. The indications of locality here given are purposely indistinct; but he who seeks the prize with courage, constancy, and discretion, is certain of a rich reward. The feeble and faint-hearted should stay at home and sleep out life in safe corners; but to the keen search and resolute hand of the daring adventurer, there is, between thirty and thirty-two degrees north latitude, and midway between the Rio Bravo and the Gulf of California, another golden and glittering California.

THE SECOND SIGHT.—What is called the *Second Sight* originated in most cases, from spectral illusions; and the seers, of whom we so often read were merely individuals visited by these phantoms. The Highland mountains, and the wild, lawless habits of those who inhabited them, were peculiarly adapted to foster the growth of such impressions in imaginative minds; and, accordingly, nothing was more common than to meet with persons who not only fancied they saw visions, but, on the strength of this belief, laid claim to the gift of prophecy. The more completely the mind is abstracted from the bustle of life—the more solitary the district in which the individual resides—and the more romantic and awe-inspiring the scenes that pass before his eyes—the greater is his tendency to see visions, and to place faith in what he sees. A man, for instance, with the peculiar temperament which predisposes to see, and believe in, spectral illusions, is informed that his chieftain and clan have set out on a dangerous expedition. Full of the subject, he forces their images before him—sees them engaged in fight—beholds his chieftain cut down by the claymore of an enemy—the clansmen routed and dispersed, their houses destroyed, their cattle carried off. This vision he relates to certain individuals. If, as is not unlikely, it is borne out by the event, his prophecy is spread far and wide, and looked upon as an instance of the second sight; while, should nothing happen, the story is no more thought of by those to whom it was communicated.

A STRANGE occurrence took place recently in Venice. On the same evening, in different parts of the town, two young girls, nine or ten years old, were enticed away to a solitary abode, where they were blindfolded and conducted to another retired house. Here they were all treated, during twenty-four hours, with enough to eat and drink, but they were bled several times almost to the point of fainting, and when they had no more blood to spare, without endangering their life, they were restored to their homes by night, in the same mysterious way. Everybody in town was startled by these singular incidents. The common explanation was, that an old sorceress had recommended to some deluded being bathing in the blood of young and healthy persons, as a method of restoring exhausted nature.

A COLORED servant, sweeping out a hotel boarder's room, found a sixpence, which he carried to its owner. "You may keep it for your honesty," said he. Shortly after, the boarder missed his gold pencil-case, and inquired of the servant if he had seen it. "Yes, sar," was the reply. "And what did you do with it?" "Kept um for my honesty, sar."

Inner Life in Bukarest.

BY A ROVING AMERICAN LADY.

"Am I to get in there?" said I, pointing to a square box with a leathern top, and with two windows; door there was none. "Am I to get in there?" and I again pointed to the window of the box upon wheels. "Precisement," answered a gentleman by my side, "if you wish to get to Bukarest." What were we to do, but that which every woman would? I am not very good at climbing, but I got in, and my companion followed. The inside was found destitute of seats, but our boxes formed them, and upon our carpet-bags we rested our feet. The karutza, which would hold about eight of us, was drawn by as many horses, in miserable rope harness, and was driven by a Wallachian, in native costume. The wooden box, with the foreign name, had no springs, and the roads were not macadamized, but full of ruts and holes, as we found to our cost when we began to move. Miserable as were the horses, they went capitably; and, had we been able to see through the dust, which rose in clouds, I have no doubt that the scenery would have been scarcely worth looking at; for the country about Guirgevo is very flat, and as the inhabitants constantly cut down the trees, the brushwood, which abounds, does not make a very pleasing landscape.

The journey from Guirgevo to Bukarest lasted for a day and a half; and two of the horses, being driven at a pace which they could not maintain, dropped dead upon the road, an incident which called forth our pity and a great quantity of oburgations, in an unknown tongue—not from the driver, but conductor, he being a German, and most explosive and fluent; for, to the credit of the Wallachians, they swear not at all.

It was nearly twelve o'clock at night when the karutza stopped at a house of refreshment, if a miserable hut could be so called, and tired by being jolted almost to pieces, and cramped, from our position, we, the passengers, descended. The night was fine and warm; and not liking to enter the "hostelrie," such is the name I believe in romantic novels, I spread my thick shawl upon the ground, and sat down upon it. We had brought nothing to eat with us, and were nearly sinking from hunger; there were no provisions forthcoming, and entreaties in the country dialect, from my companion, were for some time of little avail. At length a thought struck the woman of the house; she rushed to the hen-roost, a cackling was heard and all was over; and in the necessary time we had some coarse bread and a roast fowl set before us. We had, however, no knives to cut it with, and we were, therefore reduced to the necessity of tearing it to pieces with our fingers, and eating it as we best could.

Next morning, at about five o'clock in early dawn, we reached our destination. The first view of Bukarest was certainly entrancing. The city of "three hundred steeples" is approached through a suburb of houses belonging to a richer kind of people, and surrounded by gardens. The houses, are, however, very low, on account of the frequent earthquakes, and are built irregularly, sometimes the front, and at others the side or back facing the road. They are surrounded by corridors, and are painted various colors, of which yellow appears to be the favorite. The fashion of having gardens round them is not confined to the suburbs. Bukarest is a city which would have pleased the poet Keats; "full of sunny spots of greenery;" and at a distance, with its many glittering steeples, it forms a panorama at once pleasant and picturesque.

Upon a near acquaintance it must, however, be confessed, that the town does not improve. The streets are paved with those round, smooth stones, so common in our own country towns. They are superior to Vienna in one particular, they possess a *trottoir*, although a narrow one. The first thing which struck me, as we drove through, was an abundance of wine stores; small, dirty places, generally at the corners of the streets, full of gipsies playing upon strange musical instruments, to the sound of which the men, who frequent the house, dance. The only furniture appeared to me to be a long table and settees; which, when I came to know their exteriors more, I came also to know, were never cleaned. They are different also from our own taverns, in the fact that little or no drunkenness ever is seen about them. The men seem to smoke, and to dance incessantly, and to do little else. Projecting from the wall, something after the fashion of a barber's pole, was a staff loaded with circular cakes made of flour and water, which I presume were eaten by the frequenters of the shop; men cry also these cakes about the streets, and children are very fond of them.

I had hardly finished wondering at the strange stores, when we were driven into a court-yard be-

longing to the house of the lady with whom I travelled, and were at once surrounded by some half dozen of little, dusky slaves, who ran forward to kiss the hands of their mistress. I may at once state here, that most of the serfs or slaves throughout the country are emancipated; only a few Boyards keep them still in bondage, and, with one or two exceptions, those few are of the worst class. Even then, if one of the *ziganes*, as they are called, can bring proof of his being maltreated, the state immediately purchases him, and he is henceforward employed by it.

The house which I then entered, though belonging to a lady of high rank, and opulent enough, presented to me, not perhaps a dirty, but a thoroughly untidy appearance. The drawing-room into which we were ushered, was magnificently furnished, and coffee was served up to us in the Parisian fashion. While looking into the street, part of the Turkish army of occupation passed by (this was in the autumn of 1850), and those which I saw were fine, handsome men, well dressed and accoutred, and, in fact, but for a shambling and ungraceful gait, fit for any European army. The military music was well played, and also very inspiring. Our refreshment dismissed, I parted from my travelling companion, she having ordered a carriage to take me to my sister's house. I may here explain, that as the journey I had just finished occupied three weeks, and as the time of my arrival could not possibly be calculated upon, it must not be thought remiss of my friends not to have met me, or to have sent any servants to do so.

Whilst in the carriage, I felt somewhat lonely and rather fearful, lest I should be driven again into the country; led, in fact, into that mistake by these same gardens of which I have spoken; but after some time the house was arrived at, and in a few moments, I heard the voice of my sister.

A FIRST-CLASS BOYARD.

A few days after my arrival, my fatigue having passed away, I was taken by my brother-in-law and sister to visit some of their acquaintances. It seemed to me that I was rather looked upon, even by my relations, as a sort of curiosity. I must confess, when I arrived at Bukarest, to a disappointment at finding European costume so generally worn; but a few aged Boyards, and my host amongst them, retained the Oriental and picturesque costumes of their ancestors. My host Georges Philippesco, was perhaps the most venerable, as he was the highest in rank, or the *Bash-Boyard* amongst them; and as he sat upon his sofa, almost in the Turkish fashion, his *tehibouque* and a kind of rosary of large amber beads lying by his side, I thought that I had seldom seen so handsome and striking an old gentleman. His costume consisted of a long robe of rich silk, over which he wore one rather shorter, lined and trimmed with sable, although the day was a hot one. On his head he wore an Astrakan kalpat; his mustachios and beard were white as snow, and the latter nearly reached to his waist. A pair of red Turkish slippers, richly worked in gold, stood on an ottoman by the side of the sofa.

Our dinner was quite Wallachian, and I can liken it to nothing so well as to that repast described by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of Ivanhoe, at the house of Cedric, the Saxon. The Bash-Boyard was of course at the head, and sat on a raised dais, the visitors and family placed near him, according to their rank and age; and the intendant, with all the household servants, below us, at the same table. The dishes were excellent and very numerous; some being Wallachian, others Turkish, and some French. The national dish of Wallachia is "mamaliga," made of Indian corn, much in the same manner as the Italian polentia. I can say little in description of it, but that it is very delicious to eat.

The Wallachian nobility are excessively temperate, few of them ever touching wine, which the young men frequently never taste till they are of age; yet the wines of the country are exceedingly cheap and excellent; the water-melons, fruits, and grapes, which formed the dessert, were excellent beyond description.

At table, and in all society, French and Greek are the languages chiefly spoken; the Wallachians having some of the Russian facility in learning languages, many of them speaking six, few less than three or four, and with an accent so pure as to be remarkable.

The summer season, which is intensely hot, and which has annoyances in the shape of dust, more bitter than in America we could possibly be exposed to, lasts until the end of November; that is, of course, counting the autumn, when the streets are somewhat cooler, and which is the pleasantest part of the year. The sky is blue and cloudless, and during the day the principal street of Bukarest,

called the *Podo-mogeschore*, which has some handsome houses in it, and which leads to the *Chaussee*, is so crowded with carriages that the inhabitants fondly compare it to London or Paris. The *Chaussee* is a very pretty promenade, which has been planted with trees and which has a fountain in the centre, built by Prince Bibesco. The gardens are exceedingly pretty, and on Sundays and the fete days the *Chaussee* is crowded with carriages full of fashionably dressed ladies.

The ladies of Wallachia are exceedingly pretty, and *piquante* with beautifully brilliant dark eyes and fine hair. They have all remarkably small hands and feet, but they are spoilt by a want of height. They dress with taste, and resemble Frenchwomen in appearance and manners. But far worse than faults of manner, or want of height, is their terrible laxity of morals, scarcely one of them having any principles at all. I know that this is a very delicate thing to touch upon, but I believe that I shall be doing no more than my duty to notice it. The fault, as a great many of our human faults do, lies with their education. The ladies of Wallachia have no idea of the duties of a mother, and leave their children entirely to the care of their servants. From their very birth they are consigned to a nurse, and these nurses are generally bad, being depraved, ignorant, and dirty; scarcely thought of, and badly treated by gay and capricious mistresses, who are too much employed in dressing for the promenade in the morning, and for the assemblies and opera in the evening, to attend to them. The servants are, however, not more neglected than the husbands and the children. When the little girl escapes from the hands of the native nurse, she is placed under the care of a German or French *bonne*, who is certainly not too strict either in manner or morals; and when the young ladies are old enough to be placed under the proper governess, the latter finds the precocious mind already formed, bad ideas and vicious notions planted, which she has no time, if she had ability, to uproot, since the whole of her occupation consists in instilling some grace and manifold accomplishments.

When the young lady comes out, she finds in society too much laxity to strengthen her already weakened principles, and the young men of fashion which she is introduced to, find, in her mind and conversation, a strong similitude to their own, formed as their own has been by a finishing education in Paris, amongst the choice spirits of the *Quartier Latin*.

If the lady's fortune—and in this country the greater part of the property is settled upon the females of the family—be ample, she is quickly married. This important event takes place at from the ages of sixteen to twenty; if they exceed the latter age, they are considered somewhat *passée*. After marriage the behavior is much the same as before—husband and wife each follow their own inclinations. The lady spends her fortune in dress, and frequents the opera and public balls; whilst the husband gambles or chats with his male friends. Should they not like each other's temper, divorce is easy. Lately I have heard—so lately as the Fete of San Nicholo, December 5th, 1853—of a lady of my acquaintance being determined on divorcing herself from her husband, because he would not allow her to go to a ball given by the Russian officers. One lady I have seen who, with a family of two children, divorced herself from her husband because she thought him too old and ugly. She subsequently married a handsome young officer, the children visiting both parents indiscriminately; the latter, as in other cases of the kind, frequently meeting in society.

With these facts before us, one cannot wonder at the *effete* state of the country. Domesticity is almost entirely destroyed; the exceptions being only those of husbands who have sought their wives abroad. As far as I am able to judge, the character of the men is far superior to that of the women; for such an education, with an unlimited power over their servants, has eradicated the softness of our sex, and has fixed an unnatural cruelty in their hearts.

JUVENILE TRAINING.—"Animals go rightly," says Southey, "according to the ends of their creation. When they are left to themselves, they follow their instinct and are safe. But it is otherwise with man; the ways of life are a labyrinth for him. His infancy does not stand more in need of a mother's care, than his moral and intellectual faculties require to be nursed and fostered; and when these are left to starve for want of nutriment how infinitely more deplorable is his condition than that of the beasts that perish!"

What is it you must keep after you have given it to another?—Your word.



A TRIP TO HAVRE DE GRACE

LEADER—Have you ever been in Normandy? No? Then, if you are happily one of the *beatitos*, to whom has been given the thrice enviable power to "wander at their own sweet will,"

be advised, and go at once.

When once on the soil of the Northmen put your dignity in your pocket, a pair of thick shoes on your feet, and rambling about for two or three months in that beautiful land, rich with memorials of the past—monumental and gorgeous—thronged as the storied oriel of her time-worn cathedrals, you will come back with a thousand sweet and solemn memories and images in your mind, which as yet have no place there. But then, again, it may be that this delicious rambling is to thee a thing forbid; if so, come and see with my eyes, and we two will run across, and snatch a glance at the fair town called the Haven of Grace, so named by him who cast a wall about it, and made of its fishermen's huts a city; who in sadder days, after too freely indulging in the more regal pastime of battering towns down instead of building them up, wrote to his proud mother, from the bloody field of Pavia, "*Tout est perdu sauf l'honneur*." The chivalrous Francis is long ago departed, but the noble port that he built still stands greater and fairer than he left her—*Allons!*"

One burning July morning, I left a watering place on the south-eastern coast of England, after remaining there long enough to be sick of every person and thing in it. I had followed all the pretty girls home, and found out all about them; I had read all the novels in the libraries, new and old; seen all the conjurors, listened to all the street musicians, raffled at all the raffles, and smoked all the good cigars in the town. I was intimate with every boatman in the harbor, in the vague but earnest and enduring hope of meeting with a real smuggler, such as are described in novels, and seen in melodramas—fellows plunged up to their hips in huge black boots; but alas! in vain. I had walked on the sands every morning—had sat on every one of the little chairs—had had my eyes and mouth filled from the wooden spade of every infantine sand shoveller "upon the beached verge of the salt flood." I had, in short, exhausted all the excitements of Ramsgate, and resolved to effect my escape.

About two o'clock, the vessel that was to carry me to Southampton lay off the harbor, and I was pulled off to her by a couple of boatmen. It was blowing what the sailors call a capful of wind; that is, a sort of zephyr that makes a landsman hold on his whiskers with both hands.

Among my fellow-passengers was an old Gaul—a fat white Frenchman, with a bulbous, walnutty nose—who in spite of the most violent convulsions of sea-sickness, would persist in endeavoring to eat something, apparently in compliance with some abstract theory of his own upon the subject. A dozen times was he suddenly obliged to rush from the table, (urged by some fierce volcanic action of his

"ingeniorum omnium largitor,") to his little berth at the side of the cabin, and as often did he return to the charge—his cadaverous face and rolling eye looking like a galvanized calf's head—muttering faintly, "*Il faut que je mange une petite quelque chose*."

By the way, is it not amazing that men will voluntarily place themselves in a situation in which they well know beforehand that they shall be attacked by this most ludicrous and degrading malady; and that, too, not from the fear of death, or any other nearly adequate motive, but in most instances instigated merely by the love of gain, or the hope of amusement? That they will consent to pass through all its loathsome stages—the meditative, the dubious, the don't carish, and the hysterically hilarious, down to the final desperate plunge to leeward, ending in blank despair and apathy?

On the evening of the following day we arrived at one end of the Southampton pier, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the starting bell of the Havre packet at the opposite one: I seized my little portmanteau, and ran for it. I wore moustaches and beard (a great convenience in travelling), which, together with my blouse and travelling cap, gave me a somewhat foreign air; not unlike (I must confess,) that of the expatriated youths, who sell in the streets of London, "*a larsh von vor de landee, and a leetel von vor de baibee*." To this appearance, and to my being so ungentlemanlike as to carry my own luggage, I was indebted for a shout of laughter from some of my unpolished compatriots who thronged the pier, with cries of "*Go it, mounseer! That's the time o' day, Froggee! Bravo, Par'youo!*" The captain of the steamer was among the loudest of the laughers and called out to me, "*Nearly too late, Mounseer!—never mind—jump along for'ard*." To this I replied by flinging my portmanteau at the head of a grinning cabin servant, who (though I dare say he had never read the drama in which that vital distinction was first discriminated to my simple apprehension,) had evidently thought me "*a person—not a gentleman*."

The captain, seeing from my taking possession of one of the best berths in the after cabin, that I had "*put money in my purse*," also that he had made a small mistake, became elaborately civil for the rest of the passage. Here was I then fairly on my way, at last, to that land of old romance, which from my earliest childhood I had dreamed of. I promised myself a sojourn of at least a couple of months, and the exploration of every interesting spot in the old dukedom. "*Man appoints*," says the proverb, "*and Heaven disappoints*." It will be seen how charmingly this promise was fulfilled.

The day was fine, and a lovely moonlight night succeeded, the greater part of which I spent on deck. In the crimson dawn of the next morning I saw the beautiful promontory of *Cape la Heve*, frowning over the purple water directly between us and the point of sunrise.

On landing on the quay at Havre, I was greeted with a humorous contrast to the brutality of my brave countrymen at my embarkation. I happened to have a sketch book and some drawing implements in my hand; and a custom-house officer, who kept the gangway, seeing me rather rudely obstructed by some *gend'armes* on duty, cried out, "*Doucement, doucement, messieurs! Ne voyez vous pas que monsieur est artiste!*"

"And now," said I to myself, as I stepped on shore, "now am I in Normandy—the land of troubadours and

pippins—of the angelic Agnes Sorel and the diabolic Robert the Devil."

As I passed up the hill leading from Havre to Ingouville, I saw a fellow performing a little household operation in a way so ingenious in its multiplication of labor, that I think it worth describing. He had a frame-saw, of some three feet in length; one end of it pressed against a block, and the other against his own person, about the region of his *epigastrium*; against the teeth of this saw he rubbed a small log of wood, grasped firmly in both hands, and upon the two ends of the wood he was leaning the whole weight of his body, as if he wished to pinch his saw in two pieces; but, no doubt, really with the hope of eventually cutting the log in half. I watched him for about five minutes, during which he had with great labor produced about a table spoonful of saw-dust, whereupon, being myself a cosmopolite and philanthropist, I ventured to intimate, that to my insular simplicity, he appeared to be rather wooding his saw than sawing his wood, and proceeded to recommend the mode which prevails among the "*sacres Anglais*." Jacques Bonhomme, however, was not to be moved by a jest, and he replied curtly, but with

perfect politeness, that "*this was the best way, because it was the way that they always saw fire-wood in Normandy*." To this convincing reason, of course, there could be no reply.

After a most substantial breakfast, I sallied forth for a ramble among the trees and fields. The woods, for many miles round Havre, stretch up the sides of the beautiful hills that encircle the town, enclosing in their folds a thousand little shady solitudes, "*places of melancholy delight and musing*," in which, as you stretch yourself in their shadow, you hear the sound of myriads of tiny waterfalls, that trickle down their slopes murmuring like noon-tide bees,—

While the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground.

Among the many little antique villages which nestle down among the old groves of beech, chestnut, and elm that cover this scenery, I visited that of St Adresse, in whose chapel Robert le Diable was married to the fair Bertha. The very stones on which I stood had rung to the armed tramp of the demon knight! I renewed my vow there, not to quit Normandy until I had viewed the land from Dan even unto Beersheba.

Havre appears to be the principal port for supplying France, and I should think, all continental Europe with parrots. All along the quay are shops filled with parrots; and in almost every private house there is at least one parrot gabbling and screaming, as only parrots can scream. They talk, too, incessantly. I do not think I can conscientiously say, that I observed any who could absolutely converse like that "*very large and very old grey parrot*," mentioned so gravely by Sir William Temple, which, when old Prince Maurice, of Nassau, politely inquired of it, "*Que fais tu la?*" replied "*Je garde les poules*," conceitedly adding, "*Et je sçais bien faire*." But they are great linguists. Those in the better quarters of the town say little but "*mercie madame*," and such like. "*Mercie madame*," followed by a scream that skins one's teeth, salutes the passenger at every step. The vocabulary of those who reside on the quays is infinitely more rich and varied, but, owing to their intimacy with sailors, douaniers, &c. &c., it is hardly fit for quotation.

Notwithstanding the increased intercourse between the two countries of late years, the Normans do not appear to have advanced greatly in the study of English syntax. This is the more surprising when we remember that their town is constantly crowded with Ameri-

cans from New Orleans, New York, and other new places in that country, where it is admitted by all Americans that the purest English in the world is spoken. Some of the inscriptions in the island tongue over the shops of Havre are exceedingly droll, though none of them perhaps are equal to the dainty notification which a dear friend of mine read twenty years ago over a hairdresser's shop in Paris, to wit, "Here to cut off hairs in English fashion."

Very few beggars are to be seen in Havre; but there was one worthy of this class of eminent merit. He was a very tall, broad-shouldered, hairy, eupetic looking savage, with a wooden leg, who usually reclined in a most luxurious attitude against a heap of stones on the pier, and was evidently full to repletion of veal, garlic, and brandy. When any one looked at him, he would brandish his wooden leg, and moan forth in tones most pathetically raucous, — *Pour l'amour de Dieu! Ayez pitié d'un pauvre malheureux entropié dans la fleur de sa tendre jeunesse.* Which *tendre jeunesse* had endured for at least five-and-forty vigorous years, and he was drunk every day. This was, in fact, the only beggar I observed within the walls of Havre; but there was another of a very different aspect, of whom I took note a little space from the town on the road to Harfeur. It was a blind man, very old. I first saw him sitting in the sun on a bank by the wayside, and he seemed to be under the care of a pretty little girl, about six years old. He told me it was his daughter's child.

In my life I have never seen elsewhere so sculpturesque—so grand a head, as that old mendicant's; —he might have sat for Samson Agonistes. He was passing his hand gently up and down over the face of the child, feeling how beautiful it looked; and a smile in whose depths a whole infinitude of patience, and love, and heroic endurance lay revealed, rested on his face like the sunshine.

Poor old sufferer! The national curse had clung to him like the rest—he had been a soldier. I had much talk with him more than once, and thought my time well spent.

On my way homewards from my first visit to the pier, a noble structure, I passed the town prison, a squalid, ragged-looking old building, approached by an arched gateway of enormous span. "I will get an order from the commandant," thought I, "and inspect the interior." I had an opportunity of doing so shortly after (as will be seen) by my own unaided influence. I was much amused with the appearance of a regiment of infantry of the line in garrison in the town. Such fellows I had never seen before but in a caricature shop—men of all sizes below five feet three or four inches—mean-looking, dirty little vagabonds, dressed in very full short trousers, or rather leg-bags of dingy red druggit, with a *coatee* of the same material of a dull sooty blue, with an immense bunch of red worsted on each shoulder; a straight upright cap with about half an inch of rim, looking like a mutilated chimney-pot; thick clouted shoes, patched and cobbled in many places; black leather gaiters, and a black stock; no gloves even on parade. And, it is my belief, no shirt, for the sleeves of their coats are very wide and ill-fitting; and in some individuals who have been so unfortunate as to shoot up to the gigantic stature of five feet six or seven inches, they do not reach much below the elbow; and yet, in spite of the facility of inspection thereby afforded, I never could discover the slightest indication of any such garment in contact with their gaunt extremities. Their whole aspect was far inferior in martial air to that of the supernumeraries who guard criminals, &c., in melodramas at our minor theatres. The contrast between them and a brigade of artillery, also quartered in the garrison, was extremely ludicrous—the latter were very fine martial-looking fellows in handsome uniforms—some of the sappers had beards worthy of Belshazzar. When, however, I had an opportunity of seeing the little dingy blackguards of the line under arms, they reminded me of a story they tell of Bonaparte, when the Emperor Alexander of Russia remarked to him in a disparaging tone, that the French troops were very small. "Oui, sire, oui," he replied, "ils sont petits—mais ils sont MORDANTS."

In the course of my rambles in the fields, I met one morning with a fine grey-headed old fellow dressed in a blue blouse and sabots, spinning rope on the sunny side of a hedge. I entered into conversation with him, and found that he had been a soldier, and served under Soult in Spain. To the inquiry whether he preferred his former profession to his present one, he replied, *No*; that he much preferred rope-making to man-killing. "It is all very well, sir," said he, "to be a general of division, or even a colonel. It is well enough to be Marshal Soult; but believe me, it is a very bad

trade for the journeyman." Thinking to get into his good graces, I began to talk of Bonaparte, — said that he was a great man, and made one or two other remarks of equal point and originality; but I found to my surprise that I made no impression. The old journeyman soldier evidently thought but poorly of his great master-manslayer.

"He was a great man in his way," said he, "and so am I in mine. He was a very good soldier—*c'étoit son métier*—it was his trade, and he understood it well. I make very good ropes—it's all the same thing. As for him—*c'étoit un gaillard qui savoit bien tuer tout le monde.*"

"But," said I, "you will allow that on the whole he was a benefactor to your country?"

"I don't know that, sir," he replied; "that man killed three millions of Frenchmen."

Altogether it was evident, that my old friend preferred the *métier* of Lachesis and Clotho to that of Atropos; and whether from professional partiality or not, I cannot but think he was right.

I left my old friend twisting his hemp (who made me a bow at parting that would have done no discredit to the court of Louis le Grand), and strolled again to the harbor where I saw *La Leine Amelie*—the pleasure yacht of the Queen of France—a beautiful little schooner of most elegant shape, all satin-wood and gilding, manned by some of the finest and most sailor-like looking fellows I ever saw. One of her crew called out to an English sailor, on the quay, who was eyeing the craft with a critical and somewhat contemptuous air. "I say, meesteaire; your Quin, has she a ships like zees?"

"My Quveen!" said Jack, "Vy, I shid be ashamed of her Majesty if she'd spit in such a thing."

The square in front of the theatre was crowded with strollers, eating, drinking, smoking, and chatting, or listening to the exhortations of the conjurers, *grimaciers*, "*mendici, mimi, balatrones, hoc genus omne,*" with which the place is thronged. One fellow amused me much, by holding forth respecting the virtues of a miraculous powder of his own invention, for destroying fleas. He commenced by pointing out the many inconveniences of being assailed by one of these little dragons. This he did in most expressive pantomime:—first he was the lover on his knees, before his mistress, interrupting each tender protestation to scratch his leg; then he took a bit of wood, and imitated the act of shaving; cutting his nose, in consequence of a violent assault in the rear; then he was a *fanatico per la musica*, engrossed in the performance of a new violin concerto; he fiddled with all the intensity of visage of the most enthusiastic amateur; then, in the middle of a die-away *adagio*, after a severe struggle with his feelings, he interrupted to scratch his elbow. The fellow convulsed his hearers, and his flea powder appeared to have a great sale. His popularity was shared by a grimacier, who had a head of long black hair reaching to his waist, exactly like a woman's; and by altering the arrangement of this, and by wrenching his features into amazing contortions, he became twenty different persons, in as many minutes. His face was closely shaven; and when he had adjusted it, he thrust it through a hole in a large board. Grimaldi might have envied his Protean plasticity of visage. His tongue was about the size of a horse's, and he thrust it out, down to the fourth or fifth button of his waistcoat, and sucked it all up again into his mouth, with inconceivable celerity. The fellow seemed to wring his face like a wet cloth. My attention was attracted by another crowd a few paces off, the nucleus of which I found was a little hunchback; one, indeed, who had he lived in the days of his brother of the thousand and one nights, would certainly have had his turban filled with sequins, the very first time the disguised caliph mingled with the crowd that surrounded him. This little person was dressed in his shirt and trousers only—the former, in whiteboy fashion, over-all. The grounds on which he claimed public benefactions, were these:—he first went round the ring of spectators, and endeavored to induce them to put their hands under his shirt, and carefully examine his hump; for my own part I preferred taking its merits for granted; but many enthusiastic physiologists did tumble his hump with very great relish. After he had exhausted the number of his manipulators, he stood for a few minutes in the centre of the circle, for the purpose, as he said, of absorbing his hump; he then made the circuit of his patrons, and convinced them that his hump was diminished to the size of an orange. Whether this most accommodating gibbosity was a natural or an artificial production, I cannot determine, but I am disposed to believe that it was a genuine hump; for he underwent a very rigid examination, and had, besides, all the unpleasant anxious expression of face, and pe-

culiarities of person usually attendant on spinal distortion. "The art of our necessities is," indeed, "strange, that can make vile things precious." This fellow *would* probably have starved without his hump, unless it could be absorbed into his system for nutriment, like that of the camel of the desert. And even were it so, how short-lived the support rendered! He could not have lived through a hard winter upon it, like a bear upon its paws. No! take his hump, "and you do take the means whereby he lives." Humpless, he would be dinnerless; but now look at my little lord! laughing, chatting, chucking the grisettes under the chin; complimenting the old dames with the cherry baskets; alternately sucking in and swelling out his hump, with as proud an air of self-satisfaction as a dancer exhibits when he has stood on one leg longer than any other person can stand upon two. And better still, pocketing centimes, liards—nay, even sous by handfuls.

"And to-morrow," said I, as I strolled up the hill to Ingouville—"to-morrow I will shoulder my knapsack and walk to Harfeur, and there I will take the boat to Rouen, and see the spot where they buried the lion heart of King Richard, who ate the Saracen's head; and where they roasted alive the poor Maid of Arc—a fine and impressive example of the wisdom of our ancestors."

"And I will take a peep at St. Denis, and see how King Henry the First sleeps after his last supper of lampreys; and then I will cross over to the far Calvados, and see Caen, whence sprang the noble Norman woman, Charlotte Corday, who sent the squalid fiend, Jean Paul Marat—*Ami du Peuple*—to his last account; and I will come back over the bloody footsteps of Henry of Monmouth, and look upon the field of Agincourt." And then—then, I reached the door of my friend's residence, just at the same moment with the postman, who put into my hand a letter from England, and in another minute all my *chateaux en Espagne* had crumbled into dust! This letter required my instant departure. I prepared myself to sail by the next day's packet, and so ended my travels in Normandy. The steam-boat started, nominally at 5 p.m., and, accordingly, at 5 p.m. I was on the quay, where I found the steam-boat, and where the said steam-boat remained till nearly seven.

As I was about to descend into the cabin I was stopped by a *gendarme* of the *Garde Municipale*—a tall, lean, hungry-visaged man, with two short bunches of black bristles on his upper lip, apparently growing out of his nostrils. This hirsute functionary demanded my passport. I had landed without one, and was not aware that anything of the sort was necessary to insure my departure. This I explained to the civic dragoon, but "*Tous ne partirez pas*," was all that I could extract from him in reply. I then called the friend at whose house I had been staying, and also the owner of the vessel, one of the most opulent merchants in Havre, to testify to my respectability, my loyalty to Louis Philippe—my attachment to the house of Orleans in general, and the Royal Usher in particular; but all their protestations in my favor were of no avail—still it was "*Tous ne partirez pas*!"

"Where then," said I, "is the Consul's office?"

"*La bas*," said he.

"*La bas*," I went and found, of course, that the office was closed. I then bethought me of inquiring the assistance of the Consul of the United States, but Uncle Sam was not at home, neither. When I again arrived at the quay all the gangway boards except one were removed, and at that one was posted my inexorable foe, the *gendarme*, just in front of the paddle-box. My friend shouted to the shipowner, who was standing on the deck, "What's to be done? Cannot get his passport?"

"Tell him to come on board," was the reply. Come on board?—but how? Had I knocked this French dragoon into the water, and drowned him, I should, probably, have been guillotined. Thus, I have little doubt, in the present half civilized, grossly prejudiced state of French society, would so meritorious an act have been required. I paused a moment; just as the said worthy stepped on shore, and while the captain was shouting "*En route!*" I leaped on board by jumping over the quarter rail; and dived, as quickly as possible, into the cabin, unseen by the enemy, whom I watched from the port-hole of one of the little state rooms, in full retreat down the quay, happy, no doubt, in the full belief that he had outwitted the "*sacré Insulaire*." The vessel slowly wound her way through the maze of shipping by which she was surrounded, and my escape was complete. I had eluded the vigilance of the omniscient argus-eyed French police. I had escaped from *La belle France* without their knowledge. "Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul," and under the very nose

of one of their most jealous watch-dogs! French police, indeed! Bah! Would D 24, or C 25, have suffered a Mounseer to play such a trick? No! Mounseer would have found himself in the *stachun* before he could have twirled his moustache. Sir Frederick Rowe and Colonel Rowan for ever! Vidocq and Fouche be Here I was interrupted, not like Don Juan, "by a knife," etc., but by a volley of execrations from some one upon deck, apparently addressed to some one a-head of us. I borrowed a large cloak from one of the passengers, changed my cap for a hat, and thinking myself sufficiently disguised to prevent recognition from the shore, I ran on deck to ascertain the cause of the confusion. One of the large barges used for clearing the mud out of the harbor had broken from its moorings and drifted right athwart our course; after much swearing and much poking at the barge with long poles we were at length clear of her, and in another moment hopelessly aground upon a mud bank in the middle of the harbor!

It is or was the practice of the Havre packets to wait for freight to the very last moment that they think there will be water enough in the harbor to float them out; and thus if any little delay occur at starting, they are of course obliged to wait the return of the tide. I believe they calculate the water to a pint. I am sure, that had there been a hatful more on this occasion, we should not have stuck. I did not fear any further annoyance from the accident, than a six hours' delay; but I was ruined by the zeal of my friend on shore, who had seen our disaster, and had come off in a boat to spend the time of our detention with me on board. The *gend'arme* who had returned to the quay, also came off in a boat, accompanied by another individual of his own species. On sight of this dread freight, I immediately, like William in the song, "descended to the deck below," where I concealed myself, and soon heard the fellows inquiring for me of other passengers within a yard of my hiding-place. They soon re-ascended to the deck, to go (as I fondly hoped) ashore; but alas! no; the captain came to me, and was very sorry, etc., but the officers of justice had refused to leave the ship, or permit the vessel to quit the port, unless I was given up. Accordingly, I surrendered, and my friend in blue, with a polite "*Je vous invite, Monsieur*," handed me down the side. When we reached the quay, I ran briskly up the ladder, thinking to myself, "Well, then, I must amuse myself for two or three days, get a passport, and go by the next packet." I had proceeded a few steps, when the *gend'arme*, laying his hand on my shoulder, informed me that I was his prisoner, and once more invited me to accompany him.

"Whither?" said I.

"To the *Commissaire de Police*."

"On what charge?"

"Attempting to quit the country furtively."

I quietly submitted to this summary "*ne exeat*," and was marched between the two armed dragoons, attended by a numerous retinue of highly respectable and unsympathising little boys, to the bureau of *Monsieur le Commissaire*. A wicket was opened, and sitting in the air before his office door, was the redoubtable *Commissaire de Police* himself. He was a red-gilled, bloated, bull-dog, looking fellow, dressed in a tight blue frock coat, and a "little brief authority." His ample paunch hung over his thighs in spite of his tight buttoning, and on his paunch rested a newspaper. From the smell of garlic and brandy that floated round him like a glory, I surmised that he had but just dined; and he was evidently very savage at having been disturbed in his digestion. After a few questions as to my nation, profession, place of abode, etc., delivered in a ferocious tone, intended to impress me with an exalted idea of the dignity of French Crown officership, he merely nodded to his satellites—my obliging custodians—and resumed his study of the "*Journal du Havre*." I was then once more marched through the public streets to the prison.

"We do but row," says Hudibras—"we're steered by Fate!" I had embarked at seven o'clock that evening for England; and, lo! the gaol of Havre de Grace was the port I found myself in at eight. I devoutly wished all passports and *gend'armes* at the devil, and expressed as much to my two guards, in the choicest French I could command; to which one of them, being like Brutus, "much enforced," condescended to reply, "*Bien, bien; c'est tout egal*!" and so they departed, and "went on their way, and I saw them no more," after they had delivered me into the safe custody of the head gnoler, with a verbal description of my crime against the offended majesty of French law.

When a certain lady who had been charmed by his writings, but had never seen his person, wrote to Mirabeau, saying how much she longed to see him, and

begging that he would describe himself to her, he complied with the wish of the fair enthusiast in these brief and self-adulatory terms: "Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the small-pox!" A portrait, that, from the hand of a master. But how, benevolent reader, how shall I paint to thee the jailor of Havre prison? To him old "Coupe Tête of the tile-beard,"* who figured in the Reign of Terror, must have been an Antinous. It was an aged head, grey, and of marvelous wickedness;—he appeared sick, too, in the last stage of mercurial dropsy; and the face was like that of a superannuated bull-dog, made bald by the mange. This gentleman having ordered my friend who had accompanied me to quit the prison directly, immediately inquired whether I would like a private room; and, on my replying in the negative, led the way through a long, low, stone passage to a door at the other end, which he opened, motioning to me to enter. I took a peep at the interior which he disclosed, and I said, "You are joking—you can't mean that!"—but he *did* mean that—and insisted on my entering. The place in which he wished me to abide was a stone dungeon, of some twelve feet square, and twenty feet high—lighted near the top by an iron-grated hole, about a foot square. Along one side, about eighteen inches from the ground, ran a sort of wooden shelf, like that provided for the hounds in an English kennel; on this bench lay two men asleep; the stone floor was covered with mud, bits of bread, picked bones, etc., besides much filth ineffable, unprintable. "But why can I not remain with those gentlemen?" said I, pointing to a crew of ragged prisoners, crawling about listlessly in a yard about twenty or thirty feet square, leading from the passage. "Because," said he, "they pay for a private room; and if you do not choose to do so, you must go in there." I appealed to the other prisoners, and they confirming the words of the grand chamberlain, I submitted to the imposition, and joined my fellow jail-birds. My companions were about twenty in number—most of them sailors of various nations, confined for creating disturbances in the public streets.

Had I not possessed money enough to purchase the enjoyment of this refined and agreeable society, I should have been locked up in the noisome den I have described. That was, in fact, the prison of Havre; all the rest of the building was an hotel kept by the jailor. The first of my fellow-prisoners with whom I made acquaintance, was a Yankee sailor, confined for thrashing his mate, who, by his account, had slightly provoked him to this breach of the peace by merely knocking him down with a handspike, and then threatening to stab him with a clasp-knife. I described to him the cause of my detention, and was congratulated by him that I had not been provoked to strike either of my captors. Some sailor friends of his, he told me, had been sent to Toulon to saw stone for six months, for striking some of the *Gardé Municipale*. "They was a drinking in a cabbery," said he, when some of these French chaps came in, and one on 'em reached over and drank out of their bottle; one o' my mates gev him a pat o' the head, an' from that they got to fightin'." Some o' these here jaundyarms come in, an', o' course, took the part o' the mounseers, an' my mates they took an' broke the swords of the jaundyarms, an' leathered 'em almighty well. But, in the mornin', they was all took up, an' now they're sawing stone at Toulon, and will be this five months; an' how they are to get to home I don't know, for their ship sails to-morrow, I guess."

By this time I began to feel hungry, and learning from my friend the Yankee, that although the prison hour of supper was past, I could purchase anything in the jailor's kitchen, I proceeded thither, and procured a roll and a little brandy, and then desired to be shown my *chambre particulière*. I chatted some minutes with a wretched, toothless, mummy of a woman, the jailor's servant, who was very civil to me, and in the course of our talk, asked me if *Londres* was *bien loin de l'Angleterre*? After satisfying her on this curious point of insular geography, and paying for my supper, I was escorted by a turnkey—the most ferocious looking savage I have ever beheld—to my apartment, and locked up. The room, which was very small, was furnished with a truckle bedstead, with a sack of straw upon it, covered with a sheet, a blanket, and a little rug, and one chair, but no table. The other wing of the prison which fronted my window, was used as a hospital for women, under the direction of the sanitary police. From one of the windows of this part of the building was hung a miserable, dirty, tri-colored flag, evidently composed of rags of women's dress. This banner was illuminated by two or three bits of candle stuck in the window. There was dancing going

* He was called "*tuile barbe*," from the resemblance of his red beard to a tile.

on in the room, and its wretched occupants were celebrating the anniversary of the *three days of July*! By and by the dancing ceased, and a very sweet voice was heard singing one of the old "*provençal*" airs to a guitar. This again was interrupted by ribald jests and shouts of mirth.

What a volume, thought I, might be written from the brief histories of the poor revellers in that lazar house! There was something to make the heart ache in the tremulous, refined tone of the poor girl who sung. I pictured her to myself, a bright-eyed, laughing child at her mother's knee, receiving her first music lesson—and now! The train of thought was sickening—I closed my window, and endeavored (with only partial success) to shut out the sound of a screaming Marseillaise Hymn, in chorus, which now burst from the hospital. The sounds in the prison gradually died away, and I had begun to despair of getting out that night. I threw myself upon my sack of straw, and in my dreams was soon occupied in endeavoring to persuade the Yankee sailor not to persist in wearing the uniform of the *gend'armes*, urging that it was highly improper for so delicate a young girl as himself to wear such a dress while singing before company. And I had nearly succeeded in convincing him of the absurdity of accompanying his voice on the cocked hat, when the clang of the prison bell rang through the passages, and woke me, and also two or three furious mastiffs, which roam at large about the jail during the night, to prevent the untimely departure of any of the guests in their master's hotel. The late visitor was my friend, who brought with him the owner of the vessel, and an order for my unconditional release, signed by the commandant of the garrison, also a passport. The old Cerberus of the prison most jealously inspected the order. I paid him his fees, and with a cordial "*au plaisir de ne vous revoir jamais*!" I vacated his dominions. My friend and I adjourned to a *café*, where he recounted to me the difficulties he had encountered in procuring my liberation, which as they are curiously illustrative of national character, I will relate. First, he went to the private house of the British Consul, at the Côte d'Ingouville; the consul was gone to Rouen, and would not return for four days." Where did his clerk and representative live!"—"Near the Harbor." To the Harbor my friend came. Of course, the clerk was out. His servant thought he was at the Theatre. To the Theatre hied my friend. He, however, bethought himself of Franconi's Circus, out of the gates of the town, and there he found the consul's clerk, who, with much good nature, left his darling spectacle, and off they posted to the office in search of a possible blank "*permis*," signed by the consul before his departure. By good luck one was found, and my description duly inserted from hearsay. Still, however, to borrow the diction of Cockaigne, I was in "the stone jug." My untiring liberator then seized upon the ship-owner, and insisted on his devising the means of his enlargement; gently hinting as a persuasive, that, as he had been himself the original adviser of my salutory embarkation, in the very teeth and defiance of the constituted authorities, it would be necessary, in case I were detained all night, and brought before the worshipful magistrates of Havre in the morning, to state the whole circumstances of the affair, not omitting *his own* share therein. On hearing this, he, in the most disinterested manner, offered to call on the commandant, the mayor, etc., etc., on my behalf; and evinced no less solicitude, than if the case had been his own—although, up to this point, he had, as Swift says, "borne his neighbor's misfortunes like a Christian."

After chasing the commandant about the town for nearly two hours, he was at last hooked, and the circumstances of the case were thus explained to him by my veracious advocate, the ship-owner. I had, he affirmed, a passport the day before; in confirmation of which he produced the one just obtained from the Consul's clerk. That I had unluckily left it at Ingouville in my hurry to get on board; and that the *gend'arme*, instead of permitting me to return and fetch it, as I had proposed, insisted on my going before the Commissary of Police; and this sublime flight of imagination he wound up by declaring that I was a British officer on leave—that my detention would be attended with the most serious consequences; and concluded by describing the manner in which I had eluded the vigilance of the *gend'arme*—carefully omitting all mention of his own share in the transaction. The old soldier laughed heartily at my adventure, and signed an order for my immediate release.

And that is the way in which they put people in prison and let them out again, in the good town of Havre de Grace.

The Prison-Ships and Prisons of 1776.

BY J. ALEXANDER PATTEN.

It is profitable for the American, as he views the astounding progress of his country, to turn from the splendid glories which render the present so illustrious, the future so hopeful, and contemplate some of those events which distinguished the past, both for its triumphs and its sufferings. The nation, which has now no equal in the world, in energy or resources, once laid panting in the dust; the giant whose tread now shakes the earth was cradled in desperation and despair. Old Europe may indeed marvel at the sublime miracle which Liberty has worked out in the New World. And while her dull eye wanders amid the magnificence of our cities, or grows weary as it surveys the rich harvests which each season gladden the husbandman; while she notes the sweating locomotive as it thunders along the valley, where the invader so lately pressed his proud foot, or follows the silvered flood which unites the distant lakes and the inviting ocean bosom to bosom; while she admits that her philosophy and experience utterly fail to solve the problem presented in this matchless career—the American may leave her busy with the puzzle, and find a lesson for himself in the dark history of his forefathers. In this mood we ask the reader to a consideration of the story of those brave men, who endured imprisonment in the Wallabout prison-ships, and British dungeons in New York city. Their narrative does not lead us to speak of stained fields, of nodding plumes, and waving banners; but it takes us among scenes of famine, of cruelty and shame, illuminated, however, at every step, by the patriot's fortitude and the martyr's faith.

The swarming cruisers of England were active in the capture of American vessels, and brought to New York large numbers of prisoners, who were at first secured in some old hulks, anchored abreast of the Battery and in the North River. Many of these sailors, made desperate by harsh treatment, escaped, and Wallabout Bay was chosen as a more fitting anchorage. The Whitby prison-ship was moored here in October, 1776, and subsequently many others; the most celebrated of which were the Good Hope, Scorpion, Hunter, Stromboli, and greatest of all the Old Jersey. The Whitby was burnt in October, 1777, and the Good Hope March 5, 1780. They were supposed to have been set on fire by the prisoners, in the hope of effecting an escape, in which they did not probably succeed, for it is stated in the case of the latter vessel, that only two were missing out of several hundred. The Old Jersey appeared in 1780, and remained in the Wallabout, not only during the war, but long after. Portions of her timbers could be seen until within

a few years upon the flats where she finally went to decay.

The "Old Jersey" Prison Ship.

Our engraving shows the Jersey anchored near the

Mill. She had been a ship of the line, and mounted seventy-four guns, and had "done the State some service," in battling with the French. Reaching New York, she was dismantled, nothing being left but her bowsprit and flag-staff. She was then used as a store-ship, but was shortly required as a prison.

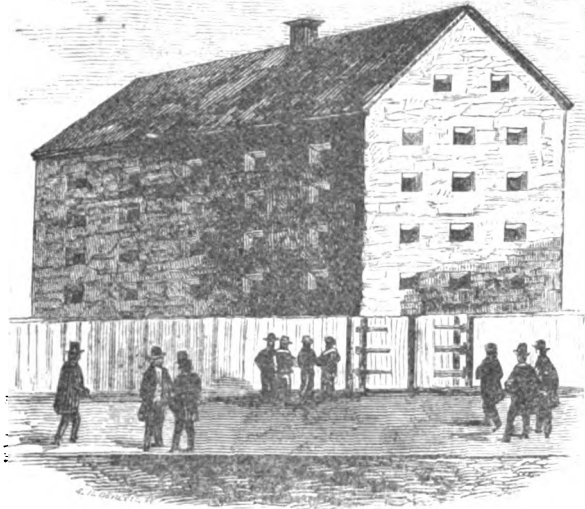


THE "OLD JERSEY" PRISON SHIP—WALLABOUT BAY, NEW NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Her ports were closed, and holes cut for the admission of light and air, ten feet apart, and crossed at right angles by iron bars. The quarter deck extended over about one-fourth of the upper deck, and the forecabin an eighth part, and gangways, five feet wide, led from one to the other, while long spars were laid in the intervening space, forming

what was called the spar-deck. On this deck was a derrick for hoisting wood, water, and provisions on board, and on the quarter deck there was a tent for the guard in warm weather. The prisoners were admitted to the ship by an accommodation ladder on the larboard side of the ship, at the head of which stood a sentinel night and day. A bar-

Jersey entered the ship by a ladder on the star-board side, and consisted of a captain, two mates, and twelve sailors. There was also a steward, cook, and butler. The guard was composed of English, Hessians, and refugees, numbering about thirty, who were relieved weekly; they had a guard-room on shore adjacent to the mill. Besides, there were twelve old mariners, who maintained strict watch over the water butts, enforcing with drawn cutlasses

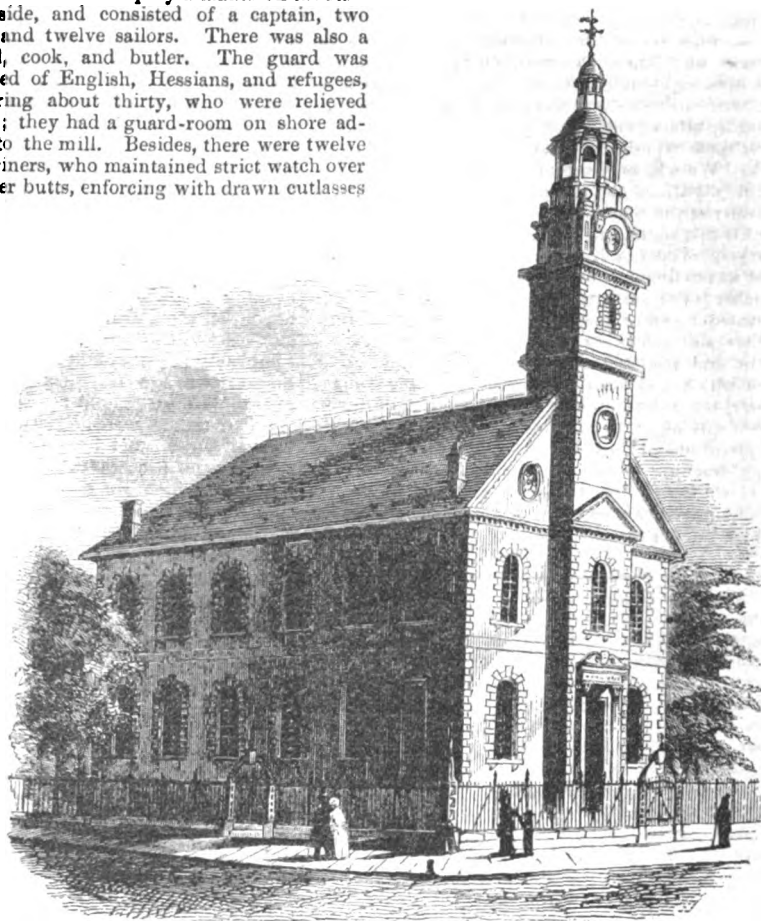


OLD SUGAR-HOUSE PRISON, FORMERLY 34 AND 36 LIBERTY STREET, N. Y.

riade was also erected across the deck through which the prisoners passed, which was pierced with loop-holes for musketry. Sentinels occupied the gangways of which we have spoken, and the prisoner, after he entered the ship, was seldom allowed to pass the door of the barricade, unless his mess was to be regulated, or he was engaged in the burial of some departed patriot. At sunset the prisoners descended to the lower deck, where they remained until sunrise. Their chests, boxes, and bags were distributed in two lines throughout the decks, behind which each mess congregated. On the lar-board side of the upper deck were bunks for the sick, and the gun-room aft had been appropriated by those prisoners who were officers. The cooking was done in the galley under the fore-castle, in a boiler holding two or three hogsheads. The food consisted of peas, oatmeal, beef, pork, and biscuit, all of the worst quality, and often the refuse of the English ships of war. The officers and crew of the

the regulation that no prisoner should take more than one pint of water at a time. The water was procured at a spring marked on the map, and now supplies a pump in the goodly city of Brooklyn. The water boat was kept constantly plying between the ships and the spring, the consumption on board the Jersey alone being seven hundred gallons daily; the spring being reached through Wallabout Creek. The Scorpion, Stromboli, and Hunter were hospital ships, to which the sick were removed from the Jersey; but the mortality at length became so fearful, that there existed no further accommodations, and bunks were then provided in the Jersey. A corps of physicians was attached to the ships, and even if they had not been both

lazy and incompetent, the ruthless pestilence would have laughed at their efforts to arrest it. As it was, the living and the dead were huddled together; fevers, the small-pox, and a hundred other ills rioted among the famished prisoners, and from six to eight died in the Jersey every day. It was not enough that they should subsist upon unwholesome, uncooked food; that they were in poverty and rags; that they were kicked, beaten, and insulted; that they were denied the light of day and the air of heaven, but magnanimous England kept disease, death, and the grave ever before their eyes. She pointed them with one hand to their wretched doom, and with the other offered a bribe if they would enlist in her service. But they spurned her allurements with indignation, and there is no record that she ever got a recruit. The dead were collected every morning by a gang of prisoners termed the "Working



OLD NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, CORNER OF WILLIAM AND FULTON STREETS, N. Y.

Party," hurried to the beach, buried in a trench, and then left to the mercy of time and the tide. More than a mile of the shore was dotted with graves. Thus they lived, surrounded by maddening horrors, and thus they were laid in the soil for which they died; no falling tear moistened their resting-place; no sculptured marble has yet made their history immortal.

On the Fourth of July, 1782, the prisoners of the Jersey resolved to celebrate the day. They displayed thirteen little flags, which the guards bravely destroyed; songs were sung, cheers were given notwithstanding, and at four o'clock the



PROVOST, OR NEW JAIL, NOW HALL OF RECORDS, PARK, N.



TOMB OF THE MARTYRS, NAVY YARD WALL, BROOKLYN.

seamen, soldiers, and citizens, who perished on board the Prison Ships at the Wallabout, during the Revolution. This is the corner-stone of the vault, erected by the Tammany Society, of Columbian order, which contains their remains, the ground for which was bestowed by John Jackson—Nassau Island, Season of blossoms; year of discovery, the 316th; of the institution, the 19th, and of American Independence, the 32nd. April 16th, 1808." An oration was delivered by Joseph D. Fay, and other interesting services took place upon this occasion. The vault was completed, and the bones themselves buried on the 26th of May. They had been deposited in thirteen coffins, and each was confided to one of the Tammany tribes. The procession was a feature of that day, and was joined by all the military and civic societies of the city, together with public men and municipal bodies from other sections of the country; guns were fired at dawn of day, flags hoisted at half-mast on the public buildings, and by the shipping. Garret Sickles, Esq., was Grand Marshal, and one hundred and four soldiers of the revolution officiated as pall-bearers. The route of the procession was down Broadway from the Park, through Wall, Pearl, and Cherry streets, to Catherine, in which vicinity it embarked for Brooklyn. The procession was divided into thirty-two divisions. A prominent object was the "Grand National Pedestal," mounted on a truck, and representing black marble eight feet long, eight high, and four wide. A blue silk flag, eighteen feet by twelve, floated at the top from a staff eighteen feet high, capped by a globe and eagle, which were enveloped in crape. On the pedestal were several inscriptions. Josiah Falconer, a member of Tammany, stood upon the top of the pedestal as the "Genius of America." He was attired in a loose under-dress of blue silk, falling to his knees, over which was a white robe, relieved by a crimson scarf and cape; on his feet were sandals, and on his head a cap ornamented with feathers. Nine young men were grouped around the pedestal, symbolic of Patriotism, Honor, Virtue, Patience, Fortitude, Merit, Courage, Perseverance, and Science—attributes of the "Genius of America." The whole was drawn by four horses, caparisoned and in charge of grooms. It was transported across the river on a boat prepared for the purpose. The procession formed again in Brooklyn, proceeded to the vault, and in the presence of a vast multitude the bones were entombed, while the bands performed sad requiems, and artillery boomed from the hills and along the shore. The prayer was by Rev. Ralph Williston, and the oration by Dr. Benjamin De Witt.

The monument has never been erected. In 1832, the tomb with its contents was sold for assessments by the city of Brooklyn, and purchased by Benjamin Romaine—he at his death bequeathing it to his heirs as a family vault. He is buried in it, together with, we think, a nephew. A stone wall was necessarily erected in front, where Jackson street, now Hudson avenue, was cut through, and a railing on the top has been superseded by a fence of rough boards. Thirteen posts which stood between the railing and tomb have also disappeared. Mr. Romaine erected the wooden structure which is above the vault, in the place of one in a ruinous condition at the date of his purchase. Before the door is a tree, and directly at the side the Navy Yard wall. Our artist represents the spot, in all the mournful characteristics of to-day.

PROVOST OR NEW JAIL, NOW HALL OF RECORDS, NEW YORK.

The Provost, or New Jail, now Hall of Records, in the Park, was another dungeon. We give an engraving of the original building, which could hardly be recognized in the present stately pile. It was erected 1767-8. It was a place of great security, having barricades, doors with bars, bolts, chains, and ponderous locks, besides six sentinels. When a prisoner arrived, his name, rank, size, age, &c., were duly registered. William Cunningham was Provost Marshal, and Sergeant O'Keefe, deputy; the first of whom admitted (in a confession given before his execution for forgery in London, August 10th, 1791) that two thousand prisoners were starved in New York, and two hundred and seventy-five persons executed. Cunningham was probably the most accomplished demon in human shape who ever disgraced our nature. No depth of misery could melt him, no act of misery ever tempered his brutal impulses. The child of a soldier, at eight years of age he became an officer's servant; at twenty-three, the associate of thieves, and reached America August 4th, 1774. He early fell under the displeasure of the "Liberty Boys," who forced him, on one occasion, to go down on his knees and kiss the liberty

pole in the Park. He then went to Boston, where he attracted the attention of Gen. Gage, and was appointed Provost Marshal. He was soon in a position to avenge his wrongs. Now he roamed from cell to cell of the Provost, insulting the noblest of the land. He saw them suffering with cold, and he mocked their cry for bread. For slight offences he thrust them into underground dungeons; he refused them pens and paper; he shortened their rations at pleasure, sometimes keeping them for eighteen hours without food; he packed them in rooms badly ventilated, until they could hardly move or breathe; he piled their bodies, when dead, before the door of the Provost, and often dragged five or six, in a single night, to execution. The executions took place not far from the "Upper Barracks," which extended from Broadway to Chatham street, adjacent to what is now Chambers street. The bread served to the prisoners was made of canary and flaxseed chaff; the water was brackish and the meat putrid. The dead cart visited the Provost and other prisons every morning. The bodies were thrown into pits, dug near the Jews' burial ground, now Chatham square, and in an old redoubt in Lumber street, at present Trinity Place. The beggars dug them up and stripped them of clothing, and dogs afterwards fed upon the emaciated corpses.

After the war, the Provost became a debtors' prison, and, still later, the Hall of Records. There are those who yet remember the city gallows and whipping post, which at one time stood near it. The Middle Dutch Church, now Post Office, held, at different periods, at least three thousand prisoners. The pews were taken for fuel. It finally was used as a riding school for the Hessians, and re-dedicated as a church 1790. When leased by the United States Government as a post office, important alterations were made, and have been continued, until the building presents a strangely modern appearance.

OLD SUGAR HOUSE PRISON.

The Sugar House, No. 34 and 36 Liberty street, was a notorious prison built of stone, five stories high, with two apartments on each floor. In front was a fence about ten feet high, and within, a yard where sentries were always on duty. It was dark, damp, and overrun with rats. One Sergeant Wally, played the tyrant here. Four persons who had been confined here were found to be living a few years since; but they are now all dead—the last, Jonathan Gillette, of North Canaan, Connecticut, having departed hence March 14th, 1855. The Sugar House was demolished in 1840.

TOMB OF THE MARTYRS AT THE NAVY YARD WALL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Mr. Romaine covered his building with some quaint inscriptions which we give. "In 1778 the confederation proclaimed thirteen British colonies—United States. E Pluribus Unum. In 1780 our grand National Convention ordained one entire Sovereignty, in strict adhesion to the equally sacred State rights." "The Constitution of the United States consists of two parts—the supreme Sovereignty, and the unadulterated State Rights, one and indivisible. These have no parallel except the sacred Decalogue of Moses, our duties to God and man, one and indivisible." "In the city of New York, 1780, Washington began the first Presidential career, the wide-spread Eagle of Union waited the order, then instantly raised his flight in the heavens, and like the orb of day speedily became visible to half the globe." "The Ante-Chamber of the vault, in which will be arranged the busts or other portraits, insignia, of the most distinguished military men and civilians of the Revolution. The Governors and Legislators of the old thirteen States will confer a great favor by their selecting and sending them to No. 21 Hudson street, city of New York. In 1803, after many years of neglect, the corner stone of this tomb was laid by its present owner, as Grand Sachem of Tammany Society. In the same year, from the great collection of bleached bones of martyrs to our independence, thirteen coffins were filled, and interred in the tomb, in great display of military and civic procession, from the city of New York and Brooklyn. It was said that full fifteen thousand attendants, without distinction of party, were present."

From ten to eleven thousand prisoners are supposed to have perished in the prison-ships, and their precious remains now moulder near the scene of their woes. America, with all her wild patriotism, seems to have forgotten them. She has seen Napoleon, whose triumphs were as brief as his power, taken from his lonely isle and borne to an imperial tomb, attended by dazzling pageantry, and mourned by a weeping world; she has seen Wellington, who fought for kings and crowns, carried amid showy honors to his exalted grave, and still

here are men who fanned the spark of expiring liberty until its rays have cheered the desponding of every clime, and they lie

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

The genius of Egypt has towered up her imposing pyramids. Greece has left her history in chiselled tombs, and England has adorned the grave of her heroes with the wonders of classic art; but rich, tasteful, generous America, has awarded her dead only a carpenter's obelisk. A throb of patriotism is now rocking this nation to its centre, and threatening every artery of the American heart, and men are pausing to inquire if they owe no duty to their country. May not this potent spirit breathe the martyrs' story in the halls of our cities and at the firesides of our hamlets; will it not wait it upon the blasts of the rugged mountains, and dart it with the lightning across the flowering plain. There is now an organized committee in Brooklyn, appointed to carry forward this enterprise. Hon. George Hall, the Mayor, is President; A. J. Crowell, Cor. Secretary; E. J. Whitlock, Rec. Secretary, and James McBride, Treasurer. The site for a monument has been donated by the city, on Fort Greene, and such as desire to aid this patriotic movement can forward their contributions at once. The harvest is ripe for the sickle, and the reapers should be ready.

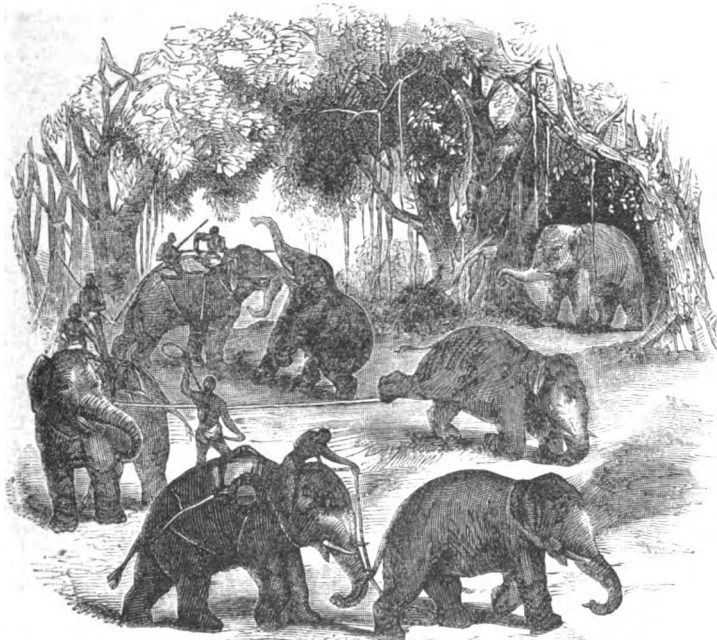
MAP OF WALLABOUT BAY.

We may mention that Wallabout bay (see map) is that part of the East river immediately fronting the Navy Yard. During the revolution it was a sheltered, secluded and desolate locality, consisting as represented of a narrow channel, extensive mud flats, and opposite the anchorage of elevated land. In the distance where we now discover thronged streets, and bustling trade, were scattered the farms of the Dutch settlers, while near at hand, where the graceful Niagara so lately gave her bridal kiss to the waves, there stood a weather-beaten mill, known to the prisoners as the "Old Dutchman's."

A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and attention are adequate. If she is prompted by true affection and good sense, when he is suffering from accident or disease, she of all human beings can best minister to his needs. For the sick soul her nursing is quite as sovereign as it is for corporeal ills.

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF THERESE.—Three of gigantic size still remain. One was the granite statue of Rameses himself, who sat on the right side of the entrance to his palace. By some extraordinary catastrophe, the statue has been thrown down, and the Arabs have scooped their millstones out of his face, but you can still see what he was—the largest statue in the world. Far and wide that enormous head must have been seen—eyes, mouth, and ears. Far and wide you must have seen his vast hands resting on his elephantine knees. You sit on his breast and look at the Osiride statues which support the portico of the temple, and which anywhere else would put to shame even the statues of the cherubs in St. Peter's—and they seem pigmies before him. His arm is thicker than their whole bodies. The only part of the temple or palace at all in proportion to him must have been the gateway, which rose in pyramidal towers, now broken down, and rolling in a wild ruin down to the plain.

MULLIGATAWNY, OR CURRY SOUP.—This is usually made either with fowls or rabbits, but mutton, pork, or veal may be used. Cut into neat joints one or two fowls or rabbits; if the latter, let them be well washed, and cleansed from blood. Put them into a stewpan, cover them with water, and when it boils, scum it clean; then add an onion, a few pepper-corns, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a blade or two of mace. When the fowls or rabbits are tender, (be careful, however, they are not much done,) strain the broth into a basin, and put the joints on a dish. Into another stewpan put a quarter of a pound of butter, four or five onions cut small, and about six ounces of lean ham cut in dice; set these ingredients over a slow fire to fry gently for half an hour, stirring them occasionally to prevent burning; then put in sufficient flour to make the butter into paste, with two table-spoonfuls of curry-powder, and stir it well over the fire for five minutes. The broth in which the fowls or rabbits were boiled should be added to more broth, if necessary, to bring it to a proper consistence; let it boil gently by the side of the fire, and skim off the butter as long as any will rise. Pass it through a sieve; put in the joints; boil, skim, season with salt and a little lemon juice, and serve with plain boiled rice in a separate dish.



Sketches of Siam.

THE zoology of Siam scarcely differs from that of the contiguous regions of Burmah on the one side, and Anam, or Cochin-China, on the other. The full-grown horse, except as an importation, is not found eastward of our Bengal frontier; the Siamese horse resembles the pony of Pegu, and is a spirited, nimble, strong animal. The elephant is much used in trade, as well as in war; and, but for the great patience, labor, and ingenuity required for taming them, they might domesticate almost any number of these huge animals. In their untamed state, they swarm in jungles and forests, in all the wilder portions of the kingdom. The traveller is constantly meeting them in great troops, feeding, or wandering hither and thither, and calling to one another, that they may keep together. They do not attack man, unless he first attack them, or give annoyance by approaching them too closely. There is really nothing to fear from them when thus herded together; but let the traveller beware if he meet a solitary elephant, or one straying quite alone! In this predicament the elephant is always sullen, ferocious, and in the highest degree dangerous: the natives call him mad, and pretend that he has been divorced from his mate, and expelled from his tribe, and from all society, either on account of his insanity, or on account of crimes and misdemeanors; and, in the latter case, according to their theory, the expulsion and disgrace, and then the loneliness to which the brute is condemned, induce the madness and ferocity. Elephants have such a wonderful degree of instinct, and, in many instances, make so near an approach to the reasoning faculty of man, that we may conceive the possibility of their ostracising a delinquent, or an insane member of their society; but, however this may be, it is quite certain that a lonely elephant is always dangerous.

According to the Siamese, a good, tamed elephant, if not overloaded, ought to march four and a half miles in the hour, and keep it up day and night, provided he be allowed time to fill his capacious stomach. When tired or hungry, he strikes the ground with his trunk, and makes with it a sound like that of a horn, or trumpet, to warn his driver that it is time to halt. The habits, capabilities, and performances of this extraordinary quadruped, are very generally known; but it may be well to say a word or two about their travelling in Siam, a country abounding with marshes, rivers, streams, mountains, and forests. If he reaches a bog, he drags himself across it on his belly and knees, thus presenting the broadest possible surface to the mud; if he comes to a river he eyes its course, sounds the depth of the water with his trunk, and advances with much precaution, and when he no longer finds a bottom, he puts his broad chest to the stream and swims, breathing through the end of his trunk, which is thrown up in the air, and kept high above the surface; he can descend into deep and steep ravines, and if he comes to the steep, precipitous ascent of a mountain, he will master it by holding on and aiding himself with his trunk, much as men do with their hands in climbing; and if he reaches

exceedingly rare. The circumstance was considered most auspicious to his majesty's reign; for if kings with only three white elephants had been great and victorious monarchs, what must he be who had six!

In former times, Europeans believed that the Siamese worshipped the white elephant as a god. This was an error, as these people acknowledge no god whatever. With them, even Buddha is regarded only as a doctor, teacher, and master in religion. But as according to their system of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, men, in their different generations or stages, must of necessity be (after many other forms) white monkeys, white sparrows, and white elephants, they have a great reverence for all animals that are *Albinos*, and above all for white elephants, the largest, strongest, and wisest of all quadrupeds. They imagine that the body of so very rare a creature as a huge white elephant must be the temporary habitation of some king, potentate, or very mighty personage, in his progress to final perfection. They reason that, for all that his majesty knows to the contrary, the soul of the living king of Siam's own father, or grandfather, might be in one of his six elephants. In conformity with this superstition, every white elephant in Siam has the rank and title of a king. One of the old Jesuit missionaries gravely tells us that his Siamese majesty never rides a white elephant, because the animal is as great a king as himself. It is also an article of faith that one of the transmigrations of Buddha himself will be into an elephant, spotlessly white, and that no country in the world can have so excellent a security for prosperity and future good fortune as in the possession of a very large and very white elephant. The six seen by Mr. Crawford and the English gentlemen who accompanied him in his mission to Bang-kok, in 1821, approached much nearer to a pure, true white, than they had imagined. There was nothing of leprosy in the color; the animals exhibited no signs of disease, debility, or imperfection; they were as large as other elephants, and appeared to be quite as strong; but they were never put to any kind of labor. They all came either from Lao, or from Cambogia, and not one of them from any part of Siam proper. There were females as well as males; all had a chain netting of gold over their heads, and a small gold embroidered velvet cushion on their backs, and, in addition, the males had gold rings on their tusks. They were lodged in stables, called *Watts*, or Temples, by the Siamese, within the precincts of the royal palace, and none were admitted to the honors of an interview, without the introduction or express command of the king. Since that period, the white elephants have been provided with still more splendid lodgings, and have received still higher honors and distinctions. The chief *Watt*, or elephant temple, is situated on the east bank of the Me-nam, in the centre of a garden, deliciously scented with the tube rose, the yellow honeysuckle, and a rare species of the passion-flower. On either side of the *Watt* are two huge banyan trees, under the shade of which a crowd of talapoins, or priests, are usually found chaunting laudatory verses in honor of his majesty

a dense, seemingly impenetrable forest, he will make way for himself and for all that follow, by breaking away with his trunk the branches of the trees, or the very trees themselves, being thus a first-rate pioneer.

In all countries where the Buddhist religion exists, and where the animals are found, white elephants are objects of veneration. This is more particularly the case in Siam, where the king takes one of his proudest and best known titles from them—"Lord of the White Elephant." His late Majesty possessed six white elephants, which is said to be a greater number than ever had belonged to any preceding monarch.

White elephants are exceedingly rare. The circumstance was considered most auspicious to his majesty's reign; for if kings with only three white elephants had been great and victorious monarchs, what must he be who had six!

the elephant of elephants, the great white. The room of state occupied by his majesty is exceedingly lofty, with windows all round the upper part; the flooring is covered with a matting, wrought in pure gold, and the trough from which his majesty drinks is ornamented with gold. The man who was so fortunate as to entrap this white elephant, (described as a very huge one,) received a large pension from the biped king of Siam, and the pension is said to be made hereditary in the man's family. He was also raised to one of the highest offices in the state, that of water-carrier to his four-footed majesty.

Robert Bruce.

ROBERT, King of Scotland, is one of the most exalted warriors to be found in ancient times; yet the virtues of his character were formed, and acquired their bright polish, in the school of adversity. The courage for which he was so distinguished, and the generosity of his character, were inherent in his nature, and displayed themselves in very early life; but his magnanimity, his wisdom, his steady heroism, were the fruits of after years. But when he was deserted by his friends, after his first feeble attempts to wield the sword of independence, and saw that he must either perish unhonored, or steadily pursue the path of glory and freedom, he resolved to achieve the redemption of his countrymen from a foreign power, or perish in the attempt. From this period, the dauntless courage which he showed, the patient endurance of suffering, cheering his faithful followers in their weary wanderings with tales of old, the energy of character which he displayed, the magnanimity, candor, and integrity of his name, drew around him the valiant and the good, and enabled him to accomplish the emancipation of his own country.

His true greatness appeared in that humanity, moderation, and pity for the sufferings and hardships of others, which, in the hour of victory, were not unheeded; and although cruelly treated by the English king, he showed great humanity to his prisoners. True courage is seldom allied with cruelty; and that humanity, in which he bore a striking resemblance to Wallace, and wisdom in the arts of government and war, gave him a key to the hearts and confidence of his countrymen, and especially of some kindred spirits of the age, who shared with him his renown in arms. The only blot on his humanity was his treachery and cruelty when he stabbed Comyn in the Convent of the Minorite Friars. He showed, in the spirit of legislation, no less wisdom than in the military art, in the protection which he held out to person and property, the strict administration of justice, and in his strict and rigorous punishment of criminals.

The circumstance of Robert rising from a private condition, and purchasing with his sword the crown of his ancestors, along with the freedom of his people, and preserving to the last his attachment to all, bespeaks extraordinary energy, and great worth of character. Robert Bruce regarded the kingdom, in liberating and defending which from the ambition of England he had spent so many years of peril and excessive fatigue, with the affectionate solicitude of a father; it was the object of his dying thoughts, and calling before him his nobles, he instructed them briefly before his death, it is said, in those principles of national defence, by which he had triumphed so signally over the giant power of England,—and to a departure from which are to be traced all the national misfortunes and defeats arising from aggression, which the Scots afterwards sustained. His knowledge in the military art was of the highest order, and he bequeathed to his countrymen, as the last legacy which he could give them, the wisdom and experience of his eventful life.

He and his kindred companions in arms, inspired the common people with sentiments of liberty and independence which they had not before experienced, for they were in a state of slavery; and the wars in the time of Wallace and Bruce, and their enlightened policy, served more to emancipate their class from slavery, than any event, with the exception of the Christian religion, which had hitherto taken place in Scotland. By forming the burghers in towns, and the cultivators of the soil in the country, into that impenetrable column of spear-men before which the far-famed chivalry of Europe could not stand, he inspired all with a spirit of confidence and freedom which has never died.

History speaks of the singular and moral effects produced by the collision of infantry and cavalry at the battle of Falkirk and Bannockburn; and from experience, and the history of Wallace, he recommended them always to fight on foot, with a select body of light horse to disperse the destructive bands of English archery; to trust neither to walls nor

fortified castles, but strip the country of all its produce, cattle, and movables; carrying them to the remote mountains, glens, and morasses, thus enlisting famine, as well as the sword, on their side, and compelling the enemy to retreat for want. He recommended that they should harass them in every possible way, adopt the mountaineer and partisan system of warfare, by surrounding them with misery, desolation, and want; and while they were suffering from the hardships of their situation, keep a perpetual alarm by night attacks, charge home upon them on the first appearance of flight, aiding, but not preceding the ravages of famine.

His manners were kindly and engaging; his disposition singularly gentle, courteous, and without selfishness, yet he was of a high spirit; his person tall and well-proportioned, being five feet ten inches high; his shoulders broad; his chest capacious; his limbs powerful; with an open and cheerful countenance, shaded by short, curled hair, which hung around his manly neck. His forehead was low; his cheek-bones strong and prominent, with a wound on his lower jaw: and although possessed of an open and happy countenance, he could put on a look of stern, kingly dignity, when it suited his purpose to do so, and was accounted for his skill in arms and chivalry the third best knight in Europe. Yet, if we consider the conquests which he made, it is doubtful whether he is not entitled to the first rank in chivalry.

Oliver Goldsmith.

GOLDSMITH has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties, which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of the "Traveller," he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life certainly exceeded 400*l.* a-year; and 400*l.* a-year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as 800*l.* a-year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple, with 400*l.* a-year, might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honor of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false.

But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours, or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskillful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers, by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2,000; and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I did not practise," he once said: "I make it a rule only to prescribe for my friends."—"Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauchlerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians; and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep. He could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?"—"No; it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith.

He died on the 3rd of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the church-yard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, burst into a flood of tears.

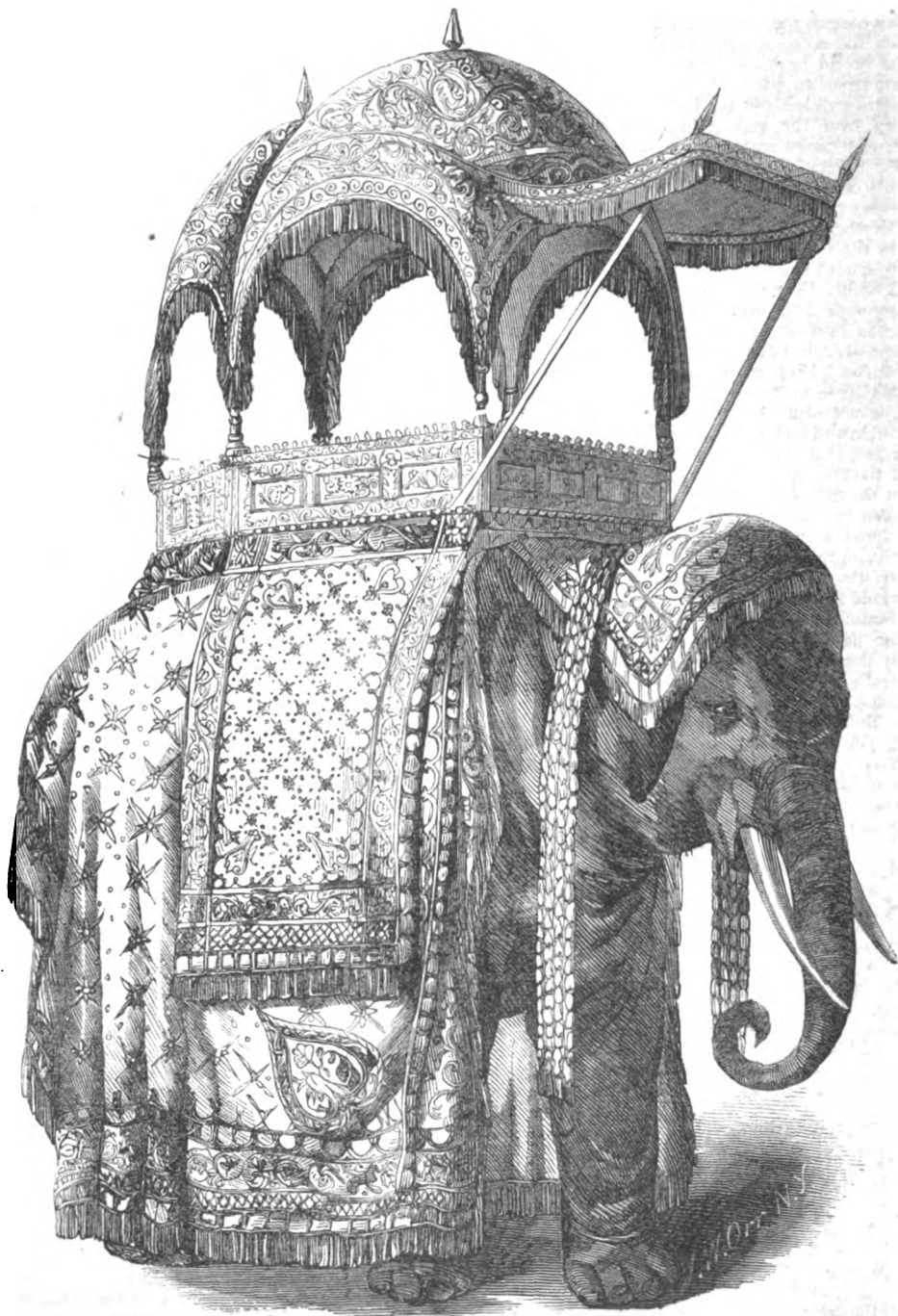
Reynolds had been so much moved by the news, that he flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

Goldsmith's associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of the admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was much in his character to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness: he was so generous, that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily, that he might be said to invite them; and was so liberal to beggars, that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him—envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent than his neighbors. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters, who is also a man of the world, does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly in the dark, he told everybody that he was envious. "Do not, pray, do not talk of Johnson in such terms," he said to Boswell; "you harrow up my very soul."

George Stephens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. Both what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villainy. He was neither ill-natured enough nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any such malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

ALUM CRYSTALS.—Make a small basket, about the size of your hand, of iron wire or split willow; take some lamp-cotton, untwist it, and wind it round every portion of the basket. Then mix alum, in the proportion of one pound to a quart of water, and boil till the alum is dissolved. Pour the solution into a deep pan, and in the liquor suspend the basket, without allowing any part of it to touch the pan, or to be exposed above the surface. Let the whole remain properly at rest for twenty-four hours; when, if you take out the basket, the alum will be found prettily crystallized, over all the ends of the cottoned frame. In like manner, a cinder, a piece of coke, a twig, suspended in the solution by a thread, will become covered with crystals.

WALTER SCOTT said that if men could read other's thoughts and feelings, some who now sit so friendly at the dinner-table would rise up in horror, and fly from each other.



ELEPHANT WITH TRAPPINGS.

High Life at the North Pole.

EVERY part of our globe has its beauties and its charms; and he who has travelled much brings, perhaps, no richer treasure home from his roving than the power to see what is striking and beautiful, even in the poorest region, the most arid country. The tropics are gorgeous in their luxuriant beauty; the marvels of the desert are wondrous and weird; but there is a land on earth that has still greater charms and more dazzling splendors. This is the home of winter, where he dwells in grim majesty amid eternal frost, and fashions, for a pastime, a truly wonderful world, not of marble and costly wood, but of simple frozen water.

Winter is a magician like no other, all over the world. At night on the window pane he paints dreamy landscapes of unknown regions, with lofty trees and fairy flowers; the Alpine heights he crowns, year after year, with glorious glaciers as with diadems of pure silver; and over field and meadow he spreads with tender care his white, warm coverlid of wondrous texture. But his magic power unfolds its richest works high up in the north, in the deserted home of the seal and the ice-bear, on the banks of the polar sea.

When the short hot summer of the poles is past and the sun remains, day after day, longer below the horizon, until at last he rises no more to greet the anxiously watching eye of man, then begins the enchanted work of winter.

Now land and water lie alike hid under the smooth, silent pall of snow; a dread desert all around; not a bush, not a moss, not a single sign of life as far as the eye can reach; death and desolation alone seem to reign supreme. But, as ever, "out of death cometh life," so here also, at the very moment when life seems to have sunk to its lowest ebb, the polar world begins to unfold its richest splendors. From time to time, a pale, yellow light flits and flickers awhile about the horizon and pours its magic sheen over the vast, voiceless world of ice; and when it passes away, moon and stars send down their silvery shimmer, that lights up the virgin heads of icebergs, and glides, as with sweet, silent kisses, over the slumbering plain.

Further on, lofty glaciers are busily building; they rise to towering height, and fashion themselves into quaint ruins or slender spires. In bold, beautiful arches they climb up to the rocky coast, as if they wished to support it with their strong, storm-beaten buttresses; and on the plain they arrange themselves in lofty colonnades, like ancient Egyptian temples. More marvellous still is the mysterious life that seems to dwell in these strange structures. It is not alone the ghastly and appalling light of double and treble suns, united by gorgeously-colored arches, that illumines the heavens, nor the brilliancy of the stars as they are marshalled in countless hosts on the dark sky behind them. The icebergs themselves shine in azure and silver sheen; and the rose-colored snow blazes up, now and then, in dazzling effulgence. Everywhere light and life apparently wrestle with darkness and death; and over the whole there spreads ever and anon a ghastly, silent shimmer, as if resurrection was breaking through the night of destruction. Deep, dark shadows rest by the side of shining heights, as the bitter pain of death mingles with the sweet hopes of the life to come.

But, like all that is beautiful on earth, this magic world also has its end. As soon as the long night makes way for the long day, it vanishes. Now foaming torrents begin to pour their floods from lofty mountain tops; now the triumphant waves of the ocean crack and crush the heavy, icy fetters, that have held them captive so long. Huge floes, covering square miles, break off with thundering roar; gigantic icebergs, undermined by the hungry waters, tremble and totter, and then bury their lofty heads in the dark ocean, while the waters dance in fierce, exulting joy, and the white foam is dashed up to the clouds. The castles fall into genuine ruins; the long arcades crumble into fragments; the fairy lights vanish, one after another, and the whole brilliant world disappears like a dream.

These are the marvels of the north pole that first strike the eye of man. But greater wonders still are hid below the surface—true wonders of a new unknown power, that men have sought for and searched during ages. Around our globe there are passing, from hour to hour, mysterious currents. Like the tide of the ocean, they rise and they fall; they penetrate far into the crust of the earth; they dwell, who knows how?—in all our iron; they pass on invisible paths through the air; hover around every plant; are ever active, and ever wanted in the human body; kindle the half fabulous Aurora, and may, we have reason to think, be the bearers, if not the creators, of light upon earth. What of old was

to the alchymist the magic of attraction and aversion—the love and the hatred of the elements—their meeting and their parting—their power to create and to destroy—that is to the scholar of our day the virtue of magnetic and electric currents. And these have their hidden home in the marvellous regions of the polar world.

Around the coasts of the polar seas, stretch far away, lands and islands, covered during nine months of the year, if not longer, with snow and ice. Here grows no tree and no shrub; in well-sheltered valleys, alone, a few berries are found, a birch of a few inches high, and a wholesome, acid sorrel. Gray mosses and lichens, however, clothe the sterile rock with warm, cosy verdure, and edge the banks of deep-bedded streams. A broad belt of such moss-steppes surrounds the north pole, broken in upon by rugged rocks, or by immense swamps and morasses. These snow-deserts would be without life, if they were not the home of countless herds of reindeer. How wondrous again, that where death and solitude reign, such fulness of life should appear of a sudden! Wherever we glance at the broad lands of our earth, in the blessed regions of the tropics, or the barren steppes near the pole, everywhere we find the same tender care and supreme wisdom of the Creator. When the cold of winter is most severe, and the season of storms is approaching, these stag-like, grayish-brown reindeer may be seen moving in dense columns towards the southern forests of ever-green pines. It is a noble sight, these uncounted hosts of well-built, powerful animals, with their gracefully curved antlers carried proudly on high, until they resembled the wintry forest when stripped of its foliage. Their flexible, well-protected fetlocks rattle across the plain, as they chase each other in merry sport, and dash with winged speed over the snow-covered fields. When they have reached the safe shelter of the woods, they stand for hours, rigid and motionless, but, for the sake of warmth, closely pressed one against another. As soon as the storm has passed over their heads, new life is infused in the apparent statues; they tear bark and moss from the trees, and scrape with powerful hoof the snow from the ground, until they reach the welcome lichens beneath. And if it were covered under a thickness of six feet, their keen, marvellous scent would never fail to find it in ample abundance. With the spring come the strange enemies of these powerful animals, gad-flies of terrible fierceness, that drive them with irresistible fury back to the north. The crowds of insects are so dense, that they change day into night; they lay their noxious eggs in the skin, the nose, and even the palate of the miserable reindeer, who soon are covered all over with pustules and swellings. They fall by the hundred; the survivors are reduced to mere skeletons, and so thoroughly frightened, that they flee in wild terror if they hear but the humming of a distant gadfly. As they approach the north, they find there rich pastures of moss, and fatten once more on the shores of the polar seas! They follow the same paths from year to year, and the same fords across rivers; wolves and bears pursue them with hungry hostility. When the short, hot summer is past, they wander back again to the southern forests, grazing, in herds of a hundred, close by each other. But not all reach the desired haven; for, as they cross the broad river, Tunguses and Samojedes rush forth from their ambush, and with wild cries terrify them so, that they swim helplessly to and fro, interlace their broad antlers, and soon succumb in bloody carnage. A skilful, experienced Tungus has been known to kill more than a hundred in a short half hour, dashing with his light birch canoe into the midst of the maddened and frightened herd. Others again are caught alive by a noose thrown over their antlers, and thus dragged ashore. A short time suffices to tame them, and then they are taught to draw the slight sledge—a hollow trunk covered with reindeer fur—and to obey the voice of their master. Thus the children of the north make their almost incredible journeys, bringing costly furs from America to distant Siberia, though it cost them a voyage of nearly six months! One or two reindeer are tied with thongs to the sledge and they are off. At night, he tethers his faithful servants, and lets them find their scanty repast under the snow, while he creeps into his narrow tent, made of reindeer skins, and lights his little lamp to keep him warm.

Thus numerous, powerful nations, on the northern extremities of the earth, exist only by means of this invaluable animal, without which neither northern Siberia nor the upper regions of America would be a fit abode for man. Like the camel of the south, the reindeer also requires a hunter's nomadic life. Even the Lapps and the Finns, who own immense domesticated herds, must travel with them, for pasturage. Together they move down from the beloved mountains, to fish at the sea-shore during the short sum-

mer months, and together they return to their home among the rocks. They ride them and drive them; they milk them; they know them by sight, and call them by their names, and even their poor, insufficient language has not less than seventy-six different words for the beloved, indispensable reindeer!

But what strange, terrible fate could ever lead men to still higher regions, where even the reindeer cannot exist, where the summer sun shines but upon eternal ice and snow, and where winter has an unbroken night of more than three months? Still, there are nomadic races living far beyond the northern coast of America—the only races on earth that have neither history, nor even tradition. Their religion consists in a few childish charms; their society knows not the form of law, nor, alas! the spirit of love; their existence is barely above vegetation. Captain Ross discovered in the northern-most part of Baffin's bay a tribe of two hundred souls, who had never heard of other men, cut off as they were by the ocean and by impassable mountains from all fellow-beings. Their narrow country was to them the whole earth, and all the rest they believed to be a desolate mass of ice.

BOUTS RIMES.—"Bouts Rimes," or "ends of rhyme," afford considerable amusement. Their history is as follows:—One Dulot, a French poet, had a custom of preparing the rhymes of sonnets, leaving them to be filled up at leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he was regretting the loss of three hundred sonnets. His friends were astonished that he had written so many of which they had never heard. "They were blank sonnets," said he, and then explained the mystery by describing his "Bouts Rimes." The idea appeared ridiculously amusing; and it soon became a fashionable pastime to collect some of the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines. We give an example:

Nettle, pains, nettles, remains,
Natures, rebel, graters, well.

You have now to fill up the rhymes, as, for instance:

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of nettles,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures,
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rebels obey you well.

THE BANANA TREE.—The amount and rapidity of produce of this plant probably exceeds that of any other in the known world. In eight or nine months after the sucker has been planted, clusters of fruit are formed; and in about two months more they may be gathered. The stem is then cut down, and a fresh plant about two-thirds of the height of the parent stem, succeeds, and bears fruit in about three months more. The only care necessary is to dig once or twice a year round the roots. On 1,976 square feet, from thirty to forty banana trees may be planted in Mexico, which will yield in the space of the year, 4,414 pounds avoirdupois, of fruit; while the same space would yield only 33 pounds avoirdupois of wheat, and 99 of potatoes. The immediate effect of this facility of supplying the wants of nature is, that the man who can, by laboring two days in the week, maintain himself and family, will devote the remaining five to idleness or dissipation. The same regions that produce the banana, also yield the two species of manioc, the bitter and the sweet—both of which appear to have been cultivated before the conquest.

CHANGEABLE PICTURES.—First sketch a landscape in Indian ink; it should represent either a winter scene or a mountain district, the snowy Alps or Pyrenees; when complete, touch the sky and frozen lakes with a solution of acetate of cobalt. The thatch of cottages, and some of the flowers, must receive an application of a solution of muriate of copper, the trees and sward are to be treated in a like manner with muriate of cobalt. All these solutions should be used of various strengths, according to the depth of color desired, and applied with artistic taste. These liquids will impart little or no color to the picture, and when dry it will remain, as before, "a winter scene." But if at any time the picture is held to the fire or slightly warmed, the scene changes—the sky becomes blue, the ice and snow from the trees and grass melt away, and they assume a foliage of a lively green; the flowers alter in like manner, and a "summer view" is represented. When the picture becomes cold, it passes again to its original tint; thus exhibiting strikingly the changes of matter by the application of heat, and at the same time affording much amusement.

The man who was frightened by the bark of a tree is supposed to have been of a nervous temperament.

How Mr. Cranberry came to Leave his Lodgings.

I COULD never tell why, but I arose that morning repeating Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Hymn to Bacchus"—

"Never, believe me,
Appear the immortals,
Never alone!" &c.

I had not been dining out. I had refused Horatio Tidd's invitation to step round to the club and have supper, which was Tidd's practice. I had returned home at the moral hour of eleven, and, after taking a little *Morning Post* (the best of sedatives), had slipped quietly into the sheets; and that was the end of me until seven, A. M.

At that hour I awoke, with my eyes turned towards the ceiling, and instantly began to repeat the lines I have quoted.

"Come, Cranberry," said I to myself, "this is a little absurd for you, who have to go down town and arrange the means of getting a dinner, to lie here in bed and babble heathenish hymns, as if life were only a luxurious nap. I advise you to get up."

"Certainly," replied I to myself, "if you think best. So here goes."

And I sprang up, and sat a moment upon the edge of the bed. Yet instantly I began again—

"Never, believe me,"

and away I went, half-musing, half-muttering, until I felt a little chilly about the ankles.

Now, I am a reasonable man, I believe. Andrew Cranberry, attorney-at-law, is not held to be superstitious; but there was something peculiar in this constant recurrence of my mind to a poem that I had not read for years.

"What does it portend?" inquired I, as I wiped my face with a damp towel, and walked meditatively towards the shower bath.

Splash came the shower as I spoke. I had inadvertently pulled the cord.

But the water did not wash away the subject of my thoughts. The sun shone brightly through the muslin curtain of my windows. I felt, without seeing, the beauty of the day. I knew that the life of Babylon was already coursing along the veins—those stony veins called streets. I knew that men had been hard at work since sun-rise—since day-break—toiling heavily at labor that should not end until their lives ended; confined in close and noisome places, in which the day was never very bright, and their hopes grew daily darker. I knew that in the green parks and gardens—under the trees and upon the margin of fountains—children in bright dresses were playing in the sun, shouting, singing and frolicking. I knew that the endless miles of monotonous red brick wall which makes the exterior of the city houses, inclosed every kind and degree of joy and sorrow; that the street door saw gay equipages, and smiling and perfumed fashion, and an air of festal content, as if Babylon were Paradise; while the chamber-door witnessed bitter envious, and cold bickerings, and loveless lives.

All these images came to my mind as I slowly dressed myself, and I half-shuddered to feel that I was one of them; that the inevitable course of events went on; that the stream of life, an aggregate of infinite drops—mine as large as any—flowed steadily forward; and that no power, no prayer could arrest it.

I may as well confess it now and here, I lived in a boarding-house.

Fancy it, my dear second cousin Lucy Arrowroot, invalid widow of Nee Britchiz, ancient book-keeper—you who live, or whose days are wasted in that dingy square-room, with four rusty black hair-cloth chairs, with the seedy carpet, with the angular bedstead, the square wash-stand, the square bureau, with the square portrait over it upon the dingy wall. You, pale Lucy, once the rosiest of village girls, arch coquette—whose ringing laugh now hushed makes that country silence sad (one day I shall tell your story), you who lived in the sun-shine like a flower, and whom now only rarely and by stealth, creeping between chimneys and along dark walls, a sunbeam visits—will you please fancy how you would shrivel up with terror—like a bird before a snake—at the very idea of an eternity of boarding-house.

I mean, of course, no reflections upon Lucy's landlady, estimable Mrs. Frizzle Front—one of whose dismal back rooms I occupied until a prolonged fit of depression of spirits seriously alarmed my physician for my sanity—and whom I therefore knew very well. It is the nature of boarding-houses to be dismal, and the landlady cannot help it.

But this is partly digressive. I left myself coming down to breakfast. A boarding-house breakfast is—but no matter. "It's of no consequence,"

Breakfast over, I brushed my hat, put on my gloves, took a final survey of the general effect of Andrew Cranberry in the square mirror, and opened the door. How warm and kindly streamed the sun against me—hearty, broad, and cordial as Carlo's welcome upon my annual visit to him. It put me in gay good humor directly:

"Never, believe me,
Appear the immortals,
Never alone!"

whispered I to myself, as I stepped briskly down the street, enjoying a good deal of joking and laughing with myself at my own expense, for harping so constantly upon the lines.

At that moment a dark object fell fluttering at my feet. It was a black lace veil, which I lost no time in picking up, and looking about for the owner. Nobody could have dropped it but a woman of slight figure, and dressed in black, whom I saw hurrying along the street, and who must have unconsciously dropped it as she passed me. Of course, I instantly matured a theory of the perfect youth and beauty of the slight lady in black, and hurried after her with the most gallant of bland smiles upon my face,—

"Permit me, madam," said I, accosting her, and holding my hat a little removed from my head, "is this, possibly, your veil?"

A pair of surprised black eyes answered me with a glance so expressive that my hat came quite off in my hand, and I ended my address with a most respectful bow.

"Thank you, it is mine," was all the response I received; and the next moment the dark slight figure was floating along as before, and Andrew Cranberry stood alone upon the sidewalk.

But for a moment only. To jeer at myself for stopping and staring, instead of investigating further the history of the surprised black eyes, was the business of a fleeting instant—to follow and proffer courteous attentions was the action of the next.

Fair reader! be not alarmed, nor fear that when you chance to drop your veil, you therefore expose yourself to the insults, or the attentions of any chance Cranberry; not at all. I simply obeyed the invitation of the eyes, in following that slight figure floating along the street; and if you, young man, dare suppose that those eyes might not have been the pure orbs of a Rosamund Gray herself, you do foul wrong to a maiden, and to the character of an irreproachable attorney-at-law.

No, no. The invitation was entirely involuntary and unconscious upon the part of the lady, but it was of that character which permitted me directly to accept it. I reached her side. It was a lonely part of the street, and there were no noisy carriage-wheels to drown the sound of my voice with their roar. Then, with all the respect of a Crusader kneeling to the image of his lady upon his shield, I said, "Madam, may I hope that the little service I have rendered you is but the beginning of—"

She turned towards me. I saw again the surprised black eyes fixed full upon me. I should have trembled and shrunk away if I had not been full of the fairest intentions. Meaning nothing but what the Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach, might have meant, I stood my ground manfully, and continued—

"I am perfectly aware how singular and preposterous this conduct may seem, but I may never see you again, and—and, and I want to know you," said I bluntly.

"It is singular, sir," said a low sweet voice, "to accost a lady whom you do not know in this way, and in the street. You are mistaken, sir. I will wait until you retire."

She stood still, but I could see a little mournfulness in her eyes, as if she were grieved that a man whose aspect had pleased her (I knew that immediately), should disappoint her, and prove to be only a rascal after all.

"Madam," said I, "you do me a great wrong, if you fancy that I have any thought which you would not honor. I have not indulged a whim in speaking to you, but I do most solemnly assure you, it was the result of a genuine wish to know you." And I pulled out my cardcase, and handed her a card, Mr. Andrew Cranberry.

"Mr. Cranberry," replied the lady, "I am willing to believe what you say; and, looking in your face, I do believe it. Yet I do not know why you should wish to know me, whom you have never before seen, and whom you could hardly expect to see again. Propriety, Mr. Cranberry, the usage of the world, &c. &c.," continued she, with a slight smile, "would require me to order your instant departure; but I am able to take care of myself, and I am confident you mean no wrong."

So saying, the lady resumed her walk, and I ac-

companied her. She had that subdued, sweet manner, which implies a latent grief. Our conversation fell upon obvious topics, but in all she said there was a maidenly wisdom which was no less new than fascinating. I do not very distinctly remember what we said. It was that glancing talk by the way, of which the spirit, the tone, and the feeling are so much more than the words.

I will not say I fell in love, but I walked into it, as if I had been shod with the "seven league-boots." Our walk was like a warm day in winter—like a summer week in the country to a tired plodder among law books. She knew the poetry of the poets I loved, the music of the composers most dear to me. But in all she said, and in all I asked, there was no allusion to her situation in life,—nothing which informed me with whom I was speaking.

Suddenly she paused before the door of a small house in a poor street. There was a sign under the front windows "Madame Beignet de Pomme, milliner, from Paris." She went up the steps, leaving me standing upon the sidewalk.

"I thank you for a very pleasant walk," said she, as she rang the bell.

"Is this your home?" inquired I.

"Yes, for the present," answered she.

"You are a milliner?"

"I am a milliner."

"You are not Madame de Pomme?"

"I am not Madame de Pomme."

It was evident that she did not choose to be questioned further in that direction, and I said no more.

"Will you allow me to come and see you sometimes?" I asked.

She did not immediately answer, but stood looking on the ground and thinking; at length she said:—

"Mr. Cranberry, I am quite alone in this town; in fact, I have scarcely a friend. You will understand, therefore, how easy it is for people to speak ill of me. If I consent to see you, I shall do so at a great sacrifice. It is a wicked world," she continued, "that will not let me see a friend, without slandering my reputation. But if you will sometimes come to see me, I shall not hesitate to receive you."

She said this with a firm emphasis, as if forcing down the suggestions of timidity and pride.

"Good morning, Mr. Cranberry," said she, as she left me.

Andrew Cranberry, attorney-at-law, went down to his office, and did a very confused day's work. I do not think he said anything to anybody that had not the strictest relation to business. In the intervals of work he looked into the little court beneath his window, in which the prospect consisted of the iron shutters and dingy brick wall of the shops opposite, and where the sunshine looked pale, and sickly, and dead; and saw nothing there but June days in a pleasant country, with broad acres of wild flowers, and waving grain, and the edges of green woods, and a gentle lawn sloping to a river. He saw a house, too, as he looked into the dead sunlight of the court, an easy, rambling country-house, with a verandah, and jasmine wreathing the columns, and flowers in the windows. Upon the lawn, as he still looked, in the softest of summer days, sat a figure quietly sewing, and he thought he heard the murmur of a low song. If the deep dark eyes of that figure have ever been sad, they were so no longer,—if the sweet and noble manner had ever seemed to betray a habit of grief, it had utterly lost it now,—there was pure summer in the sky, summer on the landscape, summer in those eyes, and in the repose of that figure. But even while he gazed, two or three smaller figures came bounding up the lawn from the river, with a huge shaggy black Newfoundland dog. He was sure he heard the loud and happy shouts of children,—he was sure the figure, quietly working, raised the black eyes not surprised, but with a tranquil and maternal delight,—and, wildest vision of all, he was sure that in the window of a library opening upon the garden, and watching that group with eyes moist with happiness, stood, in a loose coat and slippers, and leaning against the side of the window, with his forefinger in a book, Andrew Cranberry, attorney-at-law. And as he looked into that pale, sickly sunshine of the court, he was sure he heard that figure speak to the lady, and say—

"Never, believe me,
Appear the immortals,
Never alone!"

—Whether all this had anything to do with a certain card that was ordered to be engraved within six months of the day that the veil was picked up, is a curious inquiry. That card ran thus:—"Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cranberry."

Bourne's River Steam Train.

THE boats which compose this train are built of sheet-iron, in the manner of pontoons, so as to float upon very little water; and, upon the deck of each, a wooden house of light construction is built, either for the accommodation of passengers or for carrying cargo. In the first of these barges, which is made larger than the rest, is placed the steam-engine, which, by means of paddle-wheels, gives motion to the train. The length of the train can be increased or diminished at pleasure by putting on or taking off some of its constituent barges, and the length of the train will be varied with the quantity of merchandise required to be carried, and also, probably, with the physical peculiarities of the river which is to be ascended; but, on the larger rivers, Mr. Bourne computes that the train may be made sufficiently long to carry 250 tons, the average depth of water not being more than twelve or fifteen inches with this load.

It is quite obvious, that, as the first boat may be made very sharp, and as the draft of water is so very inconsiderable, the train will be propelled with a less force than is necessary for ordinary steamers carrying the same load.

With these explanatory remarks, we believe the view we have given of the steam train ascending the river Ganges, will be readily understood.

A LARGE wolf was seen swimming in the Seine, at Rouen, lately. It attacked a boat, but was driven to the quay, where it was shot. It is supposed to have taken to the river to escape some huntsmen.

A PAMPHLET has been published at Ning-po, in the Chinese tongue, explaining the principles of, and benefits derivable from, the electric telegraph. The author—an Englishman—founds the basis of his argument upon a frequent observation of Confucius,—“How delightful to have a friend brought near from afar.”

GAS IN OMNIBUSES.—The *Independence Belge* states that the diligences and omnibuses in the neighborhood of Lyons have adopted the use of portable gas, which is carried in a cylinder under the feet of the coachmen, and communicates, by means of a pipe, with a lamp, inside the vehicle.

NEW MATERIALS FOR PAPER.—A Captain Brown has obtained a patent for the manufacture of paper from the fern of breachan plant. The paper made from this material will be found particularly adapted to printing purposes, and prove a great saving. A Mr. Niven, gardener, has patented a process for the manufacture of paper from the common broom.

FIG-PIE WAKE.—This is kept in the parish of Draycot-le-Moors, in Staffordshire, England, on Mid-Lent Sunday. The fig-pies are made of dry figs, sugar, treacle, spice, &c.; they are rather too luscious for those who are not “to the manner born.” But yet, on this Sunday, the friends of the parishioners come to visit them, and to eat the fig-pies. Mid-Lent Sunday is sometimes called Refreshment Sunday. In parts of Oxfordshire, figs are eaten on Palm Sunday. This I suppose to be in remembrance of the fig tree without fruit which was cursed for its barrenness.

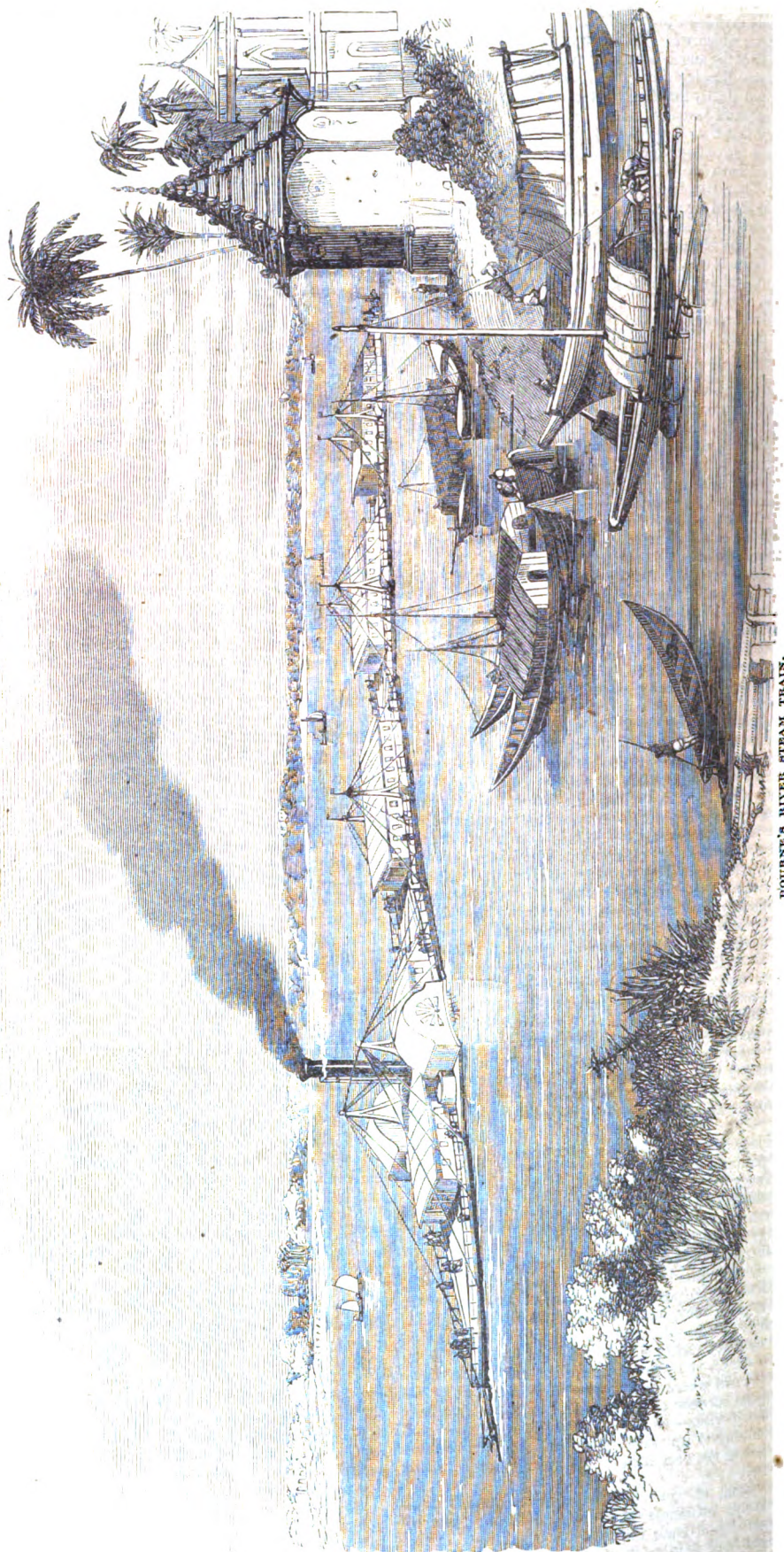
LEAP EXTRAORDINARY.—A young ensign, named Brett, of the 98th, whose mind had been over-excited of late, was recently returning home by train to his friends at Cheltenham. Suddenly, while talking to his servant who accompanied him, he leaped through the window, and just grazed the heel of his boot in his servant's face as he turned round. The train at the time was going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. In about three hours afterwards he was discovered curled up like a snake between the two lines of rails. No fewer than ten engines with trains had passed him since he first jumped out, and so close was he to the line that every train that had passed had grazed one of his heels. He had not sustained any very serious injury, and is now recovering.

CALIFORNIA POLITENESS.—A young gentleman was standing in Merchant street, when a lady, attended by her husband, stepped from the door of the Washington market, and hesitated on the pavement for a few moments as if uncertain which direction to pursue. Fascinated by her great beauty, the young man gazed upon her with a stare. By chance she met his gaze; and discovering something unusual in it, made it a subject of remark to her lord. That indignant individual approached the offending admirer, and addressed him

rather savagely, and asked him “what he meant by his rudeness?”—“Pardon me,” said the gallant, recovering from his fit of abstraction; “I intended no offence. There is a loveliness about the lady's face that would intoxicate an anchorite; and I was lost in admiration of it.”—All right,” replied the

satisfied Benedict. “If you'll remain here till I escort Susan home, I'll return and stand treat for your good opinion of my wife!”

NOTHING LIKE FASHION.—The following anecdote recalls that of the famous Parisian shoemaker, who “did not make shoes for people who walked!”

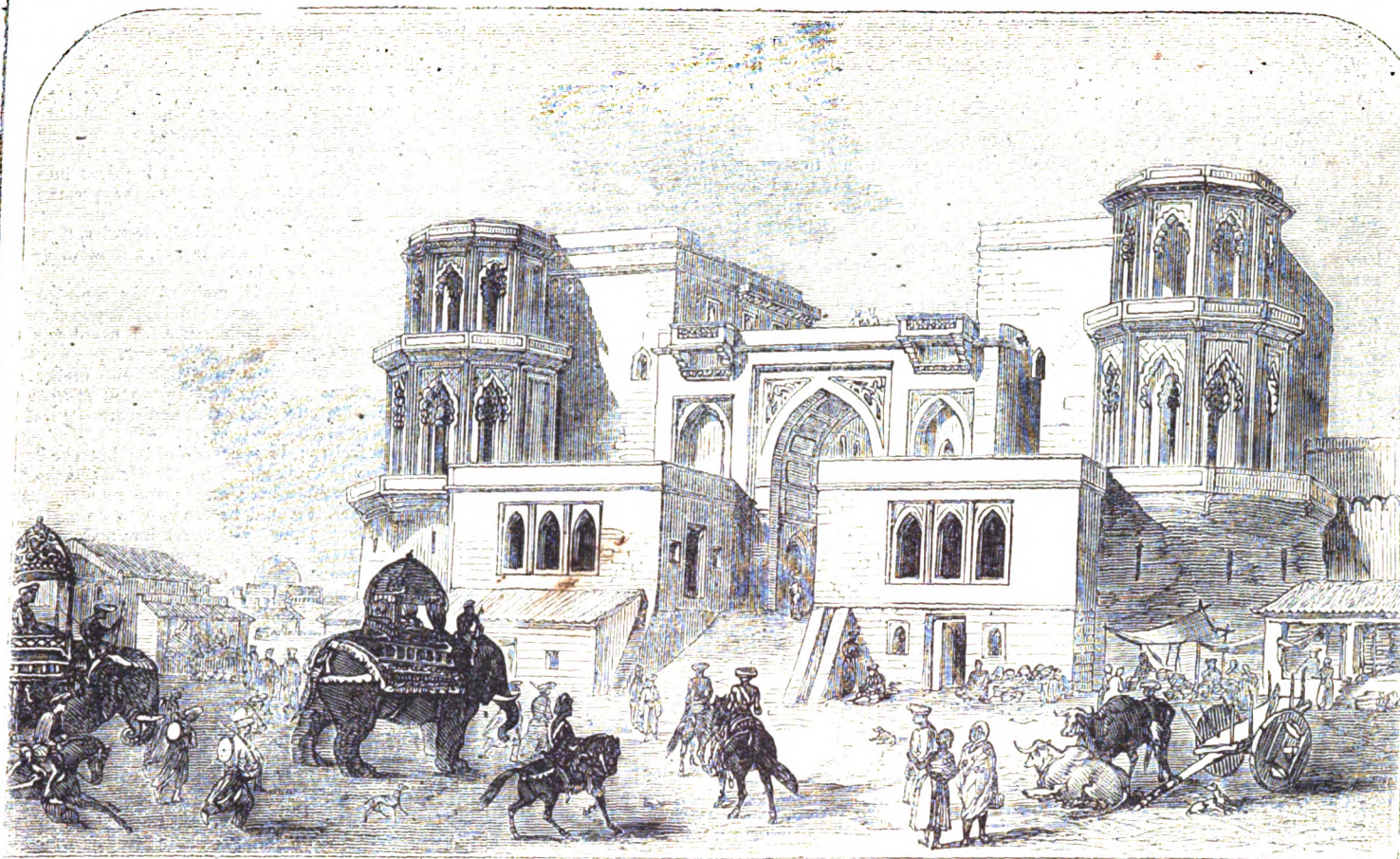


BOURNE'S RIVER STEAM TRAIN.

A lady went one day to the establishment of a fashionable milliner, exclaiming, “Madame, you have made my dress too long.”—“Too long!” echoed the surprised dressmaker.—“Yes. As I passed along Broadway a lighted cigar end was lying upon the pavement, and see what a hole it has burned in my flounce.”—“Then you must

have walked,” suggested the *modiste*, in a tone of surprise; “in that case, I am not responsible, of course;” and with an air of injured dignity she terminated the audience.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by putting others down, but by raising himself. Doing nothing is doing ill.



LUCKNOW, THE CAPITAL OF OUDE.

The Kingdom of Oude.

LUCKNOW is the capital of Oude, an extensive Indian kingdom, which has recently been sequestered by the British government. For many years the native ruler, who was under the protection of the East India company, had evinced lunatic symptoms, killing his favorites in the midst of their revels, burning whole villages because the taxes were in arrear, and desolating his beautiful country as though he had been its enemy, instead of its ruler. Sometimes as many as forty villages could be seen from the citadel of Lucknow, blazing on the distant plain. As these crimes were perpetrated in a kingdom under British guaranty, it was considered just and wise to deprive the mad prince of his dangerous power, and to leave him only his title and sufficient revenues to maintain a royal establishment.

The capital of Oude is one of the most picturesque and luxurious cities in India. Externally, it presents the usual aspects of an Oriental town—with its fragmentary fortifications, its flat roofs, its domed and minaretted buildings, its brightly colored temples and dirty suburbs. But within, besides the general paraphernalia of eastern life—the gay costumes, the glittering weapons, the bazaars glowing with varied riches, the colored fronts of the houses, the processions and the retinues of the chiefs—we enter the palace, and see the king with his durbar, or audience.

This is a scene truly eastern. Behind him, as he sits on his low, brilliant throne, are the youthful dancing girls, delicately formed, with dark, beautiful faces, who are clothed in tinted silks and gauzy textures, formed into exquisite drapery. During the pauses of the conversation, they tinkle stringed instruments, or serve their master with whatever he needs. Black pages and guards in barbaric armor stand in a dark group near the throne, and near them is, perhaps, the British resident in his prim uniform, which contrasts strongly with the flowing costumes flashing with infinitely varied colors around. He has come, it may be, to expostulate with the king, who listens apathetically, and is either enraged or hypocritically courteous. In the midst of the interview it has often happened that a buffoon would bring a monkey or a deformed boy into the vast chamber, and begin a grotesque exhibition, which immediately diverted the attention of prince and chiefs from politics—even of the most important nature. Many ludicrous incidents of this kind have occurred.

No one is permitted to approach this, or indeed any eastern monarch, empty handed. Presents must be offered even at the ordinary levees. When

Mr. Knighton visited the Court of Oude, he took five gold pieces, and, when the king came by, motioned to him to take them. On this occasion, however, the monarch only touched the money, and signified that the Englishman might keep it. The late king was fond of Europeans, and gave up an hour or two every day to learning English. But no one had such influence over him as his barber, who was a Londoner, and went out to India as a cabin boy. At the Court of Lucknow, however, though he continued his avocation, and curled the king's lanky hair, he became a noble, wore magnificent dresses, sat at the royal table, and was consulted in all political affairs. At the dinner-table, even more etiquette is observed than in the public durbar. Six beautiful girls, in transparent, embroidered robes, with golden girdles, trousers of crimson and purple silk, and jewels in their hair, stood behind the king and waved fans of peacock's feathers to keep him cool. After the feast, they danced to the music of lutes and tambourines, until a puppet show was brought in to amuse the company. Meanwhile the principal favorite sat on a throne of superb cushions, with gems of the first water sparkling on her neck and arms, and with a curtain of gauze to separate her from the crowd.

But while the king lived in this redundant luxury, the people were half-famished. Though Oude is a large fertile country, the barbarity of the government made it subject to frequent scarcities. Its numerous wells and oceans supply the means of culture; but the inhabitants, except the powerful chiefs, dared not appear rich, lest they should be exposed to plunder. In Lucknow, brilliant as it is, many of the streets are dirty, the buildings dilapidated, even the old palaces ruinous. It is, indeed, to be regretted, that Oude has not sooner been rescued from devastating monarchy to enjoy peace under British rule. The English in India have not done all in their power to promote the prosperity of the millions they govern; but they must, indeed, be bad administrators if they do not speedily improve the condition of a country hitherto governed by a half-witted tyrant.

A Scene in Southern Africa.

THE notch in the range where the wooded Chuntop disappeared, was the anxiously looked for Kopumnaas, or Bull's Mouth pass—so named from its being full of dangers, like the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I now girded up my loins for the chase, and I burned with desire to slaughter some of the larger game, as much to feed my fifty followers, who

ate at the rate of two sheep a-day, as for mere sport. The people were divided into several parties, and we rode towards the foot of the mountains, where the wild animals are always rifest. We were not long before we saw a cloud of dust, which proceeded from a large troop of wild horses; dismounting, and extending ourselves, we approached them under cover of the bushes—they took the alarm, started off, passed through between us, galloped backwards and forwards, halted and gazed, and three fell under our fire in the course of as many hours' hard exercise on foot. The moment the first, a full-grown stallion, fell, and had stretched his powerful limbs on the plain, with the agonies of death in his eyes, half-a-dozen of the hunters collected round him; some of them brought dry sticks and made a fire; while the others cut him open, and taking the half-digested grass from his stomach, they squeezed the moisture from it into their mouths in the intensity of thirst; then cutting out the liver and roasting it, they made their breakfast of it; and, lastly, fitted themselves with shoes from the warm hide. A troop of that most magnificent antelope, the koodoo, next occupied us for a little, but before we had time to secure any of them, we intercepted a dancing flock of springboks; and again, by sharp running and quick firing, three of them were also added to our larder. Our blood was now fairly up, and turning towards the mountain, two large grey objects were seen, apparently disturbed by the "chattering of the muskets;" they ran a short distance among the bushes on the lower slopes, and then turned to look round them—these were two black and double-horned rhinoceroses, covered with dried mud from the pools of the Chuntop, in which they had been wallowing. We approached these dangerous animals with some caution, crept upon them, and got two or three flying shots at them; but unless they are taken standing, with deliberate aim at the backbone, or behind the jaw, good balls are thrown away upon them; not that their hide, though more than an inch thick, is impenetrable in other places to lead and pewter bullets (hard and heavy) such as mine were, but because the rhinoceros runs away with a bushel of balls fired through his ribs. In his side they seemed to make no more impression on him, at the time of receiving them, than so many peas would, though he may die from them afterwards. So our two first rhinoceroses, being continually on the move, escaped from us, though we tickled them roughly.—S. Y. James.

FAULTS that are rich are fair.

The Wedding Dresses.

"Now do, Susan, have flounces this once; there will be plenty of stuff, and you do wear such dowdy old-maidish things, that I am quite ashamed of you."

"That's a pity," returned Susan, smiling, "for I'm afraid your opinion is not likely to improve; I don't like flounces."

"You don't! you mean missis don't," said Jane with a sneer. "Well, you are a goose to give up to her as you do. I'm sick and tired of her whims and ways already; and if it wasn't for this wedding, and the presents we shall get, I wouldn't stay another month, I can promise her. I've no notion of being made a slave of. I work for my clothes, and surely I have a right to get them done as I like."

"That's as people think, Jane; however, I am not going to have words about it. Only as missis gave us these dresses, and pays for the making, I don't think it would be showing a very proper spirit to go and get them done as she dislikes; so please, Miss Lawson, to make mine plain, with a good full, handsome skirt, and a plaited body to fasten in front, and small bishop sleeves."

"Well, really, Sue, you are past bearing," cried Jane. "I wonder you don't wear a bed-gown and linsey apron, like your grandmother. Bishop sleeves! why they went out when Methusalem's wife died; I shouldn't think Miss Lawson knows what they are. I mean to have open bells, I can tell you, with fringe and frills like Miss Fanny's."

"I hope not; but it's no business of mine, certainly; you know my thoughts, and it's no good telling them over and over again. You'll be sure to let me have the dress by Monday night, Miss Lawson?"

And receiving answer in the affirmative, Susan left the room in which the servants of the family had been undergoing the disagreeable operation of having their patterns taken; while I, from the adjoining chamber, where I sat at work, heard all the folly which, after her absence, went on more glibly than ever.

How painful all the flippant remarks were that I was thus compelled to overhear, it would be difficult to express. The tone of feeling and principle was so low, and the willful misrepresentation of the motives of one of the kindest mistresses who ever ruled a household so apparent, that I was deeply wounded. For many years I had been upon the most intimate terms with the family in whose house I was now staying, and had had daily more and more reason to respect and love them, to know their worth, and to understand and appreciate the kindly, but firm and affectionate manner in which they treated their tenants, domestics, and poorer neighbors.

Such disrespectful language as that I have repeated, however, was very rare at Ashleigh. Mrs. Tollemache's objection to smart dressing being well known in the house, very few of the servants ever attempted it, and certainly, in all my experience, I never saw a household so neatly and thoroughly well appointed as hers. Every article worn by the domestics was so good, so befitting their various employments and wages, that, like a well-kept picture, the effect was admirable. The prints, stuffs, linen, caps, collars, shoes, and hose, were of the best, and fitted admirably, for Mrs. Tollemache had as great a dislike to dowdy servants, as mistresses generally have, with as kindly a desire to see the neat figures and pleasant faces around her arrayed in the garments best suited to them. And the consequence of this good taste and care were seen in the great superiority of the Ashleigh servants in demeanor, feeling and appearance, over most of their equals in the houses round about; the readiness with which they obtained good places when by any chance they needed to seek them; the nice little savings' bank books, which in their boxes took the places which in those of sillier girls was occupied with finery; and the infinitely better marriages they almost invariably made. For all the men worth having in the neighborhood, admired the neat, becomingly dressed maids at Ashleigh.

Many and many a wedding, therefore, (the honored bride furnished from the great house,) took place at Ashleigh parish church; and now my visit was occasioned by the approaching marriage of the eldest daughter of the family, who was about to unite her fate with that of one of the best sons, brothers, and landlords in the county.

In accordance with Mrs. Tollemache's usual liberality, handsome new dresses of delicately-colored French mousseline-de-laine, were presented to the servants, to which the bride-elect and her sisters added ribands, caps, bonnets, and various other little articles of remembrance; and the fashionable dressmaker, already fully occupied with Miss Tollemache's *trousseau*, fairly shuddered as she saw the lofty pile of materials which the same

generous customer ordered her to make for the humble friends she was leaving.

"Pray, do not disappoint them, Miss Lawson," said Fanny, when giving her order. "All the dresses which are not absolutely necessary for my journey can be made during my absence, if you are too much pressed for time to finish them now; only let the girls have theirs. It would be such a vexation to me to see any of them disappointed."

This kind and thoughtful speech being repeated by the dressmaker to the servants, it is no wonder that each felt it to be more than ever her duty and pleasure to prove, by the respect shown to the known wishes of her mistress, the strong sense she entertained of the affectionate consideration she was receiving.

To this general feeling there was but one exception, and that was on the part of the upper housemaid, a young woman who had been only a few months at Ashleigh, and owed her engagement there principally to the circumstance of her relationship to Susan Perkins, originally a favorite Sunday-school pupil of the young ladies, and taken by them, when old enough to leave school, to wait upon themselves. For Susan's sake, therefore, who during a period of five years, had acquitted herself of her duties faithfully and zealously, Mrs. Tollemache had engaged Jane Cox; and, although she had already been guilty of many acts of carelessness and inattention to orders, and, in consequence of her flippant tongue, was very unpopular in the household, yet none of the family suspected the existence of such flagrant disrespect to their wishes, as the conversation just related too sadly proved.

I did not, however, mention what I had heard to my friends; hoping that the example of her companions and her own good sense, would prevent the indulgence of any such follies as had been threatened, and in the bustle of the time the whole would probably have passed from my memory altogether if, to my extreme vexation, I had not met Jane, upon the afternoon before the wedding, coming out of the room where the girls had been trying on the dresses, just returned from Mrs. Lawson, attired in hers. It was flounced half way up the skirt, had large open sleeves, trimmed exactly like Miss Tollemache's, and a waist screwed to a size most painful to see. She looked a good deal embarrassed as she stopped to answer some questions relative to her work, which I was obliged to ask, and what with the awkwardness of her position as a conscious offender, her unbecoming dress, and confusion of manner, formed a most unpleasant contrast to her fellow-servants, who, wearing the chaste, well-made gowns, which showed every natural attraction of the wearer to the utmost advantage, filed out of the room and passed us. As her duties would bring her prominently before the family and guests next day, I was greatly vexed by Jane's conduct; and, shortening my conversation as much as possible, left her to take off her finery and return to work. The excitement of the morning had brought on one of the wretched headaches from which I suffer so much, and upon leaving Jane, I went into a large room looking on the park, which was to be occupied by visitors the following day, and without observing that the arrangements were incomplete, laid down upon a sofa in the bay window, and fell asleep. In a short time I was aroused by voices in the room, which, even in the first bewilderment of awaking, I recognized as those of Jane and Susan.

The former appeared to be much interested in the subject she was discussing, and talked coaxingly to Susan, who, I ought to explain, had seemed in very low spirits for some days; she was evidently trying to learn something which her cousin did not wish to tell.

"No, thank you, Jane," said Susan, at last. "I am sure you mean kindly, but you couldn't help me if I was to tell you, and you know I don't like talking of my troubles. If it hadn't been just at this time, I should have told missis, but she's got plenty to think of now, without my teasing her."

"Missis again! Well, if ever I saw such a girl! Why, I'd as soon go to I don't know who as missis."

"Would you? Well, I always look upon her as my best friend away from home. She's very strict and particular, I dare say, although I can't see it; and I'm sure all she says is for our good. But she can't help me now, I'm afraid;" and poor Susan sighed heavily, and began to weep.

"No; I should think not: it's only sinnetons as would ever think of going to her." And then followed a pert, vulgar speech, which I should be as much ashamed to write as Susan was to hear, and which I suddenly interrupted by rising from my couch, and walking into the room.

With an exclamation that was half impertinence,

half consternation, Jane gathered up her brushes and dusters, and departed; while Susan, striving to conceal her tears by bending over the drawers she was arranging, went on with her work.

Many circumstances, the principle one an illness, through which Susan had nursed me very tenderly, had conspired to promote a real friendship between her and me; and, reproaching myself for not having earlier observed and inquired into her sorrow, I penitently seized upon the present opportunity of doing so.

For some time she resisted all inquiries, thanking me for the interest I took in her, but assuring me that I could not help her.

"I know you would, ma'am," she repeated frequently,—"I am sure of it; but, indeed, you cannot."

"Then tell Mrs. Tollemache. I heard you say that, but for the present engagements, you would do so, and I am sure, from what you know of her, you must feel that no engagements would prevent her from entering into your grief, and removing it if she can."

"I do feel so; I am certain of it; but she has so much now to think about for Miss Tollemache, that I couldn't trouble her; and by the time the bustle here is over, it would be too late to do anything." And again the poor girl burst into a violent fit of weeping, during which, to my great satisfaction, her mistress entered the room. In a few words I explained, so far as I could, the cause of the emotion she witnessed, and then closing the door, and taking her seat upon the ottoman near which Susan stood, Mrs. Tollemache said, in her low, kind voice.

"Why do you fear troubling me, Susan? Surely you can't think that care for my own child makes me indifferent to the happiness of others. You have always been a good and dutiful servant to me, and it would be making you an ill return for faithful service if I allowed any selfish engagements to prevent my helping you in time of need. For the sake of five years' obedience, you have a claim upon my assistance and regard; if, therefore, you have confidence in them, tell me what your present sorrow is, and let me relieve you if it is within my power to do so. Nay, do not cry so bitterly; but sit down upon that chair beside you, and try to tell me what is the matter."

And so urged, Susan obeyed.

It appeared that, with the full approbation of both their parents, she had been for some months engaged to the eldest son of a respectable farmer in the adjoining parish; that the wedding had been arranged to take place during the next Whitsuntide, when she would attain her twentieth year; and that then her lover's father had promised to establish them in a small farm, close to his own, when from time to time he could give his son such advice and assistance as he might need. With these bright prospects, Susan and her betrothed waited hopefully for the fulfilment of their happiness, each saving and working steadily to add something to the general store. And thus matters went on, until about three months before the present time, when old Mr. Neale's lease expired during the absence of his landlord in Italy. The circumstance, however, gave the farmer little uneasiness, for he had been an excellent tenant; had built upon and improved his land considerably; and having always paid his rent punctually, had full confidence in the owner's frequent assurance that at the expiration of his present term, the lease should be renewed for as long a time as he chose, or the law permitted.

Without troubling himself further about the matter, therefore, than to write to his landlord's agent, requesting him to bring the business before Sir William Nesbitt at his earliest convenience, Mr. Neale almost forgot it until he was startled from his supineness by hearing that the baronet had suddenly died at Rome, and that his nephew and heir-at-law was coming down immediately to take possession.

Thoroughly aroused by this intelligence, the farmer went at once to the agent, who could of course do nothing but promise to represent the affair to his principal, and endeavor to prevail upon him to fulfill his late uncle's intentions. Thus he did faithfully, for the Neales had held the same land, father and son, for two centuries, and were much respected in the neighborhood; but without avail. Sir Frederick Nesbitt refused to grant a new lease, writing word that he intended to enlarge the house, and let it to a man from Scotland, who would carry out there some favorite theories of his own.

"And now, ma'am," sobbed poor Susan, whose grief had sadly impeded and confused her narrative, "of course all's at an end between George and me, for Mr. Neale will be most ruined by losing the farm; and if he manages to start himself again, it will be the most he can do, and instead of being

able to spare his son, will want his help more than ever, for this trouble has broke him sadly."

"It is indeed a grievous affair, Susan," said Mrs. Tollemache; "nor do I see at present how I can help you, my poor girl. Sir Frederick Nesbitt is a perfect stranger to us all yet, scarcely, I believe, having been at the Court at all; and unless his agent has sufficient influence over him to induce him, in the name of justice, to grant the lease his uncle promised, I do not see what can be done, except endeavor to get Mr. Neale as good a farm elsewhere."

"But he was born there, ma'am, and he has a love for those fields, like as if they were his children; besides, he's spent mostly all he's worth in improving the place. Everybody says it's worth pounds a year more now, than it was when Mr. Neale came to it."

At this moment the sound of her husband's voice calling in the corridor, compelled Mrs. Tollemache to leave her weeping maid abruptly, but I kept the poor girl with me until her tears and sorrow were soothed, and then we parted.

There was a large family gathering in the drawing-room that evening, and friends and relatives had come in from far to grace the bride of the general favorite; but sought as she was by all, yet the bride of the morrow found time to hunt me out in my quiet corner, and ask about Susan.

"I am so sorry about what mamma has been telling me," she said, earnestly; "she is such a good, dutiful girl: what can we do? I am sure Herbert would exert himself strenuously to get the old man another farm; but nothing of course can make up for the loss of this. What can we do?"

But before I could reply—as if all the conversations on the subject were destined to a premature interruption—fresh guests arrived, whom Fanny was obliged to meet, and once more I was alone.

Bustle, bustle, rattle, rattle; the noise of new arrivals seemed incessant, and large as I knew the capacities of the hospitable old house to be, I began to dread lest the liberally construed invitations should so exceed them as to leave the later guests houseless.

And especially were my fears excited when, at eleven o'clock, Harry Tollemache, the sailor brother, for whom Fanny had been longing all day, drove up to the door; rushed in, followed so far as the hall by a gentleman who loitered there; and, after a minute's greeting to his favorite sister, came up to me, and besought me, for the credit of the family, to find some hole or corner in which quietly to stow away the friend he had brought.

"Any place will do: up in the garrets or down in the cellars. He will not care where or what it is, for I told him we should be crammed to suffocation, and he's tortured to death to-night with one of your headaches, so he will forgive the untidiness of any rat-hole above water, where he can lie down and have a cup of tea in silence."

Full of sympathy for my fellow sufferer, and anxious to spare my friend and her housekeeper the additional trouble of an invalid, I went out in obedience to Harry's request, and fortunately meeting Susan in the lobby, explained the circumstances to her and claimed her assistance.

"Where can we put this poor fellow, Susan? There is not a spare closet in the house that I can think of, and he's sitting beside one of the open hall windows, looking as wretched as possible."

"There's no place quieter than the school-room to-night," she said. "The young ladies are sure not to want it again; and he could sit there in the dark if he liked, while I get a cup of tea and make up that little room on the head of the nursery stairs. It won't be very smart, and it's a queer-shaped place, but he won't mind that, perhaps, if its comfortable."

"No, that he will not, if he suffers as acutely as I do; darkness and silence will be all that he will care for."

"Very well; then, please, ma'am, you go back to the company, and leave me to manage this. I can get all that is wanted without troubling Mrs. Lacy, who's busy in the still-room. You need not be afraid."

Nor was I; for there was a quiet self-reliance in Susan's voice and manner—a promptitude and willingness, which always impressed upon people the certainty that she *could* do whatever she chose. There was no lagging or loitering, or drawing in Susan's tone or movements.

With perfect confidence, therefore, and the certainty that everything would be attended to, I resigned all into Susan's hands, and returning with her through the hall found Harry Tollemache standing by his friend, who rose courteously upon my approach, and apologized for the trouble he was

giving, saying, what I, who knew Harry so well, could easily believe, that he would not have intruded at such a time, had he not been assured that no inconvenience would arise.

"Nor will there," said Harry; "you shall have my shake-down; I shall be too busy all night to think of bed; and here's Susan, who's nurse and right hand to all the sick folks in the country, to make you the nectar you are pining for, and take you out of everybody's way."

"Yes," I said, commiserating the wearied look of pain upon the suffering countenance before me, and knowing from experience that no courtesies or civilities in the world would be so welcome as utter silence, "Susan is accustomed to nurse such headaches as yours, sir, and will, I am sure, make you as comfortable as pain will admit."

And saying this, with a bow I retired, only afterwards remembering him sufficiently in the whirl to ask Susan if he were in bed.

"Yes, but not asleep I think. I did everything I could, and laid vinegar and eau-de-cologne on his poor throbbing head, but nothing seemed to do much good. He will not be better until he has slept, though he is very patient and thankful."

Early the next morning, the business which had lulled a little during the night woke again, and I among others was soon astir. Not that I could flatter myself I had anything really to do, for, as I have said before, the household at Ashleigh was so admirably conducted, and the domestics so well trained and willing, as to need very little overlooking. Up I was, however, and standing in the breakfast room, watching Mrs. Lacy, Susan, and Jane arranging the table, when I was joined by the stranger of the preceding night.

In reply to my inquiries as to his health, he said that his head was greatly relieved by the quiet rest he had enjoyed, and then seeing Susan in the room, he went forward instantly with the frank bearing of a true-hearted gentleman, to thank her for her kind attention the evening before. With a graceful curtsy and modest blush, which enhanced the attractions of her pretty face tenfold, Susan listened and replied to the visitor's acknowledgments, while he, evidently struck by her appearance and demeanor, returned to her to express still more warmly the obligation he felt. He was manifestly a shrewd and true observer of human nature, and I was amused and gratified by many of the remarks he made.

In particular, he was struck by the tone and style of the female servants who were flitting about; he had been long absent from England, he told me, and was delighted with this his first near view of his countrywomen.

"I am rather a dreamy individual," he said, "and those girls, in their soft-colored, lady-like dresses, realize all my ideas of what the best of their station should be. They seem to me perfection—all but that unfortunate being in the frills and trimmings and things. Why couldn't she be dressed like the others? Is she a stranger and unable to afford it? And that nurse of mine last night—what a nice, kind-hearted creature she is! Her patience and attention to a poor, forlorn, troublesome stranger, were beyond praise or thanks."

A few hours later, and I was standing in the bride's dressing-room, holding her newly-ringed little hand in mine, and listening to the eager words which flowed rapidly from her lips.

"Yes, I must see him, if only for a minute; ask Harry to manage it. I could not go away, and leave poor Susan so unhappy, and feel that I had lost a chance of serving her. Tell Harry to bring him into the school-room; I can run down the old stairs unseen by any one. Pray don't object, for it will only be for a minute, and I must see him—indeed, indeed I must."

"Whom?—who are you talking of, dearest?"

"Sir Frederick Nesbitt. Don't you know? He, the landlord of Susan's lover's father, is the stranger who came with Harry last night. He is already struck with her manner, and, if appealed to now, will scarcely refuse to make her happy. Pray let me try."

"Yes, indeed. I will find Harry directly; tell him to bring his friend to the school-room, and then return to go with you."

And so, in her beautiful bridal dress, just as she had come from the altar, forgetting for a moment that of her mother's sorrowful servant, Fanny went down to the stranger, who, puzzled by the summons, stood there with her brother to meet her.

A few earnest words, straight from the heart of the blushing, eager girl, put Sir Frederick in possession of the truth; and although his brow clouded for an instant as the name of the petitioner was uttered, yet it cleared as quickly when he heard who

was to profit by his decision; and full of admiration for the lovely bride who thus, despising conventionalities, pleaded as for a sister for one whose rank was so far beneath her own, and with grateful remembrance of the gentle, modest nurse of the previous night, the baronet advanced to the old ink-spotted table, and taking a sheet of paper which lay there, wrote rapidly; then, turning to Fanny, said:

"I am most happy, Mrs. Cavendish" (the new name dyed her cheek with a brighter crimson), to be permitted to show my appreciation of your generosity and Susan's kindness, by complying with your request. And as so much sorrow and apprehension has already arisen from sudden death coming between a man and his purposes, I have put it out of the power of accidents to interfere again. On this paper I have written a promise to renew Mr. Neale's lease upon the same terms as formerly; and when he receives it, I only beg that he may know that for my acquiescence in his desire—which involves the relinquishment of a long-cherished plan—he is alone indebted to your generous advocacy at such a time as this, and to the respect which I feel for his future daughter-in-law."

Iron Steam-Ships.

WHAT are the peculiarities of iron as a material for steam-ships, that give a preference over timber? Timber has, first, its principle strength only in one direction. From the ready, fibrous, vesicular structure of the vegetable, it resists a distending force with great strength along the fibres, but offers a very slender opposition to any force that would tear the vegetable fibres asunder so as to split or splinter it. To remedy this evil, there must always be two sets of timber in transverse directions. The planks of a ship are laid with their fibres in one direction, and the timbers are laid with their fibres at right angles, for the purpose of giving strength laterally, and binding them together. But iron plates are nearly equally strong in both directions; so that if we conceive a plank of wood obtained of equal strength to iron lengthways, and a second plank procured of the same size, with fibres in the lateral direction, the one plate of iron would have nearly the same tensile strength as both united. If, therefore, we substitute for the planking of the vessel a shell of iron, the cross-timbers become unnecessary, their place being supplied by the lateral strength of the metal.

The next peculiarity of iron is the perfection and strength of its joinings. To make a wooden ship water-tight, its parts are severely strained—in caulking its planking, a very acute wedge-formed tool forces the oakum by a mallet in between the planks, which only retain it by a strain; and from the disunion of the planks a vessel begins to leak whenever she encounters a heavy gale. The riveting of the iron plates effects a thorough union of them of such a nature as to render the joints closer than those of the newest ship; and instead of remaining detached, like planks, they become integral parts of one homogeneous whole, equally strong in every direction. A well-built iron vessel is almost bottle-tight.

The facility with which iron can be formed into any shape, and made of any size, is its next recommendation. Timber must be selected with much care and at great expense, in order to suit those parts of the vessel where it is to be placed, and the form of the vessel is in some measure trammelled by the shape of timber that can be readily obtained for the purpose. It is also cut out at great expense, rendering what remains of comparatively little value. On the other hand, every scrap of iron can be wrought up to any required form, and not a pound be lost, but be made available to any purpose; while all the plates, and knees, and bolts, and straps, have that form given to them by which they are kept in their place. Facility, economy, strength of construction, appear then to favor the iron.

Diminution of danger from fire may perhaps be regarded as not one of the least advantages of iron ships. As for strength, from the great tensile strength of iron, from the perfection of its joinings, and from the want of transverse timbers, it follows that the hull of an iron vessel will both be abundantly strong and tight, although only of half the weight of a timber vessel; hence the difference may be supplied in cargo, engines and fuel, or a great saving of space effected. Finally, if surface condensation be adopted, the cold surface of the vessel exposed to the water may be used for a condenser by having an inner lining or jacket over the part so used, sufficiently stayed asunder at small and frequent intervals.

A WIFE full of truth, innocence, and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

The Rebel's Daughter.

BY ADRIEN DE MONTFORT.

DURING the American war, personal enjoyment and unbridled dissipation were as much sought for as military renown and honorable distinction, by some of the officers attached to the British army during its occupation of Long Island. Unchecked by the restraints that the society of their homes threw around them—in a country where they regarded the greatest outrages as commendable, or at least allowable—it was not uncommon to hear of gross injury to the defenceless, wanton insult to the weaker sex, and unjust treatment of the aged.

Among those who became the most notorious for his evil deeds in that time of trouble, was the Hon. Major Ratcliffe, who was, in the days we are writing of, stationed with a regiment at Huntington. Being the youngest scion of a noble house, he had been early appointed as an ensign in the Royal Corps, and had by purchase attained his present rank. Left to the guidance of his own will, he had become a "man of the world"—vain, heartless, dissolute!

The residents of the American town where his company were stationed, in some instances, were compelled to open their houses for the reception of the strangers, the alternative being "fire and sword." Major Ratcliffe was quartered at the house of a Mr. Platt, who had in peaceful times performed the duties of a magistrate. He was a man of indomitable will, and unblemished character. His counsels were regarded as the perfection of wisdom; and as he had advised a compliance with the exactions of the interlopers, until assistance from the commander-in-chief might warrant a successful resistance, his fellow-townsmen had decided, for the time being, to swallow their affronts. He, as well as they, felt deeply indignant at the wrongs perpetrated; but in their weakness they were compelled to submit. Major Ratcliffe was not slow in discovering the characteristics of his host, and had thus far acted as much like a gentleman as his nature would permit.

To Mr. Platt's daughter, Marian, he had been, however, less considerate. Fired by her beauty, and won by the gentle tones of her voice, he had repeatedly whispered of love to her. His only answer had been a proud curl of the lip, or a look of wondering scorn. Tired of horse-racing, fishing, and shooting, the usual sports of his companions, he had resolved to urge his suit to the lovely girl, with a more urgent appeal and a bolder heart. Marian had never acquainted her father with the annoyance, fearing that his anger might overcome his reason, and bring trouble upon them all. She, however, determined to make known to another the facts. That other was one of her neighbors and admirers; indeed, it was the one to whom she was betrothed.

One afternoon, as she sat in the porch, plying her busy needle, she perceived the cause of her annoyance approaching the house. She immediately rose and entered the sitting-room, where the expected presence of Mr. Platt would have been a check upon the officer's insulting offers. Her father was not there, however; and as she turned to seek her own chamber, the Hon. Major Ratcliffe stood before her. She could not escape. Assuming a considerable degree of firmness, though her heart beat wildly, she seated herself and continued her occupation. As the officer came towards her, she noticed that he was under the influence of liquor.

"Marian, my beauty!" he commenced, "I have an important communication to make—a communication that will at once relieve my heart, and place us upon a correct footing. I have decided to resign my commission, forego the certainty of promotion, and devote the remainder of my days to love and you."

"It will doubtless be a source of regret to his Majesty to lose the services of such an efficient officer and polished gentleman," she answered, sarcastically. He, however, interpreted her remarks literally.

"True, I am a good officer, and I believe I am a gentleman. But as my position at present seems to form some barrier to our intimacy, I have, as already stated, decided to resign."

"I shall regret having been the cause of such an act. I consider you so well adapted for the business intrusted to you, that a question arises in my mind, whether exactly such another can be found to succeed you."

"I am grateful for your good opinion. But you do not speak of my offer. Can you not do so? You have always hitherto declined answering me."

"I will do so no longer," she said.

"Then you will give me a definite answer?" he inquired, as he gazed her passionately.

"I will! Major Ratcliffe, I believe there is more of dishonor in the sentiments you profess for me,

than truth. Is this as it may, were your intentions perfectly correct—could you elevate me to the proudest position in the proud family from which you boast your descent—could you mount the throne of the master you serve, and place me by your side to share the royal honors, I would not for a moment listen to any proposition you can offer. Let this suffice. Cease to annoy me with your attentions. Fulfill your high destiny; leave me to my lowly one."

She would have left the room, but by a motion he detained her.

"You have answered me, miss," he said, with surprise, "but not as I would have you. I tell you, foolish girl, that an alliance with a Ratcliffe would make you honorable."

"I care not if it would make me immortal," she replied.

"But see what a sacrifice I am willing to make. Position in the army—a remunerative employment—the prospect of a titled wife—the—"

"And yet mine would be the greater sacrifice—self-respect!" interrupted the lovely Marian.

"Why, you are only a farmer's daughter!" he urged. "Think what a change it would be to you, were you to become my wife."

"A change, indeed! and one that I cannot entertain."

"Then you refuse me?"

"Most distinctly I do."

"Do you know that I can oppress your father and friends?"

"I know that you have the power, and have exercised it ere this."

"Brought home to yourself and those you love, it may gall beyond endurance."

"My friends, like the generality of their countrymen, have endured much; and the hopeful spirit inherent in them may enable them to endure more," answered Marian.

"Hopeful spirit! What, in the name of St. George, can they hope for?"

"Nothing in the name of St. George. But in the name of Him who smote the oppressor in the olden time, they trust for deliverance from the evil that besets them."

"If by evil you mean the army of our king, I fear they will be doomed to disappointment. But again I must refer to the uncontrollable passion that I entertain for you."

"And again I must request you to cease your importunities. They are idle, and can effect no change in my feelings."

"Force then shall accomplish what words fail to do. If you refuse to give me a legal claim upon your love, my power shall force an illegal one. Be mine you shall!"

The speaker advanced towards the offended girl; but, ere he could seize her, she had armed herself with the only object within her reach. This was a cane of her deceased grandfather's. She raised it threateningly. Still the major would not be turned from his purpose.

"Major Ratcliffe," cried Marian, "mine is a weak arm, and may not serve to protect its owner from further insult. But as I live, if there be strength in it, unless you desist, I shall expend that force upon your head! Are you a man, and thus urge your unwelcome presence upon a defenceless woman? I entreat you, sir, retire, and no further distress me."

Her appeal was vain. He essayed to clasp her in his hateful embrace. His tainted breath reached her pure cheek. But the next moment he lay at her feet, with a deep gash cut in his forehead by the cane she had so bravely wielded. He recovered, however, too soon for her to escape; and again approached her, grasped the stick out of her hand, placed his arm around her waist, and was about to implant a kiss upon her lips, when a powerful fist, coming in contact with his face, again laid him sprawling upon the floor. Harry Western, her lover—her defender—caught the fainting form of Marian in his arms, and bore her from the apartment.

Excited people were passing to and fro, from house to house, in the ordinarily quiet town of Huntington. Determination was pictured in the faces of the sterner sex. Resolution beamed from each eye. The time had come for action, and it was to be promptly met.

As soon as the events above related were made known to Mr. Platt, he put the finishing stroke to Ratcliffe's defeat, by ordering him to leave his house never to enter it again. Foiled and disgraced, the gallant officer brooded on revenge. Had he acted as his animosity prompted, he would have at once seized the girl, imprisoned her father and Harry

Western, and given their houses to the flames; but he recollected that he had no orders to warrant such actions; so he could only arrest the parties, and, upon a charge of assault, have them whipped. The first part of this sentence had been executed upon Marian's father and lover, and they were now to be led to the whipping-post to receive as many lashes as their captor saw fit to inflict. This contemplated outrage gave rise to the agitation among the inhabitants which we have noticed. The idea of a rescue had spread like the fire upon the prairie.

The prisoners were confined in the academy, opposite the village-church, near which the tree used as the whipping-post grew luxuriantly. It was a large locust, and to this day bears the marks of its disgrace. From the barred window of their prison-house, the offenders against the Ratcliffe dignity could view the spot where the outrage was to be perpetrated, and look beyond far down the road to the foot of the old burying-ground. Harry was thus engaged, when he perceived a slight female form commence the ascent of the hill. He recognized Marian. In a few moments, by the permission of the gaoler, she entered the room. She flew to her father's embrace—then gave her hand to her lover with a modest blush, as he imprinted a kiss upon it.

"Marian, you should not have come," said her father. "This is no place for you."

"I came to ask your counsel. It was suggested to me that my interposition with Major Ratcliffe would save you from the disgrace—"

"Do not think of such a course, Marian!" interrupted Harry.

"By no means," acquiesced Mr. Platt. "As for the disgrace, Marian, there is none. The spirit that prompts resistance to insult is a lofty one, and whatever may be the penalty of its action, no disgrace can attach to its possessor. Think no more of seeking that bad man. You have been subjected to insults already. Had I known of them earlier, they should have been answered dearly."

"But the whipping-post, father! Harry, it is too much."

"No more, Marian—no more!" cried her father, while a nervous tremor, at the thought of their probable exposure, shook his frame. "If this deed is consummated, it will be the last act of authority that Ratcliffe will ever enforce. My hand shall guide the weapon to his heart!"

"And I have brought this upon you!" said Marian, sadly.

"Say not so, dear Marian!" replied Harry. "He who would calmly witness injury to a helpless woman is unworthy the name of man. But I do not fear the event. Your father has many friends; they will not allow him to be thus wronged. They have tamely borne the polluting presence of these strangers; and this last, worst act will rouse them to resistance."

"Go now, Marian! Seek your home; and let whatever comes have no power to induce you to become a suppliant," said her father.

As Marian was leaving the building she encountered Major Ratcliffe.

"So, my proud beauty, you have come to see those dear ones whom your obstinacy has brought to punishment!" said he, in insulting tones. "Perhaps you would like to release them?"

"I would, indeed," she answered.

"You can!" was the brief rejoinder.

Marian did not ask by what means, for she imagined the answer.

"You can open that door, and let the prisoners go if you will!"

"You do not affix the price for their release?"

"You can divine it!"

"I can, indeed!" she answered, "But they would rather submit to your assumption of authority, than go free. You are going too far. You may rouse a spirit that you cannot quell."

"Perhaps you dream of a rescue? Why, those clods would no more face a bayonet than they would the devil himself."

"They may face you, nevertheless," she replied.

"I hope so! I have long wished for an excuse to bleed the rascals."

"Your fitting occupation is that of causing the human heart to bleed by baser weapons than the sword."

She passed him, and returned to her home.

Strange as it may seem, it was nevertheless true that the whipping-post in those days found many victims. The generality of the persons that were thus punished were, it is true, offenders against social law, and the assumed authority of those who had taken up their quarters there; but the people had allowed the punishment, for the reason, perhaps, that they thought the offenders merited all

they received. Now, however, the case was different. The parties condemned by an unscrupulous man to a gross indignity, were persons against whom, socially or morally, no just charge could be made. The elder gentleman was one to whom they had looked for advice, and the younger a promising and upright member of the community.

From the town messengers were sent to the adjoining villages, asking assistance and succor. The appeal was promptly met. Armed men from all quarters poured in to assist in the rescue. Many of the volunteers had long wished for a general cause that would unite the various towns in a bold resistance, and it had come at last.

One or two of Mr. Platt's neighbors had called upon Radcliffe, to try and induce him to forego his intention of revenge; but to all of them he gave unsatisfactory replies.

"Should I pass this affront unnoticed, it would but give a wild license to similar attacks. As the representative of my king, I am bound to punish those who would insult him in my person," he argued.

"But Mr. Platt is an aged man," urged one of the petitioners. "He enjoys the respect of all his townsmen, and is sympathized with deeply."

"So much the more fitting, then, to be an example. It is useless, sir, to seek to turn me from my purpose. There is a spirit of insubordination manifested daily that must be crushed. I should be an unworthy officer of the power delegated to me were it not enforced."

"On your head rest the result, then," replied his auditor, as he took his departure. "Be assured that the outrage you contemplate will not be consummated."

"Let those who dare, resist!" sneered Radcliffe, with assurance. "There will be more blood upon your soil than you will care to lose. Let the rebels beware that they do not arouse a demon that they may not have power to exorcise."

Around the tree which we have before spoken of were mustered the troops under command of Radcliffe. A file of soldiers were also stationed in open column as far as the academy, with arms ready for use. No other living being could be seen around. There was a death-like stillness brooding over the scene. The prisoners were led forth at a given signal.

"Your friends are all here to welcome you, gentlemen. You see how kind and considerate they are; how anxious to release you!" cried the officer, as Mr. Platt and Henry passed him.

Neither spoke; but their eyes involuntarily wandered down the road, and immediately lightened with hope at the prospect there presented. Columns of armed men were marching noiselessly, firmly, and fearlessly towards them. Radcliffe also perceived the advancing party, and in wild excitement cried to his minions, "Fire upon them, lads! Aim well! Let every shot tell! Aim at the hearts of these rebel curs!"

A bright volley flashed through the air; but each bullet passed its mark, and was buried in the green sod of the burying-hill. The rebels, so called, had, with the rapidity of thought, thrown themselves upon the ground, and thus in every instance avoided the well-directed missiles of death. Before their enemies could reload, the brave men had reached the spot, and had obliged the whole party arrayed against them to lay down their arms and surrender. Vain were the cries, the threats, the imprecations of the foiled Radcliffe, to prevent such a cowardly act. The muzzle of a gun pointed against the bosom of each soldier exerted a more persuasive power, and they acted accordingly.

"Villains! cowards! knaves!" yelled the exasperated major. "Will you be beaten by a pack of clods? Is this an exhibition of your boasted bravery? Die, then, like sheep, or flee like curs! I do not yield with life! Lower your musket from my breast! Give me a weapon equal to your own."

The last of these remarks were addressed to a young volunteer, who, fearing that the officer might commit some damage with the sword he was flourishing, had presented his gun at him. Henry stepped forward to his rescue. He had provided himself with a sword, and, motioning the soldier to retire, stood confronting Radcliffe. Their weapons were crossed, while the spectators stood breathlessly watching the result. The major was a skilful swordsman; but his present excitement threw him off his guard, and he was soon disarmed.

"I do not yield even now!" cried he, proudly.

"Your better course will be to leave this section at once," remarked Mr. Platt, "never to return. The spirit of resistance which you have aroused will never rest until you and your minions are far from

this. Your departure may be as speedy as you choose. No one will interfere with you."

The next morning witnessed the departure of the enemy. The current of affairs flew back again in their natural channel; and all felt that an incubus had been driven from the public heart.

Marian and Henry lived long after the events related above, and now sleep side by side in the old burying-ground, near the last resting-place of Mr. Platt. Their descendants are numerous, and among them are many who resemble both the hero and heroine of our story.

Utility of the Pyramids.

NOTHING can be easier than to denounce what we do not understand. To moralise over the vanity of the world, the yearning after earthly immortality which its great ones have shown, and the blank and utter disappointment of all their hopes, is simple enough for the simplest to undertake. Egypt is one of those countries which is appropriately selected for ethical discourses of this description. There is sufficient reason for this; for the degradation of this present Egypt forms a most melancholy contrast with the glory of the Egypt of the past. "Egypt itself has become the land of oblivion; her ancient civilization is gone; her glory, as a phantasm, hath vanished away; her youthful days are over, and her face hath become wrinkled; she no longer poreth upon the heaven, her astronomy is dead in her, and knowledge maketh not her cycles; Memnon resoundeth not to the sun, and Nile heareth strange voices. Her deities have departed, her pomp is spoiled, and the monuments of her past greatness which remain, serve to shadow forth the principle of vicissitude and the ceaseless effluxion of things." There is an abundance of material for the philosopher and the moralist, without passing over any right and proper boundary line, and denouncing as mere selfish vanity that which, in all probability, was the effect of benevolence and zeal. We speak of the pyramids.

It has been customary to regard the pyramids as the mere tombs of the kings of Egypt; and severe things have been said about the lasting evidences of death's triumph over poor, weak, frail humanity, and the puerile attempts of royal despots to build for themselves mausoleums of imperishable renown—mighty monuments to chronicle the doings of the poor pigmies of a day. There can be no doubt that the Pharaohs were bad enough; there are, we are afraid, few men placed in the position of the Pharaohs who would have been better. Still, as it is popularly affirmed that a certain individual is not really so black as he is generally represented to be, it may so happen that these death-houses of the Egyptian kings were turned to some better and more profitable account than that of being the mere idle display of durability for the amazement of succeeding ages, and an abundant source of *backshish* to the Arabs. We believe that the Egyptians were too wise to undertake such immense works without having in view some public benefit. The labor of these pyramidal constructions can scarcely be estimated. It would say but little for the intelligence of those learned men of the Nile to suppose that they merely built them as brave lodgings for regal mummies—lodgings that should defy all-conquering time, and last till doomsday. From recent investigation—and not from a mere closet hypothesis—it does appear that these pyramids were turned to good account.

The pyramids were evidently the lighthouses and beacons which served to guide the vessels on the Nile, and the travellers on the desert. They could be easily perceived at a very great distance, fifteen or twenty leagues; such erections were called by the Greeks *pyros amygdale*. On the flat roof of the pyramid of Cheops, the most ancient of the group, a fire of bituminous material was kindled, announcing the approach of a caravan, or the expected incursions of invaders. A single pyramid would not, however, be sufficient for the Eastern navigators, and it would soon be found necessary to build a second, a third, and many others; all of them being so situate as to serve as watch towers on the surrounding nations, and at the same time thus keeping up a species of telegraphic communication with the interior of Egypt. Thus considered, the pyramids assume new importance; they were meant to teach the Egyptians something more than "Hic jacet"—they were their light-houses, watch towers, beacons and telegraphic stations.

All nations established in the midst of such vast regions as those which surround Egypt found the necessity of erecting high towers for observation and rallying points. The tower of Babel is supposed by some writers to have been undertaken for

this object; and it is known that such was the design of the porcelain tower at Nanking. An ancient traveller discovered in the midst of the plains which stretch out from the banks of the river Amazon, numerous pyramids resembling those of Egypt—without doubt erected for a similar purpose in a very remote age. The lofty towers of cathedrals, and the battlements of feudal castles, are the consequence of the same necessity. With such an object in view, the Pharaohs built there wondrous tombs—tombs none the less honored that those who slept within consecrated their final resting-place to the service of their people.

Other purposes would also be answered by the pyramids. They served as astronomical observatories—and to the researches and discoveries of those old seers who there carried on their observations, modern science is greatly indebted. Again, from the size and position of the pyramids, it has been argued that they would, in a considerable degree, mitigate the violence of these storms and whirlwinds which bury whole caravans in the desert. Especially they were designed as lighthouses in the wilderness, that when the sun set, when the moon was hidden, the pyramid fires might guide the boatman on the waters of the Nile, and the travellers in the sea of sand. Better surely is this, than the more common and hackneyed moralizing about the vanity and caprice of extravagant princes in general, and of the Pharaohs in particular.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL COURAGE.—Courage is properly considered the first essential quality to form the soldier. Abstractly, the principle is correct; but he who would aspire to military success on this dependence, will find himself miserably disappointed. Courage is moral and physical. In war, the latter may, on rare occasions, "few and far between," be turned to account. While on service, eternal opportunities open to him who is possessor of the former, a road to honor and distinction. I know not a physical quality which is exhibited under more different phases. Like human temper, its varieties are innumerable. A man whose boiling courage leads him to volunteer himself *enfant perdu* of a forlorn hope, sinks under the fatigue and privations of a few forced marches; while the impassive determination of another, who wanted nerve or ambition to head a lethal struggle in the breach, calmly works himself through difficulties, and, by the union of head and heart, establishes a marked superiority over the reckless adventurer, who would boldly "stake his life upon the cast," and, with unshaken determination to follow out the poet's words, "stand the hazard of the die." The hairbrained courage of our own countrymen is proverbial. It is, when irregular, merely an idle exhibition of reckless daring; when systematised, the dangerous property that renders the Irish soldier irresistible. I have, in a southern fair, driven hundreds, in a faction fight, before me with a handful of dragoons; and yet these very men recruited the ranks of a native regiment a few months afterwards, which, bayonet to bayonet, scattered like sheep Napoleon's middle guard at Fuentes d'Honore. To point out the varieties of personal courage would be endless. By its brilliant display Murat won a splendid reputation; while by a different exhibition Ney obtained, even among that matchless group of soldiers, the marshals of Napoleon, the proud sobriquet of *brave des braves*, and won a well-earned immortality. And yet the difference of these splendid soldiers, in their respective claims to military superiority, was remarkable. Murat, with glorious audacity at the head of his noble cavalry, conspicuous by his white-plumed cap, and found everywhere where the contest was the hottest, won even from his wild opponents (the Cossack guard) their boundless admiration; while Ney, in ruin and defeat, was greatest; as, half-buried in a snow-wreath, he examined his maps, and calmly, when all beside despaired, picked the route out that saved to France the *debris* of her magnificent army. To which of these unequalled soldiers should the palm of moral courage be awarded? To him of Moskwa, indubitably.

WHAT RAILROADS HAVE DONE FOR OHIO.—In the year 1850, before the completion of its railway system, the State of Ohio had an aggregate amount of taxable property rated at \$439,876,340, and in the year 1855, after the completion of the system, the value of the same description of property is set down at \$869,877,351, very nearly double. Ohio has entered more largely than any other member of the confederacy upon the development of the system of railways.

The world is a sea, and life and death are its ebbing and flowing.

MANNER often maketh fortune.

Titbottom's Spectacles.

"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

JANE and I do not keep much company; our means forbid it. In truth, other people entertain for us. We enjoy that hospitality of which no account is made. We see the show, and hear the music, and smell the flowers of great festivities, tasting as it were the drippings from rich dishes. Our own dinner service is remarkably plain; our dinner, even on state occasions, is strictly in keeping, and almost our only guest is Titbottom.

I talk of such things to this old friend during the dull season at the office. And I have known him sometimes to reply in a kind of sad humor, not as if he enjoyed the joke, but as if he saw no reason why I should be dull because the season was so.

One day, after I had been talking for a long time, and we were preparing to leave, he stood for some time by the window, gazing with a drooping intentness, as if he really saw something more than the dark court below, and said slowly:

"Perhaps you would have different impressions of things if you saw them through my spectacles."

There was no change in his expression. He still looked from the window, and I said:

"Titbottom, I did not know that you used glasses."

"No, I don't often wear them. I am not very fond of looking through them; but sometimes an irresistible necessity compels me to put them on, and I cannot help seeing."

Titbottom sighed.

"Is it so grievous a fate to see?" inquired I.

"Yes, through my spectacles," he said, turning slowly and looking at me with wan solemnity.

It grew dark as we stood in the office talking, and taking our hats we went out together. The narrow street of business was deserted. From one or two offices struggled the dim gleam of an early candle, by whose light some perplexed accountant sat belated, and hunting for his error. A careless clerk passed, whistling. But the great tide of life had ebbed. We heard its roar far away, and the sound stole into that silent street like the murmur of the ocean into an inland dell.

"You will come and dine with us, Titbottom?"

When we reached the house, Jane came to meet us, saying:

"Do you know, I hoped you would bring Mr. Titbottom to dine?"

Titbottom smiled gently, and answered that he might have brought his spectacles with him, and I have been a happier man for it.

Jane looked a little puzzled.

"My dear," I said, "you must know that our friend, Mr. Titbottom, is the happy possessor of a pair of wonderful spectacles. Most short-sighted persons are very glad to have the help of glasses; but Mr. Titbottom seems to find very little pleasure in his."

"It is because they make him too far sighted, perhaps," interrupted Jane, quietly.

We sat together after dinner, and Jane took her work.

"At least," I said, "Mr. Titbottom will not refuse to tell us the history of his mysterious spectacles. I have known plenty of magic in eyes, (and I glanced at the tender blue eyes of Jane,) but I have not heard of any enchanted glasses."

"I will gladly tell you the history," began Titbottom. "It is very simple; and I am not at all sure that a great many other people have not a pair of the same kind. If we should all wear spectacles like mine, we should never smile any more. Or—I am not quite sure—we should all be very happy."

"A very important difference," said Jane, counting her stitches.

"You know my grandfather Titbottom was a West Indian. A large proprietor, and an easy man, he basked in the tropical sun, leading his quiet and luxurious life. He lived much alone, and was what people called eccentric, by which I understand that he was very much himself, and refusing the influence of other people, they had their little revenges, and called him names. It is a habit not exclusively tropical. I think I have seen the same thing even in this country. But he was greatly beloved—my bland and bountiful grandfather. He was so large-hearted and open-handed. He was so friendly, and thoughtful, and genial, that even his jokes had the air of graceful benedictions. He did not seem to grow old, and he was one of those who never appear to have been very young. He flourished in a perennial maturity, an immortal middle-age."

"My grandfather lived upon one of the small islands, St. Kitt's, perhaps, and his domain extended to the sea. His house, a rambling West Indian mansion, was surrounded with deep, spacious piazzas,

covered with luxurious lounges, among which one capacious chair was his peculiar seat. They tell me he used sometimes to sit there for the whole day, his eyes fastened upon the sea, watching the specks of sails that flashed upon the horizon.

"To a stranger life upon those little islands is uniform even to weariness. But the old native dons, like my grandfather, ripen in the prolonged sunshine, like the turtle upon the Bahama banks, nor know of existence more desirable. Life in the tropics I take to be a placid torpidity. One calm June day, as my grandfather slowly paced the piazza after breakfast, his dreamy glance was arrested by a little vessel evidently nearing the shore. She glided smoothly, slowly, over the Summer sea. The warm morning air was sweet with perfumes, and silent with heat. The sea sparkled languidly, and the brilliant blue hung cloudlessly over. He laid down the spyglass and leaned against a column of the piazza, and watched the vessel with an intentness that he could not explain. She came nearer and nearer, a graceful spectre in the dazzling morning."

"Decidedly I must step down and see about that vessel," said my grandfather Titbottom.

"He gathered his ample dressing-gown about him, and stepped from the piazza with no other protection from the sun than the little smoking-cap upon his head. The little vessel furled her sails and drifted landward, and as she was of very light draft, she came close to the shelving shore. A long plank was put out from her side, and the debarkation commenced. My grandfather Titbottom stood looking on to see the passengers descend. There were but a few of them, and mostly traders from the neighboring island. But suddenly the face of a young girl appeared over the side of the vessel, and she stepped upon the plank to descend. My grandfather Titbottom instantly advanced, and moving briskly reached the top of the plank at the same moment, and with the old tassel of his cap flashing in the sun, and one hand in the pocket of his dressing-gown, with the other he handed the young lady carefully down the plank. That young lady was afterwards my grandmother Titbottom."

"And so, over the gleaming sea which he had watched so long, and which seemed thus to reward his patient gaze, came his bride that sunny morning."

"There were endless festivities upon occasion of the marriage. The gentle sweetness of his wife melted every heart into love and sympathy. He was much older than she, without doubt. But age, as he used to say with a smile of immortal youth, is a matter of feeling, not of years. And if, sometimes, as she sat by his side upon the piazza, her fancy looked through her eyes upon that Summer sea and saw a younger lover, perhaps some one of those graceful and glowing heroes who occupy the foreground of all young maiden's visions by the sea, yet she could not find one more generous and gracious, nor fancy one more worthy and loving, than my grandfather Titbottom."

"These West Indian years were the great days of the family," said Titbottom, with an air of majestic and regal regret, pausing and musing in our little parlor like a late Stuart in exile remembering England. Jane raised her eyes from her work, and looked at him with a subdued admiration; for I have observed that, like the rest of her sex, she has a singular sympathy with the representative of a reduced family."

"I can remember my grandfather Titbottom, although I was a very young child, and he was a very old man. I remember his white hair and his calm smile, and how, not long before he died, he called me to him, and laying his hand upon my head, said to me:

"My child, the world is not this great sunny piazza, nor life the fairy stories which the women tell you here as you sit in their laps. I shall soon be gone, but I want to leave with you some memento of my love for you, and I know nothing more valuable than these spectacles, which your grandmother brought from her native island, when she arrived here one fine Summer morning, long ago."

"But, grandpapa, I am not short-sighted."

"My son, are you not human?" said the old gentleman; and how shall I ever forget the thoughtful sadness with which, at the same time, he handed me the spectacles?

"Instinctively I put them on, and looked at my grandfather. But I saw no grandfather, no piazza, no flowered dressing-gown; I saw only a luxuriant palm-tree, waving broadly over a tranquil landscape. Pleasant homes clustered around it. I heard children's voices, and the low lullaby of happy mothers. Golden harvests glistened out of sight, and I caught the rustling whisper of prosperity. A warm, mellow atmosphere bathed the whole. I have seen copies of the landscapes of the Italian painter

Claude which seemed to me faint reminiscences of that calm and happy vision. But all this peace and prosperity seemed to flow from the spreading palm as from a fountain.

"I do not know how long I looked, but I had, apparently, no power, as I had no will, to remove the spectacles. What a wonderful island must Nevis be, thought I, if people carry such pictures in their pockets, only by buying a pair of spectacles! What wonder that my dear grandmother Titbottom has lived such a placid life, and has blessed us all with her sunny temper, when she has lived surrounded by such images of peace."

"My grandfather died. We have no portrait of him, but I see always, when I remember him, that peaceful and luxuriant palm. And I think that to have known one good old man—one man who, through the chances and rubs of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm branch, waving all discords into peace, helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other, more than many sermons."

"Misfortunes of many kinds came heavily upon the family after the head was gone. The great house was relinquished. My parents were both dead, and my grandfather had entire charge of me. But from the moment that I received the gift of the spectacles, I could not resist their fascination, and I withdrew into myself, and became a solitary boy."

"But, sometimes, mastered after long struggles, I seized my spectacles and sauntered into the little town. Putting them to my eyes I peered into the houses and at the people who passed me. Here sat a family at breakfast, and I stood at the window looking in. O motley meal! fantastic vision. The good mother saw her lord sitting opposite, a grave, respectable being, eating muffins. But I saw only a bank-bill, more or less crumpled, and tattered, marked with a larger or lesser figure. If a sharp wind blew suddenly, I saw it tremble and flutter; it was thin, flat, impalpable. I removed my glasses, and looked with my eyes at the wife. I could have smiled to see the humid tenderness with which she regarded her strange *vis-à-vis*.

"Or I put them on again, and looked at the wife. How many stout trees I saw,—how many tender flowers,—how many placid pools; yes, and how many little streams winding out of sight, shrinking before the large, hard, round eyes opposite, and slipping off into solitude and shade, with a low, inner song for their own solace. And in many houses I thought to see angels, nymphs, or, at least, women, and could only find broomsticks, mops, or kettles, hurrying about, rattling, tinkling, in a state of shrill activity. I made calls upon elegant ladies, and after I had enjoyed the gloss of silk and the delicacy of lace, and the flash of jewels, I slipped on my spectacles, and saw a peacock's feather, flounced and furbelowed and fluttering; or an iron rod, thin, sharp, and hard; nor could I possibly mistake the movement of the drapery for any flexibility of the thing draped;—or, mysteriously chilled, I saw a statue of perfect form, or flowing movement, it might be alabaster, or bronze, or marble."

"But the true sadness was rather in seeing those who, not having the spectacles, thought that the iron rod was flexible, and the marble statue warm. I saw many a gallant heart, which seemed to me brave and loyal as the crusaders sent by genuine and noble faith to Syria and the sepulchre, pursuing, through days and nights, and a long life of devotion, the hope of lighting at least a smile in the cold eyes, if not a fire in the icy heart. I watched the earnest, enthusiastic sacrifice."

"Through those strange spectacles how often I saw the noblest heart renouncing all other hope, all other ambition, all other life, than the possible love of some one of those statues. Ah! me, it was terrible, but they had not the love to give. The Parian face was so polished and smooth, because there was no sorrow upon the heart,—and drearily, often no heart to be touched."

"Madam," said Titbottom to my wife, whose heart hung upon his story; "your husband's young friend, Aurelia, wears sometimes a camelia in her hair, and no diamond in the ball-room seems so costly as that perfect flower, which women envy, and for whose least and withered petal men sigh; yet, in the tropical solitudes of Brazil, how many a camelia bud drops from a bush that no eye has ever seen, which, had it flowered and been noticed, would have gilded all hearts with its memory."

"My companions naturally deserted me, for I had grown wearily grave and abstracted; and, unable to resist the allurements of my spectacles, I was constantly lost in a world, of which those companions were part, yet of which they knew nothing."

"My grandmother died, and I was thrown into

the world without resources, and with no capital but my spectacles. I tried to find employment, but men were shy of me. There was a vague suspicion that I was either a little crazed, or a good deal in league with the prince of darkness.

"In despair I went to a great merchant on the island, and asked him to employ me.

"My young friend," said he, "I understand that you have some singular secret, some charm, or spell, or gift, or something I don't know what, of which people are afraid. Now, you know, my dear," said the merchant, swelling up, "I am not of that kind. I am not easily frightened. You may spare yourself the pain of trying to impose upon me. People who propose to come to time before I arrive, are accustomed to rise very early in the morning," said he, thrusting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and spreading the fingers, like two fans, upon his bosom. "I think I have heard something of your secret. You have a pair of spectacles, I believe, that you value very much, because your grandmother brought them as a marriage portion to your grandfather. Now, if you think fit to sell me those spectacles, I will pay you the largest market price for glasses. What do you say?"

"I told him that I had not the slightest idea of selling my spectacles.

"My young friend means to eat them, I suppose," said he with a contemptuous smile.

"I made no reply, but was turning to leave the office, when the merchant called after me—

"My young friend, poor people should never suffer themselves to get into pets. A pair of spectacles and a hot temper are not the most promising capital for success in life, Master Titbottom."

"I stepped into the next office in the street, and a mild-faced, genial man, also a large and opulent merchant, asked me my business in such a tone, that I instantly looked through my spectacles, and saw a land flowing with milk and honey. There I pitched my tent, and stayed till the good man died, and his business was discontinued.

"But while there," said Titbottom, and his voice trembled into a sigh, "I first saw Preciosa. For days, for weeks, for months, I did not take my spectacles with me. I could not, I would not, I dared not, look at Preciosa through the spectacles. It was not possible for me deliberately to destroy them; but I awoke in the night, and could almost have cursed my dear old grandfather for his gift. I escaped from the office, and sat for whole days with Preciosa. I told her the strange things I had seen with my mystic glasses. The hours were not enough for the wild romances which I raved in her ear. She listened, astonished and appalled. She clung to me, and then withdrew, and fled fearfully from the room. Then came calmer days—the conviction of deep love settled upon our lives—as after the hurrying, heaving days of Spring comes the bland and benignant Summer.

"It is no dream, then, after all, and we are happy," I said to her one day; and there came no answer, for happiness is speechless.

"We are happy, then," I said to myself, "there is no excitement now. How glad I am that I can now look at her through my spectacles."

"I feared lest some instinct should warn me to beware. I escaped from her arms, and ran home and seized the glasses and bounded back again to Preciosa. As I entered the room I was heated, my head was swimming with confused apprehension, my eyes must have glared. Preciosa was frightened, and rising from her seat, stood with an inquiring glance of surprise in her eyes. But I was bent with frenzy upon my purpose. Preciosa stood before the mirror, but alarmed at my wild and eager movements, unable to distinguish what I had in my hands, and seeing me raise them suddenly to my face, she shrieked with terror, and fell fainting upon the floor, at the very moment that I placed the glasses before my eyes, and beheld—myself, reflected in the mirror before which she had been standing."

There was silence for many minutes. Jane laid her hand gently upon the head of our guest, whose eyes were closed, and who breathed softly, like an infant sleeping. Perhaps, in all the long years of anguish since that hour, no tender hand had touched his brow, nor wiped away the damps of a bitter sorrow.

"These things were matters of long, long ago, and I came to this country soon after. I brought with me premature age, a past of melancholy memories, and the magic spectacles. I had become their slave. I had nothing more to fear. Having seen myself, I was compelled to see others properly to understand my relations to them. The lights that cheer the future of other men had gone out for me. I mingled with men, but with little pleasure. I did not find those I came to clearer sighted than

those I had left behind. I heard men called shrewd and wise, and report said they were highly intelligent and successful. But when I looked at them through my glasses, I found no halo of real manliness. My finest sense detected no aroma of purity and principle; but I saw only a fungus that had fattened and spread in a night. They all went to the theatre to see actors upon the stage. I went to see actors in the boxes, so consummately cunning that the others did not know they were acting, and they did not suspect it themselves.

"Perhaps you wonder it did not make me misanthropical. My dear friends, do not forget that I had seen myself. It made me compassionate, not cynical.

"I could not grow misanthropical when I saw in the eyes of so many who were called old the gushing fountains of eternal youth, and the light of an immortal dawn, or when I saw those who were esteemed unsuccessful and aimless ruling a fair realm of peace and plenty. There was your neighbor over the way, who passes for a woman who has failed in her career, because she is an old maid. People wag solemn heads of pity, and say that she made so great a mistake in not marrying the brilliant and famous man who was for long years her suitor. It is clear that no orange flower will ever bloom for her. The young people make tender romances about her as they watch her, and think of her solitary hours of bitter regret and wasting longing, never to be satisfied. When I first came to town I shared this sympathy, and pleased my imagination with fancying her hard struggle with the conviction that she had lost all that made life beautiful. But when one day, I did raise my glasses and glanced at her, I did not see the old maid whom we all pitied for a secret sorrow, but a woman whose nature was a tropic, in which the sun shone, and birds sang, and flowers bloomed for ever. I saw her blush when that old lover passed by, or paused to speak to her; but it was only the sign of delicate feminine consciousness. I looked closely at her, and I saw that, although all the world had exclaimed at her indifference to such homage, she would only say simply and quietly—

"If Shakespeare loved me and I did not love him, how could I marry him?"

"Could I be misanthropical when I saw such fidelity, and dignity, and simplicity?"

"I do not believe you will be surprised that I have been content to remain deputy bookkeeper. My spectacles regulated my ambition, and I early learned that there were better gods than Plutus."

"And yet—and yet," said Titbottom, after a pause, "I am not sure that I thank my grandfather."

We all sat silently; Titbottom's eyes fastened musingly upon the carpet; Jane looking wistfully at him, and I regarding both.

It was past midnight, and our guest arose to go. He shook hands quietly, made his grave Spanish bow to Jane, and taking his hat, went towards the front door. I saw in her eyes that she would ask her question. And as Titbottom opened the door, I heard the low words:

"And Preciosa?"

Titbottom paused. He had just opened the door and the moonlight streamed over him as he stood, turning back to us.

"I have seen her but once since. It was in church; and she was kneeling with her eyes closed, so that she did not see me. But I rubbed the glasses well, and looked at her, and saw a white lily, whose stem was broken; but which was fresh, and luminous, and fragrant still."

"That was a miracle," interrupted Jane.

"Madam, it was a miracle," replied Titbottom; "and for that one sight I am devoutly grateful for my grandfather's gift. I saw, that although a flower may have lost its hold upon earthly moisture, it may still bloom as sweetly, fed by the dews of heaven."

The door closed, and he was gone. But as Jane put her arm in mine and we went up stairs together, she whispered in my ear:

"How glad I am that you don't wear spectacles."

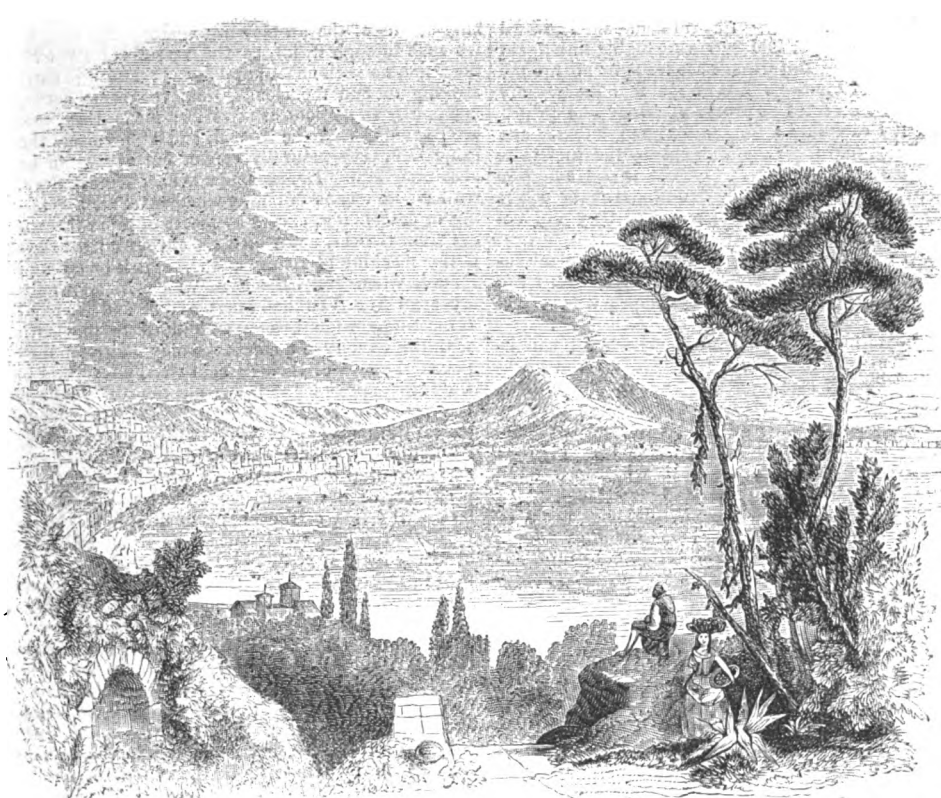
Balloon Travelling.

THERE are some peculiar effects in connection with balloon travelling that are worthy of further mention. The first is the utter absence of all sense of motion in the vehicle. Motion, indeed, at all times is only made known to us by those abrupt changes in our direction which consist of what are termed joltings; for the body, from its *vis inertia*, partaking of the movement of the conveyance in which it is travelling, is, of course, thrown forcibly forwards or sideways, directly the course of the machine is arrested or altered. In a balloon, moreover, we are not even made conscious of our motion by the ordi-

nary feeling of the air blowing against the face as we rush through it, for, as the vessel travels *with* the wind, no such effect is produced; and it is most striking to find the clouds, from the same cause, apparently as motionless as rocks; for as they, too, are travelling *with* the balloon, and at precisely the same rate, they naturally cannot but appear to be absolutely still. Hence, under such circumstances, we have no means of telling whether we are ascending or descending, except by pieces of paper thrown out from the car, and which are of course left below if the machine be rising, and above if it be falling; indeed, when the balloon in which Albert Smith ascended from Vauxhall burst, and he and his aerial companions were being precipitated to the earth with the velocity of a stone, the only indication they got of the rate of their descent was by resorting to the little paper "logs" before mentioned. And Mr. Green assured me that though he has travelled in the air during a gale of wind at the rate of ninety-five miles in the hour, he was utterly unconscious, not only of the velocity with which he had been projected, as it were, through the atmosphere, but also of the fury of the hurricane itself—feeling as perfectly tranquil all the while as if he had been seated in his easy chair by his own fireside; nor was it until he reached the earth and the balloon became fixed to the ground by means of the grapnel, that he was sensible of the violence of the wind (and it was the same with us during *our* trip); for *then*, as the machine offered a considerable obstruction to the passage of the air, the power of the gale was rendered apparent—since, strange to say, *without resistance there is no force*. Hence there is but little danger in aeronautic excursions while the balloon remains in the air—nor is there, indeed, with a ship as long as it has plenty of sea room; whereas, directly the aerial machine becomes fixed to the ground, it is like a stranded vessel, and becomes the sport of the wind, as the ship, similarly circumstanced, is of the waves. Another curious effect of the aerial ascent was, that the earth, when we were at our greatest altitude, positively appeared *concave*, looking like a huge dark bowl rather than the convex sphere, such as we naturally expect to see it. This, however, was a mere effect of perspective, for it is a law of vision that the horizon or boundary line of the sight always appears on a level with the eye, the foreground being, in all ordinary views, directly at the feet of the spectator, and the extreme background some five feet and a half above it, while the relative *distances* of the intermediate objects are represented pictorially to the eye by their relative heights above the lowest, and therefore the nearest object in the scene—so that pictorial distance is really at right angles to tangible distance, the former being a line *parallel* to the body, and the latter one *perpendicular* to it. Hence, as the horizon always appears to be on a level with our eye, (which is literally the centre of a hollow sphere rather than of a flat circle during vision,) it naturally seems to rise as we rise, until at length the elevation of the circular boundary line of the sight becomes so marked, owing to our own elevation, that the earth assumes the anomalous appearance, as we have said, of a *concave* rather than a *convex* body. This optical illusion has, according to the best of our recollection, never been noticed or explained before, so that it becomes worthy of record. Another curious effect, but upon another sense, was the extraordinary and indeed painful pressure upon the ears which occurred at our greatest altitude. This was precisely the same sensation as is produced during a descent in a diving-bell, and it at first seemed strange that such a result, which, in the case of the diving-bell, obviously arises from the extreme *condensation* of the air within the submerged vessel, and its consequent greater pressure on the tympanum, should be brought about in a balloon immediately it enters a stratum of air where the *rarefaction* is greater than usual. Here were two directly opposite causes producing the same effect. A moment's reflection, however, taught us that the sensation experienced in the diving-bell arises from the drum of the ear being unduly strained by the pressure of the *external* air; whereas the sensation experienced in the balloon was produced by the air *inside* the ear acting in the same manner.

BLUSHING AND IMPUDENCE.—Blushing arises from want of self-possession. It is best cured by impudence. Time will diminish the tendency to it. It is dangerous to suppress it; it is one of the best safeguards of character. We have faith in a person who blushes; no faith in one who does not.

ADULTERY does not take from us our true friends; it only disperses those who pretended to be such.



THE BAY OF NAPLES.

A Steam Trip Round the Bay of Naples

A STEAMER had obligingly declared its readiness to make the circuit of the Bay of Naples, if a respectable number of lovers of the beautiful could be found to cooperate in the scheme. Eighty lovers of the beautiful, accordingly, present themselves, and the steamer is satisfied. To be afloat on such a sea, beneath such a sky, from the glorious sunrise of an Italian day to its exquisite sunset, is no mean indulgence. So the eighty seem to think; and a high resolve to be happy is legible on their faces.

Everything is volcanic hereaway. But who can afford to look at the eighty English, French, Germans, Americans, Russians, when we are skimming past the eastern end of the silver horn of Naples, and past the shining belt of towns, Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, which binds the feet of the burning mountain, just where it cools itself in the clear green waters. This is Castellamare, bending over the brink of the sea, to look at the perfect reflection of its villas and orange-groves beneath. We have scarcely filled our eye with this favored resort of the Neapolitan aristocracy, when we are rushing past Sorrento, with its touching memories of the poor wayfarer who wandered thither, shattered and wrecked in head and heart, to lean for a brief hour of rest upon a sister's faithful bosom. That sister failed to recognize, in the tired pilgrim, the Torquato Tasso whose songs and whose wrongs still thrill the spirit of the Italians.

Now, we are nearing the Capo di Sorrento, the southern horn of the matchless Bay of Naples—that bay of which the Italians love to say, “See Naples, and then die!” This cape of Sorrento is a spur of the purple Apennines, which, ever beautiful in form and exquisite in color, here run boldly out into the Mediterranean. Just take one entranced round the promontory into the deep gulf bey—where Amalfi and Salerno, peopled by Dorian colonies, cling like nests of the sea-fowl to the narrow ledges of lofty rock. Enchanted ground this! Virgil says that the rocky isle of the Syrens lay somewhere hereaway; and a fanciful old legend says that more than 1800 years ago, just when a choir of angels was singing a new song above the midnight plain of Bethlehem, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men,” shrieks were heard, and sobs, and wailings, all along this very coast, echoing from promontory to island, from bay to river, from grove to grove! The hour of the old gods was come! The nymph must leave her fountain, Pan his forest, the syren her fatal rock, and the mermaid her deep sea-cave. A mere legend, this; but it is full of meaning.

But now we run across to Capri, the first link in that bright chain of islands which is drawn across the mouth of the Bay of Naples. This was the favorite home of the wretched emperor Tiberius;

and thought is busy with the remembrance that it was in his reign that the Lord of life and glory bowed his head upon the cross. We are now in search of the wondrous “Blue Grotto,” that far-famed palace of the Nereides; and here is a fleet of little boats waiting for us, bobbing up and down like limpet-shells. Already bluer than the surrounding blue of the Mediterranean is the water that swells against that lofty wall of rock. We are decanted into the limpet-shells, and are rowed, by wild-looking boatmen in Phrygian caps, through the scarce open-mouth of the cavern. What chemist, or what geologist, will explain the cause of the intense color of the water and of the walls which receive us? We seem to be floating on some new element, more like the melted blue of a warm Italian sky, than the cold waters of a salt sea; while above us expands a vast natural temple, with vaulted roof and column and portico.

The eighty passengers are much excited by this boating exploit, think they have been in some peril and look haggard. To repair the waste in the

nervous system, instinct universally suggests an onslaught on the viands. But, to the dismay of the community, it is discovered that the commissariat has made no fitting allowance for the force of substantial northern appetites, or for the exhausting excitements of the Blue Grotto. Something very like a scramble after cold fowls and sandwiches then takes place, with very indifferent success; and for the remainder of that long bright day, we chiefly subsist on scenery, sentiment, and the fine music of the band of the Swiss guards.

A pause is next made at the classic island of Ischia, noble in form, evidently volcanic in origin, and full of memorials of its Grecian colonists. The costume of the women is especially picturesque, and purely Greek. Boiling fountains burst out of the fissures of volcanic rocks, which are festooned with vines, and clothed with the pointed aloe and the scented myrtle. But our remorseless steamer hurries us on to Procida, an island which seems to be sleeping upon the sea about two miles off. And now we are gliding homeward along an enchanted shore! The promontory of Circe lies blue and dreamy in the west; Gaeta, so well known to the readers of modern Italian history, runs out into the sea, and now we have the castellated “Capo di Miseno,” guarding the “Elysian Fields;” the island of Nisida, where Brutus parted from his brave Portia; and then Puteoli, where, some eighteen centuries ago, a shipwrecked prisoner “landed, and found brethren, tarried seven days, and so went towards Rome.” Spells lie thick along this coast, and every name has a musical echo on the memory; but the name of the great Apostle of the Gentiles is a watchword to the whole household of faith.

The sun is setting now; but who shall describe a sunset in the bay of Naples? You might fancy that a rainbow had separated its belts of colored light, and flung them abroad over sea and sky. The islands flush and fade with all the shifting hues of “mother of pearl.” But the twilight of the south falls suddenly on the scene, like the dropping of a curtain; and now the moon is as bright as many an English noon-day sun. Vesuvius is flinging his jets of lurid flame up into the sky, and stripping his dark sides with four distinct rivers of fire. The canopy of white smoke, which has been hanging over him all day like a huge palm-tree, is now rose-color. The lights in Naples are drawn out in long trembling lines upon the glassy water. The fishing boats have folded their broad lateen sails, and have suddenly lighted great fires at their bow or stern, for they are “burning the waters” for fish; and to throw in one more light upon the magical scene, every prow and dipping oar awakes the sleeping phosphorescent fires, which flash and dance around us, and then float away like shoals of swimming stars.

True virtue is like precious odors—sweeter the more incensed and crushed.



A VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF ST. BERNARD.

A Visit to the Birthplace of St. Bernard.

MANY are the noble monuments and historical remembrances which impart an ever-vivid interest to the ancient capital of Burgundy; but while wandering amid princely halls and sculptures, which are the glory of mediæval art, there is one memory of the past which, above all others, presents itself with genial power to the imagination. It was here that St. Bernard passed his earlier years—it was in this neighborhood that he first drew the breath of life; and although eight hundred years have fled away since his birth, yet still is his name remembered by many as a benefactor of the human race.

It was a bright Autumn day in 1852 when we set out to visit Fontaine, the birthplace of St. Bernard. It is a small village about two miles distant from Dijon. Our path lay between vineyards, whose branches had recently been despoiled of their precious burden, and which could no longer boast of any beauty save the tinted glow of declining age. As the open country was intersected with many narrow roads, we inquired of a comely-looking peasant woman which was the right way, whereon she informed us that she too was going to Fontaine, and courteously proposed to be our guide. The worthy dame abounded in small-talk, and we found her gossip interesting in matter, and varied in its range. She detailed very graphically all the horrors of socialism, as it had stood revealed in the town of Dijon during the eventful year of 1848; and went on to describe the wholesale robbery and extermination of all "*honnêtes gens*," which would have infallibly been effected by its agents during the present year, but for the intervention of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. "Ah, a brave man is he!" exclaimed our companion with much fervor; "he knows how to manage such rascals."

From these secular subjects she glided on with ease to ecclesiastical matters, and gave us an animated sketch of the most popular preachers at Dijon, naming their several merits and demerits with as much discernment as might have been done around an English tea-table, or a charitable coterie. By this time we were drawing near to Fontaine, which lay scattered upon the slope of one of those swelling eminences, so many of which rise up amid the broad flat plains of Burgundy, imparting a certain air of grace and dignity to the level richness of the country. The crest of the hill was crowned by the village church, an unpretending edifice, whose grey tower reminded us of many a parish church at home. Beneath it sloped down to the plain some irregular streets, composed of rustic dwellings, with here and there a farm-house, inclosed within its own court-yard, and shut in by a *porte cochère*. At the entrance of the village, our sociable guide bade us farewell, saying that she was going to see a lady of her acquaintance.

As we were wending our way up a steep and narrow street, we came upon a group of vintagers, who were gathered around a huge vat of wine, which had just been pressed out of the newly-gathered grapes. Some fine-looking peasants were standing with long poles, whereon they were preparing to sling pails of wine, and carry them home, very much in the same fashion as was adopted by Caleb and Joshua, who after having "cut down one cluster of grapes, bare it between two upon a staff." It was a picturesque and pleasant sight, and not the less so because of the cheerful and comfortable aspect of the group before us.

A few minutes more brought us to the summit of the hill. Upon a rocky mound, clothed with herbage stood the humble village church. Close by it rose up a dilapidated edifice, upon the site of the castle within whose walls St. Bernard first was the light. It is now inhabited by a farmer, and being a private dwelling, we could not gain access to it; but adjoining the house is a very pretty little chapel, dedicated to St. Bernard, and standing upon the very spot where he was born. We entered it with two or three peasant girls, who immediately prostrated themselves before the statue of the saint which stands above the altar. On either side of the chancel

was an ancient bronze relief, representing "Melchisedec's priesthood, a type of Christ's," and "Isaac's sacrifice, a type of Christ's." "We pay great respect to St. Bernard in this place," observed the girl, who was our guide; and then she related the well-known tradition, that his mother in a moment of peril and of fear, had taken refuge in a cellar beneath the spot whereupon we were standing, and that there he was born. Part of the old moated wall in front of his father's castle, as also two of the ancient arched gateways, still exist. The rest of the buildings are of a more modern date. It was with a mingled feeling of awe and pleasure, that we stood upon the castle hill and gazed down upon the vine-clad plains of Burgundy, which stretched far away before us, bounded by the distant line of the Jura, while near at hand lay outspread the ancient city of Dijon, with its massive churches and Burgundian palace, rising up bold and proud amid the substantial dwellings of the citizens. On this self-same spot, doubtless, had St. Bernard often stood in thoughtful childhood, gazing out into the far shadowy distance; and while his eye was directed towards the east, may he not happily then have cherished his earliest visions of conquest over the Moslem and the infidel? How unchanged has been the outward aspect of this rich and noble landscape since the day when he beheld it! How changed is all beside!

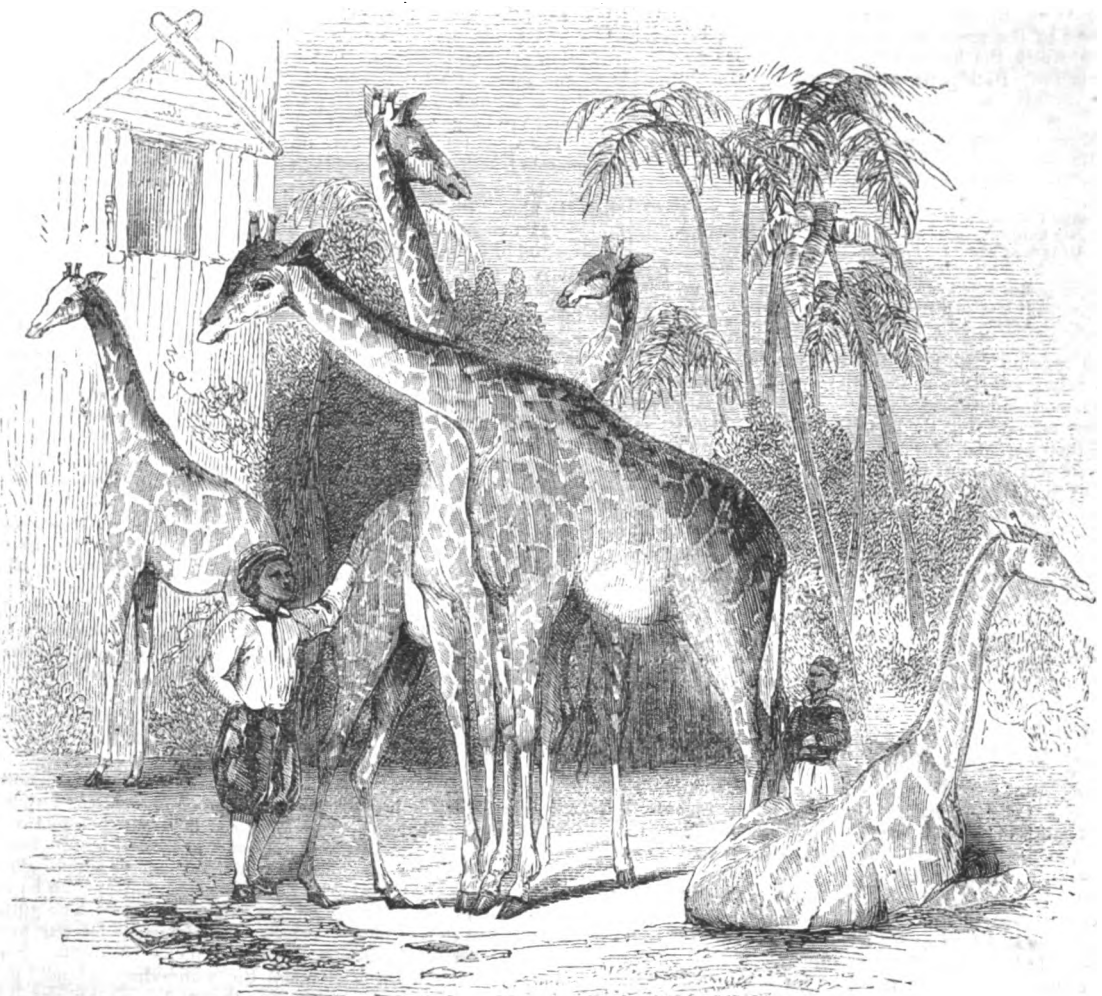
We could gladly have whiled away many an hour here before returning to the plain, but had not leisure to do so. The parish church stood invitingly open, and as we approached it, the voice of song met our ear. We found an interesting little congregation assembled within its walls, consisting of the village children and their priest. They were all singing a hymn—the air at once we recognized as that which is so commonly sung in our infant schools, to the words, "Oh! that will be joyful, joyful!" For a moment we might have fancied ourselves in dear old England again; but the illusion was necessarily a brief one, for we found the burden of the song here was: "Venons à Jesu et Marie;" and the latter word was so frequently repeated, that it seemed to be the master-key of the whole. Yes, "Marie" was the name upon which these young hearts were taught to dwell with the fondness of hope and love, rather than on that name "which is

above every name," and which alone may rightly claim the adoring homage of the universe.

On returning to the village, we observed a small antique image placed in a niche outside one of the houses, and bearing a scroll with this device: "Dieu est un Esprit, et celui qui l'adore, doit l'adore, en esprit et en vérité." Three or four youths were passing along, bearing over their shoulders long poles and wine-tubs in the manner already described. We inquired of them whether that was St. Bernard? "No, St. Martin," was the brief reply. Another contradicted him, saying it was St. Antoine. "I thought that St. Bernard was your patron saint here," observed one of our party. "But do not think that he is our only saint," said one of them, brusquely; and then he went on naming St. Martin, St. Antoine, as well as other saints in the calendar; and while he and his companions continued their way down the village with the wine-pails swinging between them, we overheard a loud and animated discussion as to who the niched saint really was.

We returned by a path which led us to the other end of Dijon, a new *quartier*, where there are houses and crescents built professedly *à l'Anglaise*. In a wide open space stood a colossal statue of St. Bernard, in bronze, with his hand outstretched, as if addressing the multitude; a fine statue and a noble attitude. The Gothic pedestal whereon it rests is sustained by a circling group of admirably carved statues, representing the friends and contemporaries of St. Bernard, amongst whom were Peter the Hermit, (le Venerable,) Eugene III., Hugues le Bon, Louis le Quene, &c., &c. A crowd of people were gathered around the statue, which had been very recently "inaugurated," and divers were the shades of feeling with which it seemed to be regarded. Some turned away with a grimace; some shrugged their shoulders with careless nonchalance, as if it were a matter of unimportance whether the saint was there or not. A mother was gazing upward at it with her son, a boy of eleven or twelve years old. Here at least we expected to find some mark of reverence; but no, they were comparing it with the statue of some general which they had recently

• God is a Spirit, and he who worships Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth.



GIRAFES.

seen, and the woman observed that he was "a better-looking man, and not so thin as him up there." A priest was standing there with folded arms; and it was evident from his look and attitude that he regarded the multitude with no kindly aspect. For ourselves, we gazed with pleasure upon this noble work of art, which seemed to us a worthy homage to so great and good a man; but we liked still better to think of him in his early days of childhood at Fontaine, dwelling in the tranquil companionship of nature, and gathering wisdom and strength for the battle-field of life; nor can we ever remember, without a feeling of thankful gladness, our visit on this pleasant Autumn day to the birthplace of St. Bernard.

The Giraffe.

THESE gigantic and exquisitely beautiful animals which are admirably formed by nature to adorn the forests that clothe the boundless plains of the interior, are widely distributed throughout the interior of Southern Africa, but are nowhere to be met with in great numbers. In countries unmolested by the intrusive foot of man, the giraffe is found generally in herds varying from twelve to sixteen. These herds are composed of giraffes of various sizes, from the young giraffe of nine or ten feet in height, to the dark chestnut-colored old bull of the herd, whose exalted head towers above his companions, generally attaining to a height of upwards of eighteen feet. The females are of lower stature, and more delicately formed than the males, their height averaging from sixteen to seventeen feet.

The most conspicuous objects on the head are the two horns, which are composed of true solid bone, and are cemented to the skull by distinctly marked sutures, which can be easily separated, especially when the animal is young. These horns are covered with skin, and surrounded with a ring of hair at their tips, leaving the centre bare. The eyes are very prominent, and stand out so far from the head that the animal can see objects behind it.

The tongue answers almost the same purpose as does the trunk of the elephant, for with it the animal can pull down small branches, pluck off leaves, take a piece of bread from the hand, roll up a wisp of grass, or pick up a piece of sugar from the ground.

At first sight the fore-legs of the giraffe appear to be much longer than the hinder pair. Such, however, is not the case, as the apparent difference is caused by the great length of the shoulder blades, from which the back of the animal slopes to the haunches. Both pairs of legs are of equal length.

Love after Marriage.

BY MARY W. STANLEY.

I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear—
Nor fluttering throbs that beats with hopes or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth!

MANFRED.

But once I saw that face—yet then
It was so marked with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again.

THE GUAUZE.

No wooing had preceded the marriage. It was merely a *marriage de convenance*—both parties understood and regarded it so. It was not *they* that were married, but the broad lands and fertile estates of their parents. Strange that any man, and much more any woman, could stoop to so false an act! But Sir Hugh Grandison might and would have loved his beautiful bride, had it not been for the stately coldness of her demeanor; he had been unmarried by contact with the world, and longed for happiness and home. Lady Alice Charlton cared little for either, and still less for him. In her first girlhood she had plighted her faith to one who left her for a time, and died in a far off land—died before one word or message could be sent to her he loved—died alone and among strangers, and was buried where her tears could never moisten the turf upon his breast!

They told the tidings to Lady Alice, little dreaming that the lonely adventurer had been sought to her. She was in her own elegant home, surrounded by a brilliant circle of guests, while Sir Hugh Grandison leaned over her chair, and bent his admiring eyes upon her queenly face and form. She heard the speaker through; the rich color died slowly out of her cheeks, leaving her white and stern; her lips shut firmly as if they would suppress a shriek of agony; her large dark eyes wandered slowly round the group with a gaze of passionate despair. It was but for a moment. The wondering looks of all around recalled her to herself; and making a graceful apology for her sudden abstraction, she played her part so successfully that

no one guessed the secret she guarded with Spartan like firmness. Not until she was alone in her luxurious chamber, did the storm burst forth. She mourned, as she had loved, most deeply and passionately; but to the world she seemed unmoved. A little colder, a little haughtier, a little more impatient of outspoken admiration and love, she seemed; but feeling was unfashionable in her exclusive circle, and none knew, or cared to know, that the heart beating within her breast was a heart of stone.

A year passed away. The noble father of Alice, seeing that she was in no way inclined to choose one from her many lovers, chose for her, and selected Sir Hugh Grandison as his future son-in-law. The young baronet was only too eager and willing to accept the fair hand offered him; but when her father brought him to her as an acknowledged lover, she checked all his raptures, and said, coldly, "Sir Hugh Grandison, let us have a perfect understanding. I do not love you. I never shall love"—a look of pain shot over her calm face as she repressed the word—"again." She paused a moment, and then went on, with her cold dark eyes bent full upon his face: "But the earl, my father, wishes us to marry—you wish it, and I am not opposed to the measure. But I beg you to understand distinctly that, while I give you a wife's duty, you must never look for her love or blind submission. From the moment we leave the altar our lives must be separate, though our home is one. On these conditions, and these only, I will give you my hand. Are they accepted?"

The young man stood for a moment bewildered. There was no mistaking her words or manner. Those clear dark eyes, that scornful lip and haughty brow, assured him that she had spoken truth, and no love was there; but he had long cherished a passion for her, and hoping that his fervent love might win some affection in return, when they were one in the eyes of the world, he clasped the small fair hand in his, raised it to his lips, and answered, "I accept; and it shall be the study of my life to make you happy."

"Be it so," was her unmoved reply; and then he she left him.

The engagement was soon made public, and all eyes were curiously scanning the happy pair. They could find no fault with the ill-concealed devotion of the lover: and the calm, unmoved way, in which Alice received his attentions, or listened to his whispered words, was acknowledged to be the very perfection of high breeding. "A queen could not be more tranquilly self-possessed," was the general verdict, as all looked eagerly forward to the bridal.

It came ere long, on a bright and sunny Spring day. The splendid saloons were thronged with the fashionable friends of both parties; and a murmur of congratulation greeted the lovely bride as she turned from the altar with cheeks and lips as white as the snowy satin robes she wore. Her husband pressed his lips to her cheek. She received that first caress as calmly as though he were but one of the glittering throng around her; and when all had wished her joy, she retired to her apartments, preserved an unbroken silence, while her maids robed her in her travelling-dress, and joined the party once again, attired for her journey. Calmly and coldly were all her farewells spoken; but when she came to her father, her forced composure gave way, and throwing her arms round the earl's neck, she clung to him a moment in silent, tearless agony. It was her last display of weakness. She heard his parting blessing; and sitting by the side of her husband, was whirled rapidly away from the home of her childhood.

A month elapsed before the pair returned to occupy their elegant mansion in town. But in that month a strange change had taken place in Grandison. He seemed restless, uneasy, and agitated; he followed the stately movements of his wife with anxious eyes; he was unhappy in her society, and wretched away from her side; in short, he was little like the merry, lighthearted bachelor his dearest friends had known; and one and all forswore matrimony on the spot, since it had altered him so.

It was not long ere Madame Rumer reported the startling fact that the household was carried on upon the French plan, that the gentleman and lady occupied separate apartments, and only met at stated hours in the drawing-room. Great was the wonder, many the surmises hazarded upon this disclosure; but no one dared to question the parties most deeply interested, and they held their peace. In public and in private Alice was uniformly kind and polite to her husband; but this was all; and the wondering city had an opportunity of witnessing that anomaly—a man violently in love with his own wife, and seeking in vain to win her.

We doubt if Alice saw the struggle in his mind. Her own feelings were benumbed—her own heart seemed cold, and dead. Judging his nature by her own, she deemed him satisfied with her rigid observance of all wifely propriety and dignity—it was all he required of her—she was true to the letter of her vow, and her spirit was at rest.

Two years had passed away. It was the anniversary of her wedding day, and Lady Alice Grandison sat in her *boudoir*, robed for a party, and only awaiting the arrival of her husband, who was to escort her. The years had changed her little. She was fair and proud as ever. Her robe of azure velvet—her coronet of pearls and diamonds—her necklace, with its heavy diamond cross, her bracelets, and the single ring she wore, were fit adornments for an empress; and right well did she become them. She was alone; and touching a secret spring in her *escritoire*, she took from a small drawer two miniatures cased in gold, and laid them side by side. One was that of her dead lover; the other of her husband. Leaning her head upon her hand, she gazed long and earnestly at the two; and as her dark eyes dimmed with tears, she could but acknowledge the shadowy likeness that existed between the loved and the unloved. It was a faint and shadowy one, but still it was no fancy. A something on lip, cheek, and brow—the same careless arrangement of the waving hair—and more than all, the same earnest, loving intensity of look and expression in the deep blue eyes. This, never seen before, was what now claimed her attention to both.

The small *pendule* over the mantel-piece struck the hour of nine; and with a deep sigh, she replaced the portraits in the drawer, and left the room. She rang, on reaching the drawing-room, to ask for her husband. There was a bustle, and the sound of many feet in the hall below, before the summons was answered; and then the servant who entered looked pale and frightened. A strange, sickening apprehension crept over her as she asked, "Where is your master?"

The servant stammered, hesitated, and cast strange looks towards the door. Dreading she knew not what, she stepped out into the hall, and looked down the wide stairs. Four men were ascending, bearing a motionless form between them. The long hair hung down towards the floor, and from a wound in the forehead the dark red blood was flowing freely. They stopped short when they saw her awaiting them; they evidently dreaded a scene; but she was firm and calm, though heavy at her heart lay the thought, "If he is dead, how can I forgive myself for the unhappiness I have caused him?"

Obeying her calmly-spoken orders, they laid him down upon a sofa in the splendid drawing-room. He had been struck down, before his dwelling, by a runaway horse; and the family physician, who was instantly summoned, gave little hopes of his recovery. The wretched wife sat close beside him while the unsightly wound was closed; his blood flowed unheeded over her rich attire, and one small white hand was crimsoned as it held his head; for the first time her pale lips pressed his own; for the first time she laid her cheek to his, and called him by a thousand endearing names; for the first time the knowledge that she loved him came to bring her tenfold misery. The estrangement of years was forgotten; the stone was rolled away from the door of her heart, and its living waters gushed out once more. But he who would have perilled life and limb for one unsolicited caress from her, now lay pale and still while she pressed him to her heart; and the love that he had sought in vain during life, seemed given only too late—only to waste itself upon a pallid corpse, a gilded coffin, and a lonely grave!

She watched beside him, day and night, in the chamber where he had spent so many lonely hours. Into this room she had scarcely entered since he had installed her mistress of his household; and everywhere she saw such traces of his love for her, as pierced her very heart. In a small alcove beyond his bed hung her portrait—the first and last thing he saw as he opened and closed his eyes. A small inlaid cabinet held the trifling gifts she had bestowed upon him from time to time; a favorite book—a picture—a tress of dark-brown hair—withered bouquets—a small golden star—and many a thing which she had given ceremoniously or lightly, which he had treasured as his choicest possessions.

The glitter of a golden chain upon his neck attracted her attention, as she bent above him one night. Softly she drew it forth, and gazed upon a splendid picture of herself, set in a small gold frame. She gazed in silence for a moment; then pride left her heart, and love usurped its place. Sinking upon her knees, by the bedside, while her tears fell fast

upon the dear hand that lay feebly on the counterpane, she prayed as she had never prayed before, that God would spare his life, that she might atone for her sin by years of patient and enduring love.

Her prayer was heard; for God is merciful, even when we sin most deeply. All night she watched beside him. With the early dawn the physician entered the room. He held the shrunken hand in his for one moment, gave one searching glance into the marble-like face, and turning to her, said briefly, "Your care has saved him: he will live!"

Late in the afternoon of that day, Alice sat beside the bed, waiting for the long deep slumber to be broken, that she might see those blue eyes look up at her once again. She was dressed, as for a bridal, in a robe of pearly satin, with no ornaments save a single white rose in her dark hair, and another on her breast. The color deepened in her cheeks as the eventful hour drew near; her fine eyes glowed and sparkled with the love so long imprisoned, and so suddenly set free.

The golden hand of her watch pointed to the hour of seven, when the sleeper moved slightly, drew a long sigh, and opened his eyes. She bent above him with a beating heart; his gaze wandering uneasily around the room, fixed upon her—kindled—and he tried to smile. Very gently she passed her arm beneath the aching head, and drew it towards her, till it rested upon her breast; very gently her warm lips fell upon his brow; very gently the tears, which she could not quite repress, fell upon his wasted cheek.

He looked up in a strange joyful surprise, and asked faintly, "Alice, what does this mean?"

"It means that you must live to forgive me!" she sobbed. "That I love you with my whole heart, and none but you! Do not send me away, my husband!"

Ah, his tears were falling now! Too weak to feel astonishment, he could only thank God silently. He drew her feebly to his breast and whispered, "My wife! God bless you. Life is worth the living now!"

Their lips met in a long, long kiss of reconciliation and forgiveness. All was silent in the chamber; for happiness like theirs there is no language.

Spanish Courtship.

A young man had entered the diligence which was to take him to Segovia. A place had been allotted to him in the interior, where, on starting, he found only one companion, a young lady, strangely traveling alone; her figure was all that it should be, but a mantilla covered her face. Consequently, to use the words of a novelist, "A strange sensation suddenly took possession of him—love entered his soul." After some small civilities, he proceeded to take her hand, which she withdrew, while she glared at him with two dark eyes through the lace that enveloped her. Again he took her hand; he kissed it; and feeling perfectly secure from intrusion, he insisted on her removing her veil. With this request, after some resistance, she complied, and her features fully answering all his expectations he might have assured her of his approval; but, as Segovia is approaching, he is compelled to leave her; before doing so, however, the youth pressed her to tell him where she lives, and as she leaves the diligence she gives him her address and name.

An hour has scarcely elapsed when he hastens to the house, which stands alone; evidently but one family occupies it. He asks for Donna Eugenia, and is ushered into a room furnished with unusual comfort. The lady he seeks is sitting alone. She beckons him with a haughty gesture to be seated. Within doors, his impertinence has quite deserted him, and having humbly obeyed her, she thus addressed him:

"Senor Caballero," she said, "this morning a woman, a widow, and unprotected, was forced by affairs to leave Madrid. Her duenna at the last moment was taken ill; her affairs at Segovia could not bear postponement; she trusted to the gallantry of Spaniards to protect her on her road; and how her hopes were realized you can inform her. But think not she who could not defend herself from insult, cannot take vengeance;" and drawing a pistol she presented it to his forehead, and continued, "Make your peace with heaven, for the earth you see no more."

He does not tremble, though he sees it is no jest; his brow quails not, and the emotion that causes his voice to quiver is not that of fear. He looks the lady in the face: "Wouldst thou kill me because I love thee so much?"

His eye, his voice, and courage achieved the conquest he had commenced in the coach, and casting aside the deadly weapon, she told him she had but

tried his love, which she was now convinced was equal to his pluck. It appeared she was the young widow of a late Cuban merchant, old, cross, ugly, and cowardly; her married life had been but short; and, in espousing the young lieutenant she endowed him with the wealth she had gained from her first husband.

The couple are now high in the estimation of Madrid; the husband is a senator, the wife a lady of fashion; but whether the tragic scene has ever again been enacted by them the narrator could not inform me.

Curious Trials in India.

BY SIR ERSKINE PERRY.

WHEN Mr. Reade, Commissioner of Benares, was collector at Gorakpur, he one day visited the jail, and happened to ask a prisoner what he was there for. The man smiled, and said, "Murder." Reade replied that murder was no joking matter; on which the man said, "Yes, but I am not guilty; and what is more, the man is alive now." There was something in the man's manner which made Mr. Reade inquire particularly into the case; and the story told him was, that the party supposed to be murdered, who was a barkandaz of police, had had an intrigue with the wife of the prisoner's brother, upon which the prisoner and his three brothers laid a plot to waylay him one night, and give him a good drubbing. They did so accordingly, and the policeman either fell, or was thrown by them, into a river, by the side of which they had been waylaying him. The man being missing, and suspicion being strong against the four brothers, it was agreed amongst themselves that, as harvest time was near, the prisoner should take the crime entirely on his own shoulders, and so get the others liberated. He did so, admitted the murder, and of course was found guilty; but, probably on the score of the corpse not being found, was sentenced only to imprisonment for life, and a pension was given to the family of the murdered policeman. This story was told with such *verai* similitude, that Reade made a careful inquiry into the whole, and found every word of it true; and after much trouble discovered the policeman hundreds of miles off, acting as a peon, at the Court of Nagpore, glad to think that his family, in the meantime, had been well provided for at Gorakpur, by a pension from Government for his supposed death. The rogue had no doubt kept purposely out of the way, in order to secure this provision for his family.

My own experience of a famous case at Tanna tallies well with the above story; for there I saw three prisoners standing at the bar who had given a circumstantial confession of a murder, and pointed out the very spot where the bones of the murdered man would be found. These were produced in court; and part of the clothes and the cast thread of the murdered man were identified by his friends and relations. Yet the doctor, my intelligent friend, Dr. Kirk—who accompanied Sir W. Harris to Abyssinia—on examining the bones ascertained that they belonged to three or four different corpses; and as this incident gave a sort of a hitch to the proceedings, and prolonged the trial, the result was, that before it was over, the murdered man himself walked into court, and, it is said, was seen to examine his own bones with infinite curiosity. The story which he told, and which accounted for his remarkable disappearance from his village on the night of the supposed murder, was not the least remarkable part of the tale, and is a good illustration of "Manners in the East." He had been seen last somewhat near the house of the prisoners; and he stated that as he was going homeward, he met four or five Arab soldiers, who pressed him in their train to carry a bundle, and who made him accompany them for a six weeks' march into the interior somewhere beyond Poona. When they dismissed him, he was taken ill of a fever, and laid some months sick at a village in the Deccan. When, at last, after four months' absence, he got back to his own village, he found that three of his neighbors stood a near chance of being hanged, on their own confession, for murdering him. So, like an honest fellow, he made his way to the criminal court, which, luckily for the prisoners, was not above ten miles off. It would seem most probable that the confession in question had been extorted by the violence of the subordinate native police.

He hazardeth much who depends for his learning on experience. An unhappy master he that is only made wise by many shipwrecks—a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise till he has been bankrupt. By experience we find out a short way, by a long wandering.

VEGETABLES IN LONDON.—Covent Garden market is of course the great mart of home-grown fruits and vegetables; and the amount of business transacted within its narrow limits in the early morning of a market day is one of the sights of the metropolis. It is estimated that 50,000 persons are constantly employed in growing, carrying, and selling fruit and vegetables for London consumption. Large quantities of these are grown in the band of market-gardens which girds London from Fulham to Deptford; but the railways enable more distant growers to bring their goods into the London market. The supplies of vegetables required are upon such a wholesale scale that, in many cases, gardeners devote their exclusive attention to the cultivation of one description of vegetables. Thus we hear of the onion gardens of Deptford, the cabbage gardens of Battersea, the asparagus gardens of Mortlake, the celery gardens of Chelsea, the pea gardens of Charlton, and the potato fields of Dagenham. At Mortlake there is a garden eighty acres in extent, which is devoted to the growth of asparagus alone. Mr. Poole's estimates of the quantities of fruit and vegetables annually sold may, we believe, be relied upon; although his habit of calculating by tons instead of by bushels and sacks renders it difficult to compare his result with those of other statisticians. The leading items in his table are as follows:—Potatoes, 138,000 tons; cabbages, 80,000; turnips, 43,600; onions, 36,850; brocoli, 31,950; carrots, 8,050; peas, 3,900; cucumbers, 2,200; rhubarb, 2,100; lettuces, 2,050; beans, 2,630; celery, 800; radishes, 750; vegetable marrow, 300; asparagus, 200. Of fruits we have—apples, 17,150 tons; pears, 9,325; gooseberries, 6,900; plums, 4,550; currants, 3,900; damsons, 1,052; cherries, 927; strawberries, 700; and filberts, 230. Vast quantities of fruits, such as apples, oranges, lemons, pineapples, grapes, &c., are imported from abroad; and we should not forget the dried fruits, such as raisins, currants, figs, dates, almonds, prunes, citrons, &c., which form such important items in our account of luxuries.

ROTTERDAM HOUSEMAIDS.—The maids themselves were as clean as the houses they tended; their close caps were white as the walls, while the ample apron, which they wore tied tight round their dress, was as spotless as a charity-girl's. How different from the slatterns who are generally seen at the same early hour, with their bits of dirty black net over their fuzzy hair, hearth-stoning the door-steps of London! We import a number of foreign commodities now-a-days, to add to the comfort of the well-to-do among us; but assuredly, of all the articles of continental produce, none could be more advantageously shipped into our own country than a cargo of these same cleanly Dutch housemaids. "That girl yonder, scouring away at the brass knocker," said we to our companion, as we walked along to the hotel, "is a prodigy of cleanliness, from the close white border of her cap down to her equally white wooden shoes. Just stop, for a moment, to look at the little box by her side, in which she keeps her rotten stone. See! the wood of it is scrubbed as clean with sea-sand as her own *sabots*, and the little bits of brass at the corners are as bright as new sovereigns." We had scarcely finished admiring the neatness of this maid before we were forced by the fountain of water projected against the windows of one of the houses in our path, to direct our attention to another girl, who stood out in the road pumping the jet against the house. "There never were such people!" we exclaimed; "why, that maid looks as though she had just been sent home from the wash; her hair is as smooth and glossy as a coach panel; her cheeks are red and shiny as apples; and, though her skirt is of black stuff, you can discover, as she stoops, that her under-linen is as white as driven snow! Look, too, the long brass syringe that she is working, is polished like a piece of golden dinner-plate, and even the copper hoops of the pail in which it stands, are rubbed up as bright as if they had been burnished."—*Barton*.

NEVER teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, and dress of no use. Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or becoming bonnet; and if she has a grain of common sense, she will find this out. The greatest thing is to teach their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

WHEN you find that flowers and shrubs will not endure a certain atmosphere, it is a very significant hint to the human creature to remove out of that neighborhood.

DESTROY not your own health by drinking the health of others.

Adventures in the Backwoods.

BY GEORGE SPEARMAN.

In the Summer of 1815, I was travelling on business in the western part of Tennessee. That portion of the State which lies between the Tennessee and the Mississippi, was at that time a wild dreary forest. No roads, nothing but a horsepath through the woods; and the only marks to guide the traveller upon his journey, were the "blazes" and "notches" upon the trees.

I had been riding for several hours, swimming the rivers that crossed my path, sniffing in the perfume of the forest-flowers, watching the squirrels playing about in the tree-tops, and listening to the music which issued from the throats of the thousands of bright-winged songsters with which the wood abounded. I had not seen a solitary human being since morning, and night was rapidly approaching—indeed, it had already begun to grow dark, and I had made up my mind I would have to "camp out" for the night.

I was looking around to select a good place, when I was startled by the neighing of a horse ahead of me; and presently I saw two men advancing on horseback. They were rough-looking fellows, dressed in hunting shirts, and with squirrel skin caps on their heads. I did not like their looks; and, unseen by them, I drew up my pistols, and cocking them, replaced them in the holsters, and casting my eyes ahead, I saw one of the men make a motion I did not like. I resolved that if they proved to be what I suspected, I would give them a hard fight and die game.

"Pshaw! what a fool I was," thought I, as they rode up and bid me good evening.

We conversed about five minutes, when one of them said, "My youngster, what have you got in your saddle-bags that rattles so?"

"Nails," I replied.

"Nails!" said he, "hey, Bill, let's examine the article!" said he, as he seized my horse by the bit.

Quick as lightning, I drew my pistols, and pointing a muzzle to each of their hearts, said, "Gentlemen, make a motion to draw a weapon, and that motion seals your fate!"

They were completely taken by surprise; and wheeling their horses around, they struck off into the forest.

After getting a few rods off, one of them raised his hand in a threatening attitude. I drew the trigger of my right hand pistol, and the villain's arm fell upon his saddle: and uttering a yell of agony, they darted off into the woods. I reloaded my pistol, struck my spurs into my horse's sides, and after ten miles of the fastest riding I ever experienced, I reached a log-house where I put up for the night.

Two years after the incident just noted, I was travelling down the Mississippi on an old-fashioned boat, when my attention was attracted towards an individual on board, whom I thought I had met before, but where I could not tell. I was determined to follow him up and see if I could not call to mind where we had met, and under what circumstances. At last I found an opportunity to get a good look at him, as he was seated upon an old barrel head, earnestly engaged in a game of "seven up." I stepped up, and looking over his shoulder, perceived that two fingers of his right hand were missing. The game progressed, until, in an excited moment, he arose, and shaking his fist in the face of his opponent, in answer to some remark of the latter concerning the game, exclaimed, "I swear you lie."

I placed my hand upon his shoulder, and turning him around—"Ah, ha!" I exclaimed, "we've met before!"

Lifting his maimed hand, his face turned white as a sheet, and hoarse with passion, he vociferated, "Yes, we have met before, in the woods of Tennessee, and I have sworn that you shall die! Take that!"

And the wretch attempted to draw a pistol from his coat; but the trigger caught in the ragged lining of his pocket—it went off—and he rolled overboard into the muddy waters of the Mississippi—a corpse!

Providential Escape from a Precipice.

"In the year 1852," remarks Mr. Baines, in his 'Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont,' (recently published in the 'Traveller's Library,') "an Englishman crossed the Col St. Julien, from Prali, intending to come down upon Bobi. Being alone, he lost his way; and, whilst in the heart of the mountains, attempting to descend into a ravine, he found himself on a ledge at the top of a precipice, with no possibility of either going on or back. There he

stayed from Monday to Wednesday; and there his bones might have bleached, had not a boy tending goats at a distance seen him. Going home to his uncle's on the Monday night, the boy told his uncle that he had seen a man coming down the mountain towards the precipice where a suicide had been committed some years before. As no person had passed by their cottage, the uncle told the lad that he must have been mistaken. The next day, however, the lad had the curiosity to go to the foot of the rock, where he saw nothing, but heard a noise, of which he could not distinguish whether it was the voice of a man or of a goat. At night he told this to his uncle, who laughed at his simplicity in not knowing the voice of a man from that of a goat, and treated the whole thing as a delusion. But in the night the boy dreamed, and, starting up in his sleep, he exclaimed—'Did I not tell you it was a man? and he will die because you won't help him.' The uncle now took the alarm, and, collecting his neighbors, they went with ropes to the spot, and found the imprisoned traveller. They rescued him, and hospitably entertained him till he recovered strength to resume his journey. When the traveller left, he bestowed a liberal donation on the cottager, but gave nothing to the boy, probably supposing that his uncle would give him what was suitable. It was represented to the uncle that the boy should be rewarded, as he was the principal means of saving the traveller's life; but the former was of opinion that he himself was entitled to the whole of the gift, and that it was meant for him alone. When the fact was mentioned to the kind general Beckwith at Turin, he said he would reward the boy; and he gave a sum of money to M. Revel, with which the latter bought a suit of clothes, and gladdened the heart of the young goatherd."

A SUTTEE.—One morning my munshi came to me, and told me that a Sati (Suttee) or widow, who was going to burn herself on the funeral pile of her husband, was about to pass by the garden gate. I hastened to obtain a sight of her. She was dressed in her gayest attire; a large crowd of persons followed her, as she walked forward with a hurried and faltering step, like that of a person about to faint. A Brahmin supported her on either side, and these, as well as many around, were calling loudly and almost fiercely upon the different Hindu deities; and the name which was most repeatedly and most earnestly called upon was that of Jagannath; but I do not know whether they alluded to the great idol of Bengal, or to some local divinity. *Jugu* signifies a place, and *nath* is a Sanscrit word for Lord, or master, applied to Vishnu, or Krishna. Her countenance had assumed a sickly and ghastly appearance, which was partly owing to internal agitation, and partly, as I was informed, to the effects of opium, and bang, and other narcotics, with which she had been previously drugged, in order to render her less awake to the misery of her situation. She was not, however, so insensible to what was passing as to be inattentive to two persons in particular, amongst several others who were stooping before her, and were evidently imploring her blessing: they were, probably, near relations. She was presented, at intervals with a plate of moist red color, in which saffron was no doubt an ingredient, and into this she dipped the ends of her fingers, and then impressed them on the shoulders of the persons who stooped before her in order to be thus marked. In about half an hour the preparations were completed. She was regularly thatched in, upon the top of the pile, whilst her husband's body yet lay outside. It was finally lifted up to her; the head, as usual, and which is the most interesting part of the ceremony, was received upon her lap: the fire was applied in different parts; and all was so quickly enveloped in a shroud of mingled flame and smoke, that I believe her sufferings to have been of very short duration, as she must almost immediately have been suffocated.—*India.*

LOVE AND BYRON.—Several women were in love with Byron, but none so violently as Lady Caroline Lamb. She absolutely besieged him. He showed me the first letter he received from her, in which she assured him that, if he was in any want of money, "all her jewels were at his service." They frequently had quarrels; and more than once, on coming home, I have found Lady C. walking in the garden, and waiting for me, to beg that I would reconcile them. When she met Byron at a party, she would always, if possible, return home from it in his carriage, and accompanied by him! I recollect particularly their returning to town together from Holland House. But such was the insanity of her passion for Byron, that sometimes, when not invited to a party where he was to be, she would wait for

him in the street till it was over! One night, after a great party at Devonshire House, to which Lady Caroline had not been invited, I saw her—yes, saw her—talking to Byron, with half of her body thrust into the carriage which he had just entered. In spite of all this absurdity, my firm belief is that there was nothing criminal between them. Byron at last was sick of her. When their intimacy was at an end, and while she was living in the country, she burned, very solemnly, on a sort of funeral pile, transcripts of all the letters she had received from Byron, and a copy of a miniature (his portrait) which he had presented to her; several girls from the neighborhood, whom she had dressed in white garments, dancing round the pile, and singing a song which she had written for the occasion, "Burn, fire, burn," &c. She was mad; and her family allowed her to do whatever she chose.—*Rogers' Table Talk.*

ON EXEMPTION FROM CONSUMPTION.—It is by no means uncommon to hear it remarked with reference to a particular person, "he or she is not a consumptive person;" as if there were any peculiar circumstances which indicated a preemptive right to exemption from the malady. Now, although it is true that individuals who present the characteristics of what physicians term a "strumous diathesis"—a "scrofulous look"—exhibit, more frequently, unmistakable evidence of tuberculous disease, yet it is not exclusively confined to these. The fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, waxy and transparent skin, with the blue veins coursing under it, and the soft peach-like bloom, may indicate but too truly, a victim of this dreaded disease; but it is found also in those of the raven locks, the dark complexion, and the bilious temperament. Rank and position in life are no protection; indeed it is in the extremes of the social scale that we find it most common; and yet the middle classes cannot be said to be free from it. Stature affords no guard against its inroads—the tall and short being equally subject to it; nor are the thin more liable than the stout to its assault. Sex does not shield the individual, nor age prevent its development. The learned and industrious are found in its ranks equally with the indolent and ignorant. Habits of life and occupation may protect us to some extent, but they do not necessarily exempt us, while some of these actually beget a predisposition, or increase our liability to its advances. It behooves every one, therefore, to be watchful of its approaches, and to note, with jealous care, the slightest indications of its commencement or existence.—*Dr. Turner.*

AN ALIBI.—*Alibis* are the only things which generally realize the bird-difficulty of "being in two places at once." A learned writer reports a case where a gentleman was robbed, and swore positively to the prisoner; but nevertheless the completest *alibi* was proved. The witnesses, examined separately, all spoke to the same minute circumstances transpiring whilst the prisoner was in their company on the day and hour of the robbery; and in particular that a church bell for funerals was tolling, which in fact tolled mostly every day at that particular hour when the robbery was committed. The prisoner was acquitted. A year afterwards the gentleman, seeing the prisoner in a little shop, went to him, and gave him his word that, as now all danger was over, if he would tell him the truth, no injury should happen to him but the contrary. The man said: "I did rob you; the *alibi* was concerted. I knew it was false, and when the jury turned round to consider the verdict, I felt a shuddering within me, unlike anything I had ever before felt or believed I could feel. The consequence was, that I vowed to get my bread in a different way for the future; and with this purpose have got into this little shop."

MAGNIFICENT FOUNTAINS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.—On the 18th ult. the great fountains and the entire system of water work, designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, were for the first time brought into complete operation, in presence of the Queen and Prince Albert, and 20,000 spectators. The *Times* says that when the Royal *cortège* had reached a position commanding the most advantageous view of the spectacle, the whole system of water works, including, besides the fountains on the terraces, the water temples, the cascades, the two large waterfalls, and the fountains of the grand lower basins, were brought gradually into operation. The effect was little less than magical, and for an hour afterwards charmed alike the eye and the ear. Perhaps no better idea can be given of the magnitude of this magnificent series of fountains and their combined effect, which far exceed those of Versailles, than by stating the fact that, when they are in full operation, there are 11,788 jets playing, and at the quantity of water displayed simultaneously in the mis about 120,000 gallons per minute

Facetiae.

INEXCUSABLE CARELESSNESS.—The man who with prodigious difficulty lately caught an idea has allowed it to escape. He is at present inconsolable.

PREPOSTEROUS.—Expecting an old sweetheart to marry you on the death of his third wife.

A QUESTION FOR GEOLOGISTS.—What is the reason that, although we are frequently told of mother Nature's convulsions, we never hear of her falling into hysterics?

SIMPLE QUESTIONS.—Can Wright, when he keeps an appointment punctually, be likened to a well-regulated clock, because he is Wright to a minute? Can a watch fitted with a second hand be called a second-hand watch? Are minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds? How does pig-iron ballast affect a ship when caught in a violent sou'-wester? If a man were to rob the Queen of five shillings, would he not be liable to trial for high treason for depriving her Majesty of her crown?

"ALL that falls from above is not a blessing," said the man with a cake of ice on his head.

A LATE traveller informs us that a race of giants has just been discovered in Central Asia, of such size that they eat fried elephant for breakfast.

FIRE flies are so large in Texas that they nail them against posts and light the streets with them.—*Exchange.*

A COLORED clergyman in Philadelphia recently gave notice as follows from the pulpit: "There will be four days' meeting every evening this week, except Wednesday afternoon."

A WESTERN publisher closes a dull, grumbling editorial with the following remarks: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, as the celebrated Shakespeare says!"—*Exchange.*

AN editor out west says: "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of public career, led him send us in a new hat and say nothing more about it."—*Exchange.*

"Dad, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think came up?" "Why, potatoes, of course" "No, sir! There came up a drove of hogs, and eat them all."

INDIA-RUBBER ladders don't answer as well as was supposed. There is this drawback connected with them—you climb all day without getting up any. With hod-carriers, this is in the highest degree objectionable.—*Canada paper.*

DON'T GRUMBLE.—There are two things about which you should never grumble. The first is that which you cannot help, and the other that which you can help.



A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife. "OH, DON'T SMOKE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, CHARLES.—YOU NEVER USED TO DO SUCH A THING!"

Perfect Wretch. "NO, MY DEAR—BUT THEN THE FURNITURE WAS QUITE NEW!"

A CERTAIN Millerite author wrote a book proving that the world would come to an end in three months, and then tried to get a publisher to print it, and wait nine months for his pay! The publisher didn't like the looks of the last six months.—*Exchange.*

THE following is the fac-simile of the direction of a letter dropped in the post-office at Bridgewater, within a few days:

"Jon pope
haly phacks."

Probably intended for John Pope, Halifax.

Mrs. MULLONEY held her annual levee on Monday evening last. The tables groaned under the following delicacies. Two smoked herrings and a cent's worth of pipes. The company was received by Mr. O'Donnell, who varied the amusements of the evening by a brush with Mr. Floyd, in the back yard.—*Exchange.*

THE OBSTINACY OF WOMAN.—A tailor having amassed a fortune by trade, cut the shop, and removed to the country to live in dignified leisure. His wife was a bit of a shrew, and apt, as all wives are, to find out her husband's weak points. One of these was a shame of his former occupation, and she harped upon the jarring string, until the poor wretch was nearly beside himself. Her touchword, "scissors," spoiled his finest *bon mots*, and embittered his grandest entertainment, it was flame to tow. He stormed and wheedled; the obnoxious instrument was brandished before his eyes. They were walking one day on the bank of a river bounding his grounds. "You observe," said he, "the delta formed by the fork of the river. Its beauty decided me to close the contract." "Very probable, my dear: it reminds one so much of an open pair of scissors." One push, and she was struggling in the water. "I will pull you out if you promise never to say that word again," halloed the still foaming husband. "Scissors!" shrieked the wife, and down she went. "Scissors!" as she rose again. The third time she came to the surface, too far gone to speak; but as the waters closed over her, she threw up her arms, crossed her forefingers, and disappeared!

WHAT'S THE TIME OF DAY?—"Halloa!" said an anxious guardian to his lovely niece, as he entered the parlor, and saw her in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a kiss. "What's the time of day now?" "I should think it was about half-past twelve," was the cool reply; "you see we are almost one."

WHAT IS "A DUCK."—A word of endearment, and sometimes of reproach and censure. Example of endearment: "you're a little duck." Example of reproach or censure: "you're a precious duck, aint you?" A broken broker, or stockjobber, is called "a lame duck." A sailor, "a canvas back;" and a tippler, "a red head."

IMPORTANT.—Which is the best way to make a coat last? Answer—Make the waistcoat and trowsers first.

TEMPTING OFFER.—An advertisement in an American paper runs as follows:—"Stolen, a watch, worth a hundred dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.—"Jack," said an old farmer one day to his mower, "do you know how many horns there are in a dilemma?" "No," replied Jack; "but I know how many horns there are in a quart of ale."

GETTINGS AT SCHOOL.—A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c. The next got reading, spelling, and definitions. "And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father to a rosy cheeked fellow, who was at that time slyly driving a tenpenny nail into the door panel. "Me? Oh, I gets readin', spellin', and some spankin's."

AN IMPENDING QUARREL.—A gentleman, whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, where-

by the nose and chin were brought near together, was told, "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight ere long, they approach each other so menacingly." "I am afraid of it myself," replied the gentleman, "for a great many words have passed between them already."

EXPERIMENTAL KNOWLEDGE.—A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him a pair of handcuffs, and desired to know if he had made such kind of work. "Why, yes, said the fellow, scratching his head; "I have had a hand in them."

QUERY.—When a man makes light of his troubles, does he use a congreve or a common match?

THINGS I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

A fashionable bootmaker who was not "from Paris."

A milliner who could be bribed to make a bonnet to cover the head.

A doctor who had not "more patients than he can attend to."

A dressmaker who did not consider "a perfect fit" to consist in an armor of whalbone, and a breathless squeeze.

A gentleman of the town who was not a self-constituted inspector of ladies' bonnet linings.

A washerwoman who ever lost an article of clothing.

A public speaker who did not search for the lost thread of his discourse in the convenient tumbler of water at his elbow.



SUSPENDED ANIMATION.



"MUSIC HATH CHAINS TO SCOTHE," ETC.

Buried Alive.

I HAD been subject to epileptic fits from my youth upward, which, though they did not deprive me of animation in the sight of those about me, completely annihilated my own consciousness. I used to be attacked at all times and seasons, but most commonly about the full of the moon. I generally had a warning of a peculiar nature when these attacks were coming on that would be difficult to describe. It was a sensation that, to be known, must be experienced. My excellent wife Martha—I mean my first wife, who has been dead now for the best part of forty years—used to say that she always observed an unusual paleness over my complexion, otherwise ruddy, for a day or two before the fit came upon me. Bless her soul! she never let me be one moment out of her sight, from the instant she had a suspicion of my approaching malady. This benevolent caution on her part was a great means of enabling her to subdue the violence of the fit when it came, for which purpose her experience had pointed out to her several useful applications.

I married again after her decease, because I was oppressed beyond bearing by my loneliness, which none but persons in such a situation—I mean a widower's—can tell. My second wife, whom I have also buried, was not so penetrating in the faculty of observation. She was a woman of an admirable thrift, and to her economy it was that I owe my preservation in the terrible event I am about to detail. Had I been interred in lead, it would have been all over with me. Willing to save as much money as possible at my funeral, she had my body, with all the usual and proper grief attendant on the ceremony, put into a stout wooden coffin, the weight of which was increased by a couple of old hundred weights, placed one at my head, the other at my feet. Thus the thing passed off well; and money was saved to my heirs. I hereby cast no reflections upon my dear departed wife's regard for me. I was convinced, as I told her, that her motive was good; and well did it turn out for me that she was so thrifty and considerate. She was a true woman, and was plain in her person—but I wander again from my story.

I had made a most excellent dinner—of this I have a perfect recollection. Of more than this I can recollect nothing until coming out of my fits, as I suppose—for I quickly imagined, feeling the usual sensations, that I was recovering from one of them. I say that on coming to myself, I was surprised to feel pinioned and in utter darkness. I had no space to stir if I would, as I soon found, while I struggled to loosen a sheet or some such thing, in which I was scantily enveloped. My hand would not reach my head when I attempted to make it do so, by reason of my elbow touching the bottom, and my hand the top of the enclosure round me.

It was the attempting to do this, and finding myself naked, except with the aforesaid covering, that struck me that I had been entombed alive! The thought rushed suddenly upon me. My first sensations were those of simple surprise. I was like a child aroused out of a deep sleep, and not sufficiently awake to recognise its attendants. When the truth flashed upon me, in all its fearful energy, I never can forget the thrill of horror that struck through me. It was as if a bullet had penetrated my heart, and all the blood in my body had gushed through the wound. Never, never can I be more terrible than the sensations of that moment.

I lay motionless for a time, petrified with terror. Then a clammy dampness burst forth from every part of my body. My horrible doom seemed inevitable; and so strong at length became this impression, so bereft of hope appeared my situation, that I ultimately recovered from it only to plunge in the depth of a calm, resolute despair. As not the faintest ray of hope could penetrate the darkness around my soul, resignation to my fate followed. I began to think of death coolly, and to calculate how long I might survive before famine closed the hour of my existence. I prayed that I might have fortitude to die without repining. Calmly as I then felt, I tried if I could remember how long man could exist without food. Thus the tranquillity of my despair made me comparatively easy, if contrasted with the situation in which I had myself afterwards, when hope began to glimmer upon me. My days must in the end be numbered—I must die at last—I was only perishing a little sooner than I otherwise must have done. Even from this thought I derived consolation; and I now think life might have closed calmly upon me, if the pangs of hunger had been at all terrible—and

have been told that they are much more so than is commonly believed.

If my memory serves me correctly, this calm state of mind did not last long. Reason soon began to whisper to me that if I had been buried, and the earth closed around my coffin, I should not be able to respire, which I could now do with ease. I did not, of course, dream of the vault in which I was placed, but considered at first I had been buried in earth. The freedom of respiration gave me the idea that, after all, I was not carried forth for interment, but that I was about to be borne to the grave, and that there I should be suffocated inevitably.

Such is the inconsistency of the human mind, that I, who had just now resigned myself to die by famine, imagined this momentary mode of death a hundred times more formidable. The idea that I was not yet interred increased my anxiety to be heard from without. I called aloud, and struck the sides and the lid of the coffin to no purpose, till I was hoarse and fatigued, but all in vain. A stiller silence reigned around me amid the unbroken darkness. I was now steeped in fearful agony. I shrieked with horror. I plunged my nails into my thighs, and wounded them. The coffin was soaked in my blood; and by tearing the wooden sides of my prison with the same maniacal feeling, I lacerated my fingers, and wore the nails to the quick, and soon became motionless from exhaustion. When I was myself once more, I called aloud my wife's name. I prayed, and I fear I blasphemed—for I knew not what I said; and I thus continued, until my strength again left me, and nature once more sought replenishment in temporary insensibility.

At this time I had a vision of a most indefinable character, if it was one, and not a glance, as I am induced to think it was, between the portals of death into the world of spirits. It was all shapeless and formless. Images of men and women—often numberless—in a sort of shadowy outline came before and around me. They seemed as if limbed from decay. Their featureless heads moved upon trunks hideously vital—in figure-like bodies, which I have seen drawn forth from burned dwellings, each being rather a hideous misshapen mass than human resemblance. Thick darkness and silence succeeded—the darkness and silence of a too horrible reality. If, as I suspected, I slept about this time from weakness, it was but to awaken again to a more fearful consciousness of my dreadful situation. Fresh but vain efforts to make myself heard were reiterated as far as my strength would allow. I found with great difficulty I could turn on my side, and then over on my belly. I tried, by lifting my back, and by a violent strain, to burst open the coffin lid, but the screws resisted my utmost strength. I could not, besides, draw up my knees sufficiently high to afford a tenth part of the purchase I should otherwise have made to bear upon it. I had no help but to return again to the position of the dead, and reluctantly gain a little agonizing repose from my exertions. I was conscious how weak my efforts had made me, yet I resolved to repeat them.

While thus at rest—if inactive torture could be denominated rest—I wept like a child when I thought of the sunshine and blue skies and fresh air which I should never more enjoy—how living beings thronged the streets, and thousands round me were joyous or busy, while I was doomed to perish in tortures. Why was my fate directly marked out to that of others? I had no monstrous crimes to repent of. Hundreds of criminal men were in the full revelry of life. I fancied I heard the toll of a bell. Breathless, I listened. It was a clock striking the hour. The sound was new life to me.

"I am not inhumed, at least!" such were my thoughts. "Interment will take place, my coffin will be moved—I shall easily make myself heard then."

This was balm to me. I shouted anew—struck my prison boards with all the power left me—and ceased only when exertion was no longer possible.

Men may fancy how they would find themselves under similar circumstances, and on the like trying occasions; but it is seldom a correct judgment can be previously formed on such matters. It was only at intervals that I was so fearfully maddened by my dreadful situation as to lose the power of rational reflection, or so overcome as to be debarred the faculty of memory. Stretched in a position where my changes consisted only of a turn on my side upon hard boards, the soreness of my limbs was excruciatingly painful. When I drew my feet up a few inches, my feet pressed the cover, so that the slight shift of position brought no relief. My impatience of the restraint in which I was kept began at length to drive me well nigh to madness.

I am certain that my existence was preserved solely by the diminished strength and subsequent feebleness which I experienced, and which from its rendering me insensible to the increasing exacerbation of my brain's heat, allowed nature to resume her wonted temperature. But, alas, this was only that I might revive to encounter once more irremediable horror. Who could depict the frenzy—the unspeakable anguish of my situation? I thought my eyes would start from my head. Burning tears rolled down my cheeks. My heart was swollen almost to bursting. I became restless in feeling without finding space for a fancied relief in a new change of position. In my mental anguish at times, however, I forgot my motionless bodily suffering—my rack of inconceivable agony.

It was night, perhaps, when I first came to myself in my prison of "six dark boards." I groped in vain over every part of their wooden surface which I could reach. I could find no chink—could see no ray. Again I heard the hollow knell, which tended to increase my fearful agony. Oh, what were my feelings! For a long time after this I lay steeped in my suffering—or, at least, for a long time, as it seemed to me. My head was bruised all over—my limbs were excessively sore—the skin rubbed off in many places with my struggling—my eyes aching with pain. I sought relief by turning on my right side—I had never before turned but on my left—when I felt under me a hard substance which I had not before perceived. I grasped it with some difficulty, and soon found it was a knot from the coffin plank which had been forced inwards, in all probability after I was placed there. I saw also a dim light through a hole, about as large as a half-dollar piece, just below where my chin came. I put my hand to it, and found it covered with coarse cloth, which I easily imagined was the lining of my coffin. I soon contrived to force my finger through this cloth, though not without considerable difficulty. Faint enough was the light it revealed, but it was a noonday sun of joy to me. By an uneasy strain of my neck, I could see obliquely through the opening, but everything was confused in my brain. My sight was cloudy, heavy and thick. I at first could only perceive there was light, but could distinguish no object. My senses, however, seemed to sharpen as new hopes arose. I closed my eyes for a minute together, and then opened them, to restore their almost worn-out power of vision. At length I could distinguish that, immediately opposite to me there was a small window, crossed by massy iron bars, through which the light I saw streamed in upon me like joy into the soul of misery. I now cried with delight. I thought I was among men again, for the pitchy darkness around me was dispersed. I forgot for a moment my sufferings. Even the fearful question—how I should get free from my durance before famine destroyed me—was a long time absent from my mind, and did not recur until I could look through the fissure no longer, from the giddiness caused by a too earnest fixedness of gaze.

I soon concluded, from the massy stones on each side of the opening, and the strength of the bars, that I was in a church vault; and this was confirmed when I came to distinguish the ends of two or three coffins, which partly interposed between me and the light. I watched the window until the light began to grow dim, with feelings no language can describe—no tongue tell. As the gloom of night approached, my heart began to beat fainter, and my former agonies returned with tenfold weight, notwithstanding which, I imagine I must have slept some. I was sensible of a noise like the grating of a heavy door upon its hinges when I revived or awoke—I cannot say which—and I saw the light of a candle stream across the fissure in my coffin. I called out, "For the love of your soul, release me! I am buried alive!"

The light vanished in a moment; fear seemed to have palsied the hand that held it, for I heard a rough voice desire the holder of it to return.

"If there's any one here, he's soldered up. Tom, hand me the light. The dead never speak. Jim the snatcher is not to be scared by rotten flesh."

"Again I called as loud as I could, 'I am buried alive! save me!'"

"Tom, the axe!" cried the undaunted body-snatcher; "the noise comes from this box. The undertaker made too great haste, I suppose."

In a few minutes I was sitting upright in my coffin.

Ever afterwards I cherished a strong regard for resurrection men, who never asked a dollar of me in vain.

A CHEERFUL mind is never without company.

The Phantom Pressman.

BY VICTOR GALBRITH.

THE old office was deserted for the night; the typos, "devils," and pressmen had quitted their labors: and the silence and darkness which now reigned were in bold contrast with the sounds of the clanking press, and the clattering and hissing of the old steam-engine, which had all day dinned their loud noise in the ears of the occupants of the office-building.

It was a relic of a past age—that old printing office—and many a year had rolled into the gulf of Time since it was new. Many a "prentice" had sprung up into a man within its old walls; and many an editor and publisher had there been fitted for the great battle against Ignorance and Wrong.

Old, disabled cases—containing older type, bruised battered and worn, old-fashioned and obsolete—were piled in the corners and in the garret; and heaps of nondescript articles, of a bygone period, were to be found in all the out-of-the-way places, reminding one of the "fast" age we live in, and throwing a gloomy air over the whole office.

Adjoining the composing-room was the press-room, with its mammoth cylinder press, which—although not so ancient as the rest of the establishment—had a time-worn appearance. I thought of the many workmen who had run the old machine, with its rusty, clanking, and delapidated old boiler and engine; of those who had sprung up and passed away since it was made their slave, doing their bidding with a faithful grim, and mighty power.

I was soon lost in a reverie. I sat in my arm-chair, by the stove in the composing-room, pondering on the many changes, for good and for evil, that had passed over the programme of my office-life; coming over the list, in my memory, of those who had been through the school of apprenticeship beneath that ancient roof. Boys had become men in the room where I was sitting, had lived and died, flourished or failed, according to their destiny; and many are yet living, to obtain their bread by the use of the implements and machinery around me.

There, in that corner by the window, is the "case and stand" where poor Jack Bangs used to set type, before he was killed by the steam-demon in the press-room. He was a fine young fellow as ever handled a composing-stick; he used to run the old press occasionally, and always at the top-notch of its speed; but one night he was at his post, with a full head of steam, running at lightning speed, being impatient to end his labor, when he was accidentally tripped from off his feet, and fell immediately upon the bed of the press, and was carried under the enormous cylinder. As the bed ran through, he was thrown off upon the floor, lifeless and cold. The press continued its motion all the long night, thundering, and jarring, and rumbling; and when the hands came to their work in the morning, they found poor Jack there, mangled and dead, the demon of steam and iron still urging the machinery on in its din. They took him up reverently and sadly; and he was borne to his grave in the churchyard by his sorrowing companions.

This eve was the twelfth anniversary of his death, and I shuddered as I remembered the fact; for I had heard dim hints to the effect, that the office was visited every year, on this night, by "The Phantom Pressman!" There was a print of a skeleton hand on the dingy wall of the press-room, said to have been made by him on one of his visits, which I had often seen and shuddered at. Being, however, of a bold, resolute nature, I did not allow myself to be frightened by silly superstitions, and tried to feel comfortable and at ease.

The coal burned brightly in the grate, and shed a light around the room sufficient to discern objects dimly; but I felt a chill come over me, in spite of all my philosophy. Suddenly, I imagined I saw a bright flash of light from the crack of the press-room-door, and heard a slight hissing as of the escaping steam. I started nervously, and watched and listened. My flesh crept; the hair seemed to crawl and move on my scalp with a chill feeling; and I trembled like a leaf. There was a light in the press-room, surely! I felt impelled to rise from my chair and walk to the door. A sort of fascination drew me forward; and I advanced noiselessly. The door was slightly ajar, and I looked in; the room was filled with a most intense glow of light; the gas was burning in blinding flashes, and as my eye rested on the old boiler, I saw it was at a white heat, glowing and sparkling like a meteor. The light nearly blinded me at first; but as my eyes became accustomed to it, I saw the engine in motion, moving at lightning speed; indeed, with such a frightful velocity as almost to be invisible. The immense pile of iron wheels, cylinders and bars, composing the press, were not yet in motion; but in a moment

I saw, advancing to the engine, a form I never can banish from my memory—a tall, gaunt, and fleshless skeleton, the white bones gleaming and shining in the light, the long, slender fingers working and twisting, the bright, piercing eyes sparkling like diamonds, deep sunken in their sockets, in the horrid skull.

The Phantom Pressman stood before me! He advanced to the engine and tried the steamcocks; and as he turned them open, the immense volumes of steam rushed forth in noiseless fury; and the bony jaws of the phantom parted in a hasty smile, disclosing, not the white teeth and red throat of life, but rows of yellow and rattling bones.

The phantom grinned horribly, as if well pleased with the immense head of steam now generated in the glowing boiler, and glided silently to the lever which connected the engine to the press. The lever was pulled noiselessly towards him, and in a second the ponderous old press was in motion. The sheets were fed with appalling velocity; and the machine, in its forward and backward course, seemed fairly to leap and bound, with a motion almost too rapid for the eye to follow. The eyes of the skeleton-man danced in the skull, emitting sparks of light and fire.

I stole cautiously up to the fly-table, where the sheets were piling in a heap as they sprang from the press, and glanced at them in wonder and horror. They smoked and steamed as if wet with boiling liquid; and the ink was of a blood-red color. It was the copy of our newspaper; and the type seemed to glare out from the paper with the brightness of phosphorescent light. As I gazed on the terrible apparition, guiding them in furious speed, it sent a chill of horror to my very marrow. I stepped softly back to my place near the door, and watched, with suspended breath, while the gaunt and fleshless fingers of the unearthly pressman fed in the reeking sheets.

The pile of paper on the feeding-board rapidly diminished, and soon was entirely gone. As the last sheet sprang through his fingers, the spectre uttered a wild, unearthly howl; the boiler swayed and groaned; and suddenly a sound as of the report of a thousand cannon pierced the air, the boiler had exploded, scattering everything in the room in fragments, mingling wheels, levers, bars, masses of burning coal and ashes, and scalding steam with the bones of the skeleton itself.

When I awoke from my horrid dream, I found myself sitting in my chair, with broad daylight peeping in at the windows, and the workmen standing by, laughing at my frightened appearance.

I had fallen asleep, and slept till their return, and the hissing of the steam I had heard was occasioned by one of the stokers at the furnace in the "Old Press-room."

The Music of Words.

LISTEN to the mother, talking comfort to her young babe. The comfort is surely not in the words—for the child understands not one of them. It lies, of course, then, in the music of the words. It is the mother's tone of voice—her music—which the child understands and receives into its little troubled heart.

I was lately one of a circle of friends, where the conversation turned upon the prevailing manner of talking with very young children. One friend insisted strongly that mothers should talk common sense to their offspring; that it was just as intelligible and in far better taste than nonsense; in short, that all this so-called baby talk was as unnecessary as it was foolish.

Now, common sense is a very excellent thing; but let us not overlook the occasional use of nonsense. The truth is, as I have already stated, very young children understand neither sense nor nonsense. They only *feel*. But the words they cannot feel—not comprehending them: it is of course, then, the music of the words, the tones of the voice—if they feel at all. Music, and particularly a mother's music, is the very language of feeling; and it is a mother-tongue perfectly well understood by the youngest child.

If a mother, for instance, is reproofing a child, be the child ever so young, the reproof seems perfectly well understood; and we see its little watchful eye fixed steadily on the face of its mother. If cheering, or enlivening or frolicking, the child seems equally to understand what is meant. And here, again, it is the tone of reproof, and the tone of cheerfulness, and the tone of playfulness, which is understood—not the word.

Does it not naturally follow, then, that the talking of plain common sense to such young children would be wholly impracticable just for this reason—that

we should fall inevitably into the common sense tone of voice, which is the even and less musical voice of ordinary conversation—the voice of the intellect, not the voice of the heart. We should compose no pleasant music to what we were saying. Children, therefore, would not understand us. And though it might seem to us sound common sense enough, it might haply appear to the children great nonsense, for they would not understand, nor would they long listen to us.

Let any mother try the experiment, and make a very sensible remark to her child, with the sensible tone of voice thereto appertaining; and see what degree of success that remark will have with her child.

We contended, therefore, with our disputing friends, that a mother's talk with her young child should be left, in all its naturalness and loving significance, even as it is—without the modern improvements. The motherly instinct is as beautiful as it is inevitable; and in no case is it more beautiful and truthful than as shown in her using a language with her child which it will understand—the language of music. The words are nothing, and they go for nothing. They serve merely as a means of articulation; and this is all the mother means by them. The music is not set to the words; but the words are simply used as syllables for the music. And, if listening, grown up persons (for whom, albeit, the conversation is not intended), quarrel with the language of a mother in sweet communing with her child, let them close their intellect and open their heart to the frequently irresistible charm of such motherly melody—and they will be content.

Reflected on a moment, it seems, indeed, a singular thing that the play of musical tones—sounds, apart, from words—should have a positive significance with very young children. Does it not really seem as though it were to them a remembered language from some previous state of existence? for they bring their intelligence of its import into the very world with them. So that we may truly say, that children but understand their own language when it is addressed to them. And closed as their delicate ear may be to the significance of our coarser language of words, they comprehend the more delicate music of them. And, just as in the motions of their tiny hands children often seem to imitate those unforgettably movements of wings with which, haply, they once were furnished, and to the use of which they may be destined to return; so to that language of a perhaps former seraphic intercourse—music—their young ear is still intelligently open. They have not yet forgotten its melodious accents or its loving significance; nor will they forget it unless perchance called upon to use it again, as the natural articulation of a better world. For music is the only living art which, on the evidence of mere revelation alone, we have any reason to suppose we shall take with us to another sphere; and we have yet to learn that any other language is spoken in heaven.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on the subject of this natural child music; for I have had my fears that the utilitarianism and strong common sense of the world were about to interfere with it. But if this ever threaten, let us only for a moment recall to mind the unforgettably music of our mother's voice—that sweet melody which stole upon us in our cradle—which consoled our little sorrows before we could understand the words of consolation—which aroused us into joyous merriment before we could comprehend the significance of a merry word—which continually breathed of love, and tenderness, and hope, and all bright things, before we ever knew of such a word as love, or tenderness, or hope.

MATRIMONIAL CURRENCY.—The enterprising colonists being generally destitute of families, Sir Edward Sandys, the treasurer, proposed to the Virginia Company to send over a freight of young women to become wives for the planters. The proposal was applauded; and ninety girls, young and uncorrupt, were sent over in the ships that arrived this year (1620), and the year following sixty more, handsome, and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanor. The price of a wife at the first rate was "one hundred pounds of tobacco;" but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to "one hundred and fifty pounds;" the value of which in money was three shillings per pound. This debt for wives, it was ordered, should have the precedence of all other debts, and be first recoverable. The Rev. Mr. Weems, a Virginian writer, intimates that it would have done a man's heart good to see the gallant young Virginians hastening to the water side when a vessel arrived from London, each carrying a bundle of the best tobacco under his arm, and taking back with him a beautiful and virtuous young wife.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

The germ of the Crystal Palace is to be found in the glass-house where frail floral exotics are protected from the chilling breath of our inclement clime. But the magnificent building at Sydenham bears about the same relation to the garden conservatory which that floating castle, the modern man-of-war, does to the log-scooped canoe. It is the immediate progeny of the Hyde Park Industrial Palace; but is altogether a more symmetrical structure than its parent. In the present building, the laws of architectural proportions, the relation which altitude ought to bear to length and breadth, have been carefully consulted, and the result is an edifice, whose vastness is subjected to harmony, and whose aspect is at once pleasing and imposing. Few sights can be finer than the exterior appearance of the central transept. There the eye gazes with rapture upon those crystalline terraces heaped one upon the other, until the soaring roof seems to touch and blend with the lucent ether from which it is hardly distinguishable. On a cloudless day, one might almost suppose those flaming tiers to belong to a magic structure which fairy architects had formed from woven sunbeams. It is not unworthy of remark that this, the most mechanical of countries, and the most material of ages, should have witnessed the construction of an edifice which goes further to realize all that poets have feigned of fairy-land than any which the natural eye has ever beheld.

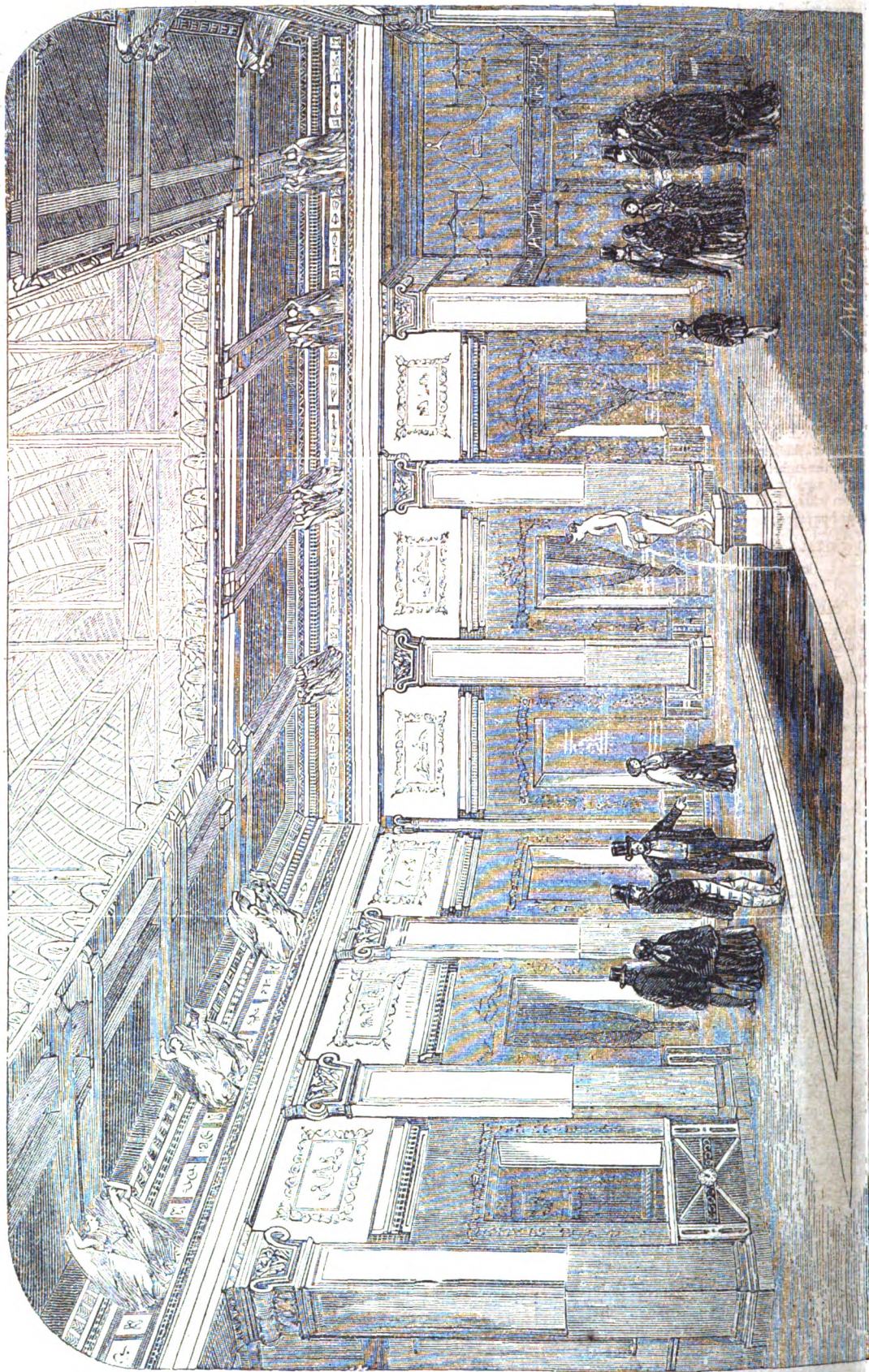
The Sydenham Palace bids fair to prove a lasting contradiction to the popular proverb which teaches that the most brilliant things are also the most evanescent. It promises to be one of the most durable buildings in the country; and this attribute of permanency is the result of its being mainly composed of two substances which have the opposite properties of strength and weakness more strikingly belonging to them than to any other forms of matter.

Experience has now established the fact that iron, when protected by paint from the corroding effects of damp, is as durable as the adamant; and glass, from the extreme facility with which its damages can be repaired, is not less an element of permanency than iron itself.

As an educational institution, the Crystal Palace is second to none in the world. When we consider the amount of pleasure and instruction which it is capable of imparting, we should not be exaggerating in the least were we to pronounce it to be unique and unequalled. It is the world in miniature; it is a well-arranged storehouse, where, as if by the spell of some omnipotent magician, all the products of nature and of art are represented and classified. Its affluence is, indeed, overwhelming. The spectator, on his first visit, is absolutely bewildered with the inconceivable variety of its contents, and still more by the countless trains of ideas which they suggest. Here the thoughtful spectator has placed before his eye nature in her various ages and magnificent and multitudinous aspects. In the grounds

of the Crystal Palace we have geological illustrations extending over twenty acres, showing how our planet looked millions and millions of years ago, ere she had bloomed into her present loveliness. Here we may behold the face of our earth when she was ugly and naked, ere she had donned

behold Megatherium and Glyptodon, and Mammoth and Mastodon—Behemoth the "biggest born of earth," threading their path through the tangled thickets of the primeval forests, breathing flame from their nostrils, and with their terrible tusks tearing up oaks and pines by their roots.



COURT OF THE FOUNTAIN—HERCULEANUM—CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM

her green and flowery mantle—when leviathans, lizards, hydras, and crawling monsters, basking in the burning sun, or dragging their loathsome lengths through tenacious mud, were her chief, if not her sole, inhabitants. At a more advanced stage we

EXPENDITURE of intellectual wealth makes us rich, and we acquire ideas by imparting them. IDLENESS is a public mint, where various kinds of mischief are coined.

An evil lesson is soon learned.